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Penal Code of California, 1915, Section 623.

dies' Home

The Magazine Women Believe In

January, 1949 • 25c

JOURNAL

238170

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Burlingame, Calif.

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN

Condensed Book-in-One-Issue

STORIES ND ARTICLES BY

Gertrude Schu… …ohn P. Marquand,
Laurie H… …oosevelt,
A…

DO YOU KN…

By Barbar…

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BURLINGAME
CALIF.

MAGAZINE BINDER
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Journal Contents

THOMAS K. PECK PACH BROS.



FRANK B. GILBRETH, JR., and ERNESTINE GILBRETH CAREY

Cheaper by the Dozen **(page 34) was written by two of the twelve children of the amazing Gilbreth family. Although Ernestine was No. 3 in the line-up and Frank was No. 5, their association stayed close. As small children they were partners in a family fresh-egg concession, the Teeny Bunk Hen Co. Later they served on the staff of the Gilbreth house organ, the Ambidextrous Magazine. (The name was selected by the children, since "all Gilbreth hands contributed.")**

GEORGE ABBATE



COBY WHITMORE

Artist Whitmore says he likes "smart clothes on good-looking American girls," which shows how an artist differs from ordinary men who merely like good-looking girls. He was born in 1913 in Dayton, Ohio, attended art school there and married Virginia Comer, of that city. They now live in Briarcliff Manor, New York, and have three children, two boys and a girl. His illustration for *Anything But Love*, page 36, must have been a tough assignment if the title means anything.



LAURIE HILLYER

"That's me (you wouldn't say 'that's I,' would you?) with my flier son, Malcom Armstrong. If he sees this, he will be surprised. When our children were growing up we never raided their desks or read their letters. 'Ma believes in the sanctity of the desk,' said my son when he was high-school age, 'but once I misplaced a letter and the next time I saw it was in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.' The biggest problem for a grandmother at the typewriter is not ideas (life provides plenty), but time." *(A Change Within*, page 40.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **January, 1949**

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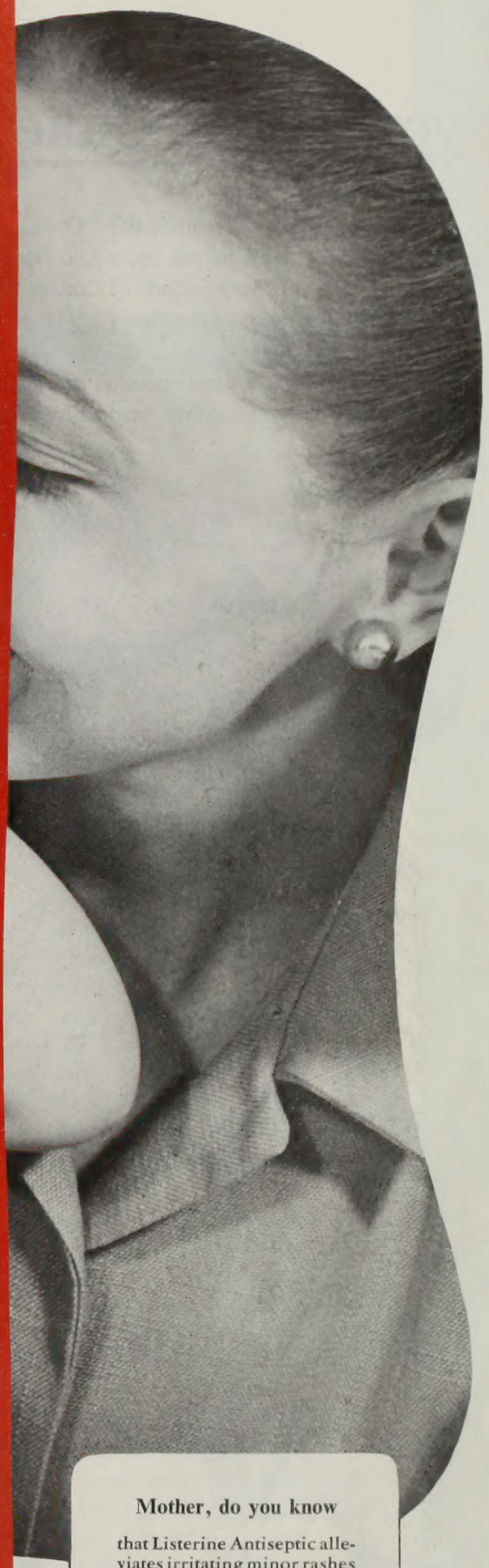
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Mother, do you know

that Listerine Antiseptic alleviates irritating minor rashes from which babies suffer?

that Listerine Antiseptic freshens, sweetens and cools baby's skin when used as a sponge bath? The same applies for adults bedridden by illness.

that Listerine Antiseptic often alleviates milk-crust when applied to baby's scalp?

Listerine Antiseptic

FOR ORAL HYGIENE


Soft as old linen...
ScotTissue
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. MARCA REGISTRADA
absorbent soft
white toilet tissue
SHEETS
CHESTER, PA.
"There is always one leader
by which others are judged"

Our Readers Write us

We Love Our Husbands, But ——

Parsons, West Virginia.

Dear Editors: For lack of a better term, we call ourselves the We Love Our Husbands, BUT —— group, and meet frequently to discuss our erring spouses out of their hearing, for a change. Several weeks ago the group selected me to write a letter to Dr. Clifford Adams (and I thought them loyal friends) and, emboldened by the success of the Kinsey report, to submit a copy to you.

We are not especially aggrieved at our lots, but we do feel that as individuals we would be happier in our marriages if our husbands were happier, and that their happiness depends on participation. Marriage is a state of mind, mostly, and like a double bed, almost too big for one person.

Very truly yours,
(Name Withheld.)

The letter to Doctor Adams follows.—ED.

My dear Doctor Adams: Of course, it's a man's world and it's a women's magazine, but for pity's sake, you don't believe in the inequality of the sexes, do you? Your articles seem clinically fair enough, but they have an undertone which hammers away at women to accept an inferior position in marriage.

Very few women expect the glamorous courtship to continue, but most of us expect something to develop to replace it, a time for growth of companionship and common effort. These do not slip into place with the wedding ring. We expect to be respected for our abilities and to respect a husband for his. This breaks down over washtubs and babies and company dinners unless we are given some recognition for our earnest efforts. Women like to be praised too. Supposing that no amount of talking it over remedies an unsatisfactory sex life, why does a man ignore his wife's reactions? I'm no second Kinsey, but ever since I first heard discussions of the subject, the proportion of unsatisfied wives has seemed too great. Why aren't men informed about the emotional side of sex along with the hygienic aspects?

Couldn't you write a page for husbands, and husbands-to-be, in which they could find some helpful advice? Can't you do something toward making marriage work for *both* the husband and wife?

Very truly yours,
The "We Love Our Husbands, But ——" Club.

Are You a Bathroom Messy?

Knoxville, Tennessee.

Dear Editors: The housing situation having caused our household to become crowded with female relations of varying ages and dispositions, my mother racked her brain to find a way to keep our bathroom in a condition that did not look as though a tornado had just struck.

The following little notice tacked up on our bathroom wall brought noticeable improvement:

ATTENTION

The management of this hotel feels compelled to make some rules concerning bathing, as we are filled to capacity and the help situation is very bad.

It will be absolutely necessary for everyone to cleanse the tub after bathing. In the closet you will find a rag for said purpose, and a can of cleanser.

Now let's begin. Moisten the rag and sprinkle cleanser liberally in the tub. Hey! No fair stopping at the watermark. Caught you, didn't I?

Now! Bend over the tub and scrub. That's good for your waistline too. While you're bent over the tub, why don't you shake your hips a little and make with a rumba? This is optional. It won't do a darn thing for the tub, but it'll take inches off your derriere.

There! It's nice and shiny now—the tub, silly. Now, that didn't hurt you a bit, did it? Hey! What's that dirty towel doing in the middle of the bedroom floor? (You could take your robe to the bathroom with you, you know. Who do you think you are, anyway—Nature Boy?)

There, now. We're all through, and that body-building routine would cost you a fortune at some swanky health resort. If it doesn't help your spine, think nothing of it. Maybe it'll help mine. I'm not getting any younger, you know.

Signed,
Mother
ELIZABETH GOSSETT.

Solves Dishwashing Problem

Rawlins, Wyoming.

Dear Editors: I have four children and I have solved the dishwashing problem. Each one has his own colored pottery dishes and silver. Each one washes his dishes and one extra at mealtime and puts dishes and silverware away.

MRS. C. S. AHL.

High Cost of Good Health

Yorktown Heights, New York.

Dear Editors: I agree thoroughly with the authors of How Well Are You? in the JOURNAL: *that the science of preventive medicine has reached the stage where a person may be labeled stupid and negligent if he allows himself to become a liability to society through preventable disease.*

There's a hitch in this rosy picture of abundant health, however; namely, money. Neither my husband nor I have ever had a truly thorough examination such as Doctor Bundesen describes in his article, yet the specter of serious illness and the financial disaster it would bring looms constantly in the backs of our minds. We belong to that vast, long-neglected "white collar" group, and I'm sure there must be thousands of others like us, intelligent enough to realize the need of adequate preventive medicine and eager to take advantage of its benefits, but financially unable to do so.

I enjoy the JOURNAL *every month and think it does a wonderful job of keeping women informed and abreast of our times.*

Sincerely yours,
(Name Withheld.)

Editors should take their own medicine, Mr. and Mrs. Gould believe. So, following the JOURNAL's advice, they flew out to the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota, for a thorough checkup. Taken in hand by Dr. H. R. Hartman, they were quickly steered through a maze of tests which ordinarily take 8 or 9 days to complete. Their condition, it appears, is excellent. They should live to be 80 or 90 years old—the age to which their ancestors have customarily lived. They were told the easiest way to assure living a long time is to

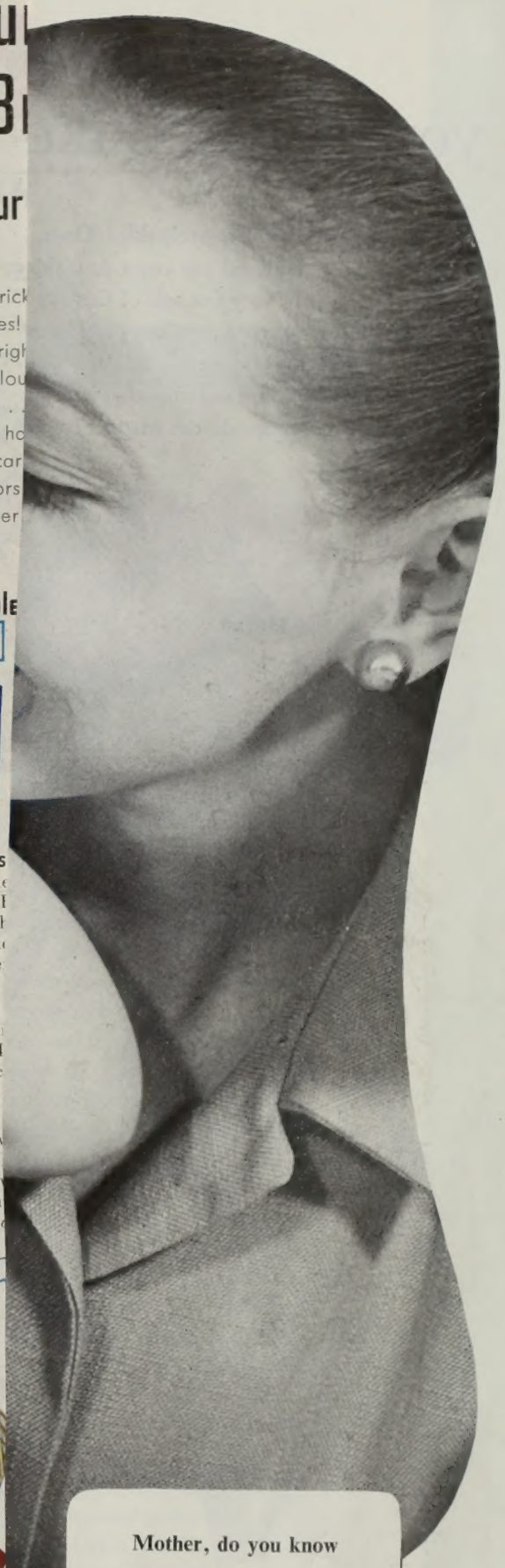
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If you play your

No smart girl misses a trick
taking care of her clothes!
washing can fade her brigh
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Ivory Flakes. Result: colors
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Keep your washable
with this special





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NYLONS need nightly
and the gentlest care!
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Mother, do you know

that Listerine Antiseptic alleviates irritating minor rashes from which babies suffer?

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that Listerine Antiseptic often alleviates milk-crust when applied to baby's scalp?

Listerine Antiseptic
FOR ORAL HYGIENE



choose parents and grandparents who have—an awkward precaution to anticipate.

The Mayo Clinic, a nonprofit institution connected with the University of Minnesota, bases its charge entirely on the size of the patient's income. It is necessary to make appointment a month to six weeks in advance—emergencies, of course, are handled immediately.

There are other institutions which also give complete checkups. Your doctor can tell you about them. ED.

Contrast

SZASZ



Outlook on life at the combined age of eight . . .



. . . and at a hundred and eighty.

Cherub of Light

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Through the general gloom and depression over the political situation, we have, meantime one bright star just rising. It is Princess Elizabeth's baby! Like a cherub of light, the boy already gives us something cheerful to talk about, that is entirely normal and natural.

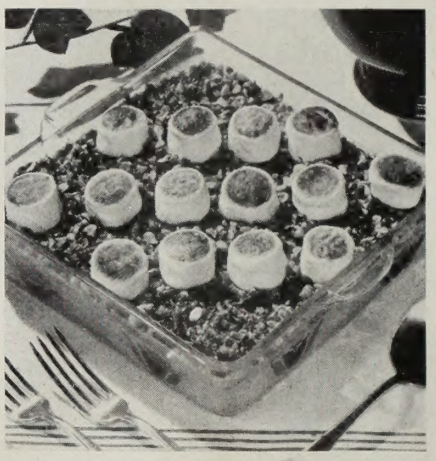
Meantime, all about us the billows roar, and it is no good pretending they don't. In villages, ominous notices have appeared calling a meeting of the old Home Guards, and the sinister words Civil Defense have once more appeared.

Daughter Mary, in all this hubbub, is calmly packing to join her husband in Singapore, with all the beautiful hopefulness of youth, that is so often justified in the end. The general impression over here is that Singapore is the last place on earth to go to, at the moment, with a sniper lurking behind every plumbago bush, or nestling up every toddy palm.

Later: From Norfolk comes news of a sudden and astounding increase in the sale of hair bleach. Reason: the American boys are back. It is nice to see them around again in their familiar uniforms. Bunches of them were looking at Roosevelt's statue in Grosvenor Square Gardens the other day, no doubt a little astonished at the change that has taken place there. Where sausage balloons lurked amongst trees in a sea of mud, there are now spacious lawns, wide footpaths and flower beds.

(Continued on Page 8)

Marcia Camp's
All American Treat
Sweet Potatoes
WITH PEANUTS AND MARSHMALLOWS



It's Simple · It's Good · It's Different!
PEANUT-CRUNCH SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

- 3 cups riced sweet potatoes (fresh cooked or canned)
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup warm milk (approx.)
- ½ to ¾ teaspoon salt
- Campfire, Angelus or Recipe Marshmallows
- ½ to ¾ cup chopped salted peanuts

Add butter and salt to milk. When butter is melted blend with potatoes. Beat until light and fluffy. Add more milk, if needed. Pile lightly into greased casserole. Heat in 375° oven about 20 to 25 minutes. Then top generously with marshmallows, sprinkle with chopped peanuts. Return to oven, heat until marshmallows brown lightly. About 6 to 8 servings.



THE CRACKER JACK CO.
ALSO MAKERS OF CHUMS (Caramel Corn)
CRACKER JACK • CHECKERS • POPIT

EASY EATIN'

(Easy Heatin')





It's mighty easy on the taster when you munch those milk-sweet, tender kernels of Niblets Brand Corn. And easy does it on the stove. Heat 'em quick, just long enough to melt a pat of butter, and serve 'em hot. It's fresh corn-on-the-cob *without* the cob.

Listen to the Fred Waring Show on NBC every Friday morning for the Green Giant.

Minnesota Valley Canning Co., headquarters, Le Sueur, Minn.; Fine F

iblets" and "Green Giant" Brands Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © MVCCo.

rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic
r breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to
s that way, too, for hours usually.

Be at Your Best

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you big dividends in popularity.

RMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

Mother, do you know

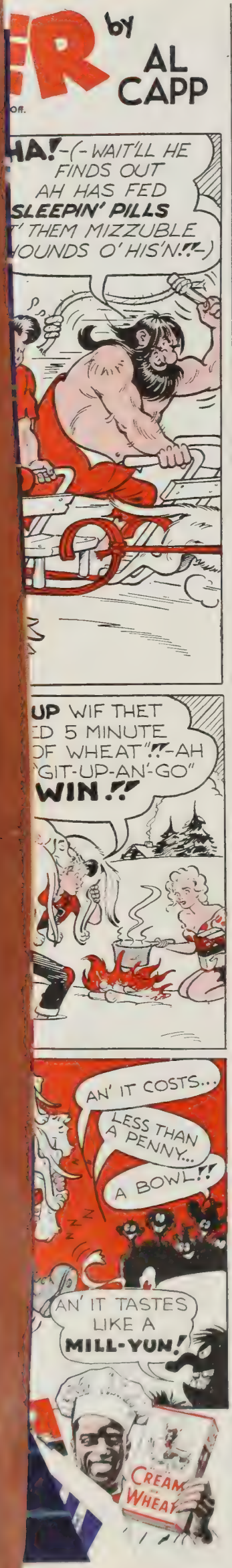
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Listerine Antiseptic

FOR ORAL HYGIENE



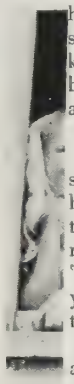
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With a royal baby on hand, maternity wear is become very chic. The population of this country is going to get quite a boost, and what a good thing. I recently stayed in a hotel where I swear no one save myself was a day under eighty.

Later: I have just had a sad moan from one of the "lucky" housewives, who has at last been allotted a new, all-electric laborsaving house. It is everything that was promised, with all the de luxe gadgets. There is only one snag. She can't afford to live in it as things are, and electricity is to go up still further, and so, I hear, coal.

Contra



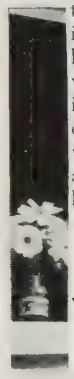
My strength and support who has kept house for me for almost a year announced she is going to be married! One might have known, because not only is she clever but she is pretty as a picture, and men aren't all that dumb.

Later: Daughter Mary and I have the same stars, and never do I have my right hand in a sling, or nearly cut my left thumb off, than she does also. We are now both accustomed to friends saying, "What a funny thing. I have just met your mother (daughter) and *she* appears to have had an accident too."

We are being told not to dismantle our air-raid shelters here after all. So the lawn roller and the mowing machine look like being homeless once more, and numbers of agreeable field mice will have to go squatting in the fields again. I suppose those frightful snouted affairs called civilian gas masks will shortly emerge too. I have a very superior one, transport-driver version, with a kind of tin cobra coiled in its insides. It all seems very sinister, doesn't it, but personally I can't believe a word of it. If mankind is as plumb dumb as to start all that over again, he had best go off pop and be done with it!

With love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK.

Ou
bir



World Without Men

Jackson, Wyoming.

Dear Bruce: Your remark that "Men didn't make good editors of women's magazines," although charming and very winning, isn't true.

. . . ar

You know very well that a male editor is practically a necessity on a woman's magazine. Man has only two functions; one is to worship God in his off moments, and the other is to leaven the feminine world and keep it sweet and sensible, and, above all, humorous.

Cherul

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A purely feminine world has the texture of an electrically heated Persian rug. One smothers in an atmosphere of perfervid concentration on unnecessary adornment and moral issues. See any woman's magazine run exclusively by and for women.

Mean
and it is

Unless occasionally a man enters with a humorous remark, letting in a trace of sunshine, in the heated air, orchids, hyenas, alligators and other tropical flora and fauna reach gigantic growth.

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A subheading of man's second function is perpetually to remind women that in the world there is such a thing as a sense of proportion.

You know very well that it takes at least ten years of married life for a humorous man to give the average woman the faintest sense of humor. And that from a well-wisher, too, who thinks that in most respects woman is a much more fundamental creature than man, and a darn sight more ornamental.

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You better read this essay to your staff and put them in their place.

Best wishes,
STRUTHERS BURT.

JOURNAL Staff's reaction was that a magazine should have both a man and a woman as editorial heads. It was pointed out that Reader's Digest, edited by DeWitt and Lila Wallace, is also a good magazine. ED.

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto
COLGATE'S
NEW DEODORANT

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath



HE'S definitely crossed her off his list today as you can see by the picture. If he could talk he'd tell her why, too. A baby resents bad breath (halitosis) just as much as anyone else. Even a mother can't get away with it. In fact, nobody can get away with it.

Are You Immune?

Don't risk offending others. There's no excuse for it when you keep Listerine Antiseptic handy. In literally millions of fastidious households this trustworthy and delightful antiseptic is the ever-ready, *extra-careful* precaution against simple cases of halitosis (unpleasant breath) of non-systemic origin.

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and, lo!—your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend . . . *stays that way, too, for hours usually.*

Be at Your Best

You owe it to yourself, your family and your friends to keep your breath on the agreeable side. Don't rely on makeshifts. Always call on Listerine Antiseptic with its long-lasting effect. Use it night and morning, and especially before any date where you want to be at your best. It can pay you big dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

Mother, do you know

that Listerine Antiseptic alleviates irritating minor rashes from which babies suffer?

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Listerine Antiseptic

FOR ORAL HYGIENE

Watch your Skin Grow Lovelier with your First Cake of Camay!

Charm can begin with a lovely skin! Charm and good looks, dates and romance! And did you know your skin can be softer, lovelier, with your very *first cake* of Camay? It can—if you'll give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested regular, mild Camay care on scores of women—found most complexions grew softer and smoother with just *one cake* of Camay! Follow directions on the wrapper for a lovelier skin!

MRS. BENJAMIN MOATS, JR.
the former Marjorie Lehmann of Haverhill, N. H.
bridal portrait painted by Wm Rose



READ ABOUT A ROMANCE!

Marjorie met Ben in Saratoga Springs. She was at Skidmore College there. He'd come to call with some Dartmouth classmates. It was love from the start. They were married five days after graduation.





Complexions like Marjorie's invite romance! Wherever she goes, people admire her fresh, soft skin. She thanks Camay—says "My very *first cake* of Camay resulted in a lovelier look!"



Honeymooning at Sea Island, bride and groom rode the rolling ocean without a tumble. But Ben's "gone overboard" about Marjorie's complexion. Wise wife—she'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Camay THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Ladies' Home Journal

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, *Editors*

Workers With Ten Eyes

IN a large baking plant in Chicago, a line of girls packs cookies from an automatic conveyor in continuous operation. Each girl picks up as many cookies as she can. Mary Morris, a slim young blonde, holds the record in number of boxes packed and consistently earns more than her co-workers. She is never absent or late for work. Everybody likes her, for she always has a smile, and those who work beside her know she cannot help being more attentive and conscientious than they. Mary Morris is blind.

She is one of many handicapped men and women the Illinois Division of Vocational Rehabilitation has trained and placed in industry. This service is not a charity, because it provides for the handicapped merely what all nonhandicapped citizens are provided—training for employment. These people will pay back to the state in taxes on their increased earnings much more than the state expended on them. Last year 3037 handicapped persons in Illinois were placed in remunerative employment. Other states have similar services. The Pennsylvania State Employment Service places about 90 a month.

Cooky packing is one of the least complicated jobs a blind person can do. Some learn to take letters from dictation machines and are accurate typists. Others work on assembly lines, operate kick presses, reamers, drills and other kinds of machine tools. Some like to do heavy work. One man, happily employed with a gang unloading freight cars, was able to tell how to place the skids for heavy material by feeling the grain of the wood. He complained later when he was put on a production line capping bottles. "It's girl's work," he said.

Disabled workers prove the number of things they *can* do far exceeds the things they cannot do. Employers have found that people with every variety of handicap can become productive and reliable workers. The blind have ten eyes. The crippled or maimed have still an agile brain. All have human dignity, sometimes the more magnificent because of physical handicap. There is immense social value in changing dependent and discouraged people into self-supporting citizens who can lead normal lives. Every community is a better place to live in when its citizens are all proud co-workers in the community.

The Untilled Acre

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A FEW years ago a farm boy of my acquaintance had a miraculous break. He lived on his father's farm in the neighborhood of a rather famous summer theater. He was eager, intelligent and drawn toward art and literature, so one day he put in an appearance at the theater, which took a limited number of student apprentices, and asked to be enrolled. He had no money to pay tuition, but he was, like most farm boys, clever and ingenious with his hands, and so was enrolled free in return for work in set building and other forms of theatrical construction and maintenance. He proved to be a born actor, and was given minor roles during several successive seasons. One day in New York a producer told the manager of this summer theater that he was at his wits' end to find a juvenile actor for a role in a forthcoming production. It required someone with a childish face, old-fashioned and definitely not twentieth-century sophisticated. The director thought of her talented apprentice and sent him to New York for an audition. (In order to get there he had to sell a heifer that he raised from his father's stock, and which had taken a 4-H prize.) He got the role and opened on Broadway in one of the hits of this generation, which ran for years. He was "made."

But this is not the end of what would otherwise be a trite "success" story. Our farm boy stepped out of the role in response to a Hollywood offer, and made a film, which was also successful. Then he was called into the Army and fought two years. During those two years he did a lot of thinking, as well as fighting, and asked himself, "Do I really want to be an actor? Do I want to spend the rest of my days on the stage, living in New York boarding-houses or in Hollywood? What is it I really want out of life, if my life is spared me, after this dreadful war?"

And his mind ran like this: "No, I do not want to be an actor, even with every opportunity open to me. I was attracted to the near-by theater, because it offered me contact with interesting people and opened new vistas in my life. But I would rather write plays than act them. I hate New York, where I feel unable to breathe in the confinements of its streets, and I feel utterly lost in Hollywood. Out on this Pacific island, I am never homesick for the scenes of my success; I am homesick for the New England community where I grew up. I want to have a farm of my own, and marry the small-town girl I've had a crush on ever since I was ten years old. I want to have cows,

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and heifers as good as the one I sold to get to Broadway. I want a home with lawns around it, and four or five children growing up as I grew up."

So, when my young acquaintance was demobilized, he threw telegrams from his New York agent into the wastebasket, took what he had thriftily saved from his two successful ventures, on Broadway and in Hollywood, and went back home. He bought 100 acres of first-class land, half a dozen good cows, and good secondhand machinery. He also bought himself a cement mixer and several sets of power tools. He then proposed to his childhood sweetheart, who accepted, in a glow of joy, the only boy she had ever cared a hang for, and who, she had been sure, would never return to the old neighborhood.

Dick, as I shall call him, built his own house, without one solitary bit of other labor, except for an electrician, to wire it, and a plumber. He shopped cannily for materials, seeking out local sawmills, which he knew were not doing too well and would shave the price for a good order. He built a pretty big house, with a design that would permit easy further expansion. He built a barn and a tool shed, entirely with his own hands. And all this took him a year. Then he married his girl and moved in.

Dick reckoned that he would need some supplementary income until the farm got really going, and hearing that there was an opening on the newspaper in the nearest small town, applied for it. He writes editorials mostly, on local subjects, and they are witty, pointed, and exceptionally literate. He has a library consisting exclusively of classics and the best modern literature. He has written three plays, and the last one, when I saw him in July, was being seriously considered by two producers. If the play is accepted, he will drop the editorial job and devote himself to the farm, which is flourishing, and to independent writing. He has a beautiful baby son and his wife is expecting another baby soon. He will never have a tiled swimming pool, but he will also never know the agony of glamour's fall from fame. He knows everybody in the community, and everybody respects him. He is immensely happy, because he knew what he wanted, and what he wanted was to be at home.

I could tell a score of stories of this kind, but none quite so dramatic.

A YOUNG friend of mine who comes from a small town in the Middle West won a scholarship in the Art Students' League in New York. She met a young lawyer, who holds a minor position in a quite famous New York firm, and they married. Her husband, if he stays with the firm, has every prospect for a brilliant and prosperous future. But this is years away, and meanwhile his salary permits them to live in a poky three-room flat in one of the slummier parts of the great metropolis. They want children, but have realized that under present conditions they will have to postpone that happiness for a long time. The young wife loves to paint, but being exceptionally honest with herself, does not measure her talent alongside that of Rouault, Picasso, or even the lesser but good contemporary painters who regularly exhibit in the great shows.

Out of a very small salary, this couple, by choosing to live in a tenement, have saved some money. Since the husband was raised in the East, and the wife, though she never expects to be famous, wants to be able to get into 57th Street occasionally and see th picture shows, which are her greatest ae thetic pleasure, they have bought a 40-ac farm a long way out on Long Island, with small house; and next spring the husban will hang out his shingle in the nearest vi lage, where, he thinks, another lawyer ca make a fair living. They know what the want. It is not the competition of a gre city, with its distant and probably ephen eral satisfactions of ambition, and its pre ent inadequacy to a decent life. They wan stability and independence.

I THINK I discern in America today som thing of a movement, unorganized, bu arising out of a most healthy instinct. As move around the country, on speakin tours, spending a day or two in mediun sized American cities and the larger sma towns, I constantly meet young men women whose acquaintance I had mad some years before in lecture dates at un versities—Yale and Dartmouth, Vassa and Smith, and the great coeducational in stitutions. Many of them were brilliant students, who a generation ago would hav tracked it with their diplomas to the grea centers of population, industry and ar Today I find them just where they can from, running commenting on l cal radio station editing or reportin on local newspaper active in civic a fairs, organizing l cal forums, buildin up local librarie They are physician and surgeons on th staffs of small ho pitals; they are jun ior members of o law firms. They d not live in tin apartments whe the rent, neverth less, takes at least quarter of their sa aries, wishing the could go to th Metropolitan Oper but having to co tent themselves wit the Metropolita Museum; longing t see the Broadwa hits, but having only a movie income; an hoping against hope for that miraculo break which will put them out in front several million others. They have brough their good minds, their ambitions and the superior educations back home. They li in apartments, but in houses with law around them, or in little houses on tre lined streets. They re-establish old frien ships with childhood playmates, who ha also, in the meantime, been away, an learned something of the world—in college in the Pacific, in Europe, and often in bru struggles with life in New York, Chica or Detroit. All these experiences ha deepened their knowledge, broadened the minds, and sometimes heightened their di contents. But even their discontents are fermenting and stimulating influence in th smaller communities to which they ha returned. They do not so often gnaw inte nally, changing discontent into disillusio ment and bitterness.

I am writing this article in Sioux Cit Iowa. This very morning I had a convers tion on this theme with a brilliant woma who lives here, but has been nearly ever where.

"If you boil it all down," she remarke "what has any place got that Sioux Ci has not? There isn't a town of any size this country that does not have a fairly lar proportion of very civilized people. W don't see much theater, but neither do pe ple in Chicago, and we can see Lawren Olivier's Hamlet. Our clubs bring excelle speakers here every year. And everybo who is interested in art, or politics, or civ affairs, or ideas in general, knows where

(Continued on Page 116)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Simplicity

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Happy, indeed, are they, and wise,
Whose unspoiled senses recognize
The uncorrupted state of grace
Of the good and commonplace:
Clean clothes to wear, a decent bed,
A simple meal, neatly spread,
Four sturdy walls, a roof above,
And work and play with those they love;
For they not only are content
With truths which need no ornament
But spare their God, as well, the rude
Affront of their ingratitude!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

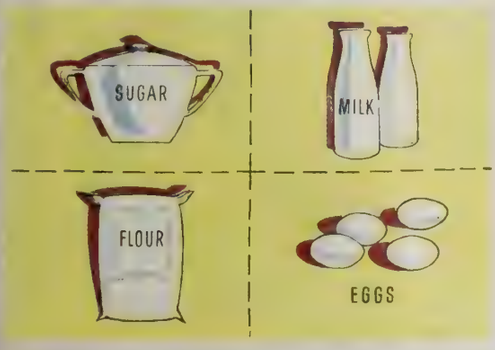


Toast made from enriched bread (the kind a baker bakes) gives you the energy you need to start the day off right.

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to make each meal complete



You are eating a delicious combination of these good foods when you eat bakery foods. That's why you need something that a baker makes to make each meal completely *satisfying;* completely *nourishing!*

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4 Quart-jars or 7 Pint-jars at a Time!

How often have you said to yourself, "I *do* wish I could have a bigger MIRRO-MATIC?" Thousands of you have said it to *us*, through salespeople, and by mail.

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See the new MIRRO-MATIC "8" *soon*. You'll find it the ideal *all-around* pressure pan and canner . . . a perfect companion to your MIRRO-MATIC "4," to do the *big* jobs, better.

Get MIRRO-MATIC at department, house-furnishing, and hardware stores, wherever dealers sell the finest aluminum. The new "8" with rack and recipe book, **$17.95** (West, $18.95); The familiar "4" with rack and recipe book, **$12.95** (West, $13.95).

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"GRIN AND BEAR IT" FROM THE NEWARK EVENING NEWS



"People don't seem to regard atomic energy seriously—due, no doubt, to their experiences with sensational world-of-tomorrow products on the market."

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

SOMEHOW it is hard to focus on the atom bomb. Just as it is hard to visualize hell. But there is a book which will startle you into realization, not because of horrors described, for it has none of those, but because of its straightforwardness and simplicity and comprehensibility. It is a doctor's log of the Bikini tests—NO PLACE TO HIDE, by *David Bradley*.

●

In response to a piece in this column about twins, the Clarks, of Huntington, Indiana, write in that their family has four sets of twins—three sets of boys, 26, 24 and 22; and one set of girls, 18. And speaking of children, *do not miss* ***Cheaper by the Dozen***, in this issue of the JOURNAL.

●

SWEET AND SOUR, by *Joseph Wechsberg*, is just as amusing and of the same rare European flavor as his earlier success, LOOKING FOR A BLUEBIRD. He was the ship's fiddler, you may remember, the member of the Vienna opera claque, the Czechoslovakian counterpart of Bemelmans. Like Bemelmans, Wechsberg is always a familiar behind the scenes, and his stories of waiters and cab drivers and obscure obocists are as homey as *Schinken* and as tasty as goulash.

One of the best character sketches in Sweet and Sour is that of Nusterer, the janitor—the *portier*—of the Vienna opera house, tall, mustachioed, gloomy and dressed always in an admiral's uniform. Nusterer's ambition was to speak English, and because of certain idiosyncracies of the *Staatsoper* he frequently had an opportunity. Regularly the rich Americans and English staying at the big Ringstrasse hotels would come to the opera house to buy their tickets, find the box office closed, and end up at the *portier's* lodge. This was Nusterer's chance. (He had learned English all by himself from a book called *Learning English—A Pleasure.*)

"Dös iss simpel. Jöst nomadize over the Operngasse and takens the firsht street for your lefft. Net right, net gradaus, böt lefft. Jöst promenade. Porsue the Augustinerstrassen ontil the Josefplatz. Dös iss a tulli platz, the Josefplatz. Firsht house for your right and firsht house for your lefft—and da sa ma."

●

Gum chewers, all is forgiven! It was the explorers in Yucatan who were there in search of chicle to be used in the manufacture of chewing gum, who located eleven Mayan temples dating back to about 1000 B. C.

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Lo, the poor English! everybody says. But we just heard about an English party that had all the old-time glamour. It was a dance given last summer by the Duke and

(Continued on Page 16)



Honey-Glazed Ham Slice

A slice of Swift's Premium Ham, with its matchless mild flavor from Swift's Brown Sugar Cure, makes a de luxe main dish with no special fixing whatsoever. But when you want to be extra glamorous, try this: Get a 1½" thick center slice of Swift's Premium Ham. (To be sure it *is* Swift's Premium—the ham America prefers so far above all others—look for the name SWIFT on the slice.) Cut gashes in fat. Mix together ¼ cup honey and ½ cup juice drained from canned pears. Slowly pour over ham. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) about 1½ hours, basting every half hour. Garnish with pear halves filled with cranberry sauce, and serve with *perfect confidence.* For you can count on unvarying quality when you buy *Swift's Premium* Ham—America's traditional favorite. You *know* every slice will be delicious down to the last nourishing bite!

Your family, too, will prefer
America's traditional favorite....
mild, matchless
Swift's Premium Ham



2 STYLES! For easy cooking at home, look for the Swift's Premium Blue Label. The Red Label brings you ham that's fully cooked and ready to eat. Both kinds are Brown Sugar-Cured and smoked Swift's special



(Continued from Page 14)

Duchess of Norfolk in ancient Arundel Castle—one of England's oldest and noblest families and fortresses. In the courtyard where Britons of old fought the invading Romans, ladies in new-look off-shoulder gowns strolled between dances with knights in tails and melting white collars, and a thousand at a time danced in the old baronial hall while an orchestra in the minstrels' gallery played rumbas and sambas and the conga. (The first Earl of Arundel was a relative of William the Conqueror. His descendant, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, drove the Germans out of Africa in 1943.)

●

Once this column made the mistake of waxing enthusiastic over certain out-of-the-way New York eating places. Letters poured in asking for exact addresses. Now there is a book that covers the field: WHERE TO EAT IN NEW YORK, by *Robert W. Dana*, published by A. A. Wyn, 23 W. 47th St., New York 19. You'd have to live in New York to do justice to the restaurants his book mentions. But actually one could plan a day around any one of them—a day of sight-seeing, or a night's gala. When you're visiting New York the restaurant should never be an afterthought, or merely a place to eat. It should be the basis of the expedition. New York restaurants are good. They have to be, because of the competition. And if they're not, it is the fault of all of us.

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"May I have a napkin, please?"

If a dish is poor, send it back. Never be satisfied with "good enough." That's how the French arrived at their culinary eminence. The customer—from centuries back—insisted.

●

THE LETTERS OF MARCEL PROUST will be devoured by every Proust enthusiast. Here in person is the hero of REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST. The elegance, the formality, the felicitous phrase are all here, the delicate analysis of personalities, the penetrating clarity of vision with its attendant literary complications toward the expression of exact truth. These letters are Proust—the essence of an aristocratic mind. They are magnificently edited and translated by ***Mina Curtiss.***

●

Maybe you read about Faith, "the bravest cat in the world." She was the church cat of St. Paul's in London for twelve years, and died in September, 1948. A plaque on the walls of the church now records the story of her bravery: on September 9, 1940, Faith shielded her litter in a corner of the church through bombing and fire. "Roofs and masonry exploded. Four floors fell through in front of Faith; fire, water and ruin were all around her. Yet she stayed calm and steadfast and waited for help." Of Faith's early life, The Times in its obituary notice said simply that "she was a London stray."

(Continued on Page 18)



The Great New Gibson DOUBLE FEATURE Electric Refrigerator

WITH Cold Modulation

See the new GIBSON, and you'll agree. There's no other refrigerator that compares feature-for-feature with the great new Gibson. First to originate the Freez'r Locker and Fresh'ner Locker, Gibson is ahead again—with Cold Modulation . . . just the blend of cold and moisture needed by the foods usually kept in each compartment.

FREEZ'R LOCKER—Specially designed for freezing and storing all kinds of frozen foods. Keeps them farm-fresh so you can enjoy your favorite foods the year 'round—in or out of season.

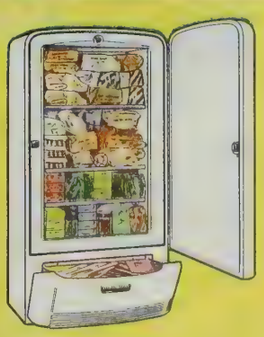
FRESH'NER LOCKER—Specially designed for keeping fresh meats, fruits, and vegetables fresh, flavorful. Designed to provide the ideal combination of cold and moisture to retain vitamins and flavors—prevents wilting and drying out.



ALL NEW MODELS



GIBSON HOME FREEZER—Upright design. For freezing and keeping over 250 pounds of frozen foods. 4 seeable, easy-reach compartments—no fumbling for packages. Efficient, economical, practical!





GIBSON AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGE—with UPS-A-DAISY—cooks every meal every day automatically. Provides super-speed cooking. 2 complete, balanced-heat, insulated ovens—Waist-high smokeless broiler—Concealed oven vent—7 speed surface units—Minute Watchman.

In addition, your New Gibson gives you faster freezing, greater ice cube capacity, unobstructed shelves, Dew-Temp Vegetable Fresh'ner, and an extra large storage bin for crackers and cereals. Be sure to see the Gibson before you decide on a refrigerator.

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• Actual delivery room scene: Nurse puts special protective drops in baby's eyes.

From the moment your baby is born...



The doctor smiles, as he looks down at the tiny puckered face.

"A fine baby," he says proudly, "perfect in every way!"

Steps are then taken to safeguard the baby's eyes... protect his tender skin. What kind of protection? Listen to this!

Today there's news in infant skin care. More and more hospitals are changing to new Johnson's Baby Lotion . . . the smooth, snow-white Lotion that promises your baby amazing protection against skin rashes!

Scientific hospital tests prove that Johnson's Baby Lotion care cuts down cases of heat rash and other minor skin irritations — by dramatic percentages!

Give your baby this modern care at home! Use Johnson's Baby Lotion *exactly like baby oil*...after bath, at diaper changes. Such a difference! Lotion is so velvety-pleasant...protects so surely...leaves baby skin so soft and sweet. Have *modern* Johnson's Baby Lotion on *your* baby's tray!





Gives Amazing Protection From Rashes!

JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson

(Continued from Page 16)

The English do take their animals seriously. On the feast day of St. Francis of Assisi, all the animals came to church (in Hereford) and were solemnly told that they have a very good chance of getting to heaven. Dozens of cats and kittens in starched ribbons were there; ducks, chickens and guinea pigs; a lamb; white mice; and dogs of all kinds, from a bull mastiff to a tiny Pekingese. The twenty horses that turned up were found too big for the pews, and were obliged, by the head usher, to wait outside. "Animals and birds are a part of God's creation," the minister told the animals and the beaming children who accompanied them, "and there is nothing contrary to our Christian religion in the belief that our pets will live hereafter. There are animals and birds in heaven as well as human beings and angels."

Gladys Taber **fans will soon, if they do not already, include the youngest fry. DAISY AND DOBBIN is her tale of Two Little Seahorses, and a most engaging book it is, with illustrations by *Kurt Wiese*.**

It is hard to remember, in the midst of daily dishwashing and going to the office and putting a new tire on the car and hoeing the potatoes, that we are characters today in one of the purple passages in history. The '30's and the '40's will go down in the book with the Fall of the Roman Empire, with the Industrial Revolution and with (we hope, we hope) the Renaissance. No school child of the future will be able to skip these chapters. But the remarkable fact is that we are in a position to read much of that history now, on the very morning after it happened, as it were. It is that way with ***Churchill's*** memoirs. Here is the vital record of the world at war in the rich, sonorous tones of the greatest living historian.

Of equal interest, and complementing the Churchill point of view, is *Eisenhower's* CRUSADE IN EUROPE— a close, honest, full, understandable explanation of the forces that made necessary the sacrifice of our own boys and men. Here is the full story of those hush-hush controversies that kept us

WIDE WORLD



Ike gets tied.

on tenterhooks during the war, the when and why of the North African invasion, the "deal" with Darlan, the details of Italy and Sicily, the Patton incident, the Battle of the Bulge—the war as our first American general saw it. And who, may we ask, got a better view?

History can without doubt be a fascinating hobby. All it takes is a good bump of curiosity, and a certain amount of perseverance. *Otto Eisenschiml*, who wrote THE AMERICAN ILIAD (epic of the Civil War), is what we'd call a first-class amateur historian—a businessman who goes in for

(Continued on Page 21)

The amazing new

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PRES-TOE-PEN

Folds with a touch of the toe on the foot pedal!



Transforms the clumsy old-fashioned play-yard into wonderful convenience. Mother can fold it and move it in and out of the house with effortless ease!

See it at your dealer's—or send 10¢ for your copy of "PRIMER FOR PARENTS" to Thayer, Inc. Dept. LH-4, Gardner, Massachusetts.

Thayer® "TOPS FOR TOTS"

Get The Best—Ask For Evenflo!



Papas Go For Evenflo!

Feeding baby with an Evenflo Nurser is duck soup for dads! They are intrigued by Evenflo's easy "nipple-down for sealing and nipple-up for feeding" feature. They admire Evenflo's engineering—nipple valves that keep normal air pressure inside bottle and help babies nurse easier. Get Evenflo Nursers and Evenflo Cleanser, (cleans baby bottles like magic *without brushing*) at baby shops, drug and dept. stores.





Evenflo* America's Most Popular Nurser 25c

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In white, and your choice of 5 most flattering "personality colors"—vat-dyed for lovely, even color!

"Such Very Practical Luxuries!"



Choose your favorite of the *two* fine Pepperell Percales! Choose Pepperell regular percales, woven 182 sturdy threads per square inch, for marvelous value in the durability of firmly woven texture! Pepperell *Peeress* Percales are even longer lasting, woven 204 threads per square inch . . . the very top grade of percale!

Choose Pepperell *Peeress* Percales because you can buy no more finely woven, longer lasting, full-combed-yarn percales at any price! And every thread is superfine-combed for extra smoothness, extra wear. In white and "personality colors."

Choose either of the famous Pepperell Percales . . . the beautiful sheets *with the wear woven in.*

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Your skin . . . *ravishing!* . . . with these new-formula Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams! Science's newest secrets . . . in six exquisite beauty aids. Incomparable cleaner cleansing! Superb richer softening! Veil-of-flattery finishing creams! Each of unsurpassed quality. Jars come dressed in pink-and-gold elegance, at welcome moderate prices.

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream cleanses skin the cleanest ever.

Truly, Penaten is a miracle cleansing aid! Penaten *penetrates*—reaches deeper into pore openings. Quickly seeps through make-up tints. *Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle.* Your skin looks *clearer,* because it's *cleaner.* Your first jar will prove, Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream—with Penaten—truly glorifies your skin!

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream smooths skin the softest ever!

Magically, Penaten aids the *penetration* of smoothing emollients. Carries lanolin's rich benefits deeper, softening tiny dry lines. Smooths flaky roughness—on the instant. Skin looks fresher, younger . . . lovely to see!

From trial jars 20¢, to luxury jars $1.39. Plus tax.

Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—with Penaten! Very effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, fresher, younger looking.

Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing Facial Cream—For Glamorous Make-Up: Greaseless, disappearing. A thin veil flatters...even oily skin looks dewy fresh. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply lavishly to soften skin particles. Tissue off. Skin looks fresher, softer, younger.

Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that clings, holds make-up. Helps conceal tiny blemishes. Apply sparingly in dots—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.

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TUMS

acid indigestion

Take TUMS wherever you go!

Whenever you travel—by car, by plane, by bus, by train — buy Tums first! Tums relieve acid indigestion and heartburn almost instantly. You feel better fast! With Tums, nothing to mix or stir. And Tums contain no baking soda (bicarbonate). So, no danger of overalkalizing — no acid rebound. Travel in comfort. Travel with *Tums!* Night and day, at home or away, always carry TUMS. Quick relief for acid indigestion.



To feel better, try one or two TUMS after breakfast.

for the tummy

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The Guaranteed HAIR NETS

We make this special offer as a token of appreciation to old friends and to introduce Venida Hair Nets to new users.

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Any department or drug store will redeem it for 1 Venida Hair Net FREE when you purchase 1 at regular price and present coupon.

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(Continued from Page 18)

research and investigation into the past in his off hours, instead of, say, golf. He loves it. He even has the school children in his neighborhood looking into the past: how did the streets they live on get their names? when was their city first settled? from what country did their own forebears come, no matter how long ago? It's a good historical game.

●

Did you know that Connecticut has a lake named Chargoggagaugmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg? Mr. H. L. Mencken *dug that one up for* SUPPLEMENT TWO: THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

●

There is a further note on alcoholics—in addition to the illuminating article in the November JOURNAL by Francis T. Chambers, Jr.,—in THE BELLEVUE STORY, by ***Page Cooper,*** the impressive story of New York's great free hospital. It is a resumé of the findings of Dr. Alexander Lambert in his study of alcoholism some years back. At that time more than 30 percent of all admissions to the hospital were alcoholics. The greatest number of women patients were between the ages of 28 and 32, and of men, between 32 and 37. The sexes were about even in numbers admitted, but in youth and old age the women predominated. The greatest number of women were actresses and telegraph and telephone operators, who together accounted for more than half the total. Doctor Lambert found that women are far more difficult to manage than men; that they are more violent and abusive, and more profane. Nearly twice as many young women die of alcoholism as young men. (We'd wager that women with husbands and children and homes to take care of rank pretty nearly zero in the alcoholic wards.)

●

For those who want a romantic love story with a Humphrey Bogart-type hero, an exotic background made magnificently real, and a situation of extreme danger that involves flight and pursuit, THE JACARANDA TREE, by *H. E. Bates*, is their book. (Remember FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE and THE PURPLE PLAIN?) It is Kipling out of Hemingway and Maugham. These are not light words. The length of this report is in no way commensurate with the pleasure that the book afforded the reviewer.

●

How much water do you think is wasted daily in New York City? 200,000,000 gallons! Stickers are now being distributed to all landlords: "Stop wasting water . . . A dripping tap can drain a river off the map."

CHICAGO TRIBUNE-NEW YORK NEWS SYNDICATE



"I still wonder if I turned off that shower before we left home."

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



✓ Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!

✓ Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!

✓ Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!

✓ Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



Modess .... *because*

If you ask me

By Eleanor Roosevelt

In Bernardine Kielty's column in the JOURNAL she wrote that when Madame Chiang visited the White House she insisted on having the linen sheets of her bed changed several times a day. These sheets cost $7 each to launder. This story has been rehashed several times in my presence. Surely, the First Lady of China is not so lacking in common decency as to make a nuisance of herself on any occasion. What is the real truth about this?

Madame Chiang never used linen sheets when she was in the White House. She brought her own crepe de Chine sheets. I have no idea what linen sheets cost to launder. Certainly nothing like $7 each. That is pure exaggeration. No guest in the White House, to my knowledge, ever insisted on anything. Madame Chiang, however, did have trained nurses when she first came and it may be they asked for certain things, and of course anything necessary would have been provided. Madame Chiang was always a most considerate and delightful guest.

You have three big, strong American men as sons. Why do they not horsewhip Westbrook Pegler?

I have four, not three "big, strong American men as sons." Why should they bother, however, to horsewhip a poor little creature like Westbrook Pegler? They would probably go to jail for attacking someone who was physically older and perhaps unable to defend himself. After all, he is such a little gnat on the horizon. He cannot touch my husband's memory. Deeds, not words, count in this world, and thousands of American citizens answer such attacks as Mr. Pegler's out of their own experience with love and loyalty in their hearts which remain untouched by Mr. Pegler's diatribes.

I have found out that a man and woman who are my friends are active communists. They have a store. Knowing their sympathies, I have stopped patronizing them. However, the rest of the neighborhood continue to shop there, knowing they are communists. Am I doing wrong mixing business with politics?

Communists have a right to earn a living in the United States as long as we permit them to be here. We have an obligation to allow people to think and peacefully communicate their thoughts to others as long as they do not attempt to overthrow the Government by force. For that reason the fact that people who run stores and gain a livelihood believe in certain theories which we do not believe in is no reason, from my point of view, for not associating with them. It may, however, become disagreeable to have contacts with them because you feel you are helping them to promote something in which you do not believe. In that case, you will naturally not continue your contacts. That will be for personal reasons and not because of their political views only.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

I am a college girl and belong to a well-to-do family, but I am extremely unattractive. I have never had suitors and realize my chances are very slim. With this in view, what attitude should I adopt toward life?

For heaven's sake, my dear child, do not make up your mind because you are in college and haven't had any suitors that you are unattractive. Looks alone do not make

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"All this effort just to find a mate; hardly seems worth the trouble."

one attractive. I do not know you, so I do not know just how to answer your question, but remember that one can do a great deal to improve one's personal appearance. The most important thing is what comes from the inside out. If you cultivate your mind and your spirit, you can have charm, which is far more important than looks. You may not have suitors today, but do not try too hard to have them. If you become an interesting and charming person, that will appeal to people and draw them to you when you are out of college and have a chance to make your place in the world.

I would like to know what basis you have for the statement, "In fact, the government has already lifted its ban on the various religions and allows them complete freedom in Russia today."

The promise was given by Mr. Litvinov and his government when Russia was recognized, that there would be freedom for the various religious groups to worship within Russia. I have heard since from a number of people coming out of Russia that though the church representatives must very carefully eschew the discussion of politics, they are allowed freedom of worship, and I think this is generally accepted by all those who have visited Russia of late.

The Townsend Pension Plan is making headlines again. Do you think it is a good movement to follow?

No. I have never thought it a practical movement and I do not think it practical now.

My husband died three months ago. Although I am only twenty-nine, I have no intention of remarrying. My husband and I loved children, but were unfortunate enough not to have been blessed with any. I would like to adopt a little girl four or five years old. I am making my home with my parents and a younger brother who will go to college soon. I have corresponded with a chaplain in an orphanage who says he may be able to arrange for me to adopt a child. In adopting her I would take away from her the chance of being adopted by "parents." Do you think I could be both a father and mother to her and not feel I was cheating her? Financially I am more than capable of taking care of her.

Not knowing you, it is very hard for me to tell whether you could be both father and mother to your little adopted daughter, but if you care enough about her to adopt her I am sure you will make every effort to fill her life with the kind of affection and companionship which would make her feel that she had both parents. You are only twenty-nine and even if you do not intend to remarry, none of us knows what the future may hold; and if you adopt a little girl and give her the best that you have to give, someday you may find that you will want to give her a father. In any case, your young brother who will soon be going to college will furnish her with the kind of male companionship which is valuable for any youngster.

A Special Sweet for Your Extra Special "Sweet"!



"Sweet 'n' Luscious" Pie

LESS THAN 9c A SERVING*

⅓ cup Ann Page Creamy-Smooth Peanut Butter
¼ cup sugar
1 cup (about 12 crackers) finely crushed graham crackers
1 tblsp. margarine
1 package Sparkle Vanilla Pudding
1½ cups milk
½ to ¾ cup Ann Page Preserve or Jam

Combine peanut butter, sugar, crackers and margarine in bowl: mix until well blended. Press on side and bottom of 8-inch pie plate. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., about 10 minutes. Chill.

Prepare Sparkle Vanilla Mixture for Pudding according to package directions, using 1½ cups milk. When cool pour into pie shell. Chill thoroughly. When ready to serve top with ½ to ¾ cup Ann Page Preserve, and whipped cream, if desired. 6 servings.

*Recipe cost based on average prices of ingredients in A&P Super Markets at press time.



Here's a heavenly-light, extra-flaky peanut butter crust that melts in your mouth . . . filled with a creamy-rich pudding . . . and topped off with luscious, red raspberry preserve. Yummmmeeee!

But in making this recipe, be sure you use Ann Page Creamy-Smooth Peanut Butter, Ann Page Preserves and Ann Page Sparkle Pudding. For Ann Page products are your guarantee of fine quality.

And they're thriftily priced! That's because they're made in A&P's own modern Ann Page food factories and brought directly to you. This eliminates many unnecessary in-between expenses and savings are made and shared with you.

ANN PAGE FOODS

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A&P's Finest

Among the quality Ann Page Foods are such favorites as Beans, Spaghetti, Noodles, Prepared Spaghetti, Sandwich Spread (Tartar Sauce), Vinegar, etc.



Black-and-white Hildegarde is teacher's pet, but Irish setter Maeve hates to do her homework.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

NEW ENGLAND cooking is the thing for deep winter. The kind of food our forefathers invented out of the simple fare the rock-bound coast afforded was hearty and comforting. It still is.

Take beans, for instance, and molasses and salt pork, and you get those big brown crocks bubbling over with crusty brown goodness for Saturday night.

The Indians taught the early settlers the uses of maize, but it took the pioneer women to make Indian pudding, corncake, muffins, crackling bread, and my favorite, Spider Corn Bread.

I use 1 cup corn meal, ⅓ cup flour, and 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder sifted together. Then I beat an egg, add 1 cup milk (or half milk and half water). I mix all together, turn it into an 8-inch spider that has melted butter or margarine in it. Over this I pour ¾ cup milk and water (half of each will do), but I do not stir it at all. I bake it in a moderate oven, 350°F., about 30 minutes, cut into pie-shaped pieces and serve it with Winter Night Supper Bake. I use a black iron spider, but if you haven't one, a spider with a removable handle will do.

The Supper Bake I invented down on Cape Cod when we had to use up a lot of flounder fillets or we couldn't go out to catch any more. Into a greased rectangular glass baking dish I alternately sliced potatoes and onions, well salted and peppered. I almost covered them with milk, then baked them, covered, until the potatoes were nearly tender. Then I laid the flounder fillets gently on top, added a layer of buttered cracker crumbs and 2 slices bacon, added more milk and baked until the fish was done (20 minutes).

For a special party dish, I like the traditional chicken smothered in oysters. For this, you sauté quarters of young chickens in butter or margarine, lay them in a baking dish, pour ½ cup milk over each, bake, covered, for an hour, basting frequently. Then add 1 pint oysters and 1 cup cream for each chicken and bake 20 minutes longer. Serve on a hot platter and pour oysters and cream over the chicken. This is more than two hundred years old, I am told, and of course now we may not have the cream—or the young chickens—but older chickens will do if you cook them longer, and a can of condensed mushroom soup thinned to the consistency of cream will do.

Now we have four Stillmeadow cockers with their Companion Dog degrees, and a line of ribbons and Hildegarde's proud silver platters—but I sometimes think Jill and I ought to have a few personal awards for valor outside the line of duty. For after all, every paw that moved forward on training was right beside a walking pair of trudging human feet belonging to us! But if anything could match the dizzy excitement I felt when Little Sister took second place over a Doberman and a couple of shepherds and a few other assorted dogs, I cannot imagine what it would be.

The cockers go happily along on their regular lessons; not so Maeve, the temperamental Irisher. Plain heeling bores her stiff. She wants to do the most advanced work, not bother with elementary stuff. She is always reading ahead in her schoolwork, and skipping her homework. The dumbbell is just her dish, but to Sit Stay is a nuisance.

Here in the country we celebrate the New Year without any wild celebrations. I think it is because we are attuned to the changing seasons, and in the midst of winter we are looking to spring. So we never get that curious panic that time has gone by and we should drown our old year out and racket the new in. George comes over on one morning and says, "Happy New Year," and goes out to shovel his way to the kennel. We plow about gathering eggs

(Continued on Page 31)

A HEARTY MEAL IN JUST 21 MINUTES

(and at only 47¢ a serving*)



RANCH HOUSE SUPPER

Tomato Soup
Bean and Beefburgers
Sweet Potatoes **Corn**
Tossed Green Salad
Canned Peaches

BEAN AND BEEFBURGERS

Add 1 teaspoon salt to 1 cup chopped beef; saute with 1 onion, finely chopped. Add 1 can red kidney beans. Cut very thin slice off tops of 6 English Muffins. Place mixture on muffins. Top with 1 cup grated American cheese. Broil until lightly browned. 6 servings.

*Menu and recipe tested and priced by A&P Test Kitchen. *Cost based on average prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.*

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Have you an idea or suggestion you think will help us improve our service? If so, please write us. We welcome criticism, too. You see, we believe we owe it to our customers to make our food stores the best possible places in which to shop.

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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

What men emphasize as a reason for marriage is the leading cause for wives' unhappiness.

What Makes Wives Unhappy

MANY and complex are the forces which determine the degree of happiness a husband and wife find in marriage. In our continuous-research project, we are learning more about these forces—what they are, and how they operate.

From the testimony of more than a thousand married couples participating, we have selected the replies of the one hundred unhappiest wives on a basic question: the most important causes of dissatisfaction in their marriages. Their replies are discussed in order of importance—that is, in order of the number of wives who mentioned each problem.

Lack of companionship. Single men emphasize the desire for companionship as a reason for marriage; single girls do not. Yet the lack of companionship heads the list of causes of married dissatisfaction of these unhappy wives. It is significant that in every case the wife blamed her husband; either his job, his working hours, or his preoccupation with work, or his friends, his hobbies, or his outside recreation. Not one mentioned the possibility that she might be a more rewarding companion if she tried to share his interest in his work or in his outside activities.

Lack of money. About half the wives blame the high cost of living; the other half blame their husbands, either for not making enough, or for spending too much. In only one of these homes is there any attempt to budget.

Sexual incompatibility ranks third as a cause of dissatisfaction. Though the specific complaints vary, nowhere does any wife suggest that her own attitude may be involved.

"In-law trouble" and ***husband's criticisms*** come next, and after that:

Objections to housework. Yet few people would deny that homemaking is a wife's responsibility. In most families, this means that the wife does most of the actual housework; even in wealthy households staffed by servants, the wife is still expected to take charge. Granted, a housewife's tasks are varied, exacting and often tedious. Yet a man's job, too, involves many irksome chores. At least a wife can usually see the tangible results of her efforts—which is not always the case for her husband.

Children are a source of dissatisfaction to some wives, but the complaints usually center around the confining and fatiguing "round of bottles and diapers"—a situation which will improve with time. However, some wives do feel that they have too many children, or that they came too soon and too fast.

Lack of social life, as discussed by these wives, is not a matter of lack of freedom to enjoy social life, but a lack of any social life to enjoy.

The husband's personal traits, ranging from major flaws like selfishness to such comparatively minor irritations as untidiness, make other wives unhappy.

Lack of affection. Though the love between husband and wife often deepens as the years go by, too many husbands expect their wives to take their devotion for granted, without any little gestures of reminder. In this important respect, I agree that most husbands are negligent.

Religious differences end the list of unhappy wives' major sources of dissatisfaction, though there is a long series of miscellaneous specialized problems.

Note that, despite the variety of the difficulties, almost all these problems have an underlying attitude in common—the wife's tendency to blame the husband or circumstances, rather than to assume a share of the responsibility herself.

It is undoubtedly true that some of these husbands are directly responsible for their wives' unhappiness, and that many others with a little effort could make their wives happier. Nevertheless, it is almost invariably the wife who must take the initiative in any effort to increase the happiness of the marriage.

Most of these difficulties, in greater or less degree, are present in most marriages. If other wives can overcome them to find happiness, perhaps you can too. The first step is to realize that it is *your* job to try.

The Man Who Stalls

AFTER a young couple have gone together steadily for as long as a year, the girl is likely to assume that the man is thinking of marriage. If nothing has been said to the contrary, she is justified in feeling this way, especially if the man has asked her not to have other dates.

But sometimes the man avoids any specific discussion of marriage. If the girl wants to marry, she is placed in an embarrassing and painful position. She does not know whether to continue dating him, in the hope of eventual engagement, or to give him up and cultivate other men.

In analyzing her problem, there are several possibilities to consider:

Is there another girl? Be sure about this. Don't assume that there isn't, simply because he hasn't mentioned her. And don't assume that he will eventually make up his mind—in your favor.

Does he want to marry? Some men, even though they are in a position to marry, are unready or unwilling to accept the responsibilities that marriage entails. Such a man may be aware that he is monopolizing a girl's time under false pretenses; but he may honestly (though perhaps thoughtlessly) assume that the girl, like himself, is interested in temporary fun and companionship rather than in a permanent relationship. Better find out whether you two are thinking in the same terms.

Is there an obstacle in the way? Even though he seems prosperous, a man may have debts, or dependent relatives, or an insecure job, which makes it financially difficult for him to marry. Or his parents may disapprove the match. If he loves you and is honest, he should discuss the problem with you frankly. Nonetheless, diffidence and pride may restrain him. Give him a chance to tell you.

Is he a wolf? Some men deliberately exploit any human relationship, seeking without offering, taking without giving. Sometimes this attitude shows up in stinginess about money, but some men who are lavish with money are emotional dead beats. Do you know a man who rides in your car without offering to buy gas, who dines frequently in your home but rarely suggests taking you out, who accepts your attention but promises nothing in return? Better forget him. Such a man is not likely to propose marriage—but if he does, you don't want him.

Does he love you? This is the most fundamental question of all. Don't confuse liking, or the easy companionship born of habit, for the kind of love that leads to marriage. A man may enjoy your company, value your friendship and sincerely admire you—and fall head over heels in love with somebody else.

- Whatever the cause, you must still decide what to do. If you can see no insurmountable obstacle to your marriage, you may be wise to force the issue. But do it indirectly, without seeming to corner him. Many a girl defeats her chances of matrimony through overeagerness.
- But you can lead the conversation around to a discussion of his future; you can ask his opinion of a new job for you; you can remind him in various ways that time is not standing still.
- Finally, you can cut down on the dates you give him. Without explanation or unfriendliness, let him see that you are not so available as you have been. This takes courage; while it may lead to a proposal, it may lead to the discovery that he is not really interested in you. But if there is no future in your relationship, it is better to find it out now, while you are young enough to have other prospects.

Does He Love You?

Not even a psychologist can determine if a man loves you. But if you will be absolutely honest with yourself—and about him—perhaps your "Yes" and "No" answers will help you decide for yourself.

1. **Has he dated you steadily for one year or longer?**
2. **Do your friends think he loves you?**
3. **Is he really interested in the things you do?**
4. **Does he regard you as a dependable person?**
5. **Has he introduced his friends and parents to you?**
6. **Does he try hard to win your good opinion?**
7. **Has he told you repeatedly that he loves you?**
8. **Does he abide by your standards and ideals?**
9. **Is he willing to make sacrifices for you?**
10. **Does he always keep your confidence?**
11. **Is he free from unselfishness?**
12. **Does he enjoy your parents (and your friends)?**
13. **Is his spare time largely spent with you?**
14. **Does he say "we" in discussing his future plans?**
15. **Will he forgo his own wishes to please you?**
16. **Does he neglect his *work* just to be with you?**
17. **Is he extremely jealous of you?**
18. **Do you have frequent doubts about his love?**
19. **Is his interest in you mostly physical?**
20. **Does he make efforts to "reform" you?**

Add your yes answers to the first 15 questions to your no answers to the last 5 items. With a score of 17 or more, he is certainly trying to make you think he loves you—and maybe he does. If you have any doubts left, take more time to be sure.

Do You Agree?

How can I make my husband, from whom I have been separated one year, pay the expense incurred in divorcing him?

You can't. In the eyes of the law a divorce is a luxury almost always paid for by the person who obtains it.

You've got the sweetest little

Angel Face

by POND'S



IT'S NEW—the little-girl glow that's making you look so much lovelier! *New*—the touchable, velvety smoothness of your face. And *very new*—the secret of the whole delightful transformation. It's Pond's sensational new make-up—*Angel Face!*

EASIER! FOUNDATION AND POWDER—ALL IN ONE! Angel Face smooths on with its puff—and *stays*. No wet sponge, no greasy fingers. Gives a soft, *natural* finish. Never drying or shiny.

CAN'T SPILL OVER YOUR HANDBAG OR CLOTHES! Tuck an Angel Face in your handbag, and you have the complete, neat makings of a superb, quick make-up at your fingertips anytime . . . anywhere!

ASK THE WOMAN WHO USES ONE! Rafaelle, Duchess of Leinster, says, "Pond's Angel Face always looks fresh and natural, and is so *easy* to use! I carry mine with me everywhere!" And Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor says, "Every day I use it, I'm more enchanted with Angel Face. It goes on so smoothly and stays on so well!"

Pond's Angel Face is the *newest* kind of new make-up! Foundation and powder *all in one!* Your choice of five perfect complexion tones. Complete with puff, eighty-nine cents, plus tax.



What's your P.Q.*?



Learning your ABC's can rate a high I.Q.—but what about your *Personality Quotient?

Are You Fun to be With?

1. Have you ever been asked to a boxing match, a splash party or a bike hike?

2. Can you hum or sing the first chorus of the current No. 1 scorer on the Hit Parade?

3. Do you know the difference between a "third out" and a "fourth down"; a "pitcher's balk" and a "spot pass"?

4. Does the thought of being alone for an evening with nothing but a good book and the radio conjure up bogies of boredom?

5. Can you get in a "party mood" with last year's best dress for this year's big date?

6. When the girl with whom you're double-dating turns out to be a poised Hedy Lamarr, j.g., can you keep in mind the fact that boys like *your* type too?

7. When your best friend gets stuck in an argument do you always feel you must agree with her?

8. Can you play 3 out of the 5 games given here: table tennis, volleyball, bridge, golf and parchesi?

9. If you are of age, can you drive or are you learning to drive the family car?

10. Do you ever spend a serious ten minutes with a best gal pal or boy friend hashing over world affairs?

11. Do you prefer only special foods at parties and picnics, such as sandwiches without dressing, salt on your watermelon and hot drinks heated to exactly so many degrees?

12. Can you feel at ease when there is a slight pause in the conversation?

13. When you're alone with small fry, either at home or out baby sitting, can you improvise for ten minutes on "and *then* what happened to Goldilocks"?

14. Can you come up with a title or two when someone pulls the oldie, "Read any good books lately?"

15. Would you rather be at a movie on a winter afternoon than out learning to ice skate with the crowd?

16. Can you hold your own—in enthusiasm, at least—in a round-the-piano or a round-the-campfire chorus of Take Me Out to the Ball Game?

17. When your steady stuff is having this dance with another girl, can you smile and make conversation with the boy nearest at hand?

18. Can you overlook twinges from that old green-eyed monster when you or your team loses anything from a bridge trick to a basketball game?

19. "After the ball is over," are you quick to volunteer for a cleanup squad?

20. Can you explain a "double whammy"?

SCORING KEY: Numbers 4-7-11-15 should be answered "No." All the rest should be answered "Yes." Give yourself one point for each correct answer to determine score.

17-20. You are poised, self-confident and mature for your age.

13-16. Shows a slight inferiority complex; score can be improved by more social experience and a greater interest in other people.

Below 13. An inferiority complex *now*—but it doesn't have to be permanent! Work hard on personal appearance, particularly don't neglect ability to get along with other people—that complex should disappear long before you reach voting age!

Do You Have an Inferiority Complex?

1. In shopping bouts, when it's a tossup, do you always drop the final deciding in mother's lap?

2. Is it comparatively easy for you to ask friends to return anything of yours they have borrowed?

3. In making new friends, do you look unconsciously for price tag first and personality second?

4. Do you have one or more bright-colored dresses in your wardrobe?

5. Would you cross the street or walk home by another route rather than have to pass a group of boys from school?

6. Have you ever said, "I hope you're going to like East Side High" to a new and bewildered stude?

7. Do you consider it a social stigma to accept blind dates?

8. Would you be secretly ashamed to admit it if you rated straight A's on semester exams?

9. After a dull evening—either a party that fell flat or a date with Johnnie that ended on a blue note—do you usually feel "It's all my fault"?

10. Does your own bedroom mirror always give back a prettier picture than any mirror in town?

11. Are you honestly convinced that one of your teachers has a personal dislike for you?

12. When you and Janie are walking down the streets, do you always think the boys are whistling at her?

13. Can you express your views clearly round the lunch table or when reciting in class?

14. Do you feel self-conscious when wearing a new dress, even though you're sure it is in style and good taste?

15. Do you usually start a conversation, instead of waiting for someone else to say the first good word?

16. Would you pass up a good movie on Saturday night rather than risk having the crowd see you "dating" mother and dad?

17. Does the whole bus turn to stare at you when you get on?

18. Would you take rumba lessons if someone offered to teach you, sans charge?

19. Do you join freely in the shouting and school cheers when your team makes a touchdown?

20. Can you use a new word or an occasional slang phrase without feeling self-conscious?

SCORING KEY: Numbers 1-4-6-13-15-18-19-20 should be answered "Yes." All the rest should be answered "No." Give yourself one point for each correct answer to determine score.

17-20. You are poised, self-confident and mature for your age.

13-16. Shows a slight inferiority complex; score can be improved by more social experience and a greater interest in other people.

Below 13. An inferiority complex *now*—but it doesn't have to be permanent! Work hard on personal appearance, particularly don't neglect ability to get along with other people—that complex should disappear long before you reach voting age!

Do You Have What it Takes to be Popular?

1. Do you belong to one or more school organizations?

2. Can you feel as relaxed (well, almost) in a black net formal or party dress as in a skirt and blue jeans?

3. Are you willing to try to learn new things like dance steps or gin rummy on first invitation?

4. Do you write at least one letter a month?

5. Of the first six girls who come to your mind can you say "I like ——" about four of them?

6. Has a friend, boy or gal, ever introduced you with these words: "This is Susie Sub-Deb, the girl I was telling you about"?

7. Do you secretly hold grudges even when you've officially "forgiven and forgotten"?

8. Are you prompt about social obligations—in writing thank-you notes, returning invitations, being on time for dates with everyone?

9. Do you sometimes cry a little at sad movies?

10. When Nancy leaves you alone with her mother, do you immediately run short of conversation?

11. If the crowd outvotes you on a movie-versus-bowling evening, can you give in gracefully?

12. Do you sometimes allow yourself to date-dream about an evening with Peter Lawford, Guy Madison or some local glamour boy?

13. Do you like doggie roasts?

14. Are you as good-natured and as much fun at home with your family as you are out on a date?

15. If passing along a catty story gets you attention, do you think gossip is worth spreading?

16. Do you make it a point never to speak or nod to a casual acquaintance till he or she has recognized you first?

17. At the dinner table, do you find it fun to talk over the day's happenings with the family?

18. If double-feature Saturday matinees are your favorite sport, do you get bored and yawny when Joe wants to discuss pro football?

19. Can you recover from a social blunder easily enough so you and the company you're keeping won't be chilled for the evening?

20. Do you have a good disposition most of the time—with few hours wasted on brooding, depressions or fits of the blues?

SCORING KEY: Numbers 7-10-15-16-18 should be answered "No." All the rest rate a hearty "Yes" as the correct answer. Give yourself one point for every right answer given to determine score.

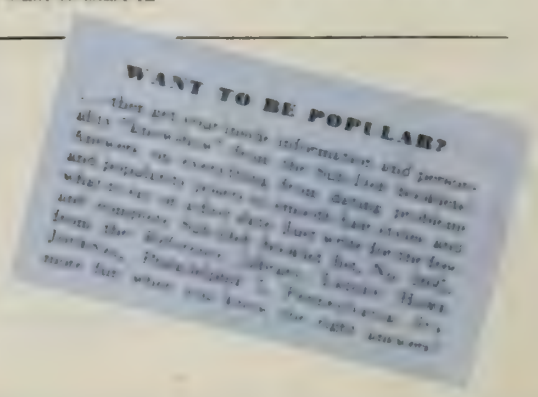
17-20. Indicates an even temperament, a balanced personality and an active interest in other people.

13-16. You're not a No. 1 dream girl at this scoring, but you're on the right track. Your rating should improve gradually as you learn more about making friends.

Below 14. Not only is your score low—it almost looks as if you're not trying! Even at her worst, Joe gal must begin to realize that she is a great big world and she is in it to help her by trying to like the other people in it. You'll have to start hoping to *make* the fun if you want to share it.

Check Personality Quotient:

Now total your three scores as recommended by the three quizzes above. The result is your Personality Quotient, rating plus (over 50), Satisfactory (41-50), Good. Below 40, Just Average.



DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 24)

warm and new. Maeve whisks her tail in the drifts. The house smells sweet with the holiday greens and the big country ham a-baking. Jill gets up more of our own wild-cranberry sauce. I put the fat acorn squash in to bake. The children are home.

There is the usual difficulty about the cat Sidney, who always comes with Dorothy and Val. In summer he lives in the studio, but now he is pent in the middle bathroom, safe from Esmé's horrendous screeching attacks.

There is the usual argument about Don not wanting to help with the dishes until he finishes his latest murder mystery. It is all so much, suddenly, as it used to be when they were not grown and leading their own lives, that I feel I could wake up and find myself back in time.

It seems even more likely when they haul out the old sled and go off to slide down the snowy hill. Dorothy and Val have been married going on three years, but they look like children in their woolly ski suits and big flapping mittens.

In winter, the fire on the hearth is the center of the life at Stillmeadow. In summer, life flows outward. Someone is in the barbecue typing, someone else is in the Quiet Garden reading Tales of the South Seas or Running of the Tide. The girls are out in their own summerhouse; Don and Val, with the new gun, are blasting away at a tomato can nailed to an old apple tree. Someone else is up in the studio, and Jill is down the meadow with Maeve "seeking back" an old glove. I, of course, am in the kitchen.

Sometimes our casual spreading around causes trouble. There was the day last August when our friend Johannes got locked in the studio. The studio is the old haymow, and the old double doors have a way of swinging back in a breeze and locking. Johannes went up to Be Alone and finish his book, and alone he really was, for the doors swung back and when he tried to come out, he found he was tightly shut up.

At first he was not worried. He leaned out the window and called mildly. Nobody paid the least attention except a couple of spaniels who were after squirrels below. They barked loudly. He raised his voice. So did they. The kennel took it up and a thunderous racket ensued, with Johannes yelling. Then he worked at the door, the nice heavy old chestnut door. Nothing gave except Johannes. So he went back and called again. But he had asked for an uninterrupted time to work and he got it.

Finally it came to him that not even for lunch would the family interrupt art. Who would intrude on a love scene with crab salad? He had a new idea. Being a Viennese, he is a fine yodeler. Or perhaps not all Viennese can yodel, but he is our only friend who can. So he yodeled. He yodeled with the very best yodel.

But the cockers had never heard anybody yodel before, and when they heard that sound from up above, they made noise enough to drown a bombing attack. They went really wild. Yodeling and barking went on for as long as Johannes could breathe, and then he gave up and resigned himself to a life in the studio, starving and helpless but with his manuscript beside him. He mopped his brow and eventually located a coat hanger. This he wrenched into a kind of bar, with which he managed to pick the latch and escape.

We were serenely stringing beans for the freezer when he appeared. I thought he must have been working very hard, he looked so hot and tired.

Jill looked up. "I hope the dogs didn't bother you," she said. "For some reason, they have been making an awful racket this morning."

The color of winter is pure and lovely, the long, darkly blue shadows, the purple stalks of the briary bushes, the glistening white of clean snow, the pale amber of shell ice where the little brooks walk in summer. The meadow is latticed now with the pattern of dark branches and the great timeless trees lift intricate patterns against a still sky.

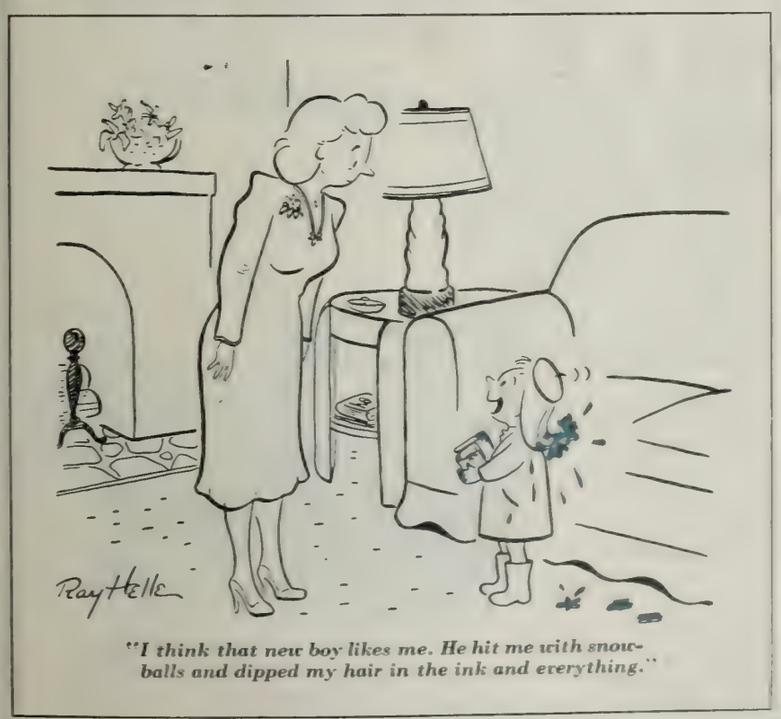
Yes, lovely is this world of ours, I think, as I look up at the pearl-clear light over the snowy valley. Surely all we need for the new year is peace over the world so men can lift their eyes to the sky and know that death will not hover over.

Honey pads along with her own thoughts, which have rabbits in them, and all her yesterdays, and being a loved companion, and the memory of tonight's snack, and maybe an idea as to tomorrow's leftover waffle with a smidgen of wild-flower honey on it. For she has reached the age when she can have just about anything she wants, and no nonsense about it.

As I turn back toward the little white house on New Year's evening, I wish with all my heart that the serenity of woods and hills and valleys could be shared with the whole restless and uneasy world.

"Happy New Year," I say softly, and the wind in the leafless hazel bush picks up my words and carries them on, far away, toward tomorrow!

THE END



"I think that new boy likes me. He hit me with snowballs and dipped my hair in the ink and everything."

Who needs three guesses?

You picked these



"... But darling, of course I *know* these make Holmes & Edwards silverplate finer than 'just extra plated' kinds..."

"... Unhuh! ... I *know* Holmes & Edwards stays lovelier longer thanks to these "

"Certainly I know what these are! They're the two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks in Holmes & Edwards silverplate."

"... Remember *me? I'm* the girl who bought Holmes & Edwards and told *you* about it in the first place!"

Danish Princess Love's Lady Youth



3 LOVELY PATTERNS! Danish Princess, Love's Lady, Youth are among the loveliest ever made ... made by The International Silver Co. in U. S. A.

GOOD NEWS! The price of Holmes & Edwards has not gone up ... the beautiful 52-piece service for 8 is only $68.50 with chest.

SEE AND ORDER your Holmes & Edwards at your jewelry or department store today.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
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Great Health Discovery found right in your DISHPAN

How you wash dishes . . . and the kind of suds you use . . . can mean the difference between sickness and health. Every thoughtful housewife should read these startling facts.

HOW TO FIGHT COLDS, SICKNESS IN YOUR HOME



DREFT helps protect your family's health

as no suds ever could before!

Perhaps you didn't know that danger lurks in your dishpan. But it's there! Even glasses and dishes that look clean may actually carry sickness to the very ones you wish to protect.

This is a proved fact. For doctors have found that germs *breed* in dishwater film. Even dishes that you've scrubbed hard, and polished carefully often carry this germ-breeding film.

Dreft Ends Germ-Breeding Film. With this amazing dishwashing discovery—DREFT—the menace of dishwater film is gone—DREFT leaves no film—it actually helps protect your family's health.

And this new way of dishwashing, made practical by DREFT, not only helps you safeguard those you care for—it is actually an easier, quicker, happier way of doing dishes!

New, Quick, Dreft Way. Wash your dishes in Dreft's abundant lasting suds. Give them a hot rinse (the hotter the better). Then let them drain dry. It's just as easy as that!

Dreft suds leave your dishes and glasses shining bright . . . even without wiping. Healthfully clean . . . film free—as no suds before Dreft ever got them!

Heed the warning of Public Health authorities . . . help protect your family's health.



DREFT WASHES DISHES SO CLEAN THEY SHINE EVEN WITHOUT WIPING!

Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



THE year 1899 ushered in the Florodora Girl, the U.S. war in the Philippines, and Teddy Roosevelt as governor of New York. Every Broadway shoeshine boy was whistling Tell Me, Pretty Maiden. Chauncey Depew became a senator, and only four states allowed women to vote.

"Rush and haste are too much upon us in America," chided Editor Bok in the January, 1899, issue of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. "Women are trying to crowd too much into their lives. Housekeeping is a profession which requires tact, skill and brains, and, generally speaking, running a house is about all the average woman can do well."

"I do wish," remarks a* JOURNAL *author, "that when I visit Philadelphia the people there would talk of something else than their churchyards and genealogies."

Serving asparagus: "You may use what is known as an asparagus fork, a sort of scissor arrangement, with a fork on one side and a spoon on the other."

"I must enter a plea for simpler living," exclaims cooking expert Mrs. Rorer. "The ten to fourteen course dinner is no longer considered refined."

"The carving of a young pig is not commonly done well," Mrs. Rorer continues. "It should be served on a deep bed of cress with a red apple in its mouth. First remove the head, then the legs, turn the pig over and cut directly down the center."

Cost of living: "The table expenses for eight grown persons and two maids in Brooklyn should be about $17 a week. The allowance of butter will be one half pound a person."

"Women's stockings which cost under twenty-five cents cannot be recommended for wear," believes Emma Hooper, "but millions are sold for ten cents."

"Pictures suitable for a hall should be unpretentious," writes the JOURNAL art editor, "such as architectural subjects and classical heads."



Journal about Town



© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

"Nostalgic" will be a word much used by critics about So Dear to My Heart.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

JUST in time to tell you about it in this issue, we were invited downstairs with *Bruce* and *Beatrice Gould* for a specially arranged preview of the one and only *Walt Disney's* new full-length feature film in Technicolor, So Dear to My Heart. Each one of us came out of the projection room kind of caught up in the scenes of our childhood, as "fond recollection presents them to view." So will millions of other Americans when the picture appears sometime early this year. This is the kind of movie Disney does to perfection. It begins by bewitching you with a memory book whose characters start carrying on as only they can when Walt waves his animated wand, then suddenly you're seeing yourself on the screen at the age of ten. The old home town is wonderful, and while the people are only human, the animals, as usual, are out of this world.

•

The mother-and-daughter idea may be as old as humanity, but ***Al Parker's*** famous covers have certainly helped in



Like mother, like daughter, is the new idea—even in boudoirs.

many ways to make the idea popular. For instance, ***Leone Seastrom*** finds that mothers and daughters can now start the day brushing and combing their hair with brushes and combs identical except for size; likewise houseclean with similar dust mops and vacuum cleaners; dress alike from hats to shoes; carry matching handbags, scarfs and handkerchiefs; get identical hair-do's. They can have large and small umbrellas alike, and if they need them, eyeglasses. And at bedtime, as you can see, they now have mother-and-daughter curlers to put up their hair.

•

The diamond horseshoe tucked in model ***Clare Kelly's*** *pretty ermine muff on this month's cover is not just an ordinary diamond horseshoe. It once belonged to the Prince of Wales who was later* ***King Edward VII,*** *who presented it to* ***John Watts,*** *famous international jockey, as a gift for winning the Epsom Downs Derby in 1897. When* ***Dawn Crowell Norman*** *was searching for a sparkling touch to complete the picture, Johnnie, now major domo of the* JOURNAL *messenger room, came to the rescue with his treasured horseshoe stickpin.*

•

Henrietta Murdock, **who is so fond of ribbon that she once bought 1000 yards of it which she still has, and who right now has a pure silk Army-surplus parachute in her office waiting for an inspiration, has been dying for a chance to win the $2000 prize on a "secret sound" radio contest over at CBS. "But how can you be so sure it's the sound of a bear growling?" we asked her. "Well," she explained, "when I was out in Wyoming at the *Schwartzes'*, of this month's How America Lives, the only table I could find big enough to cut out the window drapes on was a picnic table in the park; and right beside the table was a cage full of bears. Got to be good friends, and learned every sound they make by heart. Oh, it's a bear all right!"**

•

As it can be a tedious elevator ride from the top-floor Workshop down to the street if there are many stops, we asked an operator if anybody rated a nonstop ride. "Not even ***Mr. Rockefeller,"*** *he told us. "But there is one person we always take right through, and that's* ***Mrs. Roosevelt****—the last person in the world who'd ever ask us to."*

•

In 1820 each farm worker produced enough food for 4½ people; in 1900, enough food for 8 people; and today, enough food for 14½ people. . . . In Oregon, a mother-in-law cannot be legally charged for room and board. . . . An average of 25 cents for each dollar a motorist spends on gasoline goes for state and Federal taxes. Missouri has the lowest gasoline tax: 2 cents a gallon. Louisiana's 9 cents a gallon is the highest state tax. . . . When ***Andre Kostelanetz*** was five years old, he gave a concert for the Czar of Russia. . . . *Never Underestimate Department:* A Detroit lady walked into the whirling propeller of an airplane. She suffered a few minor bruises—but the propeller was wrecked. . . . The average height of the American man is 5 feet, 7¼ inches in bare feet. . . . A whale's heart weighs roughly 800 pounds. . . . ***Bob Feller*** earns about $25 for every ball he pitches, ***Sid Luckman*** makes more than $60 for every pass he throws for football's Chicago Bears, and ***Babe Didrikson*** averages something like $100 for every stroke she takes in a golf tourney.

•

The January morning when the man comes to her Jersey farm to do the butchering, *Ruth Mills Teague* retires to her bedroom and types as loudly as she can on the Conversation Piece that's being readied for the JOURNAL; emerging only when she's been told it's safe for her to come down and superintend the preparation of her many specialties of beef and pork: her year's supply of succulent sausages, frankfurters, liver *pâté* in jars, liverwurst, scrapple and pork in aspic, which locally is known less elegantly as headcheese or souse—the major cuts of meat being wrapped meanwhile for the freezer. Ruth prides herself on the fact that nothing gets wasted for what she herself doesn't need; an ingenious refugee friend comes out from town to pickle and smoke for sending to Europe.



Mrs. Teague getting one of her Conversation Pieces under way.



Cheaper by the Dozen

On his honeymoon,

Frank Gilbreth decided to have twelve children,

and he always stuck to his word.

By FRANK B. GILBRETH, JR., and ERNESTINE GILBRETH CAREY

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

MOTHER and dad, Lillian Moller Gilbreth and Frank Bunker Gilbreth, were industrial engineers. They were among the first in the scientific-management field and the very first in motion study. From 1910 to 1924 their firm of Gilbreth, Inc., was employed as "efficiency expert" by many of the major industrial plants in the United States, Britain and Germany.

Dad died in 1924. After that, mother carried the load by herself and became perhaps the foremost woman industrial engineer. She is still active today after rearing twelve children. But this story is about the Gilbreth family before dad died.



Dad believed that what would work in the factory would work in the home. He was management, and we were labor.

DAD was a tall man, with a large head, jowls, and a Herbert Hoover collar. He had passed the two-hundred-pound mark during his early thirties, and left it far behind. But he carried himself with the self-assurance of a successful gentleman who was proud of his wife, proud of his family, and proud of his business accomplishments.

Dad had enough gall to be divided into three parts, and the ability and poise to backstop the front he placed before the world. He'd walk into a factory like the Zeiss works in Germany or the Pierce Arrow plant in this country and announce that he could speed up production by one fourth. He'd do it too.

One reason he had so many children—there were twelve of us—was that he was convinced anything he and mother teamed up on was sure to be a success.

Dad always practiced what he preached, and it was just about impossible to tell where his scientific-management company ended and his family life began. His office was always full of children, and he often took two or three of us, and sometimes all twelve, on business trips.

On the other hand, our house at Montclair, New Jersey, was a sort of school for scientific management and the elimination of wasted motions—or "motion study," as dad and mother named it. Dad installed process and work charts in the bathrooms. Every child old enough to write—and dad expected his offspring to start writing at a tender age—was required to initial the charts in the morning after he had brushed his teeth, taken a bath, combed his hair and made his bed. At night, each child had to weigh himself, plot the figure on a graph, and initial the process charts again after he had done his homework, washed his hands and face and brushed his teeth. It was regimentation, all right. But bear in mind the trouble most parents have in getting just one child off to school, and multiply it by twelve. Some regimentation was necessary to prevent bedlam. Of course there were times when a child would initial the charts without actually having fulfilled the requirements. However, dad had a gimlet eye and a terrible swift sword. The combined effect was that truth usually went marching on.

Yes, at home or on the job, dad was always the efficiency expert. He buttoned his vest from the bottom up, instead of from the top down, because the bottom-to-top process took him only three seconds, while the top-to-bottom took seven. He even used two shaving brushes to lather his face, because he found that by so doing he could cut seventeen seconds off his shaving time. For a while he tried *(Continued on Page 76)*

★ Copyright, 1948, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. This is a condensation of the book soon to be published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co. ★



Bill tried to understand.
"We love each other,
so we don't meet again.
Is that what you said?"

Anything but Love

They were made for each other . . . it was the one thing that kept them apart.

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

BILL stood looking unhappily out the window at the East River. He had expected the party to be dull, but not like this. Even at the dullest of parties he was never alone, never out of things. In fact, this was the first time in his well-adjusted, extroverted life that he could ever remember being out of anything.

Behind him, people milled and talked, unnoticing. A dozen different languages were tossed carelessly back and forth around the room, and he understood none of them.

"You'll get along all right," Dwight had told him. "You've had six years of French, haven't you? Most of them speak either French or English."

But he couldn't find anyone who spoke English. He couldn't, after the first few minutes, find Dwight, whom he had seen going out the door with a statuesque redhead, murmuring to her in one of the nine languages he spoke fluently. And when Bill tried his French on a short, bald gentleman with a tricolor ribbon across his expansive front, he was rewarded with a rapid-fire gabble out of which he could distinguish only one word, "*magnifique*," repeated several times.

"*Oui*," Bill said, nodding brightly. "*Magnifique*, indeed." And escaped to his post by the window, to brood on six wasted years of French irregular verbs, and a wasted evening at this U.N. party.

He could not remember now how Dwight had persuaded him to come in the first place, but persuasion was Dwight's stock in trade. That, and his peculiar talent for languages, had secured him his job with the Secretariat. He was only a kind of minor clerk, but he went around acting like a delegate, and most people thought he was somebody important. Bill, who had gone all through school with him, and Ella, Dwight's wife, were about the only ones who knew different, but they were both very fond of him in spite of his airs.

At the moment, however, Bill was not fond of Dwight at all; on the contrary, he felt that there was no one whom he hated so intensely. Dwight had left him alone in this Tower of Babel, after borrowing his last ten bucks, so that now it was impossible for him to leave unless he

(Continued on Page 133)


rising costs ?
ECONOMICS ?
SAVE ?
Inflation ?



Ninth of a JOURNAL series

PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER



ENGLAND: The Hiatts read and sew on winter evenings. They subscribe to several magazines, read Edgar Wallace mysteries and Western stories. Occasionally they listen to BBC variety programs and the nine o'clock news. Peter plays with a Christmas game.



CHINA: As head of the house, Ho Fu-yuan enjoys the special privilege of relaxation in a comfortable cane chair at the end of the day. The Hos have neither radio nor books nor magazines nor newspapers; their pleasure is in the simple things they do themselves.



FRANCE: The Redoums make the most of their limited leisure time. M. Redoum follows the news in the daily paper and Madame subscribes to a women's weekly, *Petit Echo de la Mode*. For the boys there is homework and for Sylviane a doll which must be put to bed.



ITALY: A big family, the Guercinis of Tuscany are apt to spend their leisure hours outdoors when the weather is pleasant, for the house is gloomy and has no electricity. Here they sit under an olive tree, the women sewing, the men and boys talking and making jokes about having their picture taken.



EGYPT: The el Gamels spend e
nings "at home" in the livi
room, from which the childr
are barred (they have a sort



THIS IS THE

WHEN day is done, and twilight warns that night is near, a hush settles over the homes of the world. On the farm, chickens go drowsily to roost and lambs lie down in the pasture. Dew falls impartially on field and forest, and the voice of the cricket is suddenly loud.

The brief, delicious interlude between work and slumber is a time for patching the worn fabric of the day. Sitting by the fire in the English farmhouse, Tom Hiatt reads the morning paper at last, while Mrs. Hiatt darns socks for the children. In Pakistan, the villagers set their *charpoys* (cots) out under the Evening Star, and tell tall stories in the welcome chill of dusk. In Germany, the Stieglitzes spend the evening in the parlor, father reading the paper, mother mending, son Richard doing his homework, grandfather listening to Radio Frankfurt. In his African village, Zamba Aluma smokes his evening pipe. In Japan, there is a game of "go" between the Okamoto brothers, for a family championship which will probably never be decided. And in their Egyptian home, the el Gamels enjoy the shy companionship of Moslem man and wife.

GERMANY: In their old-fashioned parlor, the Stieglitzes enjoy an evening's peace. Herr Stieglitz settles down with the *Wiesbadener Kurier* or the daily paper. Frau Stieglitz mends and patches old clothes—rationing does not often permit buying new ones. Richard works on his geography lesson.



JAPAN: In the busy Okam
household there are work
play for everyone. Mother
ters an old kimono *(left)*, gra



PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany).



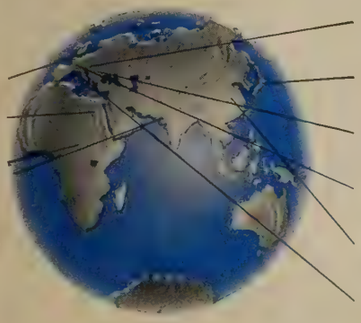
lay room downstairs). Mrs. el
amel sews until the light fades,
hile her husband figures his
rm accounts and his taxes.



EQUATORIAL AFRICA: The large Aluma family live in a cluster of five reed huts, but their hours awake are largely spent outside. On a typical sultry evening you will find the boys playing *soro* (a kind of checkers) in the sand, while Zamba puffs on his pipe and the women beautify themselves.



UNITED STATES: Now that Arleen is taking piano lessons, evenings in the Pratt household are not so quiet as they once were. Still, it is a good time for father to go over the feed bills and butterfat records, for mother to sew on the machine, for the boys to read comics.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

by **JOHN GODFREY MORRIS**

WORLD AT HOME

"Humble" is the word for most of these farm homes. The Gonzalezes of Mexico live between windowless adobe walls. Reeds are the roof for the Usmans of Pakistan. Dirt is the floor for the Hos in China, the Zamba Alumas in Africa, the Baloghs in Czechoslovakia. Except in the Pratt house in Iowa, central heating is unknown. Only there, and in the French and German and Japanese homes, does incandescent light prolong the day. Elsewhere, an early curfew is imposed by the setting sun—broken only by lanternlight. The Aluma house is valued at $20 and the Hos' at $20,000,000 (Chinese), yet both are without radio, telephone, newspapers, magazines and books, and mail is by courtesy of passing travelers. The only public utilities common to all the world are the ancient elements—earth, air, fire and water.

Nevertheless, home is more than housing. It is a comfortable chair, a favorite thimble, a battered doll, a travel calendar, a black dog scratching himself, a kitchen clock, an unfinished serial story, a framed diploma, a Teddy bear. By such small tokens these twelve families, strangers in a baffling world, are familiar to one another.



PAKISTAN: After the oxen are fed and tethered for the night, the Usmans and their neighbors gather around for a session of the *langar gup*, the gossip hour. It is said that "in the hour before the sun goes down one half of India is whispering to the other half."

her figures on his abacus
ht), the brothers play a game
"go" *(foreground)* and grand-
ther reads story to baby Naoo.



MEXICO: The Gonzalezes gather after supper in the entrance of their simple adobe home. Señora Gonzalez is content to sit and do some quiet mending. Baby Maria plays with her father before going to bed, and the boys shuck kernels of corn off the cob. The dog searches for fleas.





CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Sunday afternoon, in Europe as in America, is a time for doing nothing in the pleasantest way possible. Here the children sun-bathe while the older boys get ready to cycle to the village. The Balogh farmhouse looks larger than it really is.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

SO RIGHT...

The simple, clean-edged fashions that are coming in, going South, forecasting summer.

The hand-knit sweater and flannel skirt, the spectator pump in brown-and-white and navy-and-white, the hand-sewn slip-on glove, the lighter stocking, the short-handled bag and the tailored envelope, the panama cloche.

Shorter 14-inch skirts, the length that everybody loves.

The almost-classics: the white sharkskin or linen suit, the flat-pleated white crepe dress, the gabardine coat-dress, dressmaker shirtwaist dresses for any hour.

Boxy squared-off jackets, often in tweed, often in red; the midrib bolero, covering bare or sleeveless tops, making a two-purpose costume.

The return of Chinese raw silks, jacquard silk, shirtings, silk serge, crepe de Chine, chiffon.

Checks, large and small, in suits and little coats, polka dots, pin-to-coin size, in blouses, scarves, hatbands, jacket linings.

The rightness of white and tricolor schemes: white with scarlet and navy. Beige and gray also with red and blue.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Cruise coat, right in fleecy wool, off-white, red or navy, belted or free, with small hug-the-head fur-felt hat, spectator pump, wool travel bag. Coat by Nathan Bader, hat by Mr. Joel



white and color

Checks and terry cloth—young short shorts and bra with a boxy beach coat. Carolyn Schnurer.



Short hand-knit white cardigan with beautiful long-lasting doeskin skirt, for now and years to come. By Clare Potter.



Silk shantung with easy-to-wear slim lines, frog closing. By Ben Barrack. Straw visor by Dorothy Dickerson.



Shoulder-strap dress and bolero in polka-dot surah for day and night. By Adele Simpson.

little jackets



White and navy: the strapless pleated crepe dress with a crepe bolero, noon-to-dinner resort dress.



Classic white tailleur with a die-straight skirt, by Alvin Handmacher. Crocheted cloche, silk scarf.

The slim box-jacket suit in gray jersey with navy polka-dot blouse and jacket lining. By Clare Potter. Piqué beret.

night and day



The

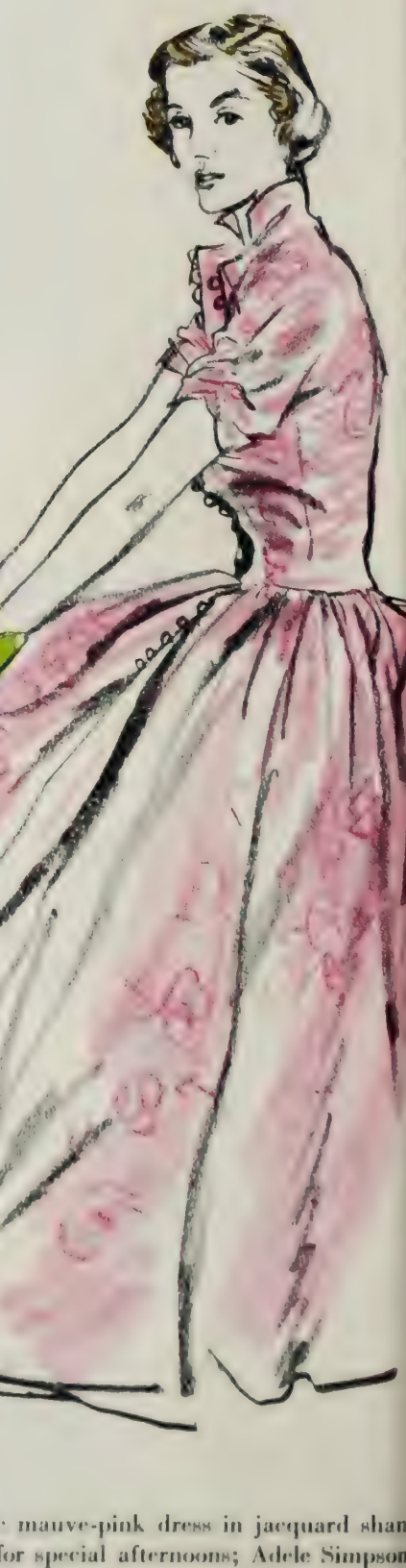
By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



For the young and slim: a Portuguese shepherd's jacket is made in terry cloth, back-buttoned with cork, by Carolyn Schnurer.



Flame-red cotton damask high-midriff dress, Mexican cotton bolero, by Brigance. Shantung accessories by Tina Leser.



Exotic mauve-pink dress in jacquard shantung for special afternoons; Adele Simpson.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Costume in jersey: high-waistline skirt and long stole over a strapless two-piece bathing suit. By Claire McCardell.

Personality Clothes.



One in a wardrobe—Directoire dinner dress of polka-dot silk with a stole, by Adele Simpson.



Bravado checks—Bruno's short tweed jacket worn with enormous chic over white linen.



Mexican ***rebozo,*** in citron-yellow cotton, personality touch for simple knitted swim suit by Brigance.



Beauty on the beach: strapless bra, full skirt in cotton checks (comes with shirt), by Brigance.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

MODEL, STARLET. Katherine Cassidy sees our pattern in soft mauve wool. Long sleeves, patch pockets. Sally Victor's tangerine color side-swept beret.

This is the pattern . . . these are your dresses

We think it's a good idea, when you have found a pattern that is particularly becoming, to take advantage of that basic line. This does not mean that all your dresses will look alike by any means, but it does assure you of a becoming dress. Of the many ways of changing the effect, our pattern shows you several necklines . . . ways of varying the skirt, and three different sleeve lengths. We think this is an ageless pattern . . . that if you are 15 or 50 it will look well on you. We have tried it in wool, silk, rayon, lace and cotton and liked the results in each fabric. Each dress has a personality of its own . . . and best of all, they are all easy to make. To order the pattern, No. 2547, send 50¢ to JOURNAL Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Sizes 12 to 20. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY



BUSY MATRONS find pure silk twill with back interest, velvet collar, braid trim, perfect for afternoon.



If you're a CAREER GIRL you will appreciate this comfortable wool jersey; self-facing, push-up sleeves.



Our EVENING version uses border lace for a pretty finish. Rhinestone buttons and velvet sash.

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD



YOUNG (or old) MOTHERS find a pretty bow neckline flattering. Unpressed pleats in the skirt.



For summer or cruise, the YOUNGER SET goes for white piqué. Stand-up collar. Polka-dot scarf, belt.

In a SUBURB or a CITY you will look cool and pretty in gray cotton. Nice, too, it cost less than $4.

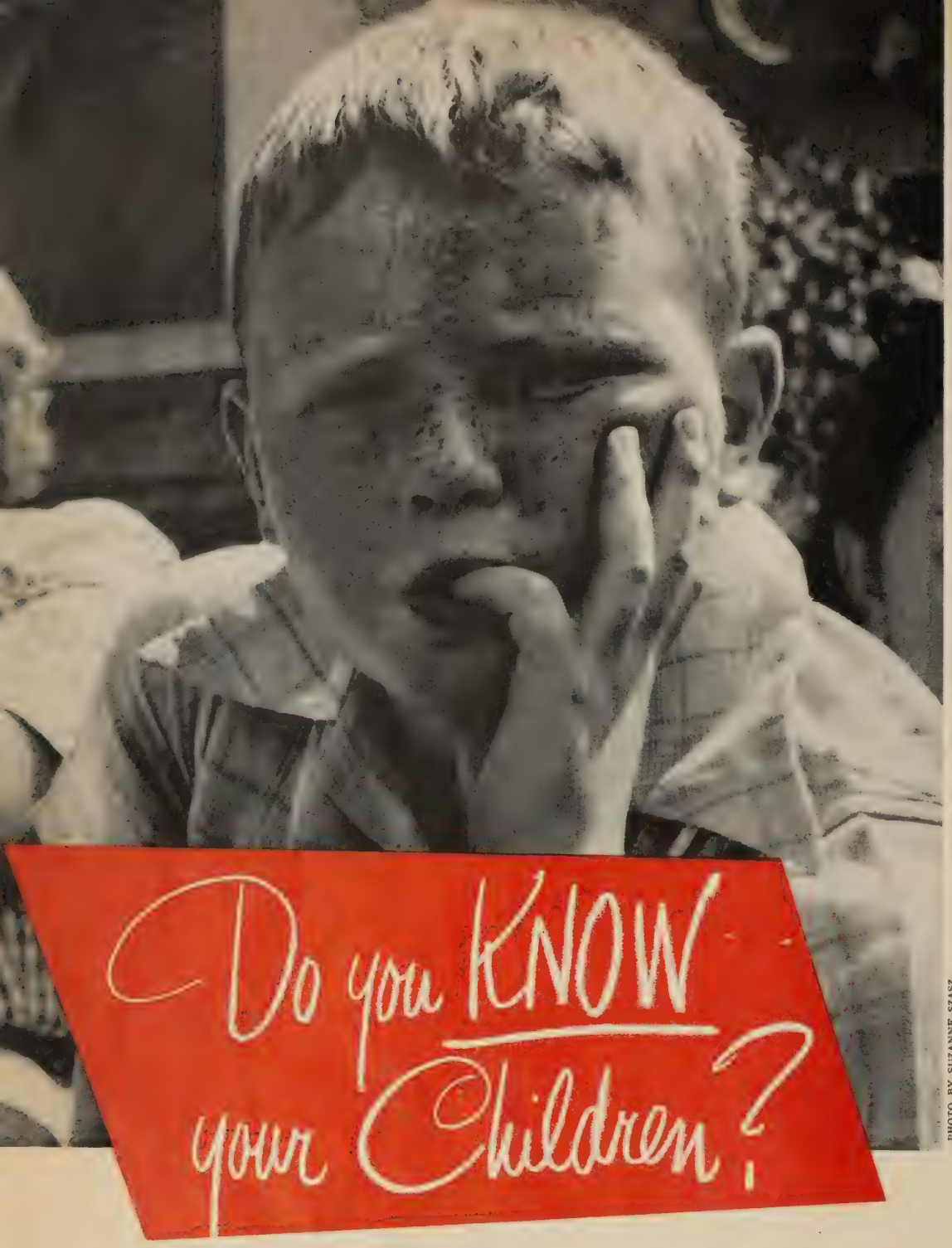


PHOTO BY SUZANNE SZASZ

Laughter and perpetual surprise are only the minor rewards of getting acquainted with children.

By BARBARA BENSON

WHAT do your children worry about? Are they happy? What days have been high points in their lives?

You probably know their favorite foods, their favorite games, and you can hardly avoid knowing their favorite radio programs. Undoubtedly you know their most effective ways of annoying you—but are you equally sure what you do that "*makes them mad*" at you? Just what do you know about your child?

In a recent and novel inquiry, JOURNAL interviewers throughout the country talked to a representative group of youngsters older than ten, younger than fifteen, asking them these questions and many others.

Their answers, like their behavior, are sometimes funny, sometimes touching; they range from just what you'd expect to completely unpredictable.

For example: Boys think they have more fun than girls. Girls think so too. . . . Boys think their fathers have more fun than their mothers. Girls think so too. . . . More mothers than fathers do things that make the youngsters mad. . . . And arithmetic heads the list of "*least liked*" subjects in school. . . . You don't find that surprising? In that case, what subject do you suppose is most often mentioned as "*best liked*"? That's arithmetic too.

In fact, if this piece has a moral, this is it: Unless you're an expert, it's dangerous to generalize about more than one child at a time. And by "expert" we don't mean parent. About the only thing you can count on your children to do is to surprise you, and their method of surprising you may be to do just what you expected! Contradictory? So are children.

Worries. **Though the youngster who really worries a lot is rare, most children do worry some. Among the eleven-through-fourteen-year-olds interviewed,**

7 per cent say they worry a lot;
26 per cent say they worry a fair amount;
52 per cent say they worry a little;
15 per cent say they don't worry at all.

So that 85 per cent admit to some worrying. Perhaps you wonder what a carefree youngster can find to worry about. Half their worrying is done under one of these three headings:

School
War
Sickness or death in the family

If you think of school as a youngster's business or occupation, the list may be very much like your own!

Incidentally, have you ever been annoyed by your husband's preoccupation with the newspaper when you want to talk to him about Jane's tonsils? The same divergence of interest may show up between your son and daughter. School is the No. 1 worry of both boys and girls, but more boys worry about war and the atom bomb than about their families, more girls worry about their families than about war.

About 6 per cent worry about their future, usually in such immediate terms as vacation plans or earning money outside school; 4 per cent about their own character traits, and 3 per cent about being injured or ill.

But from this point on, handy classifications cannot describe the children's worries; they cover a wide range, from such childish woes as flat tires on a bicycle, a broken window and teeth straightening to dawning boy-and-girl trouble among the fourteen-year-olds: "*Who will my next girl be?*" . . . "*Does a certain boy like me—and do I like him?*"

Several hint of family discord: "*I worry about pleasing mother*"; "*Getting along with my brothers and sisters*"; "*Who's going to get mad at me next?*"; "*Seeing people get nervous*"; and "*My father coming home drunk.*" Some suggest insecurity, either financial or emotional: "*Where the family is when I get home and the house is empty*"; "*Whether the house will be there when I get home from camp*"; "*Whether my daddy will get his crop*"; and "*Whether my father will get the job he wants.*"

And one thirteen-year-old boy speaks for many when he says, "*It depends on what I've done wrong.*"

What are they most afraid of? Snakes and animals (usually some particular kind of animal—bulls, or dogs, or rats) top the list for both boys and girls. After that, their lists differ: boys name a particular individual (usually a parent or a teacher), war, fire, drowning and accidents. Girls list "*the dark*," individuals, storms, fire and accidents.

Note that fears and worries don't overlap very much. School, the No. 1 source of worry, is far down the list of fears. And one fifth of the youngsters, more of them boys than girls, say they are afraid of nothing at all!

What are some of the things they like? It's time to turn our attention from worries and fears to things the youngsters enjoy, for their lives are far from gloomy. In fact, 62 per cent say they are "*very happy.*" (Among adults, an earlier JOURNAL inquiry found that 43 per cent consider themselves "*very happy.*")

They like to collect things. Three out of four have hobbies, commonly centering around some kind of collecting. The single pursuit which attracts the greatest number of boys is stamp collecting, with building airplane models second. The commonest hobby among girls is collecting pictures of movie stars.

But the most interesting aspect of these hobbies is that, despite youngsters' love of doing what "*the other kids*" are doing, no one fad dominates the field. The list of items collected, aside from stamps, pictures of movie stars and match-book covers, is long, diversified and, to an adult, sometimes baffling. Like the kids themselves, their hobbies defy quick summary.

Here are a few unusual ones, which are representative only in that they reflect youngsters' flair for the individual:

Boys collect: post cards, bottle tops, rubber, Army insignia, keys, actor dolls, 1943 pennies, model plastic planes and white objects. (Take care, the next time you turn out your son's pockets—that lethal bit of broken glass may be the prize of his "pieces-shaped-like-a-map" collection.)

Girls collect: Christmas cards, gum wrappers, salt and pepper shakers, little vases, perfume bottles, glass animals and Burma Shave jingles.

They like the radio, and typically claim they listen about two hours a day. They like the movies, and three out of four say they go at least once a week.

Boys' favorite pastimes are baseball, swimming, reading and football; but girls, being more indoor-minded, put reading first, and add swimming, bicycling and going to the movies.

Notice that reading ranks among the favorite pastimes of both boys and girls. What do they read? Yes, comic books—but not exclusively. One third of the youngsters were reading a book at the time of the inquiry, or had



PICKOW

Rapture is a thing children willingly share. They have so much of it.



RAY RUSSELL

Probably these boys are flying through the air. They just appear to be reading.

finished one in the week preceding; a few of these had read two.

You knew children read comic books, but do you know how many? The child who says he reads only one comic book a week is an exception; two thirds say they read at least three, and one third say eight or more! Incidentally, most of the youngsters who had read books had also read comics.

Try it on your own children. You might find it fun, sometime, to ask your youngster one of our questions: "*What day in your life would you most like to live over?*" The answer *won't* necessarily be Christmas. Though the days chosen are usually marked by a departure from routine, the actual incidents which make the day memorable are often, to an adult, quite commonplace.

By way of example: "*The day we all went to my cousin's and got home late at night!*" was a high spot for one youngster, and another remembered with affection a day marked by nothing more startling than a pillow fight!

In our inquiry, one child in ten said Christmas, 7 per cent "*my birthday*," and another 7 per cent named the day they received some longed-for possession, usually a pet or a bicycle.

Beyond that, the answers defy easy classification, except on one basis—"*I had fun!*" That's the reason most often given for choosing one day above all others as one to live over. "*Having fun*," though, may mean the drama and excitement of some special event: (*"the day my sister got married"*); the pride of achievement (*"the day I . . . rode a stubborn horse—caught a big fish—drove the car"*); or it may mean some more obvious treat, like a party or a trip to the zoo. Sometimes the basis is simply remembrance of a mood of sheer glee, as in the case of a girl who would like again to live through "*the time my bunch of girls went on a laughing spree!*"

Unexpectedly, several youngsters chose the day of some physical mishap! It's startling to find that the day a boy would most like to live over is the day he broke his leg; or a girl, the day she was in an automobile accident. The explanation? It's given by an eleven-year-old girl who chose the day she had her tonsils out: "*It was exciting and different, and I had all the attention. Besides, it didn't really hurt much till the next day.*"

But one girl chose, not a day of fun, but a day that apparently marked a turning point in her life—the day before her father died in the hospital.

The bottom boy is also having fun.



EWING GALLOWAY

If you want to know how the quiz kids in your family compare with our national cross section, here are a few facts and figures. Of the youngsters we interviewed,

- **97 per cent correctly identified Dick Tracy, the comic-strip sleuth;**
- **95 per cent correctly identified Bing Crosby;**
- **93 per cent correctly identified President Truman;**
- **52 per cent correctly named the mayor of their community;**
- **50 per cent correctly named the governor of their state.**

And about six in ten, more of them boys than girls, claim to know their parents' political preference.

"*What does your mother do that makes you maddest?*" Ask your own youngster if you like, but don't count on a candid answer. For when a few of our interviewers tried it on their own children, they drew polite blanks. Yet in the inquiry, only one youngster in eight said mother does nothing to make him (or her) mad. (But one in four could think of nothing father did to make him mad.)

Here are the commonest complaints against mothers: Restraint ("Not being allowed to do what I want to"); "She makes me do the chores"; too much direction; nagging.

And here is the bill of particulars against father: Restraint; chores; severe physical punishment; nagging.

Perhaps this inquiry reveals something about parents, as well as about children. The first two items on both lists reflect no more serious problem than the necessity of growing up. Banning fountain-pen filling from the living room, or taffy apples from the car, may be self-preservation to an adult, but restraint to a youngster. As for chores, who wouldn't rather go swimming than mow the lawn or wash the dishes? But nagging, too much direction and severe physical punishment require a little more explaining—on the part of parents.

Here again, the summary tells the story inadequately. Let's look at some of the specific and hard-to-classify complaints, first against fathers: "He reads his paper when I want to play with him." . . . "He walks from base to base when we play ball." . . . "He calls me 'pretty boy'!" . . . "He snores on Saturday afternoon." . . . "He never changes his mind." . . . "He says, 'We didn't do that when we were your age!'" And here are some of the particular charges against mothers: "She says, 'We'll see' instead of yes or no." . . . "She looks messy when my boy friend comes." . . . "She tells what I've done wrong in front of people." . . . "She calls me 'sweet' in public." . . . "She brings up something I've done wrong, when I've forgotten it, or tried to."

Though more mothers than fathers do things to make their children mad, 61 per cent of these boys and girls think their fathers have more fun than their mothers. Why? Because father goes out more and sees more people, he has more leisure and more freedom: "*He goes out to work, but mother has to stay home and do the housework*"; and "*Mother has to take care of us kids!*"

As the youngsters see it, the advantage of being a male is even greater in youth: 92 per cent of the boys, and 58 per cent of the girls think boys have more fun than girls.

Boys say they have more fun than girls largely because of the things they can do for amusement. They can "*play rougher*," take part in more active sports, climb trees and get dirty. Girls, they say, just sit around home and don't *do* anything: "*They just talk on the telephone*"; "*They aren't much interested in the world*"; and, alas, "*Girls have to do the housework!*"

Though a good many girls concede the appeal of boys' sports, the prerogative they envy most is—greater freedom.

If you quiz your kids about their plans for the future, don't expect them to have given the matter much thought. Most of the youngsters told us glibly enough what they want to be when they grow up, but their choices are influenced by glamour as often as by serious interest or talent. Still, some of their ideas are realistic and practical. As a group, these children display a puzzling blend of maturity and childishness—just as does an individual child.

Here are the leading choices of boys: Professional athlete, farmer, aviator, doctor.

And here are the votes of girls: Nurse, stenographer, teacher, housewife.

Though only 14 per cent of the girls said they want to be housewives, 85 per cent said they want to get married! Have they chosen occupations merely to fill the gap between school and marriage, do they plan to be career wives—or have they, like the youngsters they are, simply answered the questions without attempting to be consistent?

Chances are this last is the explanation; since our inquiry wasn't intended to produce conclusions, we made no systematic attempt to find out.

But an occasional girl is already thinking in terms of marriage and career. One eleven-year-old said she wanted to be either a writer or a teacher, because "*a writer can work at home, and a teacher has her week ends and summers free. Either way, I'd have plenty of time to play with my kids!*" She planned, incidentally, to have four.



This woman—
which was more dangerous:
to love or to forget her?

KINFOLK

By PEARL S. BUCK

IV

IN the alley she was frightened, but waved to a passing ricksha, and directed the puller to the house of Doctor and Mrs. Su.

In the hospital nearly everyone knew that Dr. James Liang's younger sister was meeting an American who had returned to Peking after his discharge as a soldier because he had been in love with a Chinese girl who had died in the hospital after giving birth to a boy who was now a hospital foundling. But Louise thought her secret safe with Mrs. Su. No one had told James or Mary, and no one told Doctor Su. The Chinese gossiped prudently. Where it did not matter all was discussed, but beyond prudence no one went.

It was Mrs. Su who came out to meet her when the servant had announced her.

"My brother and sister know," Louise whispered.

At this moment Doctor Su came to the door. "Miss Liang!" he called with the bantering smile that was his approach to all young and pretty women. "Have you run away from home?"

Louise tried to laugh. "I am really only on my way somewhere else," she said. "I just stopped to see if Mrs. Su would come with me."

"Where?" Doctor Su asked with ready curiosity.

"Some foreign friends."

"Don't go, don't go," Doctor Su exclaimed. "Stay here with us."

"Then I must telephone," Louise said.

Mrs. Su was immediately helpful. "Su," she said to her husband, "please return to our other guests."

Mrs. Su led Louise into the small study where the telephone stood on the desk and she closed the door.

"Now," she whispered, "what will you do? Your brother will be angry with my husband if he finds that I have let you meet Alec here. You know I like to help you, Louise, but I must think of my relations with my husband."

Louise felt her heart grow hard toward Mrs. Su and all Chinese women. "May I telephone?"

"Certainly that."

"Then please—may I be alone?"

Mrs. Su hesitated. "I ought better to stay here," she said, "but I will stand outside the door."

So saying, she went out, and Louise called the hotel where Alec Wetherston was living. His voice answered, a pleasant tenor at whose sound her lips quivered.

"Alec, it's me—Louise."

"Why, darling!" His voice took on depth. "Where are you?"

"At the Su house. Alec, my brother and sister know."

His voice was somewhat breathless. "What will they do?"

"I don't know, but I've got to see you."

"Shall I come over there?"

"Mrs. Su is afraid."

"I could meet you at the hotel door and we could walk."

(Continued on Page 121)

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ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

Soup for Supper

By

ANN BATCHELDER

FIRST thing, I want to wish all of you a Happy New Year. I mean a wish that rides right through the coming year. New Year means three hundred and sixty-five days. And for each one of those days, a satisfying, a peaceful and prosperous New Year! If things go right and straighten out and we have faith and make the most of what's best, I guess it will be all right for almost everyone. And if you wish your wishes hard enough, so it will be. Or so they say.

Going partying. It doesn't seem possible that it was only a week ago that folks were all involved in a welter of tissue and tinsel and twine and Christmas greens and ribbon, does it? One can only turn around twice and it's New Year's. You can't beat the calendar. First there's Thanksgiving, and right on its heels come these two party days. Why, you hardly get the dishes done from Thanksgiving dinner, before the tree has to be set up and the Christmas goose hangs high. And even after the open house for New Year's there still will be parties for young and old all through *(Continued on Page 96)*


Menu
(Planned for 6)
Petite Marmite
With Grated Cheese
Homemade French Bread
Pickled-Peach Salad
Pepper-and-Onion Dressing
Royal Rice Custard
Coffee
PHOTO BY STUART-POWLER

Line a Day

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 Now we have started another year. Pretty soon you—and I—can begin sweeping up the fragments of those resolutions we're always thinking about and settle back and be comfortable. As between resolutions and comfort, I'll take comfort. Every single time.

2 An eggplant is probably the most beautiful vegetable grown. And one of the best to eat. Always slice it, peel the slices and salt them well. Put them in a deep plate, one on top of another, put a plate on top and a weight on top of the plate (I borrow the flatiron for this). Let it stand an hour, drain off the evil-tasting juice, wash the slices in cold water, dry between towels and you're ready for business.

3 Now to get a new and different flavor to the fruit of the eggplant, marinate the slices in French dressing for fifteen minutes. Then broil them under a good heat until they're tender, not soft.

4 Crystallized ginger is a fine idea. Mince a quarter of a cup *very* fine, and add it to your sugar-cooky mixture. Quite a treat, and with tea such cookies are one of those surprise items.

5 When you fry oysters next time, do them this way: dip them in lemon juice, then in crumbs, then in a mixture of beaten egg, a little oyster liquor and a touch of grated lemon rind. A last dip in crumbs, and then into deep fat.

6 Many folks must like cabbage more than I do or cabbage would be as rare as hen's teeth. Anyway, put a few slices of lemon in the water when you cook it. Lemon does improve so many things—even cabbage.

7 *From an old cookbook:* "To carve a fowl, after removing the usual limbs, wings, legs, etc., plunge the knife into the breast and cut under the merry thought." This is something to think about, Miss Leslie.

8 No one knows what an oyster considers good treatment. Out of the shell, an oyster is strictly *not* on his own. His destiny rests in more or less experienced or imaginative hands. And now to one more receipt that takes in both.

9 Sauté in a little butter or margarine as many oysters as you need. When the edges curl they are done. Chop them fine. Mix them with a few minced peeled mushroom caps and an onion. Season with lemon juice, salt and pepper.

10 *Second canto:* Now add this to a cream sauce thick enough to make a mixture that, having cooled, you can shape into small croquettes. Dip in beaten egg, in fine *cracker* crumbs, again in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with a rich, creamy cream sauce.

11 Some of you have asked me about hearts of palm. Split each "heart" and arrange on a bed of water cress or lettuce. French dressing is your dish. Chill well. Another salad for the salad file. I tried to French fry them once. Only once.

12 Everything gets grilled, from grapefruit to partridges. Nothing very radical about an hors d'oeuvre of little pork sausages, wrapped like a gift package, without tulle and ribbons, in very thin pastry and grilled—or baked in the oven if that's more convenient.

13 *Remembered-blessings dept.:* Hot chocolate, rich and creamy from its final beating, each cup topped with whipped cream. Made by adding a cup of strong coffee to the chocolate while in the double boiler. And that unforgettable flavor of vanilla and almond in the cream.

14 Somehow onions belong to winter and roast pork. Parboil large Bermuda onions and drain them well. Scoop out the centers and save them. Chop them fine, mix with chopped crisp bacon, a little minced celery, cream to make a nice soft mixture, season, and stuff the onions. Cover with buttered crumbs. Set in a pan and bake until the onions are tender. These are glorified onions, if such can be.

15 When you brown your meat for braising or for stews—you *do* brown first, don't you?—sauté some sliced onions with the meat. That's enough for onions this time.

16 *Afterthought:* Marinate today's steak in a French dressing made with lemon juice, cut onion and a tiny piece of garlic, for several hours. Overnight is better. What it does to a steak is wonderful. You'll see.

17 Regarding a lemon pie, don't forget to add the grated rind of a lemon along with the fresh lemon juice. Grate and squeeze and you'll get a lemon pie. The best part of it, anyway.

18 When a spicecake asks for raisins, have you ever tried chopping those elegant black figs and using them for a change?

19 Bananas baked are fruit and vegetable in one, proper in a dozen different ways. Baked in honey, butter and lemon juice, basted while baking, they come out *pink*. At least they do for me. And they're delicious, but *definitely*.

20 Shrimp- or crab-meat fish balls (not balls, exactly, but the dropped-from-a-spoon kind) made like codfish cakes are very fine eating indeed. I've meant to tell you this before but haven't—add to your codfish-and-potato mixture some chopped crisp bacon. *What* a flavor.

JANUARY THAW

When I see the snow come down,
I don't go to town,
Just sit home and read a book;
And the first thing that I know
There is no longer any snow,
But water dripping everywhere,
Then I take the air.

21 There are chicken soups and, like summer guests, "Some are, some are not." A small smattering of curry in a cream of chicken brings you smack up against the Taj Mahal. Try it.

22 A favored dish in my house is stuffed potatoes. One particular way I admire is a baked Idaho stuffed with tuna fish, fixed up with lemon juice, salt and pepper, paprika and minced onion. Put these together with hot cream and butter or margarine, mix with the scooped-out potato insides and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in an oven at 350° F. until crisp and brown on top.

23 *Answer to query:* In answer to your question as to how the British bake on a *girdle* when you thought a girdle was something to hold you in and your nylons up, I can only say that to them a girdle is what a *griddle* is to us.

24 Ever make pea soup, old-time split-pea soup? And the ham bone did more than its share of salting? It will, sometimes. Well, put in a peeled potato. When the potato is done, take it out. It will gobble up the salty taste.

25 Duck can be more than dead duck. Or duck-soup material. Beautifully cooked and brown and crackly without, delicate and delicious within. Parboil orange peel cut fine and add to the sauce. Sautéed orange sections also go in. Between duck and orange there is an affinity and never a divorce.

26 I am yet to be convinced that oatmeal or corn meal improves the stuffing for chicken or turkey. What's wrong with nice day-old white bread? Keep the meals where they belong, do.

27 A quick and delicious bite when next you need an appetizer. Split small rolls, butter, spread with tomato paste, then sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Broil until the cheese melts and the rolls are hot.

28 Orange shells *(you* know what I mean, the *shells).* Save them and fill with mashed seasoned sweet potatoes, little bits of butter on top and set in a hot oven for a "hetting up." A lovely garnish, especially with ham or fried chicken.

29 And I guess you know that now we can get those marvelous guava and orange shells to fill with cheese mixtures to ride along with the salad. They come in sirup. They are divine. For full dress they are perfect in every way.

30 One more choice bit and I have done. Well, then, cut up pineapple—or use the "chunks"—with apple, pear or peach and banana, cover with Melba sauce and serve as a macédoine or on hot cooked rice. Don't spare the sauce—it's raspberry, you recall.

31 *Author advertises.* Would you be surprised if you found I was writing a book? I have the title, out of my latest contest conducted by poll and canvass, selected by a competent judge of what would hit the public. It is Forever Hamburger. Until then or sooner, yours forever.

DRAWING BY ROBERT L. TAYLOR



Campbell's BEEF NOODLE SOUP···ONE OF THE *NEWEST!* ONE OF THE *FINEST!*



BEEF STOCK...

slow-simmered from rich, flavorful beef

NOODLES...

golden and tender, add their hearty nourishment

PIECES OF BEEF...

generously ladled in, to make this soup extra-good eating

...and one of the best-liked!

No sooner was Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup introduced than people took to it—made it a family favorite wherever it was tried.

Women discovered that this good soup holds a lot of helpful mealtime answers. Husbands enjoy the rich, full flavor of its beef stock . . . the generous pieces of beef. Children like its grand taste of beef, and the golden egg noodles that make it extra-hearty. So mothers serve it often, thankful for its beef-nourishment in these days of meat-short meals.

Campbell's

BEEF NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





I coil a loop
And give a fling
Round this good soup—
Then Boy! I sing!

POINT OF NO RETURN

(Continued from Page 42)

"John, don't you think the idea's worth while? I mean—quoting from those letters?"

His father put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the parlor mantel. "This puts me in an embarrassing position. I know your veneration for Miss Lyte and how your family have always felt about her. I have said she was a dear old lady. As a human being she was fascinating because, given an ego and the industry to drive a feeble talent to the limit, she contrived to make something out of nothing. It all goes to show what can be done if only you have a deep belief in self. That's what I would say if I were writing the paper. Think of her as a determined, industrious human being with charming intentions, but don't quote a line of her poetry. It would be unfair to her memory. She wrote like the sweet singer of Michigan."

"But, John, they published her poems in Harper's Magazine."

"And in the Youth's Companion," his father said. "Don't forget that mentor of our childhood, Esther."

"John," Esther Gray said, "what am I going to do about that paper?"

John Gray crossed the room to where she was sitting and put his hands on her shoulders. "We'll go through with it. We can't let the Historical Society down, can we? You children go into the other room and close the door and you read me what you've written, Esther."

Every evening for a week they all ate supper in strained silence, and directly after supper the parlor door would close. His mother began to look pale and sleepless.

One evening after supper, his father rubbed his hands. "Tonight mother has a little surprise for us," he said. "Come into the parlor and sit down and listen."

"John," his mother said, when Dorothea and Sam and Charles sat in the parlor, "I feel so awfully silly."

"Of course you do," John Gray said. "Now remember what I told you. Stand up and look around, and don't keep looking at the pages. Look up at the audience."

His mother looked red and hot and worried. "Are you going to introduce me, John? Are you going to pretend to be Mr. Lovell?"

"I could if I wanted, but I don't want to be like Laurence Lovell, even in the realm of fantasy."

"Well." His mother looked at them over the top of her papers and began to read. "Every one of us here has seen a certain gray stone house with a mansard roof, known as Lyte's Castle. It does not in the least resemble a castle." She looked up. "I still don't see why you put that in, John. Everybody knows it."

"Everybody will know all the rest of it too," John Gray said, "and it has to last for half an hour. Now you've spoiled it. Start over."

One thing was gained by all that preparation. All the Grays would always remember Alice Ruskin Lyte. Charles could see his mother standing straight and alone in the flowing dress of the period, looking like a full-length Sargent canvas. Her auburn hair was coiled at the nape of her neck. Her thin, eager face and her wide brown eyes were stamped with honest anxiety, because she wanted everyone to like her and that paper.

On his way to the Webster Grammar School, Charles always walked past the building of the Clyde Historical Society. He knew that the Historical Society had once been the Gow house, left to the Society by old Mr. Francis Gow. He knew that the brick ell which had been added had been built by a contribution of Mr. Francis Stanley, president of the Wright-Sherwin Company. He also knew that the Historical Society was the repository of many valuable things left to it in wills.

"Charley," his Aunt Jane said, when they reached the corner of Spruce and Johnson streets, "remember not to touch anything." She reminded him not to touch anything again as they crossed Fanning Street.

"My," Dorothea said, "isn't there an awful crowd? Poor mother."

There was, indeed, an unusual number of people about the old Gow house.

It was one of those hot afternoons when the leaves on the trees were almost motionless and when everyone in Clyde hoped that a sudden east wind off the ocean might change the weather.

As Charles, his aunt and Dorothea neared the path leading to the front door, three members of the clergy were standing on the lawn, each surrounded by loyal members of his congregation. Dr. Morton Berry, from the Smith Square Baptist Church, stood in the shade of a catalpa tree, fanning himself with his straw hat. The Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Gerald Pond, looked better fed and more professional in his lightweight black suit and reversed collar. Miss Lovell stood near him with her niece Jessica, a thin little girl in a white party dress, white socks and patent-leather shoes. Standing nearer the doorway were the ladies of the Unitarian Women's Alliance, supporting their pastor, Mr. Henry Crewe.

"Well, this is a real occasion for you, Miss Gray," Mr. Crewe said. "Alice Ruskin Lyte. What a tempting subject for Mrs. Gray, and one I am sure she will handle beautifully."

"Well, we won't know till it's over," Aunt Jane said. "Charley, aren't you going to shake hands with Mr. Crewe?"

"How Charley's growing," someone said. "And Charley won the fifty-yard dash at the picnic, didn't you?" Mr. Crewe said. "What did you do with the prize?"

"I ate it," Charles said. He was stricken, because his answer made everyone laugh, and he edged furtively away from the little group. Then, while no one was looking, he walked alone into the Historical Society.

The rooms were so crowded that he was allowed to wander unmolested from room to room and to encounter their confusion undisturbed. His aunt found him gazing at a suit of Japanese samurai armor.

"Charley, where have you been?" she whispered, just as though they were in church. "We'll lose our places if we don't hurry." They moved into the auditorium. There was a buzz of voices and the slapping sound of folding chairs, and the warm air smelled of cologne and talcum powder. "We're sitting in front," Aunt Jane whispered. "There's your father. Move in beside your father."

His father raised his eyebrows slightly and patted the chair beside him. "Look at your mother," he said, and then Charles saw that his mother was seated on a platform between Doctor Pond and Mr. Lovell.

To Charles' way of thinking, Mr. Lovell was peculiarly dressed, in a blue coat and white flannel trousers and a soft shirt, and he especially noticed the mourning band on Mr. Lovell's sleeve—a sign that Mrs. Lovell was dead. Mr. Lovell was smiling in a faint, embarrassed way and looking at his watch. Finally he put away his watch, rose, and walked over to a podium at the edge of the platform. As Mr. Lovell stood up, the voices in the room died down.

"If we are all here," he said, in a somewhat high but pleasant voice, "will the meeting come to order. We will begin with a prayer from Doctor Pond."

The prayer was long and Charles lost the thread of it. There was a creaking of chairs and Mr. Lovell stepped forward again.

"This," Mr. Lovell said, "is the twenty-seventh of our historical afternoons, and judging by the number present they are becoming increasingly successful. Our speaker is not an imported speaker. She is what we might call local talent." He paused and smiled. "Not that I do not mean local talent is not very good talent. This entire building is local talent, from its fine cornices, carved by our shipwrights, down to the stone arrowheads, made by our first inhabitants. Now I imagine that all of us know the Grays. For generations a Gray has always appeared when he or she was needed. On the little monument by the First Landing Place, you will see the name of a Gray. A Gray was in the Civil War, and most of us here remember our late friend, Judge Vernon Gray. Now we have another Gray with us, Mrs. John Gray. She, too, answers our call in our time of need, and she will speak to us on The Clyde of Alice Ruskin Lyte. Mrs. Gray."

His mother stood up, and Charles felt his heart beat faster. "Every one of us here," she began, "I am sure, has seen a certain gray stone house with a mansard roof . . ."

Charles saw his father draw a handkerchief from his breast pocket and mop his forehead. She was getting near the end of it now. She was coming to the part that had a poem in it. . . . Now his mother's voice stopped.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much for listening."

Then he heard the applause around him.

"Clap, Charley," his father said. "It's over."

Charles and his father walked to the edge of the platform.

"That was magnificent, Esther," John Gray said, "perfectly magnificent."

"It was," Mr. Lovell said. "It was a most interesting paper. Any time I want a good paper, I know where to go, John."

"Let's go out on the lawn," his father said to Charles and his mother. "Someone will bring us tea."



When they were standing on the lawn, Charles heard her say to his father, "You shouldn't have been so sarcastic, John. But perhaps he didn't notice. Here he comes. He's bringing us some tea."

"Oh, there you are," Mr. Lovell called. "I've been looking for you everywhere."

"Why, thanks, Laurence," John Gray said. "You keep that cup and stay with Esther. I'll get some."

"Why, don't think of it, John," Mr. Lovell said. "It's a pleasure. Here."

More ladies, all holding teacups, were appearing on the lawn. "Here they come," John Gray said. "Here's your public, Esther."

Then Charles saw Miss Lovell and Jessica, and Mr. Lovell saw them too.

"Why, Jessie darling," Mr. Lovell said, and he knelt on the grass and threw his arms around her. "How's my little girl?"

It did not seem right that Mr. Lovell should make such an abandoned gesture of affection right on the lawn of the Historical Society. No one, however, seemed to feel it was in bad taste. Instead of being embarrassed, everyone stood watching the little scene with understanding sympathy.

"Isn't it sweet?" Charles heard someone say. "It's as pretty as a picture."

"Pa," Jessica said, "can't we go home now, please?"

"Yes," Mr. Lovell answered, "in just a few minutes, Jessie."

The way to learn about Clyde was to be brought up there. One learned who the Lovells were imperceptibly by a word here and there, and one grew up knowing that the Lovells could say what they wanted and do what they wanted and that they would always be right no matter what they said or did. One learned that there was a living plan in Clyde. Everyone had a place in that plan and everyone instinctively seemed to know where he belonged.

You began to learn quite early that certain people who lived on Johnson Street were not Johnson Street people, and hence, because you knew, their living on Johnson Street did not disturb the plan. For example, the Stanleys lived on Johnson Street. They had bought the old Holt house, and it was still called the Holt house though the Stanleys lived in it. Mr. Stanley, everyone knew, was richer than the Lovells or the Thomases. Yet the Stanleys' prosperity was without the same face value as that of others. They lived on Johnson Street, but they did not belong there.

You came to understand that the Holts, who had sold their house to the Stanleys and had moved to the North End, still belonged to Johnson Street. Miss Sarah Hewitt's house needed painting and Mr. Fogarty, who worked for her and for the Lovells, too, gave her only one day a week, but Miss Sarah Hewitt belonged on Johnson Street. The same was true with the Lovells. Mr. Lovell was not rich, but his money somehow had the dignity of age. You heard it spoken of as the Lovell money. He was a director of the Dock Street Savings Bank and a trustee of the West India Insurance Company, which were both partially founded on Lovell money. He was a trustee of the public library. You came to understand that Mr. Stanley could do more generous things because he was richer, but his contribution did not have the same value as a Lovell or a Hewitt contribution.

The same was true with Spruce Street. The Grays belonged on Spruce Street and so, too, did the Masons, who lived next door; but when Vincent Sullivan, who was in the contracting business, bought the house on the corner of Spruce and Chestnut, he still did not belong on Spruce Street.

There were no secrets in a town like Clyde and so, of course, everyone knew all about the Grays. Everyone knew that John Gray was harder to place than some people because he was different from other people.

(Continued on Page 63)

Mrs Anthony J. Drexel, III



Back of beautiful distinction like Mrs. Drexel's is *always* perfect grooming

Her Lovely Face shows you the gracious charm that is her Inner Self

Famous for her vivid starry beauty, the world responds to Mrs. Drexel's loveliness wherever she goes. The minute that you see her, you are aware of her inner serenity, of the cultured, friendly charm that is the keynote of her exquisite self.

Your face* is the only You that others actually see. It is the You they first take to their hearts. It is the You that they remember best. Do, then, help your face to say only pleasing, lovely things about you. Its loveliness, its charm, rest very much with *what you do for it.

She uses Pond's!

"I think it's a superb cream—the best I know," Mrs. Drexel says

Let *your face* show *you* to others as the delightful person you really are. Care enough to keep your face softly lovely with the immaculate cream-cleansings that do so much for skin. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) give *your* skin Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with hot water.

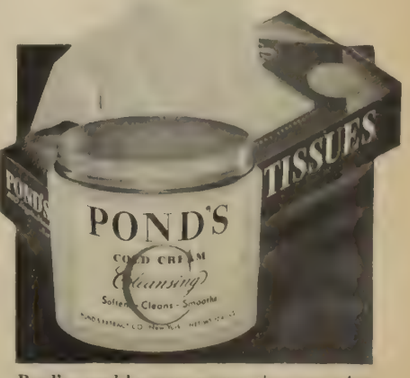
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream—lots of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore-openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash. Now look at *You!* Your face seems re-made!

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment literally acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt and make-up as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Never feel it is merely vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. When you *look lovely*, it spreads out from you to all who see you. It gives you a charming air of happy confidence that makes you seem a lovelier person to be with. It brings the real *Inner You* closer to others.



Pond's—used by more women than any other face creams. Today—get this favorite *big*, dressing-table size of Pond's Cold Cream.

PARTY-PRETTY!

And so easy with

JELL-O
BRAND
A GELATIN DESSERT
SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS



CALIFORNIA APRICOT MOLD . . . Don't wait for a special occasion to try this Jell-O charmer! Serve it any time—for the family, *or* Important Guests. It's a shimmering beauty that's a certain success, made with real, genuine Jell-O. And it's *this* easy to turn out . . . Just dissolve 1 package Jell-O (Strawberry, Raspberry, or Cherry) in 2 cups hot canned apricot juice and water. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with canned apricots, whipped cream, and sprigs of mint. *Note:* For a large mold, double above recipe.

- **1 package Jell-O (any red flavor)**
- **2 cups hot canned apricot juice and water**
- **Canned apricots**



CANDY STICK SPECIAL . . . A children's party treat that's Jack-in-the-box quick to make! So luscious... with two grand Jell-O flavors in one dish! Prepare two* or more of your favorite Jell-O flavors as directed on the package. Turn into separate bowls and chill. (Use flavors such as Orange and Strawberry Jell-O, Raspberry and Lemon Jell-O, or Lime and Orange Jell-O.) When firm, break up Jell-O into small flakes with a fork, or by forcing through a potato ricer. Arrange flakes of two flavors in sherbet glasses. Insert 3 striped candy sticks in each glass.

- ***2 (or more) packages Jell-O**
- **Candy sticks**

**Two packages make 8 servings. For 12 servings, use 3 packages. For 16 servings, use 4 packages.*



JEWEL SALAD SUPREME . . . It's a topaz-and-ruby delight to the eye—and heavenly-perfect to taste! Sunny pineapple and bright red cherries combine with tangy Lemon Jell-O to make this sparkling party salad. Dissolve Jell-O and salt in hot water. Add fruit juices. Chill until slightly thickened. Then fold in pineapple and cherries. Turn into large mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp salad greens. Serve with whipped cream dressing. Makes 5 or 6 servings. *Note:* For extra-large mold, double recipe.

- **1 package Lemon Jell-O**
- **¼ teaspoon salt**
- **1 cup hot water**
- **¾ cup canned pineapple juice**
- **4 teaspoons lemon juice**
- **¾ cup drained canned pineapple wedges**
- **⅓ cup well-drained quick-frozen or canned pitted red cherries**

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK — THE PROPERTY OF GENERAL FOODS

(Continued from Page 60)

and Charles must have always been aware of that unspoken difference. No matter what his father did or said, he had a right to be different because he was the Judge's son. He had always been a wild boy and had given the Judge a hard time. He was not lazy, but he never stuck to anything. He and Laurence Lovell had started out in Harvard together and they might have been friends, but he didn't even bother to go with the right people. It was all right for him, though it would not have been for Virgil Mason or Melville Summers, to join the Pine Tree Fire Company and to help man the Pine Tree machine at firemen's musters and to play poker at the Pine Tree firehouse, because everyone understood that Johnny Gray was different. The trouble was, he was the only boy and he had always been made too much of. Everything was too easy for Johnny Gray. He never got into a college scrape, but he had not liked it there, and after a year and a half the Judge had taken him out.

The Grays had always been solid people, not shipowners or warehouse owners but solid people, and the Judge owned stock in the Crawford Mill. When Johnny Gray was tired of Harvard, it was natural for the Judge to put him in the mill and wait for him to settle down. It looked as if he would do it, too, when he began calling on Esther Marchby, old Doctor Marchby's daughter. Perhaps the Judge was never sure. He had tied up Johnny Gray's share of the mill stock in trust when he died, though he let the girls own theirs outright.

It was not the fashion in Clyde for parents to discuss each other before their children, but it was possible to hear bits of talk.

"It never does any good to nag John," Charles heard his Aunt Jane say once. "Father always said so."

"I never do nag at John," his mother answered. "I wouldn't dream of doing it."

"You mustn't ever let him see you're disappointed," Aunt Jane said. "It's just as bad as nagging and it only makes him sullen."

"I'm not disappointed," his mother said. "I don't see why you say I am."

"Well, I never could have married anyone like John," his Aunt Jane said. "I couldn't have stood it."

"Well, I can stand it, Jane," his mother said, and she laughed in an exasperated way. "You wait, John will do something someday. Of course they don't understand him at the mill."

"What's he planning to do?"

"Why, I haven't any idea," his mother answered, and then she laughed again. "And if he never does do anything, Jane, I shan't mind. I love him just the way he is."

His father was the type of person whom women always loved. His mother was right, too, when Charles came to think of it later. John Gray finally did do something, and everyone was very much surprised.

Malcolm Bryant had called Clyde a ghost town, as though it were like an abandoned Colorado mining settlement. It was true that Clyde had not changed much since the sailing days, because its harbor was now useless for heavy shipping. It had no water power like the mill towns farther up the river and it had little to attract summer tourists. It was a place to be born in and a place to leave, but it was not a ghost town. There was a curtain, translucent but not transparent, between the present and the past.

When you were young you did not bother about it; you accepted the older people and their deaths very easily, because you were so occupied with living. Charles knew that Aunt Mathilda was going to die and everyone said it was a mercy and so much easier for her poor sister Jane.

All one's ideas about everything underwent perpetual change when one was growing up, such as ideas of God and immortality and of wealth and poverty, and even one's family was not a constant quantity.

That was the way it was with Sam and his father and with Dorothea and all the rest of them. The scene Charles remembered most clearly, the one that changed his ideas about them most, must have occurred when he was twelve and when Sam was seventeen. It was obviously some months after his Aunt Mathilda's death, but the scene was unique and too vital to be confused with this or that.

His father had been in Boston all that day, and Charles had been aware for some time that certain things happened, or were apt to happen, when his father went to Boston. It was a summer afternoon again, and except for Mrs. Murphy in the kitchen no one else was in the house. Charles was reading The House of the Seven Gables in the parlor. He heard the front door slam and then the sound of his father whistling in the hall. When his father entered the parlor, he was carrying a copy of the Boston Evening Transcript, a box of cigars and a box of candy.

"Well, well," he said. "Where's mother?"

"She's out," Charles said. "I think she's at the Women's Club."

"Well," his father said, "have you a knife in your pocket, Charley? I think I'll open this cigar box."

He sat down in the wing chair and lighted a cigar, and the smell of the cigar smoke mingled with his words.

"I think it's time, Charley, that we had a talk about your education. I'm afraid you're having a wretched education; not that I'm against our public-school system, but it is a school of life, not letters. I wonder how it would be if you went to Groton next year? You'd be old enough to enter the first or second form. Then a year at Harvard—and perhaps a year at Oxford." He flipped the ash from his cigar into the empty fireplace. "I wish we could all go abroad, but it's difficult with the war, even with Wilson keeping us out of it." He paused and looked at the smoke cloud above him. "If we can't go abroad, it might be a good idea for you to see a little of this country. We might take a trip in a week or two—Chicago, the Great Lakes, the Rocky Mountains, San Francisco." He paused again, but his thoughts were moving in a swift, agreeable stream. "China. I don't see why it wouldn't be possible to consider a little trip to China. You've never read Huc and Gabet, have you? Or Lafcadio Hearn?" He stood up and began pacing about the room, waving his cigar in broad arcs. Then they heard the front door open. "That must be your mother. Hello, Esther."

"John," his mother asked, "did you have a good day in Boston?" Charles always remembered her expression, both pleased and doubtful.

John Gray said, "You know, Esther, I was thinking coming back on the train that it's time we got away from the heat. How would it be if we went for two weeks to Poland Spring?"

"You know how it would be," his mother said. "What would they say at the mill?"

Groton school and China were gone, but Poland Spring was there.

"Never mind the mill," John Gray said. "We could go there and sit quietly and drink Poland water. Rocking chairs, soft music, a little golf."

"But I can't play golf, and you can't play it very well."

"That's just it," John Gray said, and his mind had moved from Poland Spring. "There isn't a golf course here, but there's the Shore Club."

"But we don't belong to it," his mother said, "and if we did it's twelve miles away."

"We ought to belong to it," John Gray said, "and we ought to have a car. Then we could drive to the Shore Club. And why shouldn't we play golf? Sam ought to learn a few skills before he goes to Dartmouth. It's nice of Jane to do this for us, but I don't know why she insists on Dartmouth."

"Well, as long as Jane's doing it," his mother said.

John Gray stared at the end of his cigar. "Dartmouth," he said. "It is, sirs, a small college, and yet there are those who love it. His marks are bad enough and he likes football, but if he can't get into Harvard or Yale, why not Amherst or Brown?"

"I'd better help Mrs. Murphy set the table," his mother said.

John Gray began to laugh. "All right, we can talk about the Shore Club later. Dear me, I'd better get washed."

After his father left the room, his mother still lingered. "Charley," she said, and she lowered her voice, "did he promise you anything?"

"No," Charles answered, "he didn't exactly promise anything."

"What were you talking about?"

"About a lot of things; school, and I guess about China."

"Oh, dear. Did he get as far as China?" She did not want him to answer and she had something else to say. "Charley, we both love him very much, don't we? I want to tell you something about him, dear, something I think you're old enough to understand. You mustn't feel hurt when he promises you something and then forgets. When he makes a promise and doesn't keep it, it means that he wants us to have the things that he wants us to have. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, I guess I see."

It was the first time that his mother had ever spoken to him in that way about John Gray or had ever admitted that in any way his father was different from other people. It was not a bad apology, either, for John Gray. Yet there was one thing that Charles could not understand then or later. Why should anyone promise something unless the means were there for making that promise good? That was the weakness behind it all, the insidious, deceptive plank which destroyed all the rest of the structure.

"You see we've got to believe in him," his mother said. "It would hurt him so if we didn't." John Gray was always escaping

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Country Boy Sliding

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

On all the white miles of fine snow
Between high spruce woods and the bay
There was only one living thing,
A farm boy at his winter play.

He pulled his new sled up the hill,
Lifted it without a smile,
Ran and threw himself on it
And soberly hurtled half a mile.

He rose and dusted diamonds off
His scarf and breeches, took the rope
And drew his sled with lonely eyes
Up the long hill's lonely slope.

The slider took his pleasure deep,
As quiet country people do;
Without lost motion or a sound
Through sober loveliness he flew.

In crystal beauty like a trance
This was all there was of joy
To point the world-wide stillness up,
A rapt unsmiling little boy.

The rabbits sat along the swamp,
Each on his cushion there behind,
They watched with grave approval this
Pleasure so of their own kind.

The little boy made an intense
Business of his winter fun
Until the spruces swallowed up
The golden cart wheel of the sun.

Then on short legs he took home,
Without a whistle, by deep starlight,
A joy as deep in him for good
As a strong man's wedding night.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



There's a word for good Peanuts ...and Peanut Candy



YES, only the world's peanut experts can roast and salt peanuts the way PLANTERS do. And only PLANTERS can make those big Jumbo Blocks taste so good.



You'll love those big, Virginia peanuts, roasted and salted to crisp perfection. In the cellophane bag, they're famous as America's Nickel Lunch. More energy than in meat, fish or eggs.



And PLANTERS famous Jumbo Block is pure peanut candy at its very best. They're both only 5c each —both Planterrific!

These PLANTERS products are also made in Toronto, and sold everywhere in Canada.

PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

Now You Can Enjoy

America's Premium Peas and Corn

PICTSWEET



From the Wonder Gardens of the Golden West

Here's a happy combination for your table. PictSweet Peas and Corn, right from the West. Where gentle rays from the western sun smile on fertile valleys . . . where peas grow best and corn grows sweet as honey . . . that's where America's Premium Peas and Corn are grown. And now they are brought to YOU, with pride, by PICTSWEET! Serve them tonight!

VEGETABLE PLATTER WITH PEAS AND CORN

by Barbara Quinn

PictSweet Home Economist

BUTTERED PICTSWEET PEAS

1 can PictSweet Peas
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

Drain liquid from peas and reduce by boiling, to about ⅓ cup. Add peas, butter and seasonings. Heat, but do not overcook. . . four servings.

BUTTERED PICTSWEET CORN

1 can PictSweet Whole Kernel Corn
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
2 tablespoons butter

Drain liquid from corn and reduce by boiling, to about ⅓ cup. Add corn, butter and seasonings. Heat, but do not overcook . . . four servings.

SUCH A TREAT . . . SO BUTTER SWEET

SO TENDER—SO SWEET SO GOOD TO EAT!



Watch for it!

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR PICTSWEET FRESH FROZEN FOODS

from hurts, he was expert at it. "My, it's getting late. I'd better set the table."

"Do you want me to help you?"

"Oh, no," she said, "your fingers are all thumbs, Charley. And here's Sam. Sam always knows when it's mealtime."

Sam had attained his full growth when he was seventeen and he already had the build of an athlete. Instead of working that summer, Sam had been playing ball in the Twilight League, on a team made up of employees from Wright-Sherwin and boys who hung around the news store. He had barely passed his college-board examinations and Charles had heard his father say that at least Sam might have done a few hours of daily reading instead of fishing or taking girls to the movies or lining out flies. Yet when Sam came in that evening he was like a younger and slightly larger replica of John Gray. He had the same swinging walk, the same quick smile, the same sharply defined features and the same brown hair.

"Why, Sam," Esther Gray said, "where have you been?"

"Oh, over at the Masons'."

"Oh. Seeing May?"

"That's right. I wouldn't be seeing Jackie or Old Man Mason, would I?"

"Well, I think that's very nice," Esther Gray said.

"What's there for supper?" Sam asked. "Fish?"

"Cold roast beef, and we have ice cream."

Sam sat down in the wing chair. "Hi, kid," he said.

"Hi," Charles answered.

"What you reading?"

"The House of the Seven Gables."

Sam said, "You're always boning up on books, aren't you, just like the Old Man?"

"I can read if I want to."

"Sure you can if you want to, but where does it get you? Look at the Old Man." Sam yawned and pointed at the ceiling. "Up there reading Boswell. Is the Old Man back from Boston yet?"

"Yes, he's upstairs."

"How's he acting? Is he happy or is he sad?"

"He's happy, I guess."

"Oh, he's happy, is he? Well."

"Well, what?"

"Well, nothing," Sam answered. "Listen, kid, you ought not to be sitting here alone pounding books. Get around and know people. There are a lot of snooty people in this town and there are a lot of guys driving dump carts and clamming who are just as good as anybody else and nobody's going to tell me different."

"Who's been telling you?"

"Never mind who's been telling me. I stick by my friends."

"Has May Mason been telling you?"

"LISTEN, kid, there are lots of other girls around besides May Mason."

"Did you and she have a fight?"

"Who said May Mason and I had a fight?"

"You just act mad about something," Charles said. "That's why I asked you."

"Well, it would be nice if you and Jackie Mason didn't hang around and listen so much. I'm not mad. I'm feeling fine. And the next time you go over to the Masons' and you see May, tell her if she wants someone in lace drawers it's all right with me."

"So you did have a fight with her."

Sam pushed himself out of his chair. "Listen, kid, don't knock yourself out talking. That's all everybody does around here, talk, talk, talk."

"What do you think you're doing now?" Sam said, "You think you're funny, don't you? I'm not going to sit around here all my life. I might go up to Canada."

"What would you do in Canada?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Sam said. "I'll join the British army and go overseas. You don't know there's a war, do you?"

Everyone knew there was a war in Europe and that Pancho Villa had been making trouble in Texas, but Charles knew that Sam was only angry about something May Mason had said.

Neither of them went on, because they heard their father on the stairs.

"Hello, Sammy," John Gray said, and then he raised his voice. "Esther, is supper nearly ready?"

Supper would be ready now in just a minute.

"What are you two boys talking about?" John Gray asked.

"Nothing much," Sam answered. "Just talking."

"It seemed to me that I heard your voices raised in some sort of altercation. There's nothing more futile than shouting in an argument, Sam. It betrays a lack of intellectual resource."

"All right," Sam said, "maybe I haven't got any intellectual resource."

"That's the awkward thing about being seventeen," John Gray said. "Now when I was seventeen—well, I suppose I was like you. Well, it doesn't seem possible, Sammy, but I suppose I was."

CHARLES saw Sam's face grow red.

"I was madly in love when I was seventeen," John Gray went on, "and that may have made me worry about my personal appearance. Sam, that suit you're wearing—it's time we began thinking about your clothes. I'll have to take you in to Boston, and get you something new."

"When?"

"When?" John Gray repeated. "Oh, almost any time. We've got to get you looking right for college, Sammy. I don't know exactly what the well-dressed young man wears at Dartmouth, but we ought to be able to inquire."

Then Charles heard his mother calling. Supper was on the table.

Charles wanted to say something that would break the sense of strain around him. He wished that his father would understand that Sam was hurt about something and that it was no time to make fun of him or to call him Sammy; but his father was in no mood, then, to notice anything but his own swiftly running thoughts. Sam sat down quietly at the table and every now and then Charles stole a glance at his face. Sam was looking stolidly at his plate.

John Gray was talking about the Poland Spring House again. He was saying that everyone was getting too much in a rut, and that was the trouble with Clyde. At the same time, his mind was back again on what had happened to him when he was seventeen. They used to have two horses then, and one of them was a dappled gray named Skip. It was a pity they had no horses now, but it was about time he bought the boys a boat.

"Well, why don't you get one?" Sam said. "Joe Stevens' catboat is for sale."

"Is it?" John Gray asked. "How much do they want for it?"

"I don't know. Around three hundred dollars."

"Well, Sammy," John Gray said, "you might go around and look at her and if she looks all right find what they're asking."

"You mean you'll buy her?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't."

"John," Esther Gray said, "three hundred dollars is a lot of money. Let's get the house painted first."

John Gray said, "I don't know whether it's worth while painting the house. We ought to have a larger house. Dorothea needs a place to see the boys, and Sammy will be bringing friends from college, and Charley ought to have a pony. He ought to learn how to ride."

"Oh, John," Esther Gray said, and she laughed, "let's try not to think of everything at once."

Then Charles heard Sam make a choking sound.

"What's the matter, Sammy?" John Gray asked.

"Nothing. I was just thinking about the pony."

"What about the pony?"

Sam looked carefully at his plate, but his voice was hoarser. "Nothing, except it's the same old pony I was going to get."

"Sam," his mother said. "Sam."

No one spoke for a moment. John Gray was looking thoughtfully at Sam, and something made Charles sit taut and motionless

"I know," John Gray said slowly. "I'm
ry about that, Sammy."
Sam looked slowly up from his plate. "If
u're sorry, why do you go on with it?" he
ked.
"Sam," Esther Gray said sharply. "Sam."
It was all new to Charles, new and un-
gettable. Sam was not the person he
ought he was, and neither was his father,
they sat there gazing at each other.
"Just exactly what do you mean," John
ay asked, "by going on with it?"
"The same old guff," Sam said. "That's
."
"I think it might be just as well"—his
her spoke very carefully—"if you were to
ve the table, Sam."
In the silence that followed, Sam pushed
ck his chair and rose. "Sure I'll leave the
ole."
"Sam," his mother called, "come back
e and apologize to your father."
"Oh, never mind," John Gray said.
eave him alone, Esther," and before he
l finished speaking the front door slammed.
They were both intensely embarrassed.
ere was nothing left but the family re-
nsibility for smoothing things ver, for
tending that nothing had happened.
"Charley, do you know whether Sam is
ubled about anything?" his mother asked.
wonder whether he's been having some
uble with May Mason. Charles, will you
out and get the ice cream?" But before
arles could move, his father spoke.
"Esther, I think if it's all the same to you
go upstairs and read awhile. It's been a
supper, but Charley will eat my ice
am for me, won't you, Charley?" and he
ped Charles on the shoulder.
"Oh, John," his mother
gan. "Sam didn't
an——"
"Oh, never mind it,
her." John Gray walked
her end of the table
bent down and kissed
"There are some things
ant to figure out upstairs and I can do it
er without ice cream."
The house on Spruce Street was one of
se two-and-a-half-story oblong dwellings
ch Charles came later to associate with
v England seaport towns. It was plainer
n anything on Johnson Street, but with
same architectural plan—the hallways
ning from front to back, the staircase
n its landing, the spacious rooms on the
nd story and the lower-studded, smaller
ns above, hot in summer, cold in winter.
rles and Sam slept on the top floor.
When Charles went to bed that night, the
n was rising and the moon was large and
w, almost full. From the shadow where
ay he could see the rest of the room,
ing not the least as it did in daylight but
finite and larger, as though there were
valls. This must have been why, when
woke suddenly, he had the unpleasant
ation of not knowing where he was until
aw the windows and the trees outside.
n he saw a shadow and heard Sam's
e.
"Charley, I didn't mean to wake you up."
"What is it?" Charles asked. "Is any-
g the matter?"
"I just looked in," Sam said, and he sat
n on the edge of the bed.
"Where've you been?"
"Out, around," Sam told him. "Walking
nd, thinking."
Neither of them spoke for a while and
rles knew that Sam did not want to be
e.

"If he hadn't shot his mush off," Sam said,
"I wouldn't have shot off mine. It's always
same thing. First he shoots off his mush
then he ends by walking around his
n like a squirrel, and it's never his fault
n he's licked. Whenever he get his hands
oney, he goes up to Boston and loses it."
Charles did not know that Sam was dis-
ng the eccentricities of a profit system
at it was his own first contact with a
ent of living that he was later to know
ell.
"How does he lose it?" he asked.

"You wouldn't understand it. Never mind how he does."

There were a great many things about life that Charles did not understand, but he could start with the assumption that his father was a highly intelligent man and that he must have known perfectly what the odds were. There was something which prevented men like him from stopping, something beyond the realms of ordinary reason.

"Listen, kid," Sam said, "if you're over at the Masons' tomorrow and you should happen to see May, I wish you'd give her this." He was holding out a folded piece of paper.

"Why don't you give it to her yourself?"

"You give it to her. That's a good kid, Charley." Then Sam was gone and Charles lay staring at the moonlight, still wondering why his father acted as he did in Boston.

CHARLES always thought of the Masons when things went wrong at home. He found himself wishing that Mr. Virgil Mason were his father and that the Grays could be happy like the Masons, living in a well-painted house with everything in order, even if Mr. Virgil Mason was not as bright as his father and never read much or talked about books. Mr. Mason was in the insurance business. Mrs. Mason must once have been as pretty as May, but she was too stout and did not worry any longer about her looks.

His own mother was much prettier, but he was sure she was not so happy as Mrs. Mason. May was pretty but she was not stuck up about it and she did not correct him the way Dorothea did, and Jack was his best friend.

Charles could never discover why Jack was discontented too. He used to think that Mr. Mason was the best sort of father one could imagine, but Jackie said he wished his father were more like Charles' father.

> **Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke the unused path.** —EMERSON.

"I don't see what's the matter with him," Charles had said; but Jack had said there was plenty the matter with him. He was always in his shirt sleeves doing work that other people should do for him.

"Besides," Jackie said, "my father never wants to do anything but sit around the house. He doesn't know the right people, and almost everybody likes your father."

Charles agreed with Jackie Mason that they were both going to be very different from their fathers. They were going to make more money when they grew up, and they weren't going to live on Spruce Street. Yet Charles could never understand why Jack worried because his grandfather had been a druggist and why he was always complaining about the Mason house and the furniture. Jack had won the composition prize in the seventh grade by writing a composition on the boyhood of Andrew Carnegie, and his mind was always on success.

It was Saturday afternoon when Charles went over to the Mason house with Sam's note in his pocket. He opened the front door without knocking because he was Jack's best friend, Mrs. Mason had said, and he could go out and come in any time he wanted. He heard Mr. and Mrs. Mason talking in the front parlor.

Mrs. Mason said, "Why, hello, Charley."

"Hello," Charles said. "Is May around?"

"Why, May's in the back room practicing, dear," Mrs. Mason said, and then Charles could hear the notes of the Masons' old upright piano, "and Jack's out in the shed, splitting kindling, and there's some lemonade in the kitchen."

That was the way it always was at the Masons': lemonade, and everyone was happy. As he moved toward the back room, he heard May playing a waltz from The Pink Lady. May's yellow hair was gathered up in a knot and she was wearing what Charles knew was her third-best dress, but still she looked very pretty. Though her head was turned away from him, he already had an impression of her blue eyes and her red, half-parted lips.

"Why, Charley," she said, "I didn't know you were there. You sneaked in like an Indian."

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1¾ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking powder (or 1 teaspoon tartrate baking powder)
⅜ teaspoon soda
½ cup Spry
3 ounces chocolate, melted
1 cup buttermilk or thick sour milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, salt, baking powder and soda into mixing bowl. . . . Drop in Spry . . . Add melted chocolate, buttermilk and vanilla, and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed) . . . Scrape bowl and spoon or beater . . . Add eggs and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes on mixer at low speed). . . . Bake in 2 deep 8-inch Sprycoated layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30–40 minutes. Spread Chocolate Harmony Frosting on top and sides of layers and garnish with thin slices of Brazil nuts which have been softened in hot water before slicing.

Chocolate Harmony Frosting—Put 2 *egg whites, unbeaten,* 1½ *cups sugar,* 5 *tablespoons water,* 1 *teaspoon light corn syrup* and ⅛ *teaspoon salt* in top of double boiler; mix thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water; beat constantly with rotary egg beater until mixture holds a peak (about 7 minutes). Remove from hot water, add 1 *teaspoon vanilla;* beat until cool and thick enough to spread. Before spreading on cake, fold in 2 *squares chocolate, melted and cooled,* carefully and thoroughly into frosting.

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"I was making a lot of noise, but you were making more."

"It isn't nice to call it noise. I wish I played as well as Dorothea."

"You play better. I like it a lot better. Sam wanted me to give you this." He pulled the note out of his pocket.

"Oh," May said, and she snatched it out of his hand and tore open the envelope, and then she put her hand on his arm. "Don't go away, Charley. Please stay while I read it."

As she read it, with her head turned away from him, he felt the warm grasp of her fingers on his arm and he wished she were his sister. Standing there beside her, so close that her shoulder touched his, he could have read the note if he had wanted, but he never knew what Sam had written. He only knew that May was crying. She had dropped the note. She had drawn him toward her as she still sat there on the piano stool. Her head was pressed against him and she was crying. He was still very shy with girls, particularly with girls of May's age.

"May," he said, "don't cry."

"Oh, Charley, I'm just crying because I'm so happy. Tell Sam"—she held him closer—"tell Sam it's all right."

He was relieved when May stopped crying and found her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "I guess I'd better go and see Jackie," he said.

"All right." Before he knew what she was going to do, her arms were around his neck and she had kissed him. "Charley," she said, "you didn't mind it, did you?"

He never knew what Sam had written or why any note of Sam's should have made May Mason cry. He felt proud and pleased. He knew she was Sam's girl, and he always thought of her afterward as Sam's girl. She was still Sam's girl when she finally married Jeffrey Meader. It was a secret which they always held in common. He knew and she knew that she would have married Sam if Sam had lived.

He always associated Sam with the end of childhood. When the music of World War I played, Sam was always there. It was a long way to Tipperary, and while you had a lucifer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style, I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier to shoot some other mother's boy. Sam always came back with those tunes. Sam had enlisted in the National Guard.

CHARLES was through Dartmouth and working in Wright-Sherwin before he began to realize that no human problems are unique. He must always, though he only half knew it, have shared his father's discontent with what he had. He was very sure that success and happiness were the same thing, when he was twenty-three, yet he could already see that different people had different ideas of success. It was a subject which he and Jack Mason discussed often. Jack had gone to work in Wright-Sherwin, too, after he had graduated from Amherst. Naturally, they each would bring up personal examples. Charles, who knew Mr. Lovell only academically then, did not consider Mr. Lovell a successful person, but Jackie said he was the most successful man in Clyde. Mr. Lovell knew the right people, not only in Clyde but along the North Shore and in Boston, and that was what success meant, but Charles said Mr. Lovell could not run Wright-Sherwin.

"That's exactly what I mean," Jack said. "He doesn't have to. He has everything that running Wright-Sherwin could give him."

There was a blind spot, Charles realized later, in everyone's line of reasoning. He could see that living on Johnson Street was not the end of everything and his nebulous ambitions were already larger than Jack Mason's. If you wanted to pick a successful man in Clyde, you could take Old Man Stanley, who ran Wright-Sherwin. Then you could go on to Mr. Thomas, who was president of the Dock Street Savings Bank. Or you could take Mr. Sullivan, who ran his contracting business and owned shares in a dozen small enterprises.

From this gallery of Clyde's great men, Charles could turn to his own father, who, by contrast, was a habitual failure, though actually there were many like him in Clyde who were much worse off. If John Gray did not know when to stop when he started, at least he had his own ideas of when not to start; and there was no use starting, he wanted Charles to understand, unless you had some capital. In the summer of 1916 and the next winter, when he had inherited his share of Aunt Mathilda's estate, he would have succeeded if Hugh Blashfield had not doled out the money by degrees, a thousand dollars at a time. If Hugh Blashfield had let him have the whole twenty-five thousand dollars as he had asked, instead of handing it to him in driblets, the whole story might have been different, because you had to have capital. He had tried it once with the five thousand that was left him out of trust at the time of the Judge's death and he had tried it again with the thirty thousand which had come to the family from Doctor Marchby, but this was something that Charles had learned only from his mother. Then he had tried it again with Aunt Mathilda's legacy. If Hugh Blashfield had not tried to stop it, it would have been a different story, but Hugh Blashfield had no imagination. Hugh was nothing but a small-town lawyer.

John Gray's appearance had changed very little since his reversals of 1916. His hair was shot with gray and so was his mustache, but he had retained his posture and he had not put on weight. He could still read without glasses and he still had the appealing smile of a younger man. As Aunt Jane used to say, John had matured beautifully, and Charles had even heard his Uncle Gerald Marchby admit it once, on one of those rare occasions when he and Aunt Ruth Marchby came to call. It meant a good deal when the doctor, for Uncle Gerald was a doctor, too, like Charles' maternal grandfather, had a kind word to say about his brother-in-law. He said he did not know what John had done to keep so young.

John Gray answered that if he looked young it was because he had not worried for years. He had no financial worries, and Jane had paid for Charles' education, such as it was—he could never understand why Jane had wanted first Sam and then Charles to go to Dartmouth. He did not have to worry about the children. Charles was in Wright-Sherwin making twenty-five dollars a week, and Dorothea, who never could seem to find anyone suitable for a husband, although she had tried, was comfortably established in the public library. She still had someone keeping company with her. It was Elbridge Sterne, who had come from Kansas City and was doing something about metallurgy in Wright-Sherwin. No, he had no financial worries. If anybody worried about the mill, it ought to be Gerald and Hugh Blashfield. He had suggested that they sell the family's holdings, as cotton mills in New England were on the downgrade, but that was their responsibility, since they were trustees for the Judge's estate. It was their blood pressure that ought to rise, not his.

BESIDES, he did not gamble. He was pained to see that Gerald and Ruth looked surprised but it was true, *he did not gamble*. He had attempted some investments occasionally in Boston, of a speculative nature, on the rare occasions when he had been allowed a little capital, but that was all over, now that Gerald and Hugh saw to it that he had no cash but pocket money. He could not understand why certain people looked on him as a black sheep just because he had attempted to make a few speculative investments. He was faithful to his wife, and that was more than could be said of certain individuals on Johnson Street and on other streets in Clyde—but the trouble with Clyde was that Clyde never forgot.

Everyone knew that John Gray had run through money, thousands and thousands of dollars of it. Everyone knew that Mrs. Gray and Dorothea would not have been able to afford even a part-time maid or a cleaning woman and that Charles could not have gone to college if Miss Jane had not helped out. If you were in the family you were always conscious of this, and though his father always treated those matters lightly when he mentioned them, John Gray was bitterly ashamed of his failures; but Esther Gray always understood his sensitivity, and Dorothea and Aunt Jane, and if the subject of poverty came up in the family it was always slurred over with great speed.

Charles first fully understood this family feeling through the fact that his father was not put on the committee of the Clyde Fund after Mr. Finch had died.

Charles had been working for more than a year at Wright-Sherwin. He had recently been moved into the accounting department under Mr. Richard Howell, one of those assiduous slaves of detail so useful in an office. The man whose place Charles had filled had been fired by Mr. Howell, who used to say that things were either right or wrong and that there was no excuse for not doing them right. When things were done right he accepted them without a word, but he always blew up when there was a mistake. Charles had been checking over an inventory that afternoon and he felt tired and uncertain.

It was a dull September day and the wind was so high that he thought it was blowing up for a storm. As he walked into the square at Dock Street, he hoped that for once the family would not ask him how he was getting on with Mr. Howell. This was a question which his father invariably asked each evening. John Gray, it seemed, had been in Sunday school with Dickie Howell.

"I used to kick Dickie Howell's shins in Sunday school," John Gray said. "I never dreamed that he would be kicking your son, Charley."

Dorothea and his mother were in the parlor when he got home, reading the Clyde Herald. "I think it would be just as well not to speak of it at all," his mother was saying

(Continued on Page 68)

Midnight Moment

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

Wakeful, he turned to look at her and trace
The stripe of moonlight on her sleeping face
And felt once more the old emotion flare
Until he stretched a hand to touch her hair.
He never saw her but he felt the stir,
The tide outflowing from himself to her
As though the surge of love was nothing other
Than urge to blindly lose self in another
Like time outgoing to eternity
Or compulsion of the river toward the sea.

And in the end, he thought, each might well chart
How he became the one he loved in part:
Time passed could not be gathered back with sole
Or single minutes winnowed from the whole;
At length the river turned into the sea
With none to mark its watered boundary,
And in his heart and mind she reigned so well
That if that part was his, he could not tell—
He took her hand, and feeling so complete,
Contentedly he drifted off to sleep.

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"The cosmetic for hair"

Helene Curtis Suave

(Continued from Page 66)

"Charley, the Clyde Fund didn't take your father."

The Clyde Fund was one of those generous bequests which so many New England citizens have left for the benefit of towns in which they lived. It had started with a bequest of five thousand dollars in 1820 by a Mr. Clarence Fanning, the principal to be held for a term of years at compound interest and then the income to be expended on shade trees and other street improvements, under the direction of five representative citizens, to be named by the Dock Street Savings Bank. Charles' grandfather, the Judge, had been one of the first trustees.

"Why should they have taken him?" Charles asked.

"Oh, Charley," his mother said, "don't say that."

"That's just the sort of thing Charley would say about father," Dorothea said.

"Well," Charles said, "you might as well mention it, because he'll find out."

Just at that moment John Gray came in from his work at the mill. "Well," he said, "the wind's getting into the northeast. How's Dickie Howell, Charley?"

"Don't tease him, John," Esther Gray said.

"Now, Esther," John Gray said, "Charley and I have our own brand of humor—acrid, but it's humor. Well, so you're all reading the Clyde Herald."

"John"—Charles' mother smiled brightly—"you didn't tell us that the Pine Trees were going to go to another muster."

"Are they?" John Gray answered. "I didn't see that, but I saw about the Clyde Fund. Don't look disappointed, Esther. I'm hardly the type. What would I do in a savings bank talking about shade trees?"

Supper was the time in the day when the family was always drawn closest together, and Charles' pleasantest memories, as well as memories of quarrels and crises, all began with the supper table at Spruce Street. Even if they were gossiping over the most humdrum events of the day, John Gray was always entertaining. He began that evening by touching lightly on the Clyde Fund. The Fund, he said, had a definite effect on the mental processes of all its trustees, and being a trustee was a great responsibility. Should the income be spent to sprinkle Johnson Street in the summer or should it be spent for public hitching posts on Dock Street? It was still to dawn, he said, on a Clyde Fund trustee, that it was more important to regulate motor traffic. Or should the money be spent in erecting a suitable drinking fountain for horses at the southwest corner of Dock and Johnson streets, and, if so, how high should the fountain be? These were problems, John Gray said, that needed Clyde's best minds, and how could the birds be kept from the head of George Washington near the courthouse without discouraging the birds? He was sorry, very sorry, that he could not be there to help.

USUALLY after supper he went alone to his room to read, and it surprised Charles when he asked him to come up too. "That is, if you have time, Charley," John Gray said, "or have you a round of engagements?"

The room where his father spent his evenings was almost square, with two deep windows with window seats. A battered sofa stood in front of the fireplace, and a table behind it held a student lamp and the books and paper in which John Gray was currently interested. The bookcases were filled with brown leather volumes from the Judge's library and others which John Gray had purchased. Among these were, of course, the works of Samuel Johnson and all sorts of other volumes of the period. The bookcases were far from adequate. Books stood in heaps on top of them and in piles on the floor near the table.

As Charles followed his father up the stairs, he could hear the wind outside and a sharp spatter on the windows, showing that a northeaster was starting.

"You stand here by the door, Charley," John Gray said, "until I light the lamp. I don't want you tipping over books."

There was a pungent smell of moldering leather and old wood and stale tobacco smoke as John Gray moved into the dusky room.

"Close the door, Charley," he said. "It's always better in here with the door closed." He had lighted the student lamp and had replaced the chimney and now he was turning up the wick and putting back the green glass shade. "Sit down in that Morris chair. Did I ever tell you that's the chair your Grandfather Marchby died in?"

"No," Charles said, "I don't think you ever did."

John Gray smiled and walked over to the fireplace and stood looking down at him. "Well, don't look worried. He couldn't help it. There are a great many things we can't help, Charley, or do you think we can?"

"I don't suppose we could help dying, if that's what you mean," Charles said, and he was uneasy as always when he was alone with his father.

"YOU'RE at an age, I suppose, when you feel you can help anything by power of will," John Gray said. "How would you like a glass of port?"

"Why, thanks, if you want one."

"Open the decanter box, and hand me the right-hand bottle, filled with a purplish-red liquid, and take out two glasses."

His father took the stopper from the decanter and filled two antique wineglasses. Nothing in his manner indicated that the occasion was in the least unusual, but Charles could not help wondering what he wanted. It was not a part of family custom to be sitting in his father's room. If his father wanted to talk he always came downstairs to the parlor.

His father had half turned his head toward the window. "Listen to the rain," he said. "'Neither coat nor cloak will hold out upon rain upon rain.' Do you know who said that, Charley?"

"No, sir, I'm afraid I don't."

"Oh, dear. Thomas Fuller said it in his *Gnomologia*, and I don't suppose you know what gnomologia is, either."

"What does 'gnomologia' mean?"

"Oh, dear, didn't they tell you at Dartmouth?"

"I don't see why you keep picking on Dartmouth," Charles said. "It's a pretty good school."

He saw his father raise his heavy, dark eyebrows. "I can't say it hasn't developed your mind. It seems to me that you have a retentive mind, neither receptive nor curiosity seeking, but retentive. Roughly, 'gnomologia' means a collection of sayings or proverbs. The word is obsolete."

"Then I don't suppose it will do any good to know it."

"That's an interesting way to put it," John Gray said slowly. "I suppose you mean that all knowledge should be useful, because someone has told you that knowledge is power."

"Well, I don't see any use in learning a lot of things that don't do you any good." He stopped and he felt annoyed at himself and his father. It did not help when John Gray laughed.

"Why, of course," he said. "Naturally, Charley. I'm not criticizing you. You're only saying that you want to get on or get ahead. It's a very common objective."

John Gray leaned more comfortably back against the corner of the sofa. Perhaps it was the room or the rain on the windows or the wine or his uneasy annoyance that made Charles say what he said next.

"Didn't you ever want to get on?" he asked. Then he realized that the question was too personal and his father was no longer comfortable.

"Why, yes, Charley," he said. "Yes, I've wanted to get on, but I suppose you think it was a silly way I tried, and I don't blame you. You'd be following a convention."

"Well, I don't know much about it."

"Do you remember what Jonathan Swift said? 'Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices: so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.'" Suddenly John Gray laughed and stood up. "I've never liked creeping. I suppose I could have

crept, and if I had I might be on the Clyde Fund."

He said it without much emphasis, and for the first time Charles felt sorry about it. He wanted to say something, to tell him it did not matter, but he could think of no way in which to say it.

His father stood with his head tilted to one side, listening to the hissing rhythm of the rain against the window. "I'm hardly in a position to give you any sound advice, Charley," he said suddenly. "But I would like you to know that I've made what I consider several intelligent and rather vigorous efforts to get on, considering the handicaps, and without creeping, always without creeping—but I couldn't beat the system. The system is not fluid, and it's hard to beat."

"What system?"

"Why, the system under which we live. There's always the bundle of hay out ahead, for anyone who wants to get on, and they make it look like a very pleasant bundle."

"Who are 'they'?"

"That's an intelligent question. They are the people who own the hay. They are the people who run the system, and they have to toss out a little hay now and then to make the system work; and the curious thing about it is that they don't realize in the least that they are running the system. They are only acting through a series of rather blind instincts and that's about all there is to anything, Charley, instinct. They'll tell you there's plenty of hay for anyone who can get it, but the main thing is that they don't really want you to get it. It might be some of their hay."

Charles could follow his father's metaphor and he could tell from the bright look on John Gray's face that he was delighted with it. Voltaire had the same brilliant bitterness, the same cynicism, and a similar painful undercurrent of truth—and John Gray was still speaking.

Love and a cough cannot be concealed. —LATIN PROVERB.

"You can get so far by effort, Charley. You will find you can obtain a little hay, but if you reach for more you'll get a sharp rap on the muzzle. I know I'm right because I've tried to get some of that hay. It's all over now. I won't try again. If I were you, I wouldn't try too hard for the hay. You might be disappointed."

It sounded like Candide, and Charles was thinking that if everyone followed John Gray's philosophy nothing would happen anywhere, and yet he could think of no reasonable ground for argument.

"Well," he said, "if you call it hay it seems to me that you've had a lot more hay than most people and more than I'll ever have."

That was where it ended. He did not think that he was speaking out of resentment until he saw the light leave his father's face.

"That's a detail, Charley," John Gray said, "and it doesn't alter the general picture."

"Maybe it doesn't for you, but it does for all the rest of us."

John Gray was silent for a moment. He picked up his empty glass and stared at it and put it back on the table. "Don't be so hard on me, Charley. I told you I wasn't going to do it again. It's like liquor: I can take it or leave it alone; and besides"—he looked apologetic, but at the same time he looked as though a cheerful thought had struck him—"it was a wretchedly small amount of hay."

SOMEHOW after their talk that evening, Charles and his father arrived at a basis for friendship which prevented either of them from offending the other, though it was a little like the friendship between two lawyers who argued in court and sat down to dinner afterward. It was diverting when his father spoke about hay to remind him that there was still a little hay, in the shape of the mill stock left in trust under Uncle Gerald and Mr. Blashfield. They would not be able to live on Spruce Street if it were not for that hay.

"But it's getting moldy," John Gray said. "Mill stocks aren't what they used to be."

"So it's just as well it's in trust, isn't it?" Charles asked.

Somehow after that evening he could be as frank as that, and John Gray even seemed to enjoy it.

"But it ought not to be handled in Clyde, Charley. Not by a small-minded lawyer in a small-minded town."

"I'll bet if you got your hands on some more money," Charles said, "you'd try it all over again."

HIS father was amazed, and not hurt at all. "You know I never bet, Charley. But it isn't so. I'm completely, magnificently aware of my deficiencies. I've learned my little lesson, and that's all over now."

His mother, too, was sure that father would never do it again. Aunt Jane was sure about it too. Once she had harbored doubts, but lately she was sure that John had turned the corner. She had deep faith in John Gray. She knew that he had been the spoiled baby of the family, twelve years younger than she and fourteen years younger than Mathilda—and at least he did not have what she called the Gray heart. The Judge had suffered with it and so had Mathilda and now she had it too.

It was because of the Gray heart and because he was deeply fond of her that Charles stopped to call on his aunt nearly every afternoon after leaving the office at Wright-Sherwin. Those calls at the Judge's house on Gow Street were difficult to distinguish one from another, except for one on an afternoon not long after that talk with his father. When Charles opened the front door his aunt was seated in her favorite banister-back armchair in the Judge's study. Aunt Jane had on her spectacles and was reading from a piece of foolscap written in the Spencerian penmanship which she had learned long ago at the female academy. Charles knew it was one of those lists of personal effects she was always making. For the last two years she had been arranging for their distribution, but the arrangements were never final.

Aunt Jane said, "Charley, I'm going to give Mary the Sheffield teapot and a thousand dollars."

There was no use trying to deflect her from this subject because she liked it, and he had learned it was best to fall in with her mood. "I thought you were going to let her have the tray," Charles told her.

"I know, but I asked her this morning. She thinks Dorothea ought to have the tray. Charley, do you think Dorothea's going to marry that factory man she brought in here?"

"Elbridge Sterne?"

"Yes. He knows all about brass. Is Dorothea going to marry him or isn't she?"

"I don't know," Charles said. "She's never taken it up with me. She'll probably get discouraged with him. You know—after a certain time she always gets discouraged."

"She's only particular, like me," Aunt Jane said. "Esther thinks she's going to marry him."

"Mother always thinks she's going to marry someone."

"If she does, she can have the tea tray and the dining-room chairs besides the five thousand dollars."

The cannel coal snapped viciously and a piece of it fell on the carpet. Charles rose hastily and kicked it back on the hearth.

"Charley," Aunt Jane said, "I've been thinking about your father. I'm worried about his self-respect."

"His self-respect?"

"Yes, and I'm not going to leave the rest to him in trust. It will hurt his self-respect."

The cannel coal snapped again with a sound that was like a punctuation mark.

"I think it's a mistake, Aunt Jane," Charles said.

"I'm not asking your opinion," she answered, but of course she was asking his opinion. "We have to trust him. He's your father, Charley." Then there was a quaver in

(Continued on Page 71)

WATCH OUT FOR WINTER AILMENTS



COLDS should be treated *promptly!* They often occur when body resistance is low, due perhaps to insufficient sleep, lack of fresh air, improper nutrition, or exposure to changes in weather. The cold may lower resistance still further and, if neglected, may lead to influenza, pneumonia or other infections.

INFLUENZA, while more serious than a cold, is not usually dangerous in itself. It may, however, weaken the system and pave the way for other illnesses. Fortunately, there is a new vaccine which has been used with considerable success against certain types of influenza. The doctor may recommend this vaccine if an epidemic threatens, if a person suffers from frequent colds, or if poor physical condition makes influenza a special danger.

PNEUMONIA is still a serious disease that calls for prompt diagnosis and treatment. The sulfa drugs and penicillin are highly effective in most cases, but they must be given early for best results. Your doctor now has a vaccine which provides protection against many of the most common types of pneumonia. One type of this disease, *virus pneumonia,* does not respond to the vaccine, sulfa drugs or penicillin. Although seldom fatal, it should have immediate medical attention.

The best protection against winter ailments is keeping in good physical condition. If you catch a cold, try to get all the rest you can, eat lightly, drink plenty of liquids, and cover your coughs and sneezes so that you will not infect others.

IF FEVER ACCOMPANIES A COLD, CALL A DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY!

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

"In ROME, they Kiss a Girl's Hand," Bill said.





"A Roman would kiss such a soft hand," Bill said—and then he did! My heart skipped. I use Jergens Lotion to keep my hands soft and smooth, but I never dreamed...

We hardly saw the Colosseum, Bill held my hands so tight. "I won't let these adorable little hands go," he whispered, "unless they promise to come back and be held by moonlight."



There was magic in the moonlight! Bill held my hands... our eyes met long enough to say, "I love you." "This is forever," he said. "Your gentle hands... your dear heart are mine now."

And I'm keeping my hands soft for Bill. Like every wise wife I use Jergens Lotion.

See how greedy your hands are for the smoothing protection of Jergens Lotion. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty hands need. Your skin absorbs Jergens Lotion instantly...leaving no oiliness or stickiness. Today's creamy-rich Jergens Lotion is two ways finer *for you*. No other hand care gives your hands such long lasting protection... keeps them so soft and smooth.

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More Women use Jergens Lotion than any other Hand Care in the World

(Continued from Page 69)

r voice. "Charley, I'm so proud of you. ow turn on the lights. Isn't it nice to have ctric lights?"

Until he pressed the switch by the door, he d almost thought that his aunt was dead eady, but when the ceiling light was on in e old gas chandelier the brilliance of the om erased all that talk of death. His aunt oked very well and just as he had always membered her.

"Well," she said, "that's settled. Charley, wish you saw more girls."

"Why, you're my only girl," Charles said, d he laughed.

"I wish you saw some nice girls," his Aunt ne said again. "Why don't you ever see ssica Lovell?"

"Jessica Lovell? Why, I hardly know her." His aunt should have known he belonged a different group from Jessica Lovell and at groups hardly ever mingled in Clyde.

When Charles arrived home after his talk th Aunt Jane on death and testaments, orothea was playing the phonograph. The nily were sitting in the second-best parlor d Elbridge Sterne was with them. A log e was burning, which showed that El- dge must have lugged the wood in from e shed outdoors, because Charles had not ought any in and his father disliked doing His father was reading a newspaper by e big table lamp.

John Gray said, "Oh, by the way, Char- , there's going to be a muster tomorrow ernoon. The firemen's muster. The Pine ees will be there and there will be eight nd tubs, and two hundred dollars in cash zes. Why don't you watch me make a ctacle of myself? It's Saturday."

"Exactly what is the purpose of a fire- n's muster, Mr. Gray?" Elbridge asked. It often seemed to Charles that Elbridge ew nothing about anything except the mposition of brass, but John Gray was ry patient.

"The purpose of a muster," he said, side from social relaxation, is to see which these antiquated fire engines can squirt e longest stream of water from its base— athletic contest, Elbridge. You should me with Dorothea and see us, and, Charley, vant you particularly."

"I don't know whether I can get away in e, father."

"Charley," his mother said, "if your her wants you to, of course you can."

CHARLEY," Jessica said to him once, "it s all so funny, wasn't it? You being there, d me, when neither of us wanted to be." ey were talking, of course, about the fire- n's muster. "Do you remember the fife- d-drum corps?"

Of course Charles remembered.

"And your father in that red shirt, stand- on top of the machine?"

Naturally Charles remembered his father, his helmet and his red shirt with "Pine e" written on the front in white letters, in blue trousers and his belt with its ornate ss buckle. For years Charles had been ply embarrassed whenever his father had eared in that make-believe fireman suit.

"I don't see why father likes it," Charles d.

"Because he has a good time," Jessica d him. "He was having a wonderful time. d we had a good time too. We had a won- ful time."

Luncheon that Saturday had consisted y of a little cold meat and cracked cocoa l his father ate it hurriedly. He might not e been elected to the Clyde Fund, but he l been elected captain of the Pine Trees. Charles was wearing his gray flannel users, his old sneakers and his old tweed t when he and John Gray walked out of front yard and down Spruce Street. It s all very well to tell himself that every- recognized his father's eccentricity, but hing could reconcile Charles to the way father's whole manner changed whenever wore that red shirt and helmet. His ner's voice had already assumed a nasal e and he walked with a slight swagger. He was glancing anxiously at the clear sky to gauge the breeze as it blew off occasional yellowing leaves from the elm trees.

"The wind's certainly calming down," he said. Charles noticed that he said "calming" in a flat way that was more River Street than Spruce Street. "I don't want any down draft blowing the spray sideways before it hits the paper."

Then he discussed the strengths and weaknesses of the hand engine that the Pine Trees owned—the old Pine Tree tub. Charles knew she was a beautiful machine, made by Button in 1878. He knew, or at least he had been told, that the Button machines were better than the Borgs or the Lyles. The tub had a new coat of paint and a new pressure gauge, and the ropes for pulling her had been stitched with clean white canvas. Everyone always recognized the Pine Tree tub right away at musters.

There was a big crowd waiting outside the firehouse, old Pine Trees and young Pine Trees drifting in and out through the open doors and eddying about the weedy lot. Mr. Elmer Swasey, who must have been over eighty, was standing with his helmet tilted back on his head and his white beard cascading over his red shirt. There were Johnny Leveroni and young Vincent Sullivan and Andrew Garvin, and any number of little boys ran yelling around the legs of their elders, and the Pine Tree fife-and-drum corps was already beginning to play The Gang's All Here.

His father was an integrated part of the Pine Trees and Charles was an outsider who had come to look on and who had no real part in the ceremony.

"Hi, Earl," he said, trying to get in the spirit of it. "Hi, Johnny." And they all said, "Hi, Charley. How's it going?" but they knew he was not one of them. He belonged on Spruce Street, not on River Street. Charles was an outsider but somehow, by some strange alchemy, his father had bridged the gap.

"All right," John Gray was calling. "Now wait a minute." The fife-and-drum corps had stopped and his voice had filled the gap of silence. "We're going to roll her out in a minute. And don't forget what happened at Smith's Common." Charles did not know, but all the Pine Trees did. "We don't want anybody winded before he pumps. Now we all know there's a barrel of hard cider down cellar in Stevenses' barn and you get into the cellar by the back way. Now, if the Excelsiors or the Lions want it give it to 'em, but no one on the Pine Tree brakes gets it till it's over. . . . All right, boys, bring her out."

The tub clattered out into the sunshine, an antiquated hand-pumping mechanism with its long pump bars, called brakes, its brass and its bright red wheels and its name painted on the center bar, *Pine Tree, Clyde*—a beautiful, shiny, obsolete thing. The fife-and-drum corps started playing The Gang's All Here again and the procession moved down River Street. Heads appeared in the windows and the mill whistle blew.

The crowd had lined Training Street and covered the field as the hand tubs marched past, but Charles had dropped from the procession as soon as the Pine Trees reached Training Street and finally he found himself, when the pumping started, by the old tubs, at the far end of the field. This was the more disorderly end where the pumping teams were congregating to await their turns on the tub stand, far back from the hose nozzle and the paper where most of the crowd had gathered. This was the spot where there was always quiet drinking and where the fife-and-drum corps played to encourage the pumpers and where individuals performed small, competitive feats of strength. The Excelsior machine was on the stand; the Excelsiors had lined the pump bars and their captain stood holding a handkerchief in his upraised hand, watching the wind and waiting for his assistant to tell him the pressure. As Charles watched the captain's arm drop, the pumpers moved into unified action, creakingly and slowly, and the fifes and drums began playing The Stars and Stripes Forever. It was hard for the captain to make himself heard above the squealing of the fifes.

At this moment Charles heard a girl behind him humming The Stars and Stripes Forever. Established custom made it unusual for many girls, or at least many nice girls, to be at that corner of the field, where it was necessary to shout crude Anglo-Saxon exhortations as the pumpers increased the beat. Charles turned to see who the girl behind him was and was very much surprised to find it was Jessica Lovell.

"Hello," she said. "I was wondering when you'd speak to me."

She was as tall as he was. She was dressed in a gray tweed suit tailored so that it seemed to add to her height. A tight red felt hat was pushed over her soft black hair and she was smiling.

"Oh, hello," Charles said. "They're really working now."

He could not think of anything else to say. Though he had always thought of her as Jessica Lovell, he could not very well call her "Jessica," and yet it would have sounded silly to call her "Miss Lovell."

"The Excelsior has a good pump team; at least that's what they say."

"I suppose you know all about this," she said. "Your father's in the Pine Trees, isn't he?"

"Yes, my father's crazy about the Pine Trees."

"Well, it must be fun."

"He thinks it is," Charles answered, and then there was silence.

"You haven't seen a queer sort of man around, have you?" she asked.

Charles laughed and looked at the crowd. "There are lots of them around here."

"But not like this one." Her voice had a confidential note. "He's been studying the headhunters from Borneo. He was at the house for lunch. He's here to make a survey."

"What sort of a survey?"

She gave her head a quick, impatient shake. "Why, I don't know. Some sort of social survey. He wanted to see this thing and now he's gone away and left me."

"Do you want me to help you find him?"

"No," she said. "I'd rather stay here and let him find us; that is, if it's all the same to you, Charley."

He was startled when she called him by his first name, but then nearly everyone in Clyde referred to him as Charley Gray.

"What are they going to do now?" she asked.

"They're going to pump again. They have three tries."

"It's nice to be here with an expert. Let's go over there and listen to the music."

The music had stopped. The fifes and drums had gathered in a sunny spot on the edge of the road opposite the Stevenses' barn.

"I wouldn't go over there," Charles said. There was always a tough crowd around the Stevenses' barn, but then everyone knew she was Jessica Lovell. She was moving over toward the tough crowd before she answered.

"Come on," she said. "I've never been to one of these things before."

OBVIOUSLY no one would so much as whistle at her. Loud voices trailed off into whispers, the fife-and-drum corps, who had been to the Stevenses' barn cellar, gazed at both of them in a way that made Charles shift from one foot to another, but the lull did not last, because they had all been drinking cider.

"Aren't they going to play again?" Jessica asked.

Of course, the fifes and drums heard her and they were delighted to show how well they could play. They began playing School Days, Dear Old Golden Rule Days, and then with hardly a pause they began playing Marching Through Georgia. Someone touched a cigarette to a balloon and it exploded in a very humorous way.

In the warmth of the cider and group companionship, Charles and Jessica were beginning to be forgotten. There was a tightening circle around the fifes and drums. A heavy, flush-faced young man with short yellow hair shoved inside the circle. Someone tripped him and he fell down and it was just the thing that everybody needed to make the gathering a success. The young man took off his frayed coat sweater and began asking who had done it.

"Who is he?" Jessica Lovell asked. She had to lean close to Charles before he could hear her. "The one who got tripped up."

"He's a North Ender," Charles answered. It seemed unnecessary to tell her that he was Hughie Willis and that almost every Saturday Hughie Willis got into trouble.

A Smith's Common fireman pushed Hughie and one thing led to another. They were not fighting, they were wrestling. They were rolling over and over on the grass, and when the fireman's shoulders touched the ground everyone was delighted that Hughie had got the Smith's Common fireman down.

"Who else wants a try?" Hughie shouted.

"He's pretty good, isn't he?" Charles said, and he had some childish desire to impress Jessica Lovell. "I'd like to take him on myself."

He could certainly have had no serious intention of doing it. He could only have meant to explain to Jessica that he had gone out for wrestling at Dartmouth.

"Why don't you?" Jessica Lovell asked.

"Because it would be silly."

"Then why did you say it?"

"I just said it."

"Oh," Jessica said, "you just said it."

He looked straight at her and she looked back, and she was telling him without words that she knew he would not do it.

"I don't suppose you think I would," he said.

"No, of course you wouldn't."

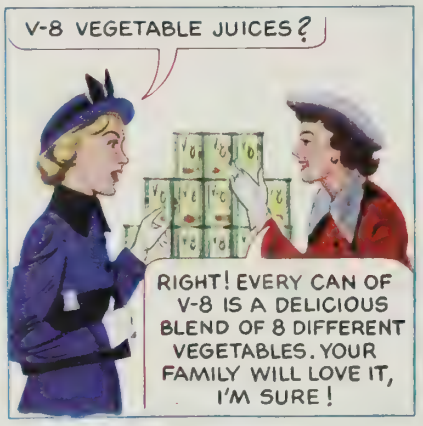


"Clara! Isn't there a dirty ash tray in the house?"



THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED...





Happy Days Later



IMPORTANT!



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"All right," he said. "All right."

So many things were always in a balance, and so often, before you knew it, it was too late to stop. When he was in the open space he wished to heaven it were not too late, but while he was wishing he was taking off his coat.

"What do you know?" somebody was saying. "It's Charley Gray."

And they were already taking sides, yelling for him and Hughie Willis. Hughie was reaching for him as he dropped his coat. They were swaying together, holding each other's arms, when Hughie lunged for the back of his neck and Charles sprang forward into the old cross-buttock hold, and it was good luck and nothing else that Hughie was off balance. It was simply the application of force at just the right moment that made Hughie fall. It was over so quickly that Charles was not out of breath. He was getting into his coat before Hughie could start to say it was not fair, but the Pine Trees were going to pump and no one was interested in wrestling any longer. The crowd was moving back to the hand tubs when he reached Jessica Lovell.

"Well," he said, "do you want to watch the Pine Trees?"

"Why, yes, I'd love to. Your tie's all on one side."

"Oh," Charles said. "Thanks. I hadn't noticed."

"I don't know why we've hardly ever seen each other before," she said. "Oh dear, here he comes."

"Who?"

"That man." An angular-looking stranger was coming toward them.

"Jessica," Charles said quickly, "can I come to see you sometime?"

Jessica began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"It sounds so funny. Wait a minute. Can you drive a car?"

"No. We haven't got a car."

"Well, I can. We'll go driving tomorrow. Come around at three o'clock. Oh, hello, Mr. Bryant. What happened to you?"

Jessica Lovell was speaking to the stranger, an angular, untidily dressed man in his middle thirties, with a bony face and deep-set eyes.

"This is Mr. Gray," Jessica was saying. "Mr. Bryant."

It seemed to Charles that he looked like a teacher or a college professor. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Gray," he said, and his speech reminded Charles of Elbridge Sterne's. "Do you live here in Clyde?"

"Yes," Charles said, "I live here."

"Well, that's fine," Mr. Bryant said. "I suppose Miss Lovell's been telling you about me."

"Why, no, not much."

"Well, you see, we're considering doing a little job on this town," Mr. Bryant said. "It's a wonderful town, a beautiful, static, organized community."

"Mr. Bryant is doing a survey," Jessica said. "I told you. Some sort of a social survey, and he's just back from Borneo."

"That's right," Mr. Bryant said, "just back from a call on the head-hunters. They're people, just like you and me. All men are basically alike. This thing"—Malcolm Bryant waved his arm in a gesture that embraced the training field—"this beautiful, tribal ritual. It's like the Maori war dance. Of course, you think of it as a thing called a firemen's muster, but obviously, deep down inside, it's the survival of a tribal rite. But the whole community isn't in it, not all the classes. I mean your father wouldn't be in it, Jessica. It's more of a folk custom."

"Charles' father is," Jessica said. "He's right up there now on the machine."

Mr. Bryant turned around. "That's interesting. Is your father a college man?"

"He went to Harvard for a while," Charles told him.

"And there he is up there," Malcolm Bryant said. "That's interesting. It's going to take me quite a while to get this structure straight."

"It's four o'clock," Jessica said. "I'd better be going home. Are you coming back to the house, Mr. Bryant?"

"Well, if it's just the same to you, I'd better stay right here. You don't mind, do you, Jessica?"

"No," Jessica said, "I don't mind. Charley can take me home. Come on, Charley."

It was four, and Charles had left the Pine Tree clubhouse at one o'clock, but the gap of time seemed much greater when Jessica Lovell and he turned off Training Street to Johnson Street. Jessica was talking about Malcolm Bryant. He had appeared in the house one day with a letter from someone. He was working for some kind of foundation, like the Rockefeller or the Carnegie. Something she could not tell what, had made her father like him. Then when he had heard that Malcolm Bryant was doing a survey which might be published in some sort of book, he seemed to feel that Malcolm Bryant was his personal responsibility.

"You see," Jessica said, "father feels he's the world's greatest living authority on Clyde."

"My father's an authority too," Charles told her.

"Does he keep going on about it?" Jessica asked.

Yes, Charles said, he kept going on about it.

"Well, you and I don't have to, do we?" Jessica said.

She could see how Clyde must look to an outsider, she said, because she was partly an outsider herself, and so was he, since they had both been away to college. She only hoped Malcolm Bryant did not think that she and Charles were like the rest of the natives—and she was afraid he did.

"Did you notice the way he looked at us?" she asked. "It made me feel as though you and I were on a microscopic slide."

Charles laughed, and then they both were laughing.

Charles had been so absorbed by the conversation that the dwellings on Johnson Street had passed by him in a pleasant blur until he saw the pineapples on the wooden fence before the Lovells' house, and the border of autumn chrysanthemums. The gate stood open and a brick path lay before them leading to the Corinthian portico of the Lovells' front door.

"Well," he said, "I'll come around tomorrow if you haven't got anything better to do."

"Aren't you coming in now?"

"I guess I'd better not. It's getting pretty late."

"Why, it isn't late at all. It's just time for tea."

"I look pretty shabby," he said, "to go anywhere for tea."

As a matter of fact, those old clothes of his were exactly the ones he should have worn because his tweed coat and baggy flannel trousers showed that he did not consider calling on the Lovells a great occasion.

When they were in the hall, Jessica closed the front door noisily behind her and it made a cheerful, booming sound that echoed along the length of the hall and up the broad, airy staircase. She had pulled off her red felt hat and had tossed it on a Chippendale chair and now she stood before the dusky glass of the great gold hall mirror, giving her head a quick impatient shake and smoothing her soft wavy, dark hair. He could see his own reflection as he stood behind her and their glances met in the dark glass.

"We look like the portraits, don't we?" she said. "That's the trouble with the mirror."

He saw two portraits in the hall, dimly lighted by the arched window at the head of the staircase and by the fanlights above the front and back hall doors. It was true. The gold frame of the mirror was almost like the portraits' frames and for a moment they were both as still as a picture before he followed her down the hall.

Jessica was leading him to what the Lovells called the wallpaper room. "This room," he read later in one of the many architectural accounts of Clyde, "is a triumph of Federal interior. It is as though the room were consciously built to house its greatest treasure, magnificent wallpaper from France, a romantic interpretation of European merchan

visiting a Chinese water front. The ships, the pagodas, the pavilions blend most happily with the mantel and the few pieces of Chinese Chippendale, which fit in the room as if they, too, were built for it." Charles read this later. He was conscious then only of the spaciousness the paper gave the room and of the dancing fire beneath the Chippendale mantel and of Jessica's aunt, Miss Lovell, who looked like his own Aunt Jane as she sat on a Hepplewhite sofa behind a low mahogany tea table, working on a panel of embroidery.

"This is Charley Gray," Jessica said. "I've brought him in to tea. You know Charley Gray, don't you, Aunt Georgianna?"

Miss Lovell inserted her needle in her embroidery and then laid it down beside her and looked up at Charles. "I don't know Charles," she said, "but of course I know all about him." And she held out her hand.

"Aunt Georgianna knows about everybody," Jessica said.

"Ring the bell, Jessica," Miss Lovell told her. "It's time for tea. You look as though you'd been walking."

"Well, not exactly walking," Jessica said. "We were at the firemen's muster."

"Oh, yes. What became of Mr. Bryant? Did you get rid of him?"

"No," Jessica said, "he got tired of me. He's down there still."

The tea on a silver tray was being carried in. "Hannah," Miss Lovell said, "will you please tell Mr. Lovell that tea is ready? How do you like your tea, Charles?"

"Oh," Charles said, "why, any way at all, thank you, Miss Lovell."

Then Charles heard a footstep behind him and turned to see Mr. Lovell.

"Well, well," Mr. Lovell said, "I didn't know we were going to have company."

"You know Charley Gray, don't you, father?" Jessica said.

"Of course I know Charley Gray, Jessie, or Charley Gray. Where did you find him, dear? Not that I'm not very glad you found him."

Then Jessica was explaining again that she had found him at the firemen's muster.

"This is quite a coincidence," Mr. Lovell said. "Only a day or two ago I heard Francis Bryant say that you are at Wright-Sherman's. . . Thank you, Georgianna." And he stirred his cup of tea. "Jessica, what became of that other friend?"

Jessica told again where Malcolm Bryant had gone.

"Well, he'll be back for supper, won't he?" Mr. Lovell said. "We always call it supper in Clyde, don't we, Charles? But Jessie likes to call it dinner."

"Charley," Jessica said, "have you ever seen the garden?"

CHARLES shook his head. He said he had never seen the garden, but he would like to.

"What do you want to show him the garden for, Jessie?" Mr. Lovell said. "It's October. There's still the boxwood," Jessica said, "and the chrysanthemums."

"Well," Mr. Lovell said. "Well. I'll say good-by to you now, Charles, in case I don't see you again. Give your father my regards."

The wallpaper room was silent as Charles and Jessica walked down the hall together, but before they reached the back hall door Charles heard Mr. Lovell's voice.

"Well," Mr. Lovell was saying. "Well—well."

"Come on, Charley," Jessica said quickly, and they stepped outside onto a long path bordered with boxwood.

The formal garden of the Lovells, so often described in Garden Club lectures, lay before them, rising gradually to the top of a gentle slope, with its box borders casting long shadows across the gravel paths because the sun was setting.

"You know," Jessica said, "I really think father likes you."

"I don't see why you think so," he told her.

"Because he talked so much," Jessica said, "and you didn't do anything wrong."

He wondered exactly what she meant. They were following the path up to a summerhouse. At any rate, nothing in the Lovell house had made him uneasy and perhaps that was what she had meant when she said he had done nothing wrong. Perhaps she had meant that he had been neither impressed nor disturbed by her aunt or father and that they had not seemed to him in any way extraordinary. He was thinking that there was nothing so extraordinary about Jessica, either. He could still see her as she was, before whatever drew them together became too strong for him to see her in any true perspective. She was not strikingly beautiful. She was too tall and her chin and nose were both a little too long and her eyebrows were too black and heavy, but those defects were vanishing already as she walked beside him up the path. The open fire had made her cheeks glow and her eyes were bright and her lips, which were rather like her father's, were relaxed. Once they reached the summerhouse, it was cool and almost chilly in the shadows.

"Well," she said, "there's the garden."

They stood leaning on the summerhouse railing, gazing at the garden, which had been laid out by a French *émigré* more than a century before, and back at the house with its high-arched windows and its balustrade and cupola.

"You can see the harbor from the cupola," she said. And then she said it was strange to think of staying at home with no more college and nothing to do but just being there. "I don't know what I'm going to do," she said, and Charles was telling her that there were all sorts of things to do in Clyde. "Well," she said, "I'm awfully glad you think so." She had been moving her finger idly, making little patterns on the summerhouse railing. "Oh dear, here he comes."

Malcolm Bryant was coming toward them up the path.

"Jessica," Charles said, "you won't forget about tomorrow, will you?"

"No," she said, "of course I won't," and her hand touched his. "Good-by, Charley."

(To be Continued)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vermont Farmer

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Winter was inch-thick on the window sills.
He sniffed, and stretched his legs out to the fire.
Those smart young Jacks and city-softened Jills
Should be here now, to wade through sleet and mire.
Easy enough, when August's flooding sun
Drenched the mowed fields, to praise the country life,
To call the milking and the haying fun:
They'd never felt the north wind like a knife.
Too tough for them, he'd bet. . . . He raised his head.
"What's that noise, Martha, over on Tibbetts' Hill?"
"Why, that's the skiers—came today," she said.
He opened the door. The night was starry, still,
Except for fresh young laughter against the cold.
He sighed, and suddenly felt tired, and old.

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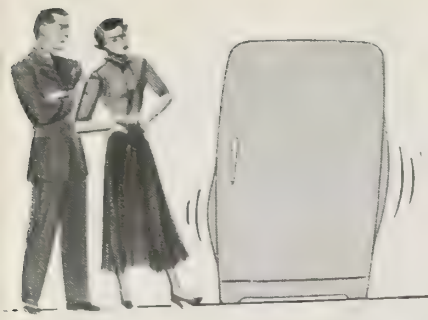
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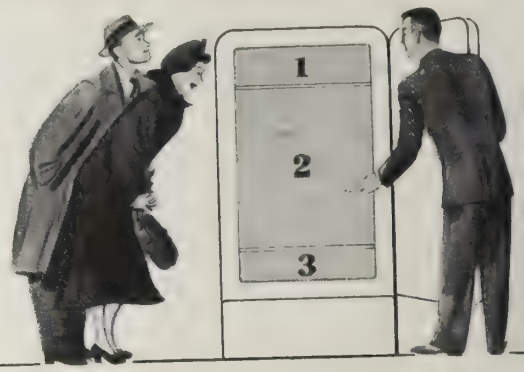
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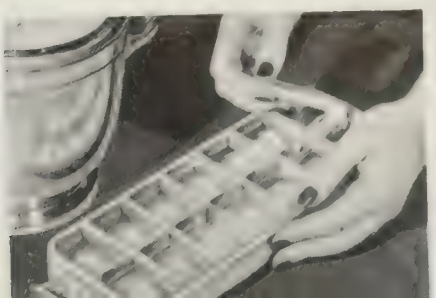
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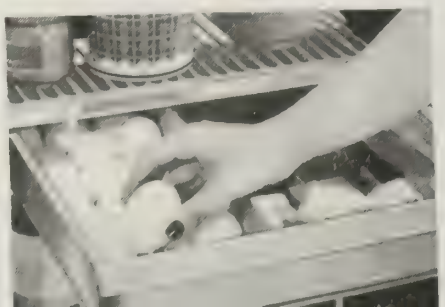
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Kitchen in a Nutshell



PHOTOS BY STUART

place for a kitchen?

Take a space but five feet six. See what can happen.

By ***GLADYS TABER***

THIS kitchen made me think of Alice in Wonderland when she nibbled the magic bite and shrank down to a miniature girl. The same kind of magic makes a kitchen no bigger than a nutshell, which will make home a happier place for families that have to double up. It can be tucked in a little space just five feet by six feet and a young couple can be independent of the rest of the family, or a mother-in-law can stir and brew when and as she likes.

This kitchen is based on a unit which includes a range, sink and refrigerator, with storage cabinets above. The range has three units on top, and an oven and storage drawer below the counter surface. The refrigerator is

(Continued on Page 120)



Cooking Center. Shelf space in unit is generous, drawer space limited. Cooking utensils and food supplies go on shelves. Most-used pans, lids and kitchen tools hang from wood strip placed below cabinets. Narrow canister shelf for sugar, flour, salt, pepper; shallow tray for stirring spoons and turning forks.



Tableware Storage. Built-in cupboard is tailored to fit service for six. Shallow shelves for small dishes. Tall spaces for larger ones. Rubber-covered plate racks save space, file plates for easy accessibility. Let-down drawer makes silver reachable and visible. Shallow drawers under counter hold napkins and table mats.



Counter Space. Narrow counters are better than none. Continuing counter around corner to door swing adds shelf space for serving. Narrow shelves with turned-up edges under side counter hold serving trays and chop plates. Open space is left for dish-draining tray, towel racks, a one-step stool and wastebasket.

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Fresh air and sunshine are *good for kids*, but dad was too smart to say so.

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN

(Continued from Page 35)

shaving with two razors, but finally gave that up.

"I can save forty-four seconds," he grumbled, "but I wasted two minutes this morning putting this bandage on my throat." It wasn't the slashed throat that really bothered him. It was the two minutes.

Some people used to say that dad had so many children he couldn't keep track of them. Dad used to tell a story about one time when mother went off to fill a lecture engagement and left him in charge at home. When mother returned, she asked if everything had run smoothly.

"Didn't have any trouble except with that one over there," he replied. "But a spanking brought him into line."

Mother could handle any crisis without losing her composure. "That's not one of ours, dear," she said. "He belongs next door."

None of us remembers it, and maybe it never happened. Dad wasn't above stretching the truth, because there was nothing he liked better than a joke. This much is certain, though. There were two red-haired children who lived next door, and the Gilbreths all are blondes or redheads.

Although he was a strict taskmaster within his home, dad tolerated no criticism of the family from outsiders. Once a neighbor complained that a Gilbreth had called the neighbor's boy a son of an unprintable word.

"What are the facts of the matter?" dad asked blandly. And then walked away while the neighbor registered a double take.

But dad hated unprintable words, and the fact that he had stood up for his son didn't prevent him from holding a full-dress court of inquiry once he got home, and administering the called-for punishment.

DAD was happiest in a crowd, especially a crowd of kids. Wherever he was, you'd see a string of them trailing him—and the ones with plenty of freckles were pretty sure to be Gilbreths. He had a way with children and knew how to keep them on their toes. He had a respect for them, too, and didn't mind showing it.

Whenever dad returned from a trip—even if he had been gone only a day—he whistled the family "assembly call" as he turned in at the sidewalk. The call was a tune he had composed. He whistled it, loud and shrill, by doubling his tongue behind his front teeth. It took considerable effort and dad, who never exercised if he could help it, usually ended up puffing with exhaustion.

The call was important. It meant drop everything and come running—or risk dire consequences. At the first note, Gilbreth children came dashing from all corners of the house and yard. Neighborhood dogs, barking loudly, converged for blocks around. Heads popped out of the windows of near-by houses.

Dad gave the whistle often. He gave it when he had an important family announcement. He gave it when he was bored and wanted some excitement with his children. He gave it when he had invited a friend home and wanted to introduce the friend to the whole family.

LIKE most of dad's ideas, the assembly call made sense. This was demonstrated in particular one day when a bonfire of leaves in the driveway got out of control and spread to the side of the house. Dad whistled, and the house was evacuated in fourteen seconds—eight seconds off the all-time record. That occasion was memorable because of the remarks of a frank neighbor, who watched the blaze from his yard. During the height of the excitement, the neighbor's wife came to the front door and called to her husband:

"What's going on?"

"The Gilbreths' house is on fire," he replied. "Thank God!"

"Shall I call the fire department?" she shouted.

"What's the matter, are you crazy or something?" the husband answered incredulously

Anyway, the fire was put out quickly and there was no need to ask the fire department for help.

When dad bought the house in Montclair he described it to us as a tumbled-down shanty in a run-down neighborhood. We thought this was another one of his surprises, but he finally convinced us that the house was a hovel.

"It takes a lot of money to keep this family going," he said. "Food, clothes, allowances, doctor's bills, getting teeth straightened, and buying ice-cream sodas. I'm sorry, but I couldn't afford anything better. We'll have to fix it up the best we can."

We were living at Providence, Rhode Island, at the time. As we drove from Providence to Montclair, dad would point to every termite trap we passed.

"It looks something like that," he would say, "only it has a few more broken windows and the yard is maybe a little smaller."

As we entered Montclair, he drove through the worst section of town, and finally pulled up at an abandoned structure that even Dracula wouldn't have felt at home in.

"Well, here it is," he said. "All out."

"You're joking, aren't you, dear?" mother said hopefully.

"What's the matter with it? Don't you like it?"

"If it's what you want," said mother, "I'm satisfied. I guess."

"It's a slum, that's what's the matter with it," said Ernestine.

"No one asked your opinion, young lady," replied dad. "I was talking to your mother, and I will thank you to keep out of the conversation."

"You're welcome," said Ernestine, who knew she was treading on thin ice but was too upset to care. "Only I wouldn't live in it with a ten-foot pole."

"Neither would I," said Martha. "Not with two ten-foot poles."

Lill started to sob.

"It won't look so bad with a coat of paint and a few boards put in where these holes are," mother said cheerfully.

Dad, grinning now, was fumbling in his pocket for his notebook. "By jingo, kids, wait a second," he crowed. "Wrong address. Well, what do you know! Pile back in. I thought this place looked a little more run down than when I last saw it."

Then he drove us to 68 Eagle Rock Way, which was an old but beautiful Taj Mahal of

Frankly, dad didn't drive our car well at all. But he did drive it fast. He terrified all of us, but particularly mother. She sat next to him on the front seat—with two of the babies on her lap—and alternated between clutching dad's arm and closing her eyes in supplication.

"Not so fast, Frank, not so fast," she would whisper. But dad never seemed to hear.

Foolish Carriage was a right-hand drive, so whoever sat to the left of mother and the babies on the front seat had to be on the lookout to tell dad when he could pass the car ahead.

"You can make it," the lookout would shout.

"Put out your hand," dad would holler.

Eleven hands—everybody contributing one except mother and the babies—would emerge from both sides of the car; from the front seat, rear seat and folding swivel chairs amidships. We had seen dad nick fenders, slaughter chickens, square away with traffic policemen and knock down full-grown trees, and we weren't taking any chances.

The lookout on the front seat was dad's own idea. The other safety measures, which we soon inaugurated as a matter of self-

PHOTOGRAMS



Twenty-two ears (all clean, we'll bet) cocked to catch dad's story.

a house with fourteen rooms, a two-story barn, a greenhouse, chicken yard, grape arbors, rose bushes, and a couple of dozen fruit trees. At first we thought dad was teasing us again, and that this was the other end of a scale—a house much better than the one he had bought.

"This is really it," he said. "The reason I took you to that other place first—well, I didn't want you to be disappointed. Forgive me?"

We said we did.

Dad had bought the automobile a year before we moved. It was our first car, and cars still were a novelty. Although dad made his living by redesigning complicated machinery, as to reduce the number of motions required to operate it, he never really understood the intricacies of our automobile. It was a gray Pierce Arrow, equipped with two bulb horns and an electric Klaxon, which dad could try to blow all at the same time when he wanted to pass anyone. The engine hood was long and square, and you had to raise it to prime the petcocks on cold mornings. Dad had seen the car in the factory and been in love with it. The affection was entirely one-sided and unrequited. He named it Foolish Carriage because, he said, it was foolish for any man with as many children as he could think he could afford a horseless carriage. The contraption kicked him when he cranked, spat oil in his face when he looked at its bowels, squealed when he mashed the gears, and rumbled ominously when he changed gears. Sometimes dad would spit, pedal and rumble back. But he never won a close decision.

preservation, were our own. We would assign someone to keep a lookout for cars approaching on side streets to the left; someone to keep an identical lookout to the right; and someone to kneel on the rear seat and look through the isinglass window in the back.

"Car coming from the left, dad," one lookout would sing out.

"Two coming from the right."

"Motorcycle approaching from astern."

"I see them, I see them," dad would say irritably, although usually he didn't. "Don't you have any confidence at all in your father?"

He was especially fond of the electric horn, an ear-splitting gadget which bellowed "kadookah" in an awe-inspiring, metallic baritone. A few days after he bought the car, he brought each of us children up to it, one at a time, raised the hood, and told us to look inside and see if we could find the birdie in the engine. While our backs were turned, he'd tiptoe back to the driver's seat and press down on the horn.

"Kadookah, kadookah." The horn blaring right in your ear was frightening, and you'd jump away in hurt amazement. Dad would laugh until the tears came to his eyes.

"Did you see the birdie? Ho, ho, ho," he'd scream. "I'll bet you jumped six and nine tenths inches."

One day after returning from a particularly trying picnic the engine balked, coughed, spat and stopped. Dad ordered us out of the car, which was overheated and steaming. He wrestled with the back seat to get the tools. It was stuck and he kicked it. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and raised the left-hand side of the hood.

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TUNE IN TED MALONE...EVERY MORNING, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY...ABC NETWORK

Dad seldom swore. An occasional "damn," perhaps, but usually he stuck to such phrases as "by jingo" and "holy Moses." He said them both now, only there was something frightening in the way he rolled them out.

His head and shoulders disappeared inside the hood. You could see his shirt, wet through, sticking to his back.

Nobody noticed Bill. He had crawled into the front seat. And then—"Kadookah. Kadookah."

Dad jumped so high he actually toppled into the engine. His head butted the top of the hood and his right wrist came up against the red-hot exhaust pipe. You could hear the flesh sizzle. Finally he managed to extricate himself. He rubbed his head, and left grease across his forehead. He blew on the burned wrist. He was livid.

"Who did that?" he screamed.

Bill, who was six and always in trouble anyway, was the only one with nerve enough to laugh. But it was a nervous laugh. "Did you see the birdie, daddy?" he asked.

Dad grabbed him; Bill stopped laughing.

"That was a good joke on you, daddy," Bill said hopefully. But there wasn't much confidence in his voice.

"There is a time," dad said, "and there is a place for birdies. And there is a time and place for spankings."

"I'll bet you jumped six and nine tenths inches, daddy," said Bill, stalling for time.

Dad relaxed and let him go. "Yes, Billy, by jingo," he said. "That was a good joke on me, and I suspect I did jump six and nine tenths inches."

Dad loved a joke on himself, all right. But he loved it best a few months after the joke was over, and not when it was happening. The story about Bill and the birdie became one of his favorites.

When dad decided he wanted to take the family for an outing in the Pierce Arrow, he'd whistle assembly and ask, "How many want to go for a ride?"

The question was purely rhetorical, for when dad rode, everybody rode. So we'd all say we thought a ride would be fine.

Dad would tell us to get ready while he brought the car around to the front of the house. Getting ready meant scrubbed hands and face, shined shoes, clean clothes, combed hair. It wasn't advisable to be late, and it wasn't advisable to be dirty.

BESIDES getting himself ready, each older child was responsible for one of the younger ones. Anne was in charge of Dan, Ern in charge of Jack and Mart in charge of Bob. This applied not only to rides in the car, but all the time. The older sister was supposed to help her particular charge get dressed in the morning, to see that he made his bed, to put dry clothes on him when he needed them, to see that he was washed and on time for meals, and to see that his process charts were duly initialed.

Anne, as the oldest, also was responsible for the deportment and general appearance of the whole group. Mother, of course, watched out for the baby, Jane. The intermediate children, Frank, Bill, Lill and Fred, were considered old enough to look out for themselves, but not old enough to look after anyone else.

When we'd all gathered in front of the house, the girls in dusters, the boys in linen suits, mother would call the roll.

Dad would get out and help mother and the two babies into the front seat. He'd pick out someone whose behavior had been especially good, and allow him to sit up front, too, as the left-hand lookout. The rest of us would pile in the back.

Finally, off we'd start. We made quite a sight rolling along in the car with the top down. As we passed through cities and villages, we caused a stir equaled only by a circus parade.

This was the part dad liked best. He'd slow down to five miles an hour and blow the horns at imaginary obstacles and cars two blocks away. The horns were dad's calliope.

"I seen eleven of them, not counting the man and the woman," someone would shout from the sidewalk.

"You missed the second baby up front, mister," dad would call over his shoulder.

Mother would make believe she hadn't heard anything, and look straight ahead.

Pedestrians would come scrambling from side streets, and children would ask their parents to lift them onto their shoulders.

"How do you grow them carrot tops, brother?"

"These," dad would bellow. "These aren't so much, friend. You ought to see the ones I left at home."

Whenever the crowds gathered at some intersection where we were stopped by traffic, the inevitable question came sooner or later. "How do you feed all those kids, mister?"

Dad would ponder for a minute. Then he'd say as if he had just thought it up, "Well, they come cheaper by the dozen, you know."

DAD would use that same line whenever we stopped at a tollgate or went to a movie. "Do my Irishmen come cheaper by the dozen?" he'd ask. Dad could take one look at a man and know his nationality.

"Irishmen is it? And I might have known it. Lord love you, and it takes the Irish to raise a crew of redheaded Irishmen like that. Drive through on the house."

"If he knew you were a Scot he'd take a shillelagh and wrap it around your tight-fisted head," mother giggled as we drove on.

"He probably would," dad agreed.

And one day at the circus:

"Do my Dutchmen come cheaper by the dozen?"

"Dutchmen? *Ach.* And what a fine lot of healthy Dutchmen."

"My kids want to see the elephants."

"And my elephants want to see your kids. Just go in that gate over there where there ain't no turnstile."

Roads weren't marked very well in those days, and dad never believed in signs anyway. "Probably some kid has changed those arrows around," he would say. "Seems to me that if we turned the way the arrow says, we'd be headed back where we came from."

It was the same way with the Automobile Blue Book. Mother would read to him: "Six tenths of a mile past windmill, bear left at brick church and follow paved road."

"That must be the wrong windmill," dad would say. "No telling when the fellow who wrote that book came over this road to check up on things. My bump of direction tells me to turn right."

Then, after he'd turned right and got lost, dad would ask directions at a store or filling station. He'd listen, and usually drive off in exactly the opposite direction from the one his informant had indicated.

"Old fool," dad would mutter. "He's lived five miles from Trenton all his life and doesn't even know how to get there. He's trying to route me back to New York."

Mother was philosophical about it. Whenever she considered that dad was hopelessly lost, she'd open a little portable icebox that she kept on the floor of the car under her feet and hand Jane her bottle. This was mother's signal that if was time to have lunch.

"All right, Lillie," dad would say. "Gues we might as well stop and eat, while I get m bearings. You pick out a good place for picnic."

While we were eating, dad would keep look ing around for something that might be in teresting. He was a natural teacher, and be lieved in utilizing every minute. Eating, h said, was "unavoidable delay." So were dres ing and going to the bathroom. "Unavoic able delay" was not to be wasted.

If dad found an anthill, he'd tell us abou certain colonies of ants that kept slaves ar herds of "cows." Then we'd take turns lyir on our stomachs, watching ants go back ar forth picking up crumbs from sandwich

"See, they all work and they don't wa anything," dad would say. "Look at t teamwork, as four of them try to move th piece of meat. That's motion study for yo

Or he'd point out a stone wall and say was a perfect example of engineering. H explain about how the glaciers passed o the earth many years ago, and left the st when they melted.

If a factory was near by, he'd explain how you used a plumb line to get the chimney straight and why the windows had been placed a certain way to let in the maximum light. If the factory whistle blew, he'd take out his stop watch and time the difference between when the steam appeared and when we heard the sound.

"Now take your notebooks and pencils and I'll show you how to figure the speed of sound," he'd say.

But it was mother who spun the stories that made the things we studied really unforgettable. If dad saw motion study and teamwork in an anthill, mother saw a highly complex civilization governed, perhaps, by a fat old queen who had a thousand black slaves bring her breakfast in bed mornings. If dad stopped to explain the construction of a bridge, she would find the workman in his blue jeans, eating his lunch high on the top of the span. It was she who made us feel the breathless height of the structure and the relative puniness of the humans who had built it. Or if dad pointed out a tree that had been bent and gnarled, it was mother who made us sense how the wind, beating against the tree in the endless passing of time, had made its own relentless mark.

We'd sit there memorizing every word, and dad would look at mother as if he was sure he had married the most wonderful person in the world.

Dad was born in Fairfield, Maine, where his father ran a general store, farmed and raised harness-racing horses. John Hiram Gilbreth died in 1871, leaving his three-year-old son, two older daughters and a stern and rockbound widow.

Dad's mother, Grandma Gilbreth, believed that her children were fated to make important marks in the world, and that her first responsibility was to educate them. She moved to Andover, Massachusetts, so that the girls could attend Abbott Academy. Later, when her older daughter showed a talent for music, Grandma Gilbreth decided to move to Boston.

Dad wanted to be a construction engineer, and his mother planned to have him enter Massachusetts Institute of Technology. By the time he finished high school, he decided this would be too great a drain on the family finances. Without consulting his mother, he took a job as a bricklayer's helper.

During dad's first week at work he made so many suggestions about how brick could be laid faster and better that the foreman threatened to fire him.

"You're the one who came here to learn," the foreman hollered at him. "Don't try to learn us."

SUBTLE innuendoes like that never worried dad. "Did you ever notice that no two men use exactly the same way of laying brick?" he asked. "If I had your job, I'd find who's laying brick the right way, and make all the others copy him."

"If you had my job," shouted the foreman, "the first thing you'd do is fire the redheaded unprintable son of a deleted who tried to get *your* job. That's what I think you're trying to do." He picked up a brick and waved it menacingly. "I'm warning you, stop bothering me or this brick goes in your mouth—edgewise."

Within a year, dad designed a scaffold that made him the fastest bricklayer on the job. The principle of the scaffold was that loose bricks and mortar always were at the level of the top of the wall being built. The other bricklayers had to lean over to get their materials. Dad didn't.

"You ain't smart," the foreman scoffed. "You're just too lazy to squat."

But the foreman had identical scaffolds built for all the men on the job, and even suggested that dad send the original to the Mechanics Institute, where it won a prize. Later, on the foreman's recommendation, dad was made foreman of a crew of his own. He was promoted to superintendent, and then went into the contracting business for himself, building bridges, canals, industrial towns and factories. By the time he was twenty-seven, he had offices in New York, Boston and London. He had a yacht, smoked cigars and had a reputation as a snappy dresser.

MOTHER came from a well-to-do family in Oakland, California. She had met dad in Boston while she was en route to Europe on one of those well-chaperoned tours for fashionable young ladies of the 'nineties.

Mother was a Phi Beta Kappa and a psychology graduate of the University of California. In those days women who were scholars were viewed with some suspicion. When mother and dad were married, the Oakland paper said, "Although a graduate of the University of California, the bride is nonetheless an extremely attractive young woman." Indeed she was.

So it was mother, the psychologist, and dad, the motion-study man and general contractor, who decided to look into the new field of the psychology of management, and the old field of psychologically managing a houseful of children. They believed that what would work in the home would work in the factory, and what would work in the factory would work in the home.

Dad put the theory to a test shortly after we moved to Montclair. The house was too big for Tom Grieves, the handy man, and Mrs. Cunningham, the cook, to keep in order. Dad decided we were going to have to help, and he wanted us to offer the help of our own accord. He and mother set up a family council, patterned after an employer-employee board. The council met every Sunday afternoon immediately after dinner.

At the first session, dad got to his feet and began a speech. "You will notice," he said, "that I am installed here as your chairman. I assume there are no objections. The chair, hearing no objections, will ——"

"Mr. Chairman," Anne interrupted. Being in high school, she knew something of parliamentary procedure, and thought it might be a good idea to have the chairman represent the common people.

"Out of order," said dad. "Very much out of order when the chair has the floor."

"But you said you heard no objections, and I want to object."

"Out of order means sit down, and you're out of order," dad shouted. He resumed his speech. "The first job of the council is to apportion necessary work in the house and yard. Does the chair hear any suggestions?"

There were no suggestions.

Dad forced a smile. "Come, come, fellow members of the council. This is a democracy. Everybody has an equal voice. How do you want to divide the work?"

No one wanted to divide the work or otherwise be associated with it in any way, shape or form. No one said anything.

"In a democracy everybody speaks," said dad, "so start speaking. Jack, I recognize you. What do you think about dividing the work?"

NEXT MONTH

"When I see parents impatient or bored with their children, I wish I could say to them, 'But they are alive, think of the wonder of that!'"

ALL parents who have lost a child will find understanding and hope in John Gunther's memoir to his only son, Johnny, who died at seventeen with a brilliant life barely begun. For Johnny's mother and father feel that death, like birth, is part of life—but not the final part.

Read

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TUNE IN TED MALONE... EVERY MORNING, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY... ABC NETWORK

ink," Jack said slowly, "that Mrs. gham and Tom should do the work. t paid for it."

down," dad hollered. "You are no ecognized."

sat down amid general approval, ex- at of dad and mother.

was next recognized by the chair. "I Tom and Mrs. Cunningham have to do," he said, as dad and mother d and nodded agreement. "I think we hire more people to work for us."

t of order," dad shouted. "Sit down quiet!"

saw things weren't going right. ur chairman recognizes the assistant an." He nodded to mother to let her he had just conferred that title on her. e could hire additional help," mother "But that would mean cutting the t somewhere else. If we cut out all des- nd allowances, we could afford a maid. we cut out moving pictures, ice-cream and new clothes for a year, we could a gardener too."

o I hear a motion to that effect?" dad ed. "Does anybody want to stop allow- ?"

one did. After some prodding by dad, notion on allotting work finally was in- ced and passed. The boys would cut the and rake the leaves. The girls would , dust and do the supper dishes. Every- xcept dad would make his own bed and his room neat. When it came to appor- ng work on an aptitude basis, the smaller were assigned to dust the legs and lower es of furniture; the older girls to dust tops and upper shelves. The older boys d push the lawn mowers and carry leaves. younger ones would do the raking and ding.

ike most of dad's and mother's ideas, family council was basically sound and ight results. Family purchasing commit- , duly elected, bought the food, clothes, niture and athletic equipment. A utilities mmittee levied one-cent fines on wasters of er and electricity. A projects committee that work was completed as scheduled. owances were decided by the council, which meted out rewards and punishments. t was the council, too, which worked out system of submitting bids for unusual s to be done. When Lill was eight, she sub- tted a bid of forty-seven cents to paint a g, high fence in the back yard. Of course was the lowest bid, and she got the job.

"She's too young to try to paint that fence by herself," mother told dad.

"Nonsense," said dad. "She's got to learn e value of money and to keep agreements. t her alone."

Lill, who was saving for a pair of roller kates and wanted the money, kept insisting he could do it.

"If you start it, you'll have to finish it," ad said.

"I'll finish it, daddy. I know I can."

T took Lill ten days to finish the job, work- ng every day after school and all day week nds. Her hands blistered, and some nights he was so tired she couldn't sleep. It worried dad, but he made her live up to her contract.

When Lill finally completed the job, she came to dad in tears. "It's done," she said. "Now can I have my forty-seven cen. ?"

Dad counted out the change. "Don't cry, honey," he said. "No matter what you think of your old daddy, he did it for your own good. If you go look under your pillow you'll find that daddy really loved you all the time."

The present was a pair of roller skates.

Fred headed the utilities committee and collected the fines. Once, just before he went to bed, he found that someone had left a fau- cet dripping and that there was a bathtubful of hot water. Jack had been asleep for more than an hour, but Fred woke him up.

"Get in there and take a bath," he said

"But I had a bath just before I went to bed."

"I know you did, and you left the faucet dripping," Fred told him. "Do you want to waste that perfectly good water?"

"Why don't you take a bath?"

"I take my baths in the morning. You know that. That's the schedule."

Jack had two baths that night.

One day dad came home with two phono- graphs and two stacks of records. He whistled assembly as he hit the front steps, and we helped him unload.

"Kids," he said, "I have a wonderful sur- prise. Two phonographs and all these lovely records."

"But we have a phonograph, daddy."

"I know that, but the phonograph we have is the downstairs phonograph. Now we are going to have two upstairs phonographs. Won't that be fun?"

"Why?"

"Well, from now on," said dad, "we are going to try to do away with unavoidable delay. The phonographs will go in the bath- rooms—one in the boys' bathroom and the other in the girls' bathroom. When you are taking a bath, or brushing your teeth, or otherwise occupied, you will play the phono- graphs."

"Why?"

"Why, why, why," mimicked dad. "Does there have to be a why for everything?"

"There doesn't have to be, daddy," Ernes- tine explained patiently. "But with you there usually is. When you start talking about unavoidable delay and phonographs, dance music is not the first thing that pops into our minds."

"No," dad admitted. "It's not dance music. They are French and German language-lesson records. You don't have to listen to them con- sciously. Just play them. And they'll finally make an impression."

"Oh, no!"

Dad tired of diplomacy and psychology. "Shut up and listen to me," he roared. "I have spent one hundred and sixty dollars for this equipment. Did I get it for myself? I most emphatically did not. I happen to be able to speak German and French with such fluency that I frequently am mistaken for a native of both of those countries."

This was a gross exaggeration for, while dad had studied languages most of his adult life, he never had become very familiar with French, although he could stumble along fairly well in German. Usually he insisted that mother accompany him as an interpreter on business trips to Europe. Languages came naturally to mother.

"No," dad continued, "I did not buy this expensive equipment for myself. I bought it for you. And you are going to use it. If those two phonographs aren't going every morning from the minute you get up until you come down to breakfast, I'm going to know the reason why."

"One reason," said Bill, "might be that it is impossible to change records while you are in the bathtub."

"A person who applies motion study can be in and out of the tub in the time it takes one record to play."

That was perfectly true. Dad would sit in the tub and put the soap in his right hand. Then he'd place his right hand on his left shoulder and run it down the top of his left arm, back up the bottom of his left arm to his armpit, down his side, down the outside of his left leg, and then up the inside of his left leg. Then he'd change the soap to his left hand and do the same thing to his right side. After a couple of circular strokes on his mid- section and his back, and some special atten- tion to his feet and face, he'd duck under for a rinse and get out. He had all the boys in the bathroom several times to demonstrate just how he did it, and he sat in the middle of the living-room rug one day, with all clothes on, to teach the girls.

So there was no more unavoidable delay in the bathroom, and it wasn't long before we were all speaking at least a pidgin variety of French and German. For ten years the phono- graphs ground out their lessons on the second floor of our Montclair house. As we became fairly fluent, we often would speak the lan- guages at the dinner table. Dad was left out of the conversation when the talk was in French.

"Your German accents are not so bad," he said. "I can understand most of what you say when you talk German. But your French ac- cents are so atrocious that no one but your- selves could possibly understand you. Don't you think so, Lillie?"

"Well, dear," she said, "I don't think any- one would mistake them for natives of France, but I can usually make out what they're get- ting at."

"That," said dad, with some dignity, "is because you learned your French in this country, whereas my knowledge of the lan- guage came straight from the streets of Paris."

"Maybe so, dear," said mother. "Maybe so."

At about the time he brought home the phonographs, dad became a consultant to the Remington typewriter company and, through motion-study methods, helped Remington develop the world's fastest typist. He told us about it one night at dinner—how he had put little flashing lights on the fingers of the typ- ist and taken moving pictures to see just what motions she employed and how those motions could be reduced.

"Anyone can learn to type fast," dad con- cluded. "Why, I've got a system that will teach touch typing in two weeks. Absolutely guaranteed."

The next day he brought home a new, per- fectly white typewriter, a gold knife and an Ingersoll watch. He unwrapped them and put them on the dining-room table.

"Why is the typewriter white?" Anne wanted to know. "It's beautiful, but why is it white?"

"It's white so that it will photograph bet- ter," dad explained. "Also, for some reason, anyone who sees a white typewriter wants to type on it. Don't ask me why. It's psychol- ogy."

All of us wanted to use it, but dad wouldn't let anyone touch it but himself.

"THIS is an optional experiment," he said. "I believe I can teach the touch system in two weeks. Anyone who wants to learn will be able to practice on the white machine. The one who can type the fastest at the end of two weeks will receive the typewriter as a present. The knife and watch will be prizes awarded on a handicap basis, taking age into consideration."

Except for the two youngest, who still weren't talking, we all said we wanted to learn.

Dad brought out paper diagrams of a type- writer keyboard, and passed one to each of us. "The first thing you have to do is to mem- orize that keyboard. Q-W-E-R-T-Y-U-I-O-P. Those are the letters in the top line. Mem- orize them. Get to know them forward and backward. Get to know them so you can say them with your eyes closed."

Once we had memorized the keyboard, our fingers were colored with chalk. The little fingers were colored blue, the index fingers red, and so forth. Corresponding colors were placed on the key zones of the diagrams.

"All you have to do now is practice until each finger has learned the right color habit," dad said. "Once you've got that, we'll be ready to start."

In two days we were fairly adept at matching the colors on our fingers with the colors on the keyboard diagrams. Ernestine was the fastest, and got the first chance to sit down at the white typewriter. We all gath- ered around.

"Hey, no fair, daddy," she wailed. "You've put blank caps on all the keys."

Blank caps are fairly common now, but dad had thought up the idea and had them made by the Remington company.

"You don't have to see," he said. "Just imagine that those keys are colored, and type as you were typing on the diagram."

Ern started slowly, and then picked up speed, as her fingers jumped instinctively from key to key. Dad stood in back of her, with a pencil in one hand and a diagram in the other. Every time she made a mistake, he brought the pencil down on the top of her head.

"Stop it, daddy. That hurts."

"It's meant to hurt. Your head has to teach your fingers not to make mistakes."

Ern typed along. About every fifth word, she'd make a mistake and the pencil would descend with a bang. But the bangs became less and less frequent and finally dad put the pencil away.

"That's fine, Ernie," he said. "I believe I'll keep you."

By the end of two weeks, all children over six years old and mother knew the touch sys- tem reasonably well. We were a long way from being fast—because nothing but prac- tice gives speed—but we were reasonably accurate.

Since dad thought eating was a form of un- avoidable delay, he utilized the dinner hour as an instruction period. His primary rule was that no one could talk unless the subject was of general interest. Dad was the one who decided what subjects were of general inter- est. Since he was convinced that everything he uttered was interesting, the rest of the family had trouble getting a word in edge- wise. *(Continued on Page 82)*



"Sale? One seventy-nine? Why it's lovely!"



Open their eyes with this round-up of summer fruits!

Ready-diced! And even Sunday-morning sleepyheads brighten up to such marvelous flavor!

All five of these sparkling fruits are DEL MONTE, with all that name means in rich, ripe goodness—and combined in a balance you'll say is just right.

That's why you'll find DEL MONTE Brand Fruit Cocktail so much help.

It tastes every bit as good plain as it does in special recipes like this coffee cake. So you'll use it for starters, salads, desserts—any time you need something good and easy. Especially when you need it in a hurry—

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5-FRUIT COFFEE CAKE

- 1 No. 2½ can DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail
- 2 cups biscuit mix
- ⅔ cup milk
- 3 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- ⅓ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- ½ cup chopped nutmeats
- ½ tsp. cinnamon

Thoroughly drain 1½ cups of the fruit cocktail on paper towels. Add milk to biscuit mix; stir well till smooth. Cover; let rest 10 min. Roll out on floured board into rectangle about 8x16 in.; place on cooky sheet. Mix softened butter and lemon rind; spread on dough. Place drained fruit evenly over surface. Sprinkle with sugar, nuts, cinnamon. Roll lengthwise like jelly roll. Pinch edge to seal; join ends to form ring. Slash with scissors at 1½-in. intervals to within 1 in. of center. Turn slices to overlap. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) 25-30 min. Glaze while hot with powdered sugar moistened with syrup from fruit cocktail. Serve hot with remaining DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail. Serves 6.

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Specially engineered models for LP-Gas users beyond city mains. Every model can include CP features if you desire.

Ultramatic

Caloric Automatic Gas Ranges

(Continued from Page 80)

"Honestly, we have the stupidest boy in our history class," Anne would begin.

"Is he cute?" Ernestine asked.

"Not of general interest," dad roared.

"I'm interested," Mart said.

"But I," dad announced, "am bored stiff. Now if Anne had seen a two-headed boy in history class, that would have been of general interest."

Usually at the start of a meal, while mother served the plates at one end of the table, dad served the day's topic of conversation at the other end.

"I met an engineer today who had just returned from India," he said. "What do you think he told me? He believes India has fewer industries for its size than any country in the world."

We knew, then, that for the duration of that particular meal even the dullest facts about India would be deemed of exceptional general interest; whereas neighboring Siam, Persia, China and Mongolia would, for some reason, be considered of but slight general interest, and events which had transpired in Montclair, New Jersey, would be deemed of no interest whatsoever.

Sometimes the topic of conversation was a motion-study project, such as clearing off the dishes from the table. Motion study was always of great general interest.

"Is it better to stack the dishes on the table, so that you can carry out a big pile?" dad asked. "Or is it better to take a few of them at a time into the butler's pantry, where you can rinse them while you stack? After dinner we'll divide the table into two parts, and try one method on one part and the other method on the other. I'll time the job for you."

Also of exceptional general interest was a series of tricks whereby dad could multiply large numbers in his head, without using pencil and paper. The explanation of how the tricks are worked is too complicated to explain in detail here. Two fairly elementary examples should suffice.

1. To multiply 46 times 46, you figure how much greater 46 is than 25. The answer is 21. Then you figure how much less 46 is than 50. The answer is 4. You square the 4 and get 16. You put the 21 and the 16 together, and the answer is 21–16, or 2,116.

2. To multiply 44 times 44, you figure how much greater 44 is than 25. The answer is 19. Then you figure how much less 44 is than 50. The answer is 6. You square the 6 and get 36. You put the 19 and the 36 together, and the answer is 19–36 or 1,936.

"I want to teach all of you how to multiply two-digit numbers in your head," dad announced at dinner.

"Not of general interest," said Anne.

"Those who do not think it is of general interest may leave the table and go to their rooms," dad said coldly, "and I understand there is apple pie for dessert."

Nobody left.

"Since everyone now appears to be interested," said dad, "I will explain how it's done."

It was a complicated thing for children to understand, and it involved memorizing the squares of all numbers up to 25. But dad took it slowly, and within a couple of months the older children had learned all the tricks involved.

Mother took an active part in Sunday-school work. She didn't teach a class, but she served on a number of committees. Once she called on a woman who had just moved to town, to ask her to serve on a fund-raising committee.

"I'd be glad to if I had the time," the woman said. "But I have three young sons and they keep me on the run. I'm sure if you have a boy of your own, you'll understand how much trouble three can be."

"Of course," said mother. "That's quite all right. And I do understand."

"Have you any children, Mrs. Gilbreth?" the woman asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Any boys?"

"Yes, I have six boys."

"Six boys!" gulped the woman. "Imagine a family of six!"

"Oh, there're more in the family than that. I have six girls too."

"I surrender," whispered the newcomer: "When is the next meeting of the committee? I'll be there, Mrs. Gilbreth."

One teacher in the Sunday school, a Mrs. Bruce, had the next-to-largest family in Montclair. She had eight children, most of whom were older than we. Mother and Mrs. Bruce became great friends.

About a year later, a New York woman connected with some sort of national birth-control organization came to Montclair to form a local chapter. Her name was Mrs. Alice Mebane, or something like that. She inquired among her acquaintances who in Montclair might be sympathetic to the birth-control movement. As a joke, someone referred her to Mrs. Bruce.

"I'd be delighted to co-operate," mother's friend told Mrs. Mebane, "but you see I have several children myself. So I don't think I would be the one to head up a birth-control movement in Montclair. But I know just the person for you. She has a big house that would be ideal for meetings."

"Just what we want," purred Mrs. Mebane. "What is her name?"

"Mrs. Frank Gilbreth. She's civic-minded, and she's a career woman."

"Exactly what we want. May I use your name and tell Mrs. Gilbreth you sent me?"

"By all means," said mother's friend. "I shall be disappointed if you don't."

The afternoon that Mrs. Mebane arrived at our house, all of us children were either upstairs in our rooms or playing in the back yard. Mrs. Mebane introduced herself.

"It's about birth control," she told mother.

"What about it?" mother asked.

"I was told you'd be interested. There's work to be done, Mrs. Gilbreth, and that's why I'm here. We'd like you to be the moving spirit behind a Montclair birth-control chapter."

Mother decided at this point that the situation was too ludicrous for dad to miss, and that he'd never forgive her if she didn't deal him in.

"I'll have to ask my husband," she said. "Excuse me while I call him."

Mother stepped out and found dad. She gave him a brief explanation and then led him into the parlor and introduced him.

"It's a pleasure to meet a woman in such a noble cause," said dad.

"Thank you. And it's a pleasure to find a man who thinks of it as noble. In general, I find the husbands less sympathetic with our aims than the wives. You'd be surprised at some of the terrible things men have said to me."

"I love surprises," dad leered. "What do you say back to them?"

"If you had seen, as I have," said Mrs. Mebane, "relatively young women grown old before their time by the arrival of unwanted young ones. And population figures show —— Why, Mr. Gilbreth, what are you doing?"

What dad was doing was whistling assembly. On the first note, feet could be heard pounding on the floors above. Doors slammed, there was a landslide on the stairs, and we started skidding into the parlor.

"Nine seconds," said dad, pocketing his stopwatch. "Three short of the record."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Mebane. "Is it a school? No. Or is it —— For heaven's sake!"

"I was about to introduce you," said dad. "Mrs. Mebane, let me introduce you to the family—or most of it. Seems to me there should be some more around someplace."

"God help us all!"

"How many head of children do we have now, Lillie?"

"Last time I counted, seems to me there was an even dozen," said mother. "I might have missed one or two of them, but not many."

Mrs. Mebane was putting on her coat. "You poor dear," she clucked to mother. "You poor child." Then, turning to dad, "It seems to me that the people of this town have pulled my leg on two different occasions today."

The day the United States entered the first World War, dad sent President Wilson a telegram which read:

ARRIVING WASHINGTON 7:03 P. M. TRAIN. IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE ME, I'LL TELL YOU HOW.

Whether or not this heartening intelligence took some of the weight off Mr. Wilson's troubled shoulders, dad never made entirely plain. But the next time we saw him, he was in uniform, assigned to motion-study training in assembling and disassembling the Lewis machine gun and other automatic weapons.

Mother had been planning for several years to take all of us to California to visit her family. When dad was ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, the time seemed opportune.

Mother's family was socially prominent and well-to-do. She was the oldest of nine children, only three of whom were married. The six others, two brothers and four sisters, lived with their parents in Oakland. The Mollers managed, in spite of their worldly goods, to live fairly simply. They were quiet and conservative. They seldom raised their voices and were immensely fond of one another and affectionate.

Even before we visited California, we knew all about the household at Oakland and its inhabitants, because mother used to like to tell us about her girlhood. We knew the arrangement of the house, even down to the full-length mirror on a hall door which mother's younger sisters used to open at just the right angle so that they could watch dad's courting technique.

Tzu Chang asked Confucius the meaning of virtue, to which the sage replied: To be able everywhere one goes to carry five things into practice constitutes virtue. They are courtesy, magnanimity, sincerity, earnestness and kindness. With courtesy you avoid insult, with magnanimity you will win all, with sincerity men will trust you, with earnestness you will have success, and with kindness you will be fitted to command others.

Hearing mother tell about the courtship, we used to wonder what her parents had thought when dad first came to call. He had met mother in Boston, about a year before, when she was on that well-chaperoned tour to Europe. The chaperon, who was dad's cousin, had introduced him to all the girls, but he had selected Miss Lillie as the one on whom to shower his attention. Mother went on to Europe. After her return, dad followed her to the West Coast.

When he arrived at Oakland he was invited to mother's house for tea, where he met her mother and father and most of her brothers and sisters. A workman was building a new fireplace in the living room, and as dad was escorted through that room he stopped to watch the man laying bricks.

"Now there's an interesting job," dad said. "Laying brick. It looks easy to me. I don't see why those workmen claim that laying brick is skilled labor. I'll bet anyone could do it."

"Right this way, Mr. Gilbreth," said mother's father. "We're having tea on the porch."

Dad wouldn't be hurried. "It seems to me that all you do is pick up a brick, put some mortar on it, and put it in the fireplace."

THE bricklayer turned to survey the plump but dapper dude from the East. "Like to try it, mister?"

Dad, who had set his sights on just such an invitation, said he guessed not. Mother tugged at his sleeve and fidgeted.

"Here," the bricklayer said, handing dad the trowel. "Try it."

Dad grinned and took the trowel. He grabbed a brick, flipped it into position in his hand, slapped on the mortar with a rotary motion of the trowel, placed the brick, scraped off the excess mortar, reached for a second brick, flipped it, and was about to slap on more mortar when the workman reached out and took back his trowel.

"That's enough, you old hod carrier," he shouted. "It's many a thousand brick you've laid, and don't try to tell me different."

Dad dusted off his hands with this spotless handkerchief. "Dead easy, my [illegible]ding man."

"And what did your family [illegible]ud and n[illegible]ink of him?" we asked mother.

[illegible] so well in te[illegible] decided to use

"I never could understand it," mother said. "But they thought he was simply wonderful. Mamma said it was like a breath of fresh air when he walked into a room. And papa said the business of laying bricks wasn't just showing off, but was your father's way of telling them that he had started out by making a living with his hands."

"Is that what you were trying to tell them, daddy?" we asked.

"Trying to tell them nothing," dad shouted. "When some people walk into a parlor, they like to sit down at the piano and impress people by playing Bach. When I walk into a parlor, I like to lay brick, that's all."

THERE were eight children in the family when we set out with mother for California. Fred was the baby, and was trainsick all the way. Lill, next to youngest, had broken a bone in her foot three weeks before, and had to stay in her berth. Mother was expecting another baby in three months, and didn't always feel too well herself.

Mother had spent a good bit of money buying us new outfits so that we would make a good impression, and she thought she ought to economize on train accommodations. We were jammed, two in a berth, into a drawing room and two sections. She brought along a Sterno cooking outfit and two suitcases of food, mostly cereals and graham crackers. We ate almost all our meals in the drawing room, journeying to the dining car only on those infrequent occasions when mother yielded to our complaints that scurvy was threatening to set in.

She spent most of her time trying to make Lill comfortable and trying to find some kind of milk that would stay on Fred's stomach. She had little opportunity to supervise the rest of us, and we wandered up and down the train, peeking into berths and, in the case of Frank and Bill, turning somersaults and wrestling in the aisles.

After four days on the train, with no baths except for the sponge variety, we were not very sanitary when we reached California. Mother wanted us to look our best and she planned to give each of us a personal scrubbing and see that we had on clean clothes, an hour before we got to Oakland.

Her oldest brother, Uncle Fred, surprised us by boarding the train at Sacramento. He found us in the drawing room, in the middle of a meal. Suitcases were open on the floor, and there was a pile of diapers in a corner. The baby, still trainsick, was crying in mother's arms. Lill's foot was hurting, and she was crying on the couch. Bill was doing acrobatics on the bed. There were bowls of cereal and graham crackers on a card table. The place smelled of Sterno and worse.

Uncle Fred used to joke about it when we were older. But at the time you never would have known he noticed anything unusual.

"Lillie, dear, it's good to see you," he said. "You look simply radiant. Not a day older."

"Oh, Fred, Fred." Mother put down the baby, wiped her eyes apologetically, and clung to her brother. "It's ridiculous to cry, isn't it? But it means so much having you here."

"Was it a hard trip, dear?"

Mother was already bustling around straightening up the drawing room. "I wouldn't want to do it every day," she admitted. "But it's almost over and you're here. You're my first taste of home."

Uncle Fred turned to us. "Welcome to California."

"You're just like we imagined you," Martha told him. "Are we like you imagined us?"

"Just exactly," he said. "Down to the last freckle."

"I hope you didn't imagine them like this," mother said, but she was happy. "Never mind. You'll never know them in a few minutes. You take the boys out into the car, and I'll start getting the girls cleaned up. Of course, none of them will be really clean until I can get them into a tub."

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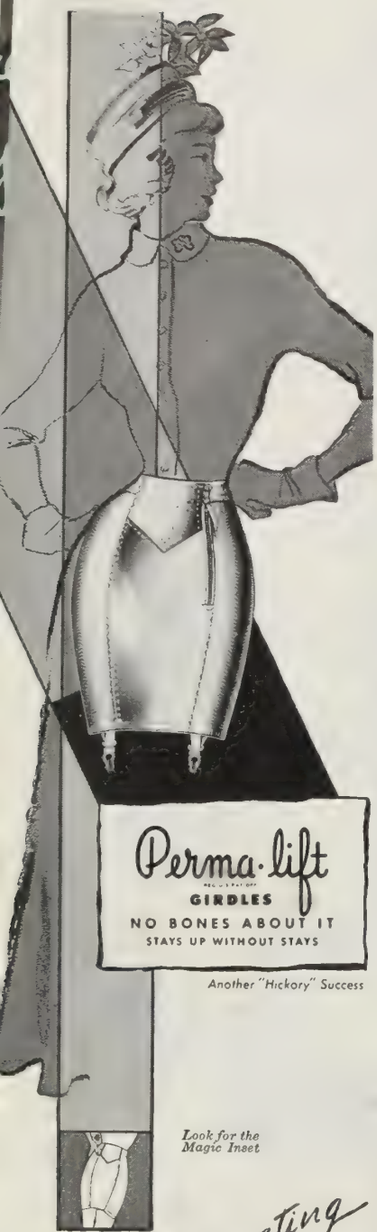


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We were presentable and on our best behavior when we finally arrived in Oakland, where mother's sisters and other brothers were waiting.

"Lillie, dear, it's good to see you, and the dear children," they kept repeating. Each of us had a godparent among mother's brothers and sisters.

Mother's father and mother—Papa and Grosie, we called them—were waiting for us on the steps of the house. We thought they were picture-book grandparents. Papa was tall, lean and courtly, with a gates-ajar collar, string tie and soft, white mustache. Grosie was short and fragile, with a gray pompadour and smiling brown eyes. Grosie kissed us and called us "dears." Papa shook hands, and said that each day we stayed in his house he was going to take all of us down to a toyshop and let us pick out a toy apiece.

We were so impressed by the comforts and quiet organization of the Mollers' home that we were subdued and on our best behavior.

"They don't act at all the way I pictured them," Papa said. "From your letters, I thought they whooped and hollered around. I don't believe they feel at home."

"They'll feel at home soon enough," mother warned.

We decided to feel at home on the day that Grosie gave a formal tea in mother's honor. We were dressed up in new outfits. For the girls, it was dotted Swiss and matching hair ribbons and sashes; for the boys, blue serge suits and Buster Brown collars, with red, generous bow ties.

"We're all going to be so proud of you today, dears," the aunts told us. "You're going to make such a lovely impression on all the guests. First the grownups will have a little visit by themselves. Then we want you children to come in and meet the guests. Remember, some of these people are your mother's oldest friends, and she wants to be proud of you. Now run along out into the garden. We'll call you when it's time."

Left by ourselves, we walked out on the lawn, where we formed a starched, uncomfortable and resentful group.

"At home," Martha said, "the children visit when the grownups visit. At home they think the children have enough sense to fix their own hair. And they don't have to wear hair ribbons tied so tight they can't wiggle their eyebrows."

A sprinkler was watering the lawn near by. Martha jerked off her hair ribbon, threw it on the ground, walked deliberately to the sprinkler and stood under it.

Anne and Ernestine were horrified. "Martha," they shouted. "Are you crazy? Come out of there."

MARTHA put her head back and laughed. She opened her mouth and caught water in it. She wiggled her now free eyebrows in ecstasy. The starch went out of her clothes, and the hair streamed over her face.

Frank and Bill joined Martha under the sprinkler. Then Ernestine came in, leaving Anne, the oldest, in what for her was a fairly familiar dilemma: whether to cast her lot with us or with the adults.

"Come in and get wet," we shouted. "Don't be a traitor. The water's fine."

Anne sighed, untied her hair ribbon and came in.

"All right, dears," one of the aunts called from the house. "It's time to meet the guests now."

We filed, grinning, into the living room, where our dripping clothes made puddles on Grosie's Persian rug.

"I think they feel at home now," mother said a little ruefully. "You children listen to me. Go upstairs and change your clothes. No nonsense, now. I want you down here, dry, in ten minutes. Do you understand?"

We understood. That was the kind of talk we understood.

Everybody liked it better now that we went shouting through the house, playing hide-and-go-seek, and sliding down the banisters. Only during the afternoons, when Grosie was taking a nap, Papa asked us to be quiet.

"Try to keep it down to a dull roar for just two hours, dears," he told us. "Your grandmother really needs her rest."

The visit came to an end, and we put on our traveling clothes and said good-by on the station platform. We got on the train and pressed our noses against the glass.

Mother did her best to cheer us up. "I didn't bring a single Sterno can with me," she said. "Things will be much better going home than they were coming out. Lill's foot is better, and I don't think Freddy's going to be sick any more. We can go into the diner and ——"

"Whoop," Martha coughed. "Whoop. Whoop." She was sick in the basin.

"You don't suppose that child's caught whooping cough, do you?" mother asked. "Let me feel your forehead."

By the time we reached Salt Lake City, all eight of us had whooping cough.

Dad had managed to obtain leave from Fort Sill, and surprised us by boarding the train at Chicago. He helped with a bucket and mop mother had borrowed from the porter, and brought us soup heated over recently acquired Sterno cans.

"Thank you, daddy, dear," we told him.

"Daddy, dear?" he said. "Daddy, dear? Well! I guess I ought to send you kids to California every summer."

"Not with me, you don't," mother put in. "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed seeing the dear folks. But next time you take the children out West, and I'll go to war."

WE spent our summers at Nantucket, Massachusetts, where dad bought two lighthouses, which had been abandoned by the Government, and a ramshackle cottage, which looked as if it had been abandoned by Coxey's Army. Dad had the lighthouses moved so that they flanked the cottage. He and mother used one as an office and den. The other served as a bedroom for three of the children.

The cottage and lighthouses were situated on a flat stretch of land between the fashionable Cliff and the bathing beach. Besides our place, there was only one other house in the vicinity. This belonged to an artist couple named Whitney. After our first summer at Nantucket, the Whitneys had their house jacked up, placed on rollers, and moved a mile away to a vacant lot near the tip of Brant Point. After that, we had the strip of land all to ourselves.

Our cottage had one small lavatory, but no hot water, shower or bathtub. Dad thought that living a primitive life in the summer was healthful. He also believed that cleanliness was next to godliness, and as a result all of us had to go swimming at least once a day. The rule was never waived, even when the temperature dropped to the fifties and a cold, gray rain was falling. Dad would lead the way from the house to the beach, dogtrotting, holding a bar of soap in one hand and beating his chest with the other.

"Look out, ocean, here comes a tidal wave. B'r-r-r. Last one in is Kaiser Bill."

Then he'd take a running dive and disappear in a geyser of spray. He'd swim underwater a way, allow his feet to emerge, wiggle his toes, swim underwater some more, and then come up head first, grinning.

"Come on," he'd call. "It's wonderful once you get in." And he'd start lathering himself with soap.

As in every other phase of teaching, dad knew his business as a swimming instructor. Some of us learned to swim when we were as young as three years old, and all of us had learned by the time we were five.

Dad had promised before we came to Nantucket that there would be no formal studying—no language records and no schoolbooks. He kept his promise, although we found he was always teaching us things informally, when our backs were turned.

For instance, there was the matter of the Morse code.

"I have a way to teach you the code without any studying," he announced one day.

We said we didn't want to learn the code, that we didn't want to learn anything until school started in the fall.

"There's no studying," said dad, "and the ones who learn it first will get rewards. The ones who don't learn it are going to wish they had."

After lunch, he got a small paintbrush and a can of black enamel, and locked himself in







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the lavatory. On the wall directly across from the toilet, he painted the alphabet in code. The only way you could keep from looking at it was to close your eyes.

For the next three days dad was busy with his paintbrush, writing code over the whitewash in every room. On the ceiling in the dormitory bedrooms, he wrote the alphabet together with key words, whose accents were a reminder of the code for the various letters. It went like this: A, dot-dash, a-BOUT; B, dash-dot-dot-dot, BOIS-ter-ous-ly; C, dash-dot-dash-dot, CARE-less CHILD-ren; D, dash-dot-dot, DAN-ger-ous, and so on.

When you lay on your back, dozing, the words kept going through your head, and you'd find yourself saying, "DAN-ger-ous, dash-dot-dot, DAN-ger-ous."

He painted secret messages in code on the walls of the front porch and dining room.

"What do they say, daddy?" we asked.

"Many things," he replied mysteriously. "Many secret things and many things of great humor."

We went into the bedrooms and copied the code alphabet on pieces of paper. Then, referring to the paper, we started translating dad's messages. He went right on painting, as if he were paying no attention to us, but he didn't miss a word.

"What awful puns," said Anne. "Listen to this one: 'Bee it ever so bumble there's no place like comb.'"

"And we're stung," Ern moaned. "We're not going to be satisfied until we translate them all. I see dash-dot-dash-dot, and I hear myself repeating CARE-less CHILD-ren. What's this one say?"

We figured it out: "When igorots is bliss, 'tis folly to be white." And another, by courtesy of Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may diet."

Every day or so dad would leave a piece of paper, containing a Morse-code message, on the dining-room table. Translated, it might read something like this: "The first one who figures out this secret message should look in the right-hand pocket of my linen knickers, hanging on a hook in my room. Daddy." Or: "Hurry up before someone beats you to it, and look in the bottom, left drawer of the sewing machine."

In the knickers pocket or in the drawer would be some sort of reward—a chocolate bar, a quarter, a receipt entitling the bearer to one chocolate ice-cream soda at Coffin's Drug Store, payable by dad on demand.

Some of the Morse-code notes were false alarms. "Hello, Live Bait. This one is on the house. No reward. But there may be a reward next time. When you finish reading this, flash off like mad so the next fellow will think you are on some hot clue. Then he'll read it, too, and you won't be the only one who got fooled. Daddy."

As dad had planned, we all knew the Morse code fairly well within a few weeks. Well enough, in fact, so that we could tap out messages to each other by bouncing the tip of a fork on a butter plate. When a dozen or so persons all attempt to broadcast in this matter—and all of us preferred sending to receiving—the accumulation is loud and nerve-shattering.

The wall-writing worked so well in teaching us the code that dad decided to use the same system to teach us astronomy. His first step was to capture our interest, and he did this by fashioning a telescope from a camera tripod and a pair of binoculars. He'd tote the contraption out into the yard on clear nights, and look at the stars, while apparently ignoring us.

We'd gather around, demanding that he let us look through the telescope.

"Don't bother me," he'd say, with his nose stuck into the glasses. "My golly, I believe those two stars are going to collide! No. Awfully close, though. Now I've got to see what the Old Beetle's up to. What a star, what a star!"

"Daddy, give us a turn," we'd insist. "Don't be a pig."

Finally, with assumed reluctance, he agreed to let us look through the glasses. We could see the rings of Saturn, three moons of Jupiter, and the craters on our own moon. Dad's favorite star was Betelgeuse, the yellowish-red "Old Beetle" in the Orion constellation. He took a personal interest in her, because some of his friends were collaborating in experiments to measure her diameter by Michelson's interferometer.

When he finally was convinced he had interested us in astronomy, dad started a new series of wall paintings dealing with stars. On one wall he made a scale drawing of the major planets, ranging from little Mercury, represented by a circle about as big as a marble, to Jupiter, as big as a basketball. On another, he showed the planets in relation to their distances from the sun, with Mercury the closest and Neptune the farthest away—almost in the kitchen. Pluto still hadn't been discovered, which was just as well, because there really wasn't room for it.

There was still some wall space left, and dad had more than enough ideas to fill it. He tacked up a piece of cross-section graph paper, which was a thousand lines long and a thousand lines wide, and thus contained exactly a million little squares.

"You hear people talk a lot about a million," he said, "but not many people have ever seen exactly a million things at the same time. If a man has a million dollars, he has exactly as many dollars as there are little squares on that chart. If you count them, you'll see."

"Do you have a million dollars, daddy?" Bill asked.

"No," said dad a little ruefully. "I have a million children instead. Somewhere along the line, a man has to choose between the two."

He painted diagrams in the dining room, showing the difference between meters and feet, kilograms and pounds, liters and quarts. And he painted seventeen mysterious-looking symbols, representing each of the Therbligs, on a wall near the front door.

The Therbligs were discovered—or maybe a better word would be "diagnosed"—by dad and mother. Everybody has seventeen of them, they said, and the Therbligs can be used in such a way as to make life difficult or easy for their possessor.

A lazy man, dad believed, always makes the best use of his Therbligs because he is too indolent to waste motions. Whenever dad started to do a new motion-study project at a factory, he'd always begin by announcing

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I Love to Loll

By Jessie Heckman Hirschl

I love to loll in soothing suds, within
a tepid tub;
In mood euphoric, mildly caloric, to
lie in peace and scrub.
But oh! The houses of my friends,
where showers leap and beat!
I squirm and scream, in seething
steam, from cowering head to
feet.
The horrid power of torrid shower
I try to coax and cosset
With gentle jiggle—the merest
wiggle—of bright unyielding
faucet.
But then, like waters at Lodore, an
urgent, icy torrent
Shakes every molar with blasts so
polar
It's equally abhorrent.

The basic error in the case—
I hope that you'll agree?—
Is just—I like to *take* a bath
And not have *it* take *me*.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Red is smart here...



but never here!

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Delight your family with

● HOT SPICED APRICOT NECTAR

Boil together 5 minutes—½ cup granulated sugar, 1½ cups water, 5 whole cloves, one 2-inch stick cinnamon. Strain, add 1½ cups Apricot Nectar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ½ cup strong tea. Reheat, serve hot. Serves 6.

● APRICOT SHERBET

Simmer ¼ cup apricot nectar and ½ cup sugar for 2 minutes. Stir in 1 cup nectar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon salt. Freeze to a mush. Add 2 tablespoons sugar to 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites; fold into frozen mixture. Freeze until firm, stirring twice. Serves 6.



RICHMOND CHASE COMPANY San Jose, California

he wanted to photograph the motions of the laziest man on the job.

"The kind of fellow I want," he'd say, "is the fellow who is so lazy he won't even scratch himself. You must have one of those around some place. Every factory has them."

Dad named the Therbligs for himself—Gilbreth spelled backward, with a slight variation. They were the basic theorems of his business and resulted indirectly in such things as foot levers to open garbage cans, special chairs for factory workers, redesign of typewriters, and some aspects of the assembly-line technique.

Actually, a Therblig is a unit of motion or thought. Suppose a man goes into the bathroom to shave. We'll assume that his face is all lathered and he is ready to pick up his razor. He knows where the razor is, but first he must locate it with his eye. That is "search," the first Therblig. His eye finds it and comes to rest—that's "find," the second Therblig. Third comes "select," the process of sliding the razor prior to the fourth Therblig, "grasp." Fifth is "transport loaded," bringing the razor up to the face, and sixth is "position," getting the razor set on the face. There are eleven other Therbligs—the last one is "think!"

When dad made a motion study, he broke each operation down into a Therblig, and then tried to reduce the time taken to perform each. Perhaps certain parts to be assembled could be painted red and others green, so as to reduce the time required for "search" and "find." Perhaps the parts could be moved closer to the object being assembled, so as to reduce the time required for "transport loaded."

Every Therblig had its own symbol, and once they were painted on the wall dad had us apply them to our household chores—bedmaking, dishwashing, sweeping and dusting.

It was an off year that didn't bring a new Gilbreth baby. Both dad and mother wanted a large family. And if it was dad who set the actual target of an even dozen, mother as readily agreed.

Dad mentioned the dozen figure for the first time on their wedding day. They had just boarded a train at Oakland, California, after the ceremony, and mother was trying to appear blasé, as if she had been married for years. She might have gotten away with it, if dad had not stage-whispered when she took off her hat prior to sitting down:

"Good heavens, woman, why didn't you tell me your hair was red?"

The heads of leering, winking passengers craned around. Mother slid into the seat and wiggled into a corner, where she tried to hide behind a magazine. Dad sat down next to her. He didn't say anything more until the train got under way.

"I shouldn't have done that," he whispered. "It's just . . . I'm so proud of you I want everyone to look at you, and know you're my wife."

"That's all right, dear. I'm glad you're proud of me."

"We're going to have a wonderful life, Lillie. A wonderful life and a wonderful family. A great big family."

"We'll have children all over the house," mother smiled. "How many would you say we should have, just as an estimate?"

"We'll sell out for an even dozen," said dad. "No less. What do you say to that?"

"I say," said mother, "a dozen would be just right. Boys or girls?"

"Well, boys would be fine," dad whispered. "A dozen boys would be just right. But . . . well, girls would be all right too. Sure. I guess."

"I'd like to have half boys and half girls. Do you think it would be all right to have half girls?"

"If that's what you want," dad said, "we'll plan it that way. Excuse me a minute while I make a note of it." He took out his memorandum book and solemnly wrote: "Don't forget to have six boys and six girls."

They had a dozen children, six boys and six girls, in seventeen years. Somewhat to dad's disappointment, there were no twins or other multiple births. There was no doubt in his mind that the most efficient way to rear a large family would be to have one huge litter and get the whole business over at one time.

It was a year or so after the wedding, when mother was expecting her first baby, that dad confided to her his secret conviction that all their children would be girls.

"Would it make much difference to you?" mother asked.

"Would it make much difference?" dad asked in amazement. "To have a dozen girls and not a single boy?" Then, realizing that he might upset mother, he added quickly, "No, of course not. Anything you decide to have will be just fine with me."

Dad's conviction that he would have no boys was based on a hunch that the Gilbreth name, of which he was inordinately proud, would cease to exist with him. Dad was the only surviving male of the entire branch of his family. There were two or three other Gilbreths in the country, but apparently they were no relation to dad. The name Gilbreth, in the case of dad's family, was a fairly recent corruption of Galbraith. A clerk of court, in a small town in Maine, had misspelled Galbraith on some legal document, and it had proved easier for dad's grandfather to change his name to Gilbreth—which was how the clerk had spelled it—than to change the document.

So when Anne was born, in New York, dad was not in the least disappointed, because he had known all along she would be a girl. It is doubtful if any father ever was more insane about an offspring.

Dad had long held theories about babies and, with the arrival of Anne, he was anxious to put them to a test. He believed that children, like little monkeys, were born with certain instincts of self-preservation, but that the instincts vanished because babies were kept cooped up in a crib. He was convinced that babies started learning things from the minute they were born, and that it was wrong to keep them in a nursery. He always forbade baby talk in the presence of Anne or any of his subsequent offspring.

He also thought that to feel secure and wanted in the family circle, a baby should be brought up at the side of its parents. He put Anne's bassinet on a desk in his and mother's bedroom, and talked to her as if she were an adult, about concrete, and his new houseboat, and efficiency, and all the little sisters she was going to have.

The German nurse whom dad had employed was scornful. "Why, she can't understand a thing you say," the nurse told dad.

"How do you know?" dad demanded. "And I wish you'd speak German, like I told you to do, when you talk in front of the baby. I want her to learn both languages."

"What does a two-week-old baby know about German?" said the nurse.

"Never mind that," dad replied. "I hired you because you speak German, and I want you to speak it."

A week later, dad talked mother into letting him see whether new babies were born with a natural instinct to swim.

"When you throw little monkeys into a river, they just automatically swim. That's the way monkey mothers teach their young. I'll try Anne out in the bathtub. I won't let anything happen to her."

"Are you crazy or something?" the nurse shouted. "Mrs. Gilbreth, you're not going to let him drown that child."

"Keep quiet and maybe you'll learn something," dad told her.

Anne liked the big bathtub just fine. But she made no effort to swim and dad finally had to admit that the experiment was a failure.

Dad and mother moved to another apartment on Riverside Drive, where Mary and Ernestine were born. Then the family moved to Plainfield, New Jersey, where Martha put in an appearance. With four girls, dad was reconciled to his fate of being the Last of the Gilbreths. He was not bitter, merely resigned. He kept repeating that a dozen girls would suit him just fine, and he made jokes about "my harem." When visitors came to call

dad would introduce Anne, Mary and Ernestine. Then he'd get Martha out of her crib and bring her into the living room.

"And this," he'd say, "is the latest model. Complete with all the improvements. And don't think that's all; we're expecting the 1911 model sometime next month."

Although mother's condition made the announcement unnecessary, he came out with it anyway. He never understood why this embarrassed mother.

"I just don't see why you mind," he'd tell her later. "It's something to be proud of."

"Well, of course it is. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but it seems to me a mistake to proclaim it from the housetops, or confide it to comparative strangers, until the baby arrives."

Still, mother knew very well that dad had to talk about his children, the children who had already arrived and those who were expected.

In spite of mother's protests, dad decided that the fifth child would be named for her. Mother didn't like the name Lillian, and had refused to pass the name along to any of the first four girls.

"No nonsense, now," dad said. "Whether you like it or not, I want a little Lillian."

"But it could be a boy, you know."

"Boys!" dad grunted. "Who wants boys?"

"Sooner or later there'll be a boy," mother said. "Look what happened in my family." Mother's mother had six girls before she produced a boy.

"Sure," sighed dad, "but your father wasn't the Last of the Gilbreths."

When Doctor Hedges came out of mother's bedroom and announced that mother and the fifth baby were doing nicely, dad told him that the "latest model" was to be named Lillian.

If thou hearest that a mountain has moved, believe it: but if thou hearest that a man has changed his character, believe it not.

—MOHAMMEDAN PROVERB.

"I think that's nice," Doctor Hedges said. "Real nice. Of course, the other boys in his class may tease him about having a girl's name, but ——"

Dad grabbed the doctor by the shoulders and shook him. "Other boys?" he shouted. "Did you say other boys? Boys?"

"I hate to disappoint you, Mr. Gilbreth," grinned Doctor Hedges. "Especially since you've been telling everyone how much you wanted a fifth girl. But this one ——"

Dad pushed him out of the way and rushed into the bedroom, where his first son was sleeping in a by-now-battered bassinet.

"Chip off the old block," dad cooed into the bassinet. "Every inch a Gilbreth. Oh, Lillie, how did you ever manage to do it?"

"Do you think he's all right?" mother whispered.

"He's one I think we'd better keep," said dad. "Do you know something? I didn't come right out and say so before, but I really wanted a boy all the time. I was just trying to make you feel better when I said I wanted a fifth girl."

Mother managed to keep a straight face. "You certainly had everybody fooled," she said. "I thought you'd be simply furious if little 'Lillian' turned out to be a boy. Are you sure you're not disappointed?"

"Gee whiz," was all dad could manage.

"What should we name him?" mother asked him.

Dad wasn't listening. He was still leaning over the bassinet. There was little doubt in mother's mind, anyway, about what the baby would be named, and dad clinched the matter by the next remark which he addressed to the baby.

"I've got to leave you now for a few minutes, Mr. Frank Bunker Gilbreth, Junior," he said. "I've got to make a few telephone calls and send some wires. Behave yourself while I'm gone and take care of your mother. That's one of your jobs from now on." And over his shoulder to mother, "I'll be back in a few minutes, Lillie." Dad closed the door carefully. "Anne, Mary, Ernestine, Martha. Did you hear the news? It's a boy. Frank Bunker Gilbreth, Junior. How do you like the sound of that? Every inch a Gilbreth. Chip off the old block. Hello, central? Central? Long distance, please. It's a boy."

Having fathered one son, dad took it pretty much for granted that all the rest of his children would be boys.

"The first four were just practice," he'd say to mother, while glaring with assumed ferocity at the girls. "Of course, I suppose we ought to keep them. They may come in handy someday to scrub the pots and pans and mend the socks of the menfolk. But I don't see that we need any more of them."

The girls would rush at him and dad would let them topple him over on the rug. Martha, using his vest pockets for finger holds, would climb up on his stomach and the other three would tickle him so that Martha would be joggled up and down when he laughed.

No. 6 was born in Providence, where the family had moved in 1912. As dad had assumed, the new addition was a boy. He was named William, for mother's father.

"Good work, Lillie," dad told mother. But this time there was no elaborate praise and his tone indicated that mother merely had done the sort of competent job that one might expect from a competent woman. "There's our first half dozen."

Mother had her first half-dozen babies at home, instead of in hospitals, because she liked to run the house and help dad with his work, even during the confinements. She'd supervise the household right up until each baby started coming. There was a period of about twenty-four hours, then, when she wasn't much help to anybody. But she had prepared all the menus in advance, and the house ran smoothly during the one day devoted to the delivery. For the next ten days to two weeks, while she remained in bed, we'd file in every morning so that she could tie the girls' hair ribbons. Then we'd come back again at night to hold the new baby and listen to mother read The Five Little Peppers. Mother enjoyed the Little Peppers every bit as much as we.

When dad's mother came to live with us, mother decided to have No. 7 in a Providence hospital, since grandma could run the house. Six hours after mother checked into the hospital, a nurse called and told dad that Mrs. Gilbreth had had a nine-pound boy.

"Quick work," dad told grandma. "She really has found the one best way of having babies."

Grandma asked whether it was a boy or a girl, and dad replied:

"A boy, naturally, for goodness' sakes. What did you expect?"

A few moments later, the hospital called again and said there had been some mistake. A Mrs. Gilbert, not Gilbreth, had had the baby boy.

"Well, what's *my* wife had?" dad asked. "I'm not interested in Mrs. Gilbert, obstetrically or any other way."

"Of course you're not," the nurse apologized. "Just a moment, and I'll see about Mrs. Gilbreth." Then a few minutes later, "Mrs. Gilbreth seems to have checked out of the hospital."

"Checked out? Why, she's only been there six hours. Did she have a boy or a girl?"

"Our records don't show that she had either."

"It's got to be one or the other," dad insisted. "What else is there?"

"I mean," the nurse explained, "she apparently checked out before the baby arrived."

Dad hung up the receiver. "Better start boiling water," he said to grandma. "Lillie's on the way home."

"With that new baby?"

"No." Dad was downcast. "Somebody else claimed that baby. Lillie apparently put off having hers for the time being."

Mother arrived at the house about half an hour later. She was carrying a suitcase and had walked all the way.

Grandma was furious. "My goodness, Lillie, you have no business out in the street in your condition. And carrying that heavy



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suitcase. Give it to me. Now get upstairs to bed where you belong. What did you leave the hospital for?"

"I got tired of waiting and I was lonesome. I decided I'd have this one at home too. Besides, that nurse—she was a fiend. She hid my pencils and notebook and wouldn't even let me read. I never spent a more miserable day."

Lill was born the next day, in dad and mother's room, where pencils and notebooks and proofs were within easy reach of mother's bed.

"I had already told everybody it was going to be a boy," dad said a little resentfully. "But I know it's not your fault, and I think a girl's just fine. I was getting a little sick of boys, anyway. Well, this one will be named for you."

Fred was born in Buttonwoods, Rhode Island, where we spent a summer. A hurricane knocked out communications and we couldn't get a doctor. A next-door neighbor who came over to help became so frightened that she kept shouting to mother:

"Don't you dare have that baby until the doctor comes."

"I'm trying not to," mother assured her calmly. "There's no use to get all excited. It's not good for you. Sit down here on the side of the bed and try to relax."

"Who's having this baby, anyway?" dad asked the neighbor. "A big help you are!" He departed for the kitchen to boil huge vats of water, most of which was never used.

Fred, No. 8, arrived just as the doctor did.

Dan and Jack were born in Providence, and Bob and Jane in Nantucket. Dan and Jack came into the world in routine enough fashion, but Bob arrived all of a sudden. Tom Grieves had to pedal through Nantucket on a bicycle to find the doctor. Since Tom was in pajamas, having been routed from his bed, most of the island knew about Bob's birth. Once again it was a case of the baby and the doctor arriving simultaneously.

By that time all the family names for boys had been exhausted. The names of all the uncles, both grandfathers and the four great-grandfathers had been used.

"Now let's run over the names of the Bunker men again," dad said, referring to Grandma Gilbreth's brothers. "Samuel? Never could tolerate that name. Nathaniel? Too bookish. Frederick? We got one already. Humphrey? Ugg. Daniel? We got one. Nothing there."

"How about the middle names?" mother suggested. "Maybe we'll get an idea from the Bunkers' middle names."

"All right. Moses? Too bullrushy. William? We got one. Abraham? They'd call him Abie. Irving? Over my dead body, which would be quite a climb."

"What was your father's name again?" mother asked.

"John," said dad. "We got one."

"No, I know that. I mean his middle name."

"You know what it was," said dad. "We're not having any."

"Oh, that's right," mother giggled. "Hiram, wasn't it?"

Dad started thumbing impatiently through the Bible. "Jacob? No. Saul? Job, Noah, David? Too sissy. Peter? Paul? John? We got one."

"Robert," mother said. "That's it. We'll call him Robert."

"Why Robert? Who's named Robert?" Dad looked over the top of his glasses at mother.

"No one in particular. It's just a beautiful name, that's all. This one will be Robert."

Bob, No. 11, made the count six boys and five girls. There was considerable partisanship among the family as to the desired sex of the next baby. The boys wanted to remain in the majority; the girls wanted to tie the count at six all. Dad, of course, wanted another boy. Mother wanted to please dad, but at the same time thought it would be nice to have a girl for her last child.

No. 12 was due in June, 1922, and that meant we would be in Nantucket. Mother debated whether to remain behind at Montclair and have the baby at home there, or to go to Nantucket with us and have the baby in a hospital. Finally she chose the latter alternative. Jane, No. 12, was born in the Nantucket Cottage Hospital.

When dad drove mother and Jane home, he lined all of us up by age on the front porch. Jane, in her bassinet, was at the foot of the line.

"Not a bad-looking crowd if I do say so myself," he boasted, strutting down the line like an officer inspecting his men. "Well, Lillie, there you have them, and it's all over. Have you thought what it's going to be like not to have a baby in our room? For the first time in seventeen years, you'll be able to go to bed without setting the alarm clock for a two-o'clock feeding."

"I've been thinking about that," said mother. "It's certainly going to be luxury, isn't it?"

Dad put his arm around her waist, and tears came to her eyes.

Later that summer, when company came to call, dad would whistle assembly and then introduce us. "This one is Anne," he'd say, and she'd step forward and shake hands. "And Ernestine, Martha ——"

"Gracious, Mr. Gilbreth. And all of them are yours?"

"Hold on, now. Wait a minute." He'd disappear into the bedroom and come out holding Jane. "You haven't seen the latest model."

But some of the enthusiasm had gone out of his tone, because he knew the latest model really was the last model, and that he would never again be able to add the clincher, which so embarrassed mother, about how another baby was under way.

Next to motion study and astronomy, photography was the science nearest to dad's heart. He had converted most of the two-story barn in Montclair into a photographic laboratory.

Most photographers prefer sunlight for their pictures. But dad liked it best when there was no sun and he had an excuse to take his pictures indoors. He seemed to have a special affinity for flashlight powder, and the bigger the flash the more he enjoyed it. He'd pour great, gray mountains of the powder into the pan at the top of his T-shaped flash gun, and hold this as far over his head as possible with his left hand. In his right hand he'd hold the shutter release and a toy o some kind, which he'd shake and rattle t get our attention.

Probably few men have walked away from larger flashlight explosions than those dad se off as a matter of routine. The ceilings of som of the rooms in Montclair bore charred, blac circles in testimony to his intrepidity. Som professional photographers, seeing him load flash gun, would blanch, mutter and haste from the room.

The older children had been through it s often that, while somewhat shell shocke they were no longer terrified. It would stretching a point to say they had develope any real confidence in dad's indoor photo raphy. But at least they had adopted a fata istic attitude that death, if it came, would swift and painless. The younger children, u fortunately, had no such comforting philo ophy to fall back on. They'd behave prett well right up to the time dad was going take the picture. Then they'd start bellowin

"Lillie, stop those children from crying dad would shout from under the black clot "Dan, open your eyes and take your finge out of your ears! The idea! Scared of a litt flash! And stop that fidgeting!" He'd com up in disgust from under the cloth. It was h under there, and the bending over had mad the blood run to his head. He'd submer again. "I said stop that crying. Now smil or I'll come out and give you something smile about. Smile so I can see the whites your teeth. That's more like it."

He'd slip a plate holder into the back of t camera.

"Ready? Smile now. Hold it. Ho-o-old it

He'd wave the toy furiously and th there'd be an awful, blinding, roaring fla that shook the room and deposited a fine a all over us and the floor. Dad would look to whether the ceiling was still there, and th

ut down the flash gun and go over and open he windows to let out a cloud of smoke.

"I think that was a good picture," he'd ay. "And this new flash gun certainly works ne."

For photographs taken in the sunlight, dad ad a delayed-action release that allowed him o click the camera and then run and get into he picture himself before the shutter was eleased.

The most heavily relied upon prop for out-oor pictures was the family Pierce-Arrow, arked with top down in the driveway. Once e were seated to dad's satisfaction, he would ocus, tell us to smile, click the delayed-action elease, and race for the driver's seat. He'd rrive there panting, and the car would lurch s he jumped in. When conditions were ideal, here would be just enough time for dad to ettle himself and smile pleasantly, before the amera clicked off the exposure.

Conditions were seldom ideal, for the elayed-action release was unreliable. Some-mes it went off too soon, thus featuring ad's blurred but ample stern as he climbed nto the car. Sometimes it didn't go off for a natter of minutes, during which we sat tensely, ith frozen-faced smiles, while we tried to eep the younger children from squirming. ad, with the camera de of his mouth visted into a smile, ould issue threats om the other side out what he was ing to do to all of us we so much as vitched a muscle or itted an eyelash.

Any number of ctures showed vari-is members of the mily, who had re-ived discipline ithin a matter of conds before the utter clicked, look-g anything but easant in the swivel ats of the car. The ivel-seat occupants ceived most of the scipline, because ey were the easiest r dad to reach, and one liked to sit ere when it was cture-taking time. Sometimes newspaper photographers would me to the house to take publicity pictures. ad would whistle assembly, take out his p watch, and demonstrate how quickly we uld gather. Then he would show the visit-s how we could type, send the Morse code, ltiply numbers, and speak some French, rman and Italian. Sometimes he'd holler ire!" and we'd drop to the floor and roll in rugs.

Everything seemed to go much more oothly when dad was on our side of the nera, for he, too, was ordered where to nd, when to lick his lips and, occasionally, stop fidgeting. The rest of us had no uble looking pleasant after the photog-pher lectured dad. In fact, we looked so asant we almost popped.

AD'S theories on social poise, although quiring some minor revision as the family w larger, were constant to the extent that y hinged on unaffectation. A poised, un-ected person was never ridiculous, at least t in his own mind, dad told us.

The part of the theory that required some ision was that guests would feel at home hey were treated like one of our family. As ther pointed out, and dad finally ad-tted, the only guest who would feel like a mber of our family was a guest who came m a family of a dozen, headed by a mo-in-study man.

When guests weren't present for a meal, d worked at improving our table manners. henever a child within his reach took too ge a mouthful of food, dad's knuckles uld descend sharply on the top of the nder's head, with a thud that made ther wince.

"Not on the head, Frank," she protested. "For mercy's sake, not on the head!"

Dad paid no attention except when the blow had been unusually hard. In such cases he rubbed his knuckles ruefully and replied, "Maybe you're right. There must be softer places."

If the offender was at mother's end of the table, out of dad's reach, he'd signal her to administer the skull punishment. Mother, who never disciplined any of us or even threatened discipline, would always ignore the signals. Dad then would catch the eye of a child sitting near the offender and, by signals, would deputize him to carry out the punishment.

"WITH my compliments," dad would say when the child with the full mouth turned furiously on the one who had knuckled him. "If I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times to cut your food up into little pieces. How am I going to drive that into your skull?"

"Not on the head," mother repeated. "Mercy, not on the head!"

Anyone with an elbow on the table might suddenly feel his wrist seized, raised and jerked downward so that his elbow hit the table hard enough to make the dishes dance.

"Not on the elbow, Frank. That's the most sensitive part of the body. Any place but on the elbow."

Mother disapproved of all forms of corporal punishment. She felt, though, that she could achieve better results by objecting to the part of the anatomy selected for the punishment, rather than the punishment itself. Even when dad administered vitally needed punishment on the conventional area, mother tried to intervene.

"Not on the end of the spine," she'd say in a voice that indicated her belief dad was running the risk of crippling us for life. "For goodness' sake, not on the end of the spine!"

"Where, then?" dad shouted furiously in the middle of one spanking. "Not on the top of the head, not on the side of the ear, not on the back of the neck, not on the elbow, not across the legs, and not on the seat of the pants. Where did your father spank you? Across the soles of the feet like the heathen Chinese?"

"Well, not on the end of the spine," mother said. "You can be sure of that."

Both dad and mother tried to impress us that it was our responsibility to make guests feel at home. There were guests for meals almost as often as not, particularly business friends of dad's, since his office was in the house. There was no formality and no special preparation except a clean napkin and an extra place at the table.

"If a guest is sitting next to you, it's your job to keep him happy, to see that things are passed to him," dad kept telling us.

Dad was an easygoing host, informal and gracious, and we tried to pattern ourselves after him.

"Any more vegetables, boss?" he'd ask mother. "No? Well how about mashed potatoes? Lots of them. And plenty of lamb. Fine. Well, sir, I can't offer you any vegetables, but how about ——"

"Oh, come on, have some more beef," Frank urged a visiting German engineer. "After all, you've only had three helpings."

"There's no need to gobble your grapefruit like a pig," Fred told a woman professor from Columbia University, who had arrived late and was trying to catch up with the rest

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Lostling

By Helen Thankful Siems

It was only a lostling so lonely and cold,
A wee, trembling lambkin which strayed from its fold.

I cuddled it closely, for night is so bleak;
Its nose sought the warmth of my wind-roughened cheek.

It was only a lostling, too complacent to see
That it, too, warmed a lostling in snuggling to me.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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WISTFUL WANGLER

Jackie, age four, was a positive master at the art of wangling out of folks any little thing he had set his heart upon.

One day, he dropped into a neighbor's house just as the family were busily eating big bowls full of Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, with obvious relish.

When they asked how cold it was outside, he glanced wistfully at the delicious, steaming hot cereal.

"The weather," he said, "is just right for *everybody* to be eating Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal."

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of us. "If we finish ahead of you, we'll wait until you're through."

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't pass your dessert until you finish your Lima beans," Dan told a guest on another occasion. "Daddy won't allow it, and you're my responsibility."

"Daddy, do you think that what Mr. Fremonville is saying is of general interest?" Lill interrupted a long discourse to ask.

Dad and mother, and most of the guests, laughed away remarks like these without too much embarrassment. Dad would apologize and explain the family rule and the reason for it. After the guests had gone, mother would get us together and tell us that, while family rules were important, it was even more important to see that guests weren't made uncomfortable.

Sometimes after a meal, dad's stomach would rumble and, when there weren't any guests, we'd tease him about it. The next time it rumbled, he'd look shocked and single out one of us.

"Billy," he said. "Please! I'm not in the mood for an organ recital."

"That was your stomach, not mine, daddy. You can't fool me."

One night, Mr. Russell Allen, a young engineer, was a guest for supper. Jack, in a high chair across the table, accidentally swallowed some air and let out a belch that resounded through the dining room. It was such a thorough burp that conversation was momentarily suspended in amazement. Jack, more surprised than anybody, looked shocked. He reached out his arm and pointed a chubby, accusing forefinger at the guest.

"Mr. Allen," he said in offended dignity. "Please! I'm not in the mood for an organ recital."

"Why, Jackie!" said mother, almost in tears. "Why, Jackie. How could you?"

"Out!" roared dad. "Skiddoo. Tell Mrs. Cunningham to give you the rest of your supper in the kitchen. And I'll see you about this later."

"Well, you say it!" Jack sobbed as he disappeared toward the kitchen. "You say it when your stomach rumbles."

Dad was blushing. The poise which he told us he valued so highly had disappeared. He shifted uneasily and fumbled with his napkin. Nobody could think of a way to break the uneasy silence. Dad cleared his throat with efficient thoroughness. But the silence persisted, and it hung heavily over the table.

Dad suddenly flung his napkin on the table and walked out into the kitchen. He returned holding Jack by the hand. Jack was still crying.

"All right, Jackie," dad said. "Come back and sit down. You're right, you learned it from me. First you apologize to Mr. Allen. Then we'll tell him the whole story. And then none of us will ever say it again."

A WOMAN psychologist came to Montclair every fortnight from New York to give us intelligence tests. It was her idea, not dad's or mother's. She was planning to publish a paper about the effects of dad's teaching methods on our intelligence quotients. She was thin and sallow, with angular features and a black mustache. We hated her and suspected the feeling was mutual.

At first her questions were legitimate enough: arithmetic, spelling, languages, geography, and the sort of purposeful confusion—about ringing numbers and underlining words—in which some psychologists place particular store.

After we had completed the initial series of tests, she took us, one by one, into the parlor for personal interviews. Mother and dad weren't allowed to be present. The interviews were embarrassing and insulting.

"Does it hurt when your mother spanks you?" she asked each of us, peering searchingly into our eyes. "You mean your mother never spanks you?" She seemed disappointed. "Well, how about your father? Oh, he does?" That appeared to be heartening news. "Does your mother pay more attention to the other children than she does to you? How many baths do you take a week? Are you sure? Do you think it would be nice to have still another baby brother? You do? Goodness!"

We decided that if dad and mother knew the kinds of questions we were being asked, they wouldn't like them any better than we did. Anne and Ernestine had made up their minds to explain the situation to them, when destiny delivered the psychologist into our hands.

Mother had been devising a series of job aptitude tests, and the desk by her bed was piled with pamphlets and magazines on psychology. Ernestine was running idly through them one night, while mother was reading aloud to us, when she came across a batch of intelligence tests. One of them was the test which the New York woman was in the process of giving us—not the embarrassing personal questions, but the business of circling numbers, spelling and filling in blanks. The correct answers were in the back.

THE psychologist had given us the first third of the test. Anne and Ernestine tutored us on the second third, until we could run down a page and fill in the answers without even reading the questions. The last third was an oral word-association test, and they coached us on that too.

The next time the psychologist came, she sat us at intervals around the walls of the parlor, with books on our laps to write on. She passed each of us a copy of the second third of the test.

"When I say commence, work as quickly as you can," she told us. "You have half an hour, and I want you to get as far along in the tests as you can. If any of you should happen to finish before the time is up, bring your papers to me. Remember, I'm watching you so don't try to look at your neighbor's paper."

We ran down the pages, filling in the blanks. The older children turned in their papers within ten minutes. Lillian, the youngest being examined, turned hers in within twenty.

The psychologist looked at Lillian's paper and her mouth dropped open. "How old are you, dearie?" she asked.

"Six," said Lill. "I'll be seven in June."

"There's something radically wrong here," the visitor said. "I haven't had a chance to grade all of your paper, but do you know you have a higher I.Q. than Nicholas Murray Butler?"

"I read a lot," Lill said.

The psychologist glanced at the other test and shook her head. "I don't know what to think," she sighed. "You've certainly shown remarkable improvement in the last two weeks. Maybe we'd better get on to the last third of the test. I'm going to go around the room and say a word to each of you. I want you to answer the first word that comes into your mind. Now won't that be a nice little game?"

Anne twitched. Ernestine scratched. Martha bit her nails.

"We'll go by ages," the visitor continued. "Anne first." She pointed to Anne. "Knife," said the psychologist.

"Stab, wound, bleed, slit-throat, murder, disembowel, scream, shriek," replied Anne without taking a breath and so fast that the words flowed together.

"Let me get that down," said the psychologist. "You're just supposed to answer one word, but let me get it all down anyway." She panted in excitement as she scribbled in her pad. "All right, Ernestine. Your turn. Just one word. 'Black.'"

"Jack," said Ernestine.

The visitor looked at Martha. "Foot."

"Kick," said Martha.

"Hair."

"Louse," said Frank.

"Flower."

"Stink," said Bill.

The psychologist was becoming more and more excited. She looked at Lill.

"Droppings," said Lill, upsetting the applecart.

"But I haven't even asked you your word yet," the visitor exclaimed. "So that's it. Let me see what your word was going to be. I thought so. Your word was 'bird.' And they told you to say 'droppings,' didn't they?"

Lill nodded sheepishly.

"And they told you just how to fill out the rest of the test, didn't they? I suppose the answers were given to you by your mother, so

ou would impress me with how smart you e."

We started to snicker, but the psychologist dn't think it was funny.

"You're all nasty little cheats," she said. Don't think for a minute you pulled the ool over my eyes. I saw through you from e start."

She picked up her wraps and started for e front door. Dad had heard us laughing, d came out of his office.

"Well," he beamed, "it sounds like it's en a jolly test. Running along so soon? Tell e, what do you think of my family?"

She looked at us and there was an evil glint her eye. "I'm glad you asked me that," she hinnied. "Unquestionably, they are smart. oo smart for their breeches. As to whether ey were aided and abetted in an attempted aud, I cannot say. But my professional adce is a good thrashing right now, from the dest to the youngest."

She slammed the front door, and dad looked us.

"What have you been up to? That womn's going to write a paper on the family. hat did you do to her?"

"Do you want another baby brother?" nne asked.

"Does it hurt when your mother spanks ou?" said Ernestine.

"When did you have your last bath?" artha inquired. "Are you sure? H'm-m-m?"

Dad raised his hands in surrender and ook his head. He looked old and tired now. Come in and give me all the frightful deils."

A few minutes later, mother came into the fice, where we were perched on the edges of r and dad's desks. The enographers had abanned their typewriters and re crowded around us.

"What's the commom, Frank?" she asked. could hear you bellowg all the way up in the tic."

"Start at the beginning, ds. I want your mother hear this too," dad said. he bearded old goat—not you, Lillie."

When we were children we were grateful to those who filled our stockings with toys at Christmastide. Why are we not grateful to God for filling our stockings with legs?
—G. K. CHESTERTON.

By the time Anne was a senior in high hool, dad was convinced that the current neration of girls was riding, with rouged s and rolled stockings, straight for a renzvous with the devil. Flaming youth had st caught fire. It was the day of the flapper d the sheik, of petting and necking. Girls re beginning to bob their hair, and boys to bricate theirs. The ukulele was a social ast second only to the traps and saxophone. e accepted mode of transportation was the ipped-down Model T Ford, preferably inibed with such witticisms as "Chicken, re's Your Roost" and "Four Wheels, No akes."

If people wanted to go crazy, that was their air. But dad had no intention of letting his ughters go with them.

"What's the matter with girls today?" he pt asking. "Don't they know what's going happen to them if they go around showing eir legs through silk stockings, and with re knees, and with skirts so short that the ghtest wind doesn't leave anything for the agination?"

WELL, that's the way everybody dresses," nne insisted. "Everybody but Ernestine d me; we're the school freaks. Boys don't tice things like that when everybody esses that way."

"Don't try to tell me about boys," dad id in disgust. "I know all about what boys tice. I hate to tell you what would have ppened in my day if girls had come to hool dressed like some girls dress today."

The girls turned to mother for support, but e agreed with dad. "After all, men don't nt to marry girls who wear make-up and gh heels," mother said. "That's the kind ey run around with before they're married. t when it comes to picking out a wife, they nt someone they can respect."

"They certainly respect me," Anne moaned. 'm the most respected girl in the whole high school. The boys respect me so much they hardly look at me. How can you expect me to be popular?"

"Popular!" dad roared. "Popular. That's all I hear. That's what's the matter with this generation. Nobody thinks about being smart, or clever, or sweet, or even attractive. No, sir. They want to be skinny and flat-chested and popular."

"We're the only girls in the whole high school who aren't allowed to wear silk stockings," Ernestine complained. "If we could just wear silk stockings it wouldn't be so bad about the long skirts and sensible shoes."

"No, by jingo." Dad pounded the table. "I'll put you both in a convent first. Silk stockings indeed! I don't want to hear another word out of either of you."

ANNE decided that she could never get dad's permission to dress like the other girls in her class, and that it was up to her to take matters into her own hands. She felt a certain amount of responsibility to Ernestine and the younger girls, since she knew they would never be emancipated until she paved the way. She had a haunting mental picture of Jane, fifteen years hence, still wearing pugs over her ears, long winter drawers and heavy ribbed stockings.

"Convent, here I come," she told Ern.

She disappeared into the girls' bathroom with a pair of scissors. When she emerged, her hair was bobbed and shingled up the back. It wasn't a very good-looking job, but it was good and short. She tiptoed, unnoticed, into Ernestine's room.

"How do I look, Ernestine?" she asked. "Do you think I did a good job?"

"Get out of here," Ernestine screamed. "It might be catching."

"I'll catch it when dad gets ahold of me, I know. But how does it look?"

"I didn't know any human head of hair could look like that," Ernestine said. "I like bobbed hair, but yours looks like you backed into a lawn mower."

"You're going to back me up, aren't you, when dad sees it? After all, you want to bob your hair, don't you?"

"I'll back you up," said Ern. "But I don't want to bob my hair. I want a barber to bob it for me."

"I have a feeling," Anne said, "that I'm going to be in for a fairly disagreeable evening. Oh, well, somebody had to do it, and I'm the oldest."

They sat in Ernestine's room until suppertime, and then went downstairs together. Mother was serving the plates, and dropped peas all over the tablecloth.

"Anne," she whispered. "Your beautiful hair. Oh, oh, oh. What have you done? Just look at yourself!"

"I have looked at myself," Anne said. "Please don't make me look at myself again. I don't want to spoil my appetite."

Mother burst into tears.

Dad hadn't paid any attention when Anne and Ernestine entered the dining room. "What's the trouble now?" he asked. "Can't we have a little peace and quiet around here for just one meal? All I ask is ——" He saw Anne and choked. "Go back upstairs and take that thing off!" he roared. "And don't you ever dare to come down here looking like that again. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"It's done, daddy," Anne said. "I'm afraid we're all going to have to make the best of it."

"I think it looks snaky." Ern hastened to do her duty to her older sister. "And listen, daddy, it's ever so much more efficient. It takes me ten minutes to fix these pugs in the morning, and Anne can fix her hair in fifteen seconds."

"What hair?" dad shouted. "She doesn't have any hair to fix."

"How could you do this to me?" mother sobbed.

"How could she do it to an Airedale, let alone to herself or you and me?" said dad. "Well, I won't have it, do you understand?

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I want your hair grown back in and I want it grown back in fast."

Anne had tried to keep up a bold front, but the combined attack was too much and she burst into tears. "Nobody in this family understands me," she sobbed. "I wish I were dead." She ran from the table. We heard her bedroom door slam, and muffled, heartbroken sobs.

Neither dad nor mother could eat anything, and there was an uneasy, guilty silence.

"Listen to that poor, heartbroken child," mother finally said. "Imagine her thinking that no one understands her. Frank, I think you were too hard on her."

Dad put his head in his hands. "Maybe I was. Personally, I don't have anything much against bobbed hair. Like Ernestine says, it's more efficient. But when I saw how upset it made you, I lost my temper, I guess."

"I don't have anything against bobbed hair either," mother said. "It certainly would eliminate a lot of brushing and combing. But I knew you didn't like it, and ——"

Anne appeared at dessert time, red-eyed and disheveled. Without a word she sat down and picked up her knife and fork. Minutes later, she smiled enchantingly.

"That was good," she said, passing her plate. "If you don't mind, mother, I'll have another helping of everything. I'm starved tonight."

"I don't mind, dear," said mother.

"I like to see girls eat," said dad.

That week end, mother took the girls to dad's barbershop. "I want you to trim this one's hair, please," she said, pointing to Anne, "and to bob the hair of the others."

"Any special sort of bob, Mrs. Gilbreth?" the barber asked.

"No, I guess just a regular bob," mother said slowly. "The shorter the better."

Having capitulated on the hair question, dad put up an even sterner resistance against any future changes in dress. But Anne and Ernestine broke him down a little at a time. Anne got a job in the high-school cafeteria, saved her money, and bought silk stockings, two short dresses and four flimsy pieces of underwear known as teddies. These she unwrapped with some ceremony in the living room.

"I don't want to be a sneak," she said, "so I'm going to show these to everybody right now. If you won't let me wear them at home, I'll change into them on the way to school. I'm never going to wear long underwear again."

"Oh, no, you don't," dad shouted. "Take those things back to the store. It embarrasses me to look at them, and I won't have them in my house." He picked up a teddy and held the top of it against his shoulders. It hung down to his belt. "You mean that's all the underwear women wear nowadays?" he asked incredulously. "Well, you take the whole business right back to the store."

"No," Anne insisted. "I bought these clothes with my own money and I'm going to wear them. I'm not going to be the only one in the class with long underwear and a flap in the back. It's disgusting."

"It's not so disgusting as having no back of the underwear to sew a flap on," said dad. "I just can't believe that everybody in your class wears these things. There must be some sane parents besides your mother and me." He shook his head. But he was weakening.

"I don't see why you object to teddies," Anne said. "They don't show, you know."

"Of course they don't show, that's just the trouble. It's what does show that I'm talking about."

"Be sensible, daddy," Anne begged him. "You don't want us to grow up to be wallflowers, do you?"

"I'd a lot rather raise wallflowers than clinging vines or worse. The next thing I know you'll be wanting to paint."

"Everybody uses make-up nowadays," Ern said. "They don't call it painting any more."

"I don't care what they call it," dad roared. "I'll have no painted women in this house."

Anne and Ernestine decided that half a loaf was better than none, and that they had better wait until dad got used to the silk stockings and short skirts before they pressed the make-up question. But it turned out that dad had given all the ground he intended to, and the girls found mother a weak reed on which to lean.

"Neither my sisters nor I have ever used face powder," mother told Anne and Ernestine. "Frankly, girls, I consider it nonessential."

Clothes remained a subject of considerable friction, but the matter that threatened to affect dad's stability was jazz. Radios were innocuous, being still in the cat-whisker-and-headphone stage. But five- and six-piece dance bands were turning out huge piles of phonograph records, and we tried to buy them all.

We already had an ample supply of phonographs, because of the ones dad had acquired for the language records. And we still weren't allowed to neglect our language lessons. But once we had played the required quota of French, German and Italian records, we switched to Stumbling, Limehouse Blues, Last Night on the Back Porch, I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles. Not only did we listen to them, we sang them, and rolled back the rugs and danced to them.

Dad didn't particularly object to jazz music. He thought some of it was downright catchy. But he thought we devoted far too much time to it. As he walked from room to room jazz assailed him from phonograph after phonograph, and he sometimes threw up his hands in disgust.

"Da-de-de-da-da-da," he bellowed sarcastically. "If you spent half as much time improving your minds as you do memorizing those stupid songs, you could recite the Koran forward and backward."

When Anne came home from school one afternoon and announced that she had been invited to her first dance, she seemed so happy that both dad and mother were happy for her.

"I told you that if I started dressing like the other girls everything would be all right," Anne crowed. "Joe Scales has asked me to go to the prom next Friday night."

"That's lovely, dear," mother said.

"That's just fine," dad smiled. "Is he a nice boy?"

"Nice? Gee, I'll say. He's a cheerleader and he has a car."

"Two mighty fine recommendations," dad said. He shook his head and sighed. "Honestly, I don't know what the world's coming to. Friday night, you say?" He pulled a notebook out of his pocket and consulted it. "All right, I can make it."

"You can make what?" Anne asked.

"I can make the dance," said dad. "You didn't think for a minute I was going to let you go out by yourself, at night, with that—that cheerleader, did you?"

"Oh, daddy," Anne moaned. "You wouldn't spoil everything by doing something like that, would you? What's he going to think of me?"

"He'll think you're a sensible, well-brought-up child, with sensible parents," mother put in. "I'm sure that if I called up his mother right now, she'd be glad to hear that your father was going along as a chaperon."

"Don't you trust your own flesh and blood?"

"Of course we trust you," dad said. "I trust all my daughters. It's that cheerleader I don't trust. Either I go, or you don't."

"Do you think it would help if I called up his mother and explained the situation?" mother asked.

Anne had become philosophic about breaking dad down a little at a time, and she had suspected all along that there was going to be a third person on her first date. "No, thanks, mother," she said. "I'd better announce the news myself. I don't know what he's going to say, though. Shall I tell him we'll go in his car, or ours?" Anne asked.

"His car?" said dad. "I haven't seen it, but I can imagine it. No doors, no fenders, no top and a lot of writing about in case of fire throw this in. No, we'll go in Foolish Carriage."

On the night of Anne's date, we stationed ourselves at strategic windows so we could watch Joe Scales arrive. As dad had predicted, Anne's friend drove up to the house in an ancient Model T, with writing on it. We could hear the car several blocks before it actually hove into sight. The exhaust whistle, coupled with the natural engine noises, precluded the necessity of Mr. Scales' giving any further notice about the car's arrival at its destination. But etiquette of the day was rigid, and he followed it to the letter by tooting and retooting the horn until Anne came to the front door.

"Come on in, Joe," Anne called.

"Okay, baby. Is your pop ready?"

Anne's sheik was wearing a black-and-orange-striped blazer, gray Oxford bags, a bow tie on an elastic band, and a brown triangular pork-pie hat.

"You and I are going to the dance," Joe shouted. "And so's your old man. Get it? So's your old man."

"Of course she gets it, wise guy," dad grumbled for mother's benefit. "What do you think she is, a moron? And let me hear you refer to me tonight as the old man and you'll get it too."

"Hush," mother warned him. "He'll hear you. Actually, he's kind of cute, in a sort of vest-pocket way."

"Cute?" said dad. "He looks like what might happen if a pygmy married a barber pole. And look at that car. What's that written on the side? 'Jump in, sardine, here's your tin.'"

"Well, don't worry about the car," mother told him. "You'll be riding in yours, not that contraption."

"Thank the Lord for small favors."

Dad disappeared in the direction of the barn, and mother went into the living room to meet the caller. As she entered, Joe was demonstrating to Frank and Bill how the bow tie worked.

"It's a William Tell tie," he said, holding the bow away from his neck and allowing it to pop back into position. "You pull the bow and it hits the apple."

Both Frank and Bill were impressed. "You're the first cheerleader we ever saw up close," Frank said. "Will you lead some cheers for us? We know them all. Anne and Ernestine taught them to us."

Joe leaped to his feet. "Sure thing," he said. He cupped his hands over his mouth and shouted in an adolescent baritone, "Let's have a hoo, rah, ray and a tiger for Montclair High. A hoo, rah, ray and a tiger. I want to hear you holler now. Read-d-dy?" He turned sideways, dropped on one knee and made his fists go in a circle, like a squirrel on a treadmill. "Hoo," he screamed, at the top of his voice. "Rah. Ray ——"

It was at this point that dad entered the room. He stood viewing the proceedings, lips pursed and hands on hips. At the end of the cheer, he sidled over toward mother. "The car won't start," he whispered. "What shall I do?"

"Why don't you call a cab?"

"Look at him," dad whispered. "He doesn't come up to her shoulder. He wouldn't dare get funny with her—she'd knock him cold." Dad walked over to where Joe and Anne were sitting. "I hope you youngsters won't mind," he said, "but I won't be able to go to the dance with you."

"No, we don't mind at all, daddy," said Anne.

"Now I want you to be home at midnight," dad said. "I'm going to be right here waiting for you, and if you're not here by one minute after midnight I'm coming looking for you. Understand?"

"All right, daddy," Anne grinned.

"Come on, Cinderella," said Scales. He and Anne departed, and he didn't forget to tip his hat.

Once the ice was broken, Anne started having dates fairly often, and Ernestine and Martha followed suit. Frank, Bill and Lillian, still in junior high school, resented the infiltration of the high-school Romeos. What they objected to principally was that the three oldest girls were being turned away from family activities.

Anne already had had her first proposal. Joe Scales had asked her to marry him. They were sitting in a hammock on the side porch

(Continued on Page 94)

SLEEPY-TIME CLOTHES

A SLEEP wardrobe in softest flannelette. The white nighty ties in back, is delicately detailed in front with white featherstitching. White lace edges neck and sleeves. The wrapper, bonnet and blanket all have tiny satin bindings and pretty embroidered flowers . . . look pretty in a carriage. Even if you are a beginner you can make them—they are that easy. ● BY NORA O'LEARY



Nighty, pattern 2438, 15¢; wrapper, bonnet and blanket, 2439, 15¢, from Journal Reference Library.



From experience comes faith . . .

In the beginning, a child's faith rests in a few simple experiences. The world extends. Perhaps it includes a playful puppy, a battered doll, a precious pebble.

Then come the adventures beyond the threshold, the weighing of friendships, the reckoning of values.

Tempered by hundreds of experiences, comparisons and judgments, a guiding faith is finally won. With it one measures immeasurable things . . . such as honesty, loyalty, worth.

It goes behind the faces of men, behind the words of men and says: this thought is right, this man is sound, this thing is good.

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SnowCrop
FROZEN FOODS

(Continued from Page 92)

when he popped the question. The porch was separated by French doors from the parlor and by windows from the office. Frank, Bill and Lillian, lying flat on the parlor floor and peeking through the doors, bore witness to the proposal and to Anne's none-too-original rejection.

"I like to think of you as a brother," she told Scales.

"A fine thing!" Frank whispered to Bill. "Imagine thinking of that wet smack in terms of us."

"You caught me," Scales told Anne. "I went for you, hook, line and sinker. What are you going to do with me?"

Anne was touched by this show of slavish devotion. "What am I going to do with you?" she echoed dramatically.

"Throw him back," dad roared from the other side of the office window. "He's too small to keep."

Frank, Bill and Lill fought gamely against the invasion, but in vain. Even more effective, although unpremeditated, were the obstacles erected by the four little boys, Fred, Dan, Jack and Bob, who kept running into and out of the rooms where the older girls were entertaining their callers.

"I'm living through what can only be described as a hell on earth," Anne moaned to mother. "It's impossible to entertain at home with that troop of four little boys. Something drastic has got to be done about them."

"What's the matter with them?" mother asked.

"They're in and out of the porch all evening. They're driving me screaming, screeching mad. How can you expect any boy to get into a romantic mood when you have to button and unbutton pajamas all evening?"

"They're not supposed to get into romantic moods," dad said.

Anne paid no attention to him. "It's 'Andy, unbutton me, I have to go to the bathroom.' It's 'Andy, button me up, I'm cold.' I tell you, mother, it's just too much of a handicap to endure. You're going to have to do something about it."

"You're right," mother conceded. "I'll do my best to keep them upstairs the next time you have company."

The opposition of Frank, Bill and Lill was less subtle.

"You want to speak to Martha?" Frank would say in an incredulous voice when one of her sheiks would telephone. "You mean Martha Gilbreth, the one with all the freckles? Oh, mercy!" Then, holding the telephone so that the boy on the other end could still hear him, Frank would shout, "Martha, come quick. Imagine! It's a boy calling for you. Isn't that wonderful?"

ONE of Ernestine's sheiks drove a motorcycle madly around town, and used to buzz our place three or four times a night in hopes of catching sight of her. Mother and dad didn't allow the boys to come calling on school nights, but there was always a chance Ernestine might be out in the yard or standing by a window.

One night he parked his motorcycle a couple of blocks away, crept up to the house, and climbed a cherry tree near Ernestine's bedroom window. Fortunately for the motorcyclist, dad was out of town.

Ernestine was doing her homework, and had a spooky feeling she was being watched through the open window. She walked into a dark room, peeked out from behind a shade, and saw the sheik high up in the cherry tree, silhouetted against the moon. She was furious.

"The sneaking Peeping Tom," she told Anne. "Golly, I was just about to get undressed."

"Come on, we'll peek out that dark window again," Anne said. "If he's still there, I've got an idea."

He was still there, and Anne quickly rounded up Martha, Frank, Bill and Lillian.

"There's a Peeping Tom in the cherry tree," Anne explained. "He needs to be taught a lesson. Now, not a word to mother. She'll play her part better if she doesn't know what's going on. Ernestine, go back into your room. Don't pull down your shades. Comb your hair, take off your shoes and socks. Anything to keep him interested. The rest of you, come with me."

We went down into the cellar and got as many old packing boxes and as much excelsior as we could carry, and tiptoed to the cherry tree. We stacked them around the trunk and then went back into the cellar for more. When the supply was exhausted, we went into the back yard and got barrels of leaves.

Anne took some wire and fastened a rag to the end of a stick. She poured kerosene over it and lighted it. Then she led a torch parade from the cellar out to the cherry tree, which now was surrounded by a pile of combustibles more than eight feet high.

ERN'S sheik had been so interested in what seemed about to transpire in her bedroom that he hadn't seen any of the tiptoeing going on at the base of the tree. But the torch attracted his attention, and he looked down. We had formed a ring around the base of the tree, and Anne was swinging the torch uncomfortably close to the huge pile of refuse.

The Peeping Tom shouted in terror, "Don't set fire to that! You'll burn me alive!"

"Precisely," said Anne. "Precisely what you deserve too."

"It was just a prank," he pleaded. "Watch out for that torch. Let me come down!"

"Let you come down, nothing," said Martha. "You evil-minded thing. Let you come down and spread the story all over town about how you climbed our cherry tree and put on over on the Gilbreth family? I should say not."

Anne swung the torch nearer the pile of refuse.

"Look out!" the Peeping Tom shrieked. "You wouldn't roast me alive, would you?"

"Of course we would," Frank said. "Dead men tell no tales."

Ernestine stuck her head out her window. "Have you got him trapped?" she called. "Good. Is he who I think he is?"

"None other," said Anne. "Motorcycle Mac himself, in the soon-to-be-seared flesh."

"Don't cremate him until I get down," Ernestine begged. "I want to see the fun."

Motorcycle Mac was alternately whimpering and cursing when Ernestine joined the ring around the cherry tree.

"I always thought he was a nasty boy anyway," Ernestine said. "Sheiks are hard to find, and goodness knows I don't have too many. But he's one I'll be glad to sacrifice."

"I don't blame you," said Martha. "He's even a crybaby."

We had counted on the commotion to attract mother's attention, and now she opened her window and put her head out. "What's going on out there?" she called. "What are you doing with that torch? That doesn't look safe to me, children."

"I have it," Anne said. "It's all right, mother. We've trapped a skunk up in the cherry tree, and we're trying to make him come down."

Mother sniffed the air suspiciously. "I thought I smelled something," she said. "Listen, children, I don't think you ought to bum up that cherry tree for any old skunk. Your father is devoted to that tree. Come on in the house, and let's see if the skunk won't come down and go away by itself."

"Oh, we weren't really going to burn the tree," Ernestine giggled. "We just wanted to scare the skunk."

"I think you'd better come into the house all of you. It's bedtime, and even a skunk is entitled to some peace and quiet. You've scared him enough for one night." Mother disappeared inside the window.

"If dad were here," Bill said, "he'd probably blind him, like they did back in Lad Godiva's day."

"That's just what dad would do," Ann agreed. "I wish we had thought of that ourselves."

"Should I go get a hatpin?" Frank asked.

"Too late now," Anne said. "It's past your bedtime. But maybe he'll come back again some other night."

None of us children knew it, but dad had had a bad heart for years, and now Doctor Burton told him he was going to die.

We noticed that dad had grown thinner. For the first time in twenty-five years he weighed less than two hundred pounds. He looked about how strange it was to be able to see his feet again. His hands had begun to tremble a little and his face was gray. Sometimes, when he was playing baseball with the older boys or rolling on the floor with Bob and Jane, he'd stop suddenly and say he guessed he had had enough for today. There was a trace of a stagger as he walked away.

He was fifty-five years old, and we supposed his symptoms were those of approaching old age. Certainly it never occurred to any of us that dad had any intention of dying until he was good and ready.

He had known about the bad heart even before Bob and Jane were born. He and mother had discussed it, and the possibility that she would be left a widow with all the children.

"But I don't think those doctors know what they're talking about," dad said.

Mother knew the answer dad wanted. "I don't see how twelve children would be much more trouble than ten," she told him, "and, personally, I like to finish what I start. I don't know about you."

The bad heart was one of the principal reasons for dad's home-instruction program. It was also why he had organized the house on an efficiency basis. He knew a load was going to be thrown on mother, and he wanted to lessen it as much as he could.

"Maybe tomorrow, maybe in six months," Doctor Burton told dad. "A bear at the outside if you stop work and stay in bed."

"Don't think you can scare me," dad said. "You doctors have been telling me for three years not to subscribe to any new magazines. Well, I don't believe a word of it."

Dad went home and wrote a letter to a friend, Dr. Myrtell Shanavan, the Boston brain specialist.

Dear Mortuary Myrt: If and when I die, I'd like my brain to go to Harvard, where they are doing those brain experiments you told me about. I'd like you to handle the details. My hat size is seven and three eighths, in case you want to get a jar ready. Don't think this letter means I'm getting ready to go any time soon, because I'm not. I'll leave a copy of this where Millie will see it when the time comes, and she'll get in touch with you. The next time I see you, I don't want you casting any appraising glances at my cranium.

With the letter mailed, dad shrugged thoughts of death out of his mind. The World Power Conference and the International Management Conference were going to meet in eight months in England and Czechoslovakia. Dad accepted invitations to speak at both.

The postwar industrial expansion had resulted in more and more emphasis being placed on motion study. For the first time, both dad and mother had more clients than they could handle. Dad went from factory to factory, installing timesaving systems, reducing worker fatigue, so as to speed up production.

He died on June 14, 1924, three days before he was to sail for Europe for the two conferences.

Dad had walked from our house down to the Lackawanna station, a distance of about a mile, where he intended to catch a commuters' train for New York. He had a few minutes before the train left, and he telephoned to mother from a pay booth in the station.

"Say, boss," he said, "on the way down here I had an idea about saving motions on packing those soap flakes for Lever Brothers. See what you think ——"

Mother heard a thud and the line went silent. She jiggled the receiver hook.

"I'm sorry." It was the voice of the operator. "The party who called you has hung up."

Jane, the baby, was two years old. Anne, the oldest, was taking her examinations at Smith, where she was a sophomore.

It was Saturday morning. The younger children were playing in the yard. Most of the older ones were in town doing the marketing. Six or seven neighbors set out in automobiles to round up those who were missing. The neighbors wouldn't say what the trouble was.

"Your mother wants you home," they told each of us. "There's been an accident. Just slide into the car and I'll drive you home."

When we arrived at the house, we knew the accident was death. Fifteen or twenty cars were parked in the driveway and on the front lawn. Mother? It couldn't be mother, because they had said mother wanted us home. Daddy? Accidents didn't happen to daddy. We jumped out of the car and ran toward the house. Jackie was sitting on a terrace near the sidewalk. His face was smudged where he had rubbed his hands.

"Our daddy's dead," he sobbed.

Dad was a part of all of us, and a part of all of us died then.

They dressed him in his Army uniform, and we went in and looked in the coffin. With his eyes closed and his face gone slack, he seemed stern and almost forbidding. There was no repose there and no trace left of the laugh wrinkles at the corners of his eyes.

We thought that when they came after him, daddy must have given them a real fight. We bet they had their hands full with daddy.

Mother found the carbon of the letter to dad's friend, and the brain went to Harvard. After the cremation, mother chartered a boat and went out into the Atlantic. Somewhere out there, standing alone in the bow, she scattered his ashes. That was the way dad wanted it.

There was a change in mother after dad died. A change in looks and a change in manner. Before her marriage, all mother's decisions had been made by her parents. After the marriage, the decisions were made by dad. It was dad who suggested having a dozen children, and that both of them become efficiency experts. If his interests had been in basket weaving or phrenology, she would have followed him just as readily.

WHAT'S THE SCORE?

THE mother, Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, is a national director of the Girl Scouts, president of Gilbreth and Company, consulting engineers, and professor of engineering at Purdue University. She travels more than 50,000 miles a year, mostly by plane, between her consulting jobs and lecture engagements

All the children are married and none divorced. Each has at least one child. None has more than three so far. There are nineteen Gilbreth grandchildren.

- **The Gilbreths live all over the United States:**
  - 3 New York
  - 3 New Jersey
  - 2 California
  - 1 Washington, South Carolina and Massachusetts
- **All the children graduated from college as follows:**
  - 3 University of Michigan
  - 2 Smith College
  - 1 Brown, New Jersey College for Women, Princeton, Purdue, University of North Carolina, University of Pennsylvania
- **The eleven living Gilbreths chose the following careers (Mary, second in the family, died at five of diphtheria.):**
  - 4 Homemakers
  - 3 Engineers
  - 1 Newspaperman
  - 1 Department-store buyer, personnel, export

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On other foods, too, Washburn's brand means fine eating-quality. Split peas, whole peas, lentils, pearl barley and rice — you will find these foods naturally finer if you take care to get them in our Washburn's red and blue packages: 1-pound and 2-pound cellophane bags, also 1-pound cartons.

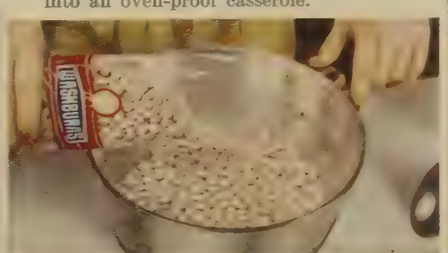


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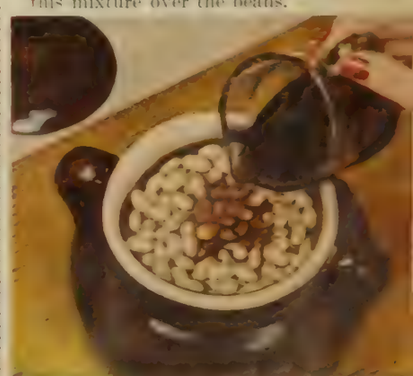
1. BAKED BEAN Recipe for 6 People

1 lb. Washburn's Fancy Beans
8 cups warm water
¼ cup molasses
1½ tbsps. brown sugar
1 tbsp. salt
½ tsp. dry mustard
¼ lb. chunk of salt pork, scored

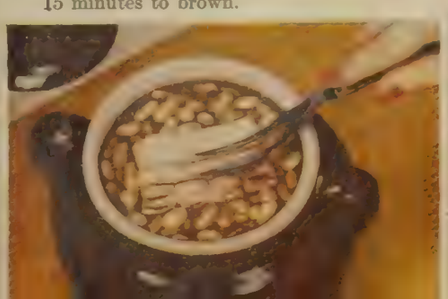
Add beans to water and soak 5 hours or overnight. Boil gently in same water in covered kettle about 1½ hours until barely tender. Drain, and save the liquid. Pour beans into 2-quart bean pot or into an oven-proof casserole.



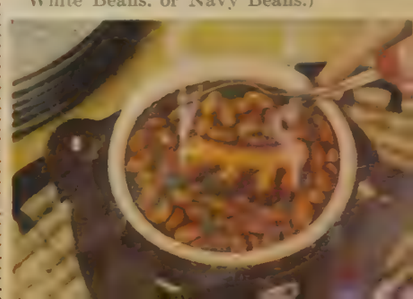
2. Pour the molasses over the beans. Then to 2 cups of the liquid you drained from the boiled beans, add the brown sugar, salt and dry mustard. Now pour this mixture over the beans.



3. Press into top of beans a scored chunk of salt pork. Cover and bake in very slow oven (275° F.) 4 hours, adding water if needed to keep beans moist. Uncover last 15 minutes to brown.



4. Serve your baked beans bubbling hot — makes 6 hearty platefuls. (This recipe can be made with Washburn's Great Northern Beans, Pea Beans, Small White Beans, or Navy Beans.)



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*CERT. MARK, AMER. GAS ASSOC., INC.

While dad lived, mother was afraid of fast driving, of airplanes, of walking alone at night. When there was lightning, she went in a dark closet and held her ears. When things went wrong at dinner, she sometimes burst into tears and had to leave the table. She made public speeches, but she dreaded them.

Now, suddenly, she wasn't afraid any more, because there was nothing to be afraid of. Now nothing could upset her because the thing that mattered most had been upset. None of us ever saw her weep again.

It was two days after dad's death, and the house still smelled of flowers. Mother called a meeting of the family council. It seemed natural for her to sit at dad's place in the chairman's chair.

Mother told us that there wasn't much money—most of it had gone back into the business. She said she had talked by telephone with her mother, and that her mother wanted all of us to move to California and live with her.

Anne interrupted to say she planned to leave college and get a job. Ernestine, who had graduated from high school the night before dad died, said she didn't care anything about college either.

"Please wait until I'm finished," mother said. "There is another alternative, but it hinges on your being able to take care of yourselves. And it would involve some sacrifices from all of us. So I want you to make the decision. I can go ahead with your father's work. We can keep the office open here. We can keep the house, but we would have to let the cook go."

"Tom too?" we asked. "We couldn't let Tom go, could we? He wouldn't go anyway."

"No, not Tom. But we would have to sell the car and live very simply. Still we could be together. And Anne would go back to college. You know your father wanted all of you to go to college. Do you want to try it? Can you run the house and take care of things until I get back?"

"Get back from where?" we asked.

"If you want to try it," she told us, and she actually rapped the table, "I'm going on that boat tomorrow; the one your father planned to take. He had the tickets. I'm going to give those speeches in London and Prague. I think that's the way your father would want it. But the decision is up to you."

Ernestine and Martha went upstairs to help mother pack. Anne disappeared into the kitchen to plan supper. Frank and Bill started downtown to see the used-car dealers about selling the automobile.

"Better tell them to bring a tow car," Lil called after the boys. "Foolish Carriage never starts for anybody but daddy."

Someone once asked dad, "But what do you want to save time *for?* What are you going to do with it?"

"For work, if you love that best," said dad. "For education, for beauty, for art, for pleasure." He looked over the top of his pince-nez. "For mumblety-peg, if that's where your heart lies."

SOUP FOR SUPPER

(Continued from Page 56)

the winter. And how happy we are that this is so.

Flexible supper. For one of these occasions we present a supper in which soup plays the star role. And why not, since January is a cold month and soup is a stomach-satisfying, heart-warming dish? I call this supper flexible because you may change things around to suit yourself and the occasion. Should the first soup, that in the fascinating "kettle," served in the French pots, not meet your desire, I'm adding another, later on, to give you a choice.

The choices are endless. Of course there are any number of soups and bisques and chowders and just regular soups, made at home or very elegant combinations of those that come in cans, so you may have more strings to your bow than set forth here. But you'll choose; and so, to get things going, I'll set down here and now a receipt for one of those popular and well-liked French dishes known to the initiated as *petite marmite.*

PETITE MARMITE

A *marmite* is a large earthenware soup pot, and a *petite marmite* is a small individual pottery soup crock. Following the French custom, this soup is served in individual pots. Chicken is an essential meat in the soup. It is always served with grated cheese and French bread. The bread may be toasted and put in the soup as you do in an onion soup. Add 2 quarts water to 1 veal knuckle (cracked) and some beef bones. Add some celery tops, parsley, 2 carrots, 1 medium onion, ⅛ teaspoon marjoram, ⅛ teaspoon thyme, 2 teaspoons salt, and pepper to your taste. Simmer 3 hours to make a good strong stock. Remove the bones. Strain the stock. Cool and remove all the fat. Nothing is worse than fat swimming around on top of your soup. Clear the stock with 1 egg white and shell for each quart of stock. Now take hold and cook a chicken—good big one—in water to cover, with seasonings, 2 to 3 hours, until the stock is rich and the chicken tender. Strain the chicken stock. Cool it and get off every last bit of fat. Cut all the meat from the bones. Add 1 quart chicken stock to 1 quart meat stock. Add 1 cup diced turnips, 3 carrots, sliced thin, ¾ cup thin slivers of green beans, 2 cups green peas and 3 sticks celery cut into small pieces. Add salt and cook all together until the vegetables are tender. Add more seasoning to taste when the vegetables are done, and add a pinch each of thyme and marjoram. Cut the chicken into small pieces and add. This makes 4 quarts. Serve with plain or toasted French bread and grated cheese.

Are you a breadmaker? Right along with the soup, perhaps you'd like to try your hand at French bread. You know I am forever talking about making bread and rolls. Well, here I am again, taking up the theme with a variation I haven't played before. And if you think breadmaking is hard and why bother, get out the bowl and the board and take a flier in the French manner, and when the sweet-smelling loaves come from the oven, and the crusty slices are beautiful on the table, you'll feel richly repaid. To be sure, you can *buy* this bread, but once you get on to the making, you'll wonder why you haven't done it before.

HOMEMADE FRENCH BREAD

Dissolve 1 package quick dry yeast, or soften 1 cake fresh yeast, in ½ cup lukewarm water. Let it stand 5 minutes. Put ½ cup lukewarm water into a bowl and add 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons shortening. Add 1 cup all-purpose flour, beating thoroughly. Add the yeast mixture. Add ½ cup more flour, beating again very hard. Then fold in 2 egg whites beaten stiff. Add enough more flour to make a soft dough—about 2 cups, or 3 cups flour altogether. Knead on a floured board until smooth, satiny and very elastic. Put in a greased bowl and let the dough rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down. Let it rise until doubled again. Knead it down lightly. Cover it and let rest 10 minutes. Roll out the dough on a floured board to an oval shape—fold long sides in toward the center. Shape into a roll about 15–18 inches long, slightly wider in the center and tapering at either end. Place it on a baking sheet that has been sprinkled with corn meal. Cover it with a damp cloth and let it rise until rounded and light. Brush the loaf with a glaze made by cooking ½ tablespoon cornstarch, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ cup cold water until thick and clear, stirring constantly. Cool before spreading it on the bread. Cut ½ inch-deep diagonal gashes in the bread with scissors. Put a large pan of boiling water on the bottom rack of the oven. Bake the bread in a hot oven, 450°F., 15 minutes, until a golden brown. Then reduce the heat to 350°F. and bake 20 minutes more. When you thump the bread and it sounds "hollow" the bread is done. Remove it from the baking sheet and cool it on a rack. The pe

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of hot water in the bottom of the oven helps to give the bread a crisp crust. If you do not have a long baking sheet or aluminum tray to bake your bread on, divide the dough and make 2 smaller loaves—but this bread should bake on something flat so the sides brown as well as the top. And be *sure* the bread is very well done, else it will be doughy inside and more Irish than French.

Here is another soup (in place of the marmite) and quite another kettle of fish, as it were. Serve in bowls or old-fashioned *soup plates.*

SUPPER CHOWDER

Mix 1 can condensed pea soup, 1 can condensed bouillon or consommé, 1 can condensed tomato soup or 1 can tomato sauce. Add 1½ cups water and 1¼ cups cream. Now add 1 small jar chopped ripe olives. Well, they tell me olives *come* chopped, but *I* always chop. Thought I had to. (¼ cup chopped olives is about right.) Last of all, add 1 small can crab meat or lobster, picking it over carefully to remove the small bones. While it's heating, add the juice of half a lemon, a little grated onion, salt, pepper and a little mace. *Very* little. This makes 2 quarts—serves 6 to 8.

Something old—something new. Do any of you remember how at peach season the kitchen was cleared for action, and at least *one* day was given over to the making—shall I say *making,* or what? Anyway, to "canning" pickled peaches. And if you think a whiff of boiling stick cinnamon didn't come in my window this moment (it is snowing and the windows are battened down and no nonsense about it) you are mistaken. I can smell those spices as plain as plain. Give you my word. I can smell them all right.

A new use for an old stand-by. Well, the something new is to fly to the shop and get some pickled peaches, or pickle some quickly, and make them into a salad. While the soup may be the chief dish in this particular supper, the salad is what is called the middle or *chewable* dish. Takes up where a main course leaves off, and becomes very prominent all by itself. So get yourself the peaches, some onions and peppers, and go ahead on a salad that is lovely to look at and pretty elegant to eat.

PICKLED-PEACH SALAD—PEPPER-AND-ONION DRESSING

For pickled peaches, drain the sirup from 2 No. 2½ cans cling peach halves. To half the sirup add ¾ cup cider vinegar, ¾ cup sugar, 1 stick cinnamon and ½ teaspoon whole cloves. Bring to a boil. Boil 5 minutes. Pour hot over the peach halves. Let stand in the sirup overnight. For the salad, arrange the drained pickled peach halves on a bed of lettuce—the inside leaves, *you* know. Make cups. Pour this peppy dressing over the peaches: To ½ cup French dressing, add ¼ cup diced green pepper and 2 tablespoons chopped onion.

A royal dish. One of the cook's comforts in this world is rice. Ever think of the scores of things you can do with it? Plain boiled rice—if cooked right—can be and is one of the best of all possible things to go with curries or to make into croquettes to go with chicken. Rice croquettes filled with cheese are one of my favorites. Rice muffins, best in the list; rice with a fruit compote; and with cream, sweetened with maple sugar—but why try to go any further? Right now I'll tell you about a royal rice dessert—the rice pudding of song and story, of past fame and present glory. It completes the simple supper—the supper that you see here and now.

ROYAL RICE CUSTARD

Scald 3 cups milk. Cook ½ cup rice in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Beat 3 whole eggs and 3 egg yolks slightly with 6 tablespoons sugar. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup seedless raisins and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add the scalded milk gradually. Stir in the cooked rice. Pour into a greased 2-quart casserole. Set it in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°F., 1 hour and 15 minutes or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool, but don't shove it point-blank in the refrigerator. When it's cool you may do that. For it *has* to be cold. Make a 3-egg-white meringue, using 6 tablespoons sugar and a pinch of salt. Put this on the top of the pudding. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°F., 10 minutes. Cool and garnish with spoonfuls of jelly. By cooling the pudding well before adding the meringue to the top, the pudding won't separate.

Once more. Now I will leave you to celebrate the coming of the New Year—the way you've always done. It used to be New Year's calls—open house. Is it still that way in some old-fashioned places? Are the sleigh bells in the air or are they up in some neglected hayloft, their sweet music forgotten, their silver notes forever stilled?

At any rate, I know, the beginning of another year, a new epoch in each life, is filled with hope and faith and anticipation. It is so with me, and I pass it on to all of you. A Happy New Year, and may every wish come true!

THE END

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WHEAT FLOUR INSTITUTE

A frontier past claims Sheridan again for its three-day rodeo, the Bots Sots Stampede. Above, the Schwartzes take to the grandstand to watch bulldogging.

WYOMING LAWYER

Harry Schwartz, of Sheridan: Meet a man and a town striking out together for a wide-open future in the wide-open West.

by STRUTHERS BURT

SHERIDAN, WYOMING, sits at the base of the Big Horns facing the rising sun. It is a pleasant town, a contented one, a nice place to live. You can tell this from the manners of the inhabitants, singularly smiling and agreeable. You can tell it from the quiet, tree-lined residence streets rising on a hill to the west of the town, huge cottonwoods shading the lawns of small, pretty, modern houses or of big, somewhat grim Victorian survivals, relics of the cattle barons. You can tell it, too, from the really lovely city park. The place has a pride in itself. Through the town winds a hurrying mountain stream. The tempo is friendly and leisurely and Far Western. The atmosphere is conservative. This is no boom town. There is history here, a sense of an important past.

To reach the house where the two young Schwartzes live—Harry Fletcher Schwartz and his wife, Leroy "Lee" Lewis, or rather the house where the four young Schwartzes live, for now there's Cuyler "Kay" Glenn, age 9, and Harry Hayter, age 8—you leave the business section of Sheridan, bleak, and ugly, and tree-denuded, as all American business



Indians range down Main Street and old settlers' descendants take to horses and buckboard for the Bots Sots parade. Founded by cattlemen, Sheridan now has a population of about 14,500 and is the third largest town in Wyoming.



For Lee Schwartz, "shopping time is meal-planning time." Item: discount on overripe avocado decides her to have salad. Gardening, canning, freezing meat bargains slim family's home food bills to $58 a month.



With the Big Horns at the Schwartzes' back door, so are mountain vacations. Harry likes to pack a tent in the family's new car (a "stop-smoking" present to Lee) and take off for rugged, camping-out week ends.



Harry rents his office for $17.50 a month and shares secretary with another lawyer.

AMERICA EARNS

In 1947 the national income was $202,500,000,000—more than double what it was in 1929, a boom period. Off the road, from the shop and the assembly line, or out of his own till, here's what Mr. America brought home according to a recent Federal Reserve Board Survey.

OCCUPATION	AVERAGE FAMILY INCOME
Professional (*lawyers, doctors, teachers, etc.*)	$4,000.00
Managers and small businessmen	4,500.00
Skilled and semiskilled workers (*carpenters, electricians, welders, etc.*)	3,000.00
Clerical and salesmen	2,900.00
Unskilled workers (*teamsters, construction, agricultural and factory laborers, etc.*)	1,750.00

LAWYER HARRY SCHWARTZ EARNS $3300

From his private cases (less expenses)	$2,400.00
As city attorney	900.00

(Average Monthly Earnings—$275)

★ ★ ★

HERE'S HOW THE SCHWARTZES SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

	Average		
Food	$82.00	Insurance	$12.00
Clothing	18.00	Medical	2.00
Home payments	54.00	Recreation	12.00
Home improvements	28.00	Civic contributions	4.75
Coal	18.00	Car, transportation	39.00
Electricity	5.00	Reading matter	8.00
Telephone	2.65	Incidentals	8.00
Fuel oil	6.00		$299.40

A loan on his car made it possible for Harry Schwartz to meet his bills, which ran nearly $300 over his earnings last year.

"Keeping up with the Joneses is one item you don't have to add to a Sheridan budget."

sections for some unexplainable reason have to be—it's the only ugly part of Sheridan—and drive up the hill—butte, in reality—to the west; that is, toward the Big Horns. Almost at once you are in the shadows of the cottonwoods. The street climbs gradually. You cross the narrow mountain river—Goose Creek—which coils like a blue snake through the town, and appears here, there and everywhere unexpectedly, pass the city park, and begin to ascend sharply. Gay, one-story houses of a new development, each set back in its garden, climb with you. Presently you reach the top of the butte and the end of the road, and abruptly, almost breathtakingly, fifteen miles away across descending, rolling pastures and sagebrush-gray open range, rises the great green tumult of the Big Horns.

To the left, a little down that slope of the butte, is a fenced enclosure, a game reserve where elk and buffalo graze quietly, and at the crest of the butte, just beyond where the new development ends, looking out upon the Big Horns and surrounded by an ample lawn and garden, is a single house older and larger than the rest. It has no particular architecture. If anything,



Picture of a lawyer at work—on a partnership agreement for two ranchers. Being an attorney in Wyoming is like being a country doctor, because you handle all kinds of cases. Harry, one of 20 Sheridan lawyers, has a private practice, is also the youngest City Attorney town's history. The job of being legal right arm to mayor pays only $75 a month, but Harry, son of an U.S. Senator, is hoping it leads to a political car

Mutual aid in everything from boots to business is a Schwartz habit. "Lee keeps me from getting stuffy," says Harry. Says Lee, "He minds me so well."

it is the stucco-and-timber imitation Tudor popular in the early 1900's, but it is commodious and hospitable. It was once a ranch house when Sheridan was still a mile away at the bottom of the butte. At one end, the end facing the Big Horns, is an almost completed two-story addition—a garage on the ground floor, a many-windowed sitting room on the second. This is the work of Harry Schwartz and his son Harry Hayter in their leisure hours. The sitting room is to be a gathering place for the family, and especially a playroom for the children. When it is finished, Lee expects to put there her treasured and inherited grand piano and make of Cuyler Glenn an accomplished musician.

Whether this is possible Lee does not know, but apparently it is a compensatory dream to erase her own failure to take full advantage of a similar opportunity in her youth. She was given piano lessons, and plays adequately, but admits she didn't work at her music half as hard as she should.

Harry Schwartz bought the former ranch house a little over a year ago on a G. I. loan for $7500. Nowadays almost anywhere else in the country save the Far West a similar house would cost at least $20,000. It is in perfect condition and thoroughly modernized: kitchen, heating, electricity. Monthly payments, including taxes, amount to $54. Wyoming, always very kind to



it's more important than ironing? "Plenty of gs," says civic-minded Lee. She lets wash pile up l family really needs it, then tackles job with hter, Kay. Housework headaches, however, do not include sewing; she makes Kay's clothes, most of her own. Their main ambition is to spruce up Harry's wardrobe with colorful ties and socks, but both admit—"He notices our dresses only when he doesn't like them."



A must on Lee's schedule: psychotherapy work at Ft. McKensie veterans' hospital.



"Pigtails are fine," says Kay, 9, "except when I have to braid them." Pleasanter pastimes include making breakfast and listening to radio chillers.



Harry Hayter, 8, likes bullfrogs next to horses. No. 1 furnace tender, he was No. 2 carpenter for new family playroom. Tool-handy boss was his dad.



Kay and Hayter have 25-cent weekly allowance each, see one movie a month. Lee admits, "I spoil them a little—but don't you think all good parents do?"

What it takes to build the good life Western style: young ideas, ambition, hard work—and fun along the way.

its veterans, has a veterans' tax exemption which cuts the total annual taxes down to about $29. As you get to know them, you realize more and more that this house, this home—"home" emphasized and in quotation marks—is typical of the young Schwartzes; a symbol of their vision yet solidity, their willingness to build slowly and patiently, their desire to build surely and well. The old ranch house is an answer to the prayers of any young veteran and his wife condemned for a while to the wandering homelessness of war, but it would not have been bought by the impatient or the short-visioned; by those who put immediate style and veneer above comfort and permanence and inherent possibilities.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY SMITH



Harry Fletcher Schwartz, city attorney, one of the youngest city attorneys in the country, and the youngest in the history of his adopted town, Sheridan (he is 33), is a native Wyomingite, still a comparatively rare condition. Only 37.7 per cent of Wyoming's population is native-born. He happened to be born, however, not in Wyoming but in Washington, D. C., February 1, 1915, where his parents were for the time being. His father, Harry H. Schwartz, is a prominent Casper, Wyoming, attorney who, from 1937 to 1943, served one term as Wyoming's junior senator (Dem.) and was afterward for a while Chairman of the National Mediation Board. Returning to Casper, his work in Washington accomplished, the elder Schwartz, far from retiring, resumed his law practice, and is today as active as ever, although well up in his seventies. At the moment the ex-senator is occupying his sparse leisure in an intensive study of philosophy.

His son speaks of him with affection, admiration and awe. Mr. Schwartz was born on a farm in Ohio of a family whose first American ancestor arrived in this country from Germany around the turn of the eighteenth century. As a farm boy he learned to do everything, and has an especial aptitude with his hands which seems to be a family characteristic, a fact which he conceals, except in an emergency, with an adroitness that interests his near relatives. "He is terribly afraid," comments his son reflectively, "that someone, or something, will interrupt his train of thought."

On his mother's side Harry Fletcher is Yankee English. His mother's father was a Boston shipyard owner.

Young Harry was the first of six children, three boys and three girls, and with their father as an example, the family is as legally inclined as it is native. Harry's next older brother is now a practicing attorney in San Francisco; one sister has just entered the University of Wyoming Law School. Another sister is married, while the two youngest children, a sister and brother, are still living with their parents in Casper. But the elder Schwartz, like so many experts, had misgivings in the beginning about his oldest son. He urged him to become a chemical engineer, as he thought at the moment that was where the future lay. Young Harry quietly and firmly went about the business of obtaining a law degree. He is a determined young man. You don't have to be with him long to discover that.

In 1932 he graduated from the Natrona County High School in Casper, and that fall entered the University of Colorado, majoring in prelaw courses. In 1937, graduating from the University of Colorado, he moved to Laramie two days after his wedding—a runaway wedding, incidentally—and



Once a temporary summer ranger at Yellowstone, Harry is an expert woodsman. On the expeditions, everybody helps pitch the tent, Hayter builds the fire, Lee makes "mountain potatoes"—and it's full speed ahead for the fish fry.



"Handy with books but not with a saddle." Talking shop with rancher friends is all right, but Harry's interest in horses is strictly from the side lines.



Dress rehearsal for the rodeo—but one heap little Indian "no like." The Crow tribe live on a Montana reservation about 75 miles to the north of Sheridan.



"I used to be a tomboy too." As a teen-ager, Lee punched cattle on her father's ranch in New Mexico and knows how it feels to be at home on the range.



Up in the mountains, horizons grow tall and any man can find a pioneer in himself and a new world worth exploring.

began his studies at the University of Wyoming Law School, from which he was graduated in 1940 with a Bachelor of Laws degree.

He is a fairly tall young man, but stocky, 5′ 9″; and blond, on the edge of being rufous; clean shaven. He is serious, quiet and observant, although easygoing. He doesn't talk very much to begin with, but he is cordial and you like him at once. There is something very solid and satisfying about him. An underlying warmth. He has a hidden sense of humor which shows itself more in appreciation of what his wife and others say than in what he says himself.

While at the University of Colorado, for three summers he was a temporary ranger in Yellowstone Park. And that brings us again to Leroy Lewis, or Lee, her usual nickname, or "Honey," as her husband calls her.

Lee Schwartz is a most important part of the family, and you realize that the minute you enter the Schwartz *(Continued on Page 114)*

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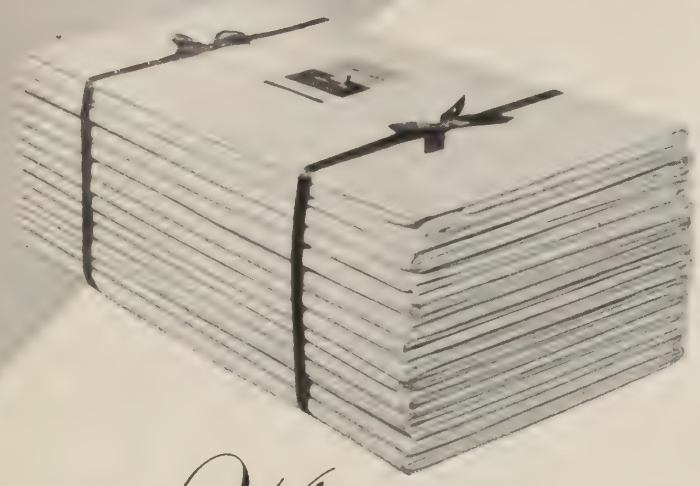
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★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

Let's be Practical About Sex Education

By LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.D.

Professor of Neuropsychiatry, Duke University School of Medicine

MY trip to Sheridan, Wyoming, to meet the four Schwartzes convinced me more than ever that even the best people fool themselves about sex education. Lee Schwartz is an intelligent young matron who, in every way in the world, wants to do the best she possibly can for her children. That, of course, includes proper instruction about sex. She has a nine-year-old daughter and an eight-year-old son, and a husband who is an energetic, helpful young lawyer.

Lee frankly admits that her colossal ignorance about sex didn't get her into difficulties because she had the very good fortune to marry Harry. Lee had had not one word of information about conception and came to womanhood with the idea that pregnancy could occur if a girl permitted a boy to kiss her. She had no parental information even about menstruation! It is hard to believe this, in these times, but I have heard similar stories so frequently that I know they are true.

When I began to ask Lee Schwartz about the sex education of her children, I met with polite, but definite, resentment. Later I realized it was not because she was too shy to talk about sex or thought I was intruding into her private business. She was resentful about the bad information current among women she knew and she hated the idea of instructing children by sitting down with them for formal talks about sex.

I think it is understandable that people hate to talk about anything when they feel ignorant of the topic, or shameful about it, or fearful. After Lee became calmed, she told me her two main principles for sex education. I think we can safely use them for all parents:

1. Tell children the facts about sex whenever and as soon as they ask questions.

2. Tell them these facts in language they can understand in a straightforward, simple manner.

Lee says her children are not much interested in sex and have asked very few questions. When they took their dog to a neighbor's for mating, the children went along. They were told that King, their dog, would be a father in fifty-six days and they would have a puppy dog soon thereafter. They showed no apparent curiosity or interest in seeing the actual mating. They showed some interest in the pregnancy of a neighbor and seemed puzzled about her going to the hospital, and especially why the mother had to stay in bed so long after the baby was born. They were told she was weak and needed to regain her strength. The only knowledge they have about conception is the information that a father and mother are both necessary to have a baby.

Now how certain can Lee be that these children have no more curiosity and interest than she seems to think or than they show her? I have no definite knowledge, but I do know about some other children; and Lee's husband, Harry, furnishes an excellent example from his own childhood.

When Harry was eight years old, he had no information about conception. A woman who lived near by was pregnant and a twelve-year-old boy took it upon himself to inform Harry in four-letter words that this woman and her husband had indulged in some lewd practices—otherwise she would not have been pregnant. By good fortune, Harry's mother overheard. She stopped her work and calmly, gently gave her son hon est information about mating between lo ing men and women who wanted childre It is clear that Harry's mother had not be asked questions and may well have thoug that Harry had no interest. I can assure y this is no isolated example. A careful stu of one of our leading schools revealed tha among fifty boys, those with the most i formation about sex talk and acts were fi boys whose parents were sure their so knew nothing about sex.

Of course parents must answer questio when children ask them. Parents also mu realize that often children do not ask qu tions, just as Harry did not. Furthermo they must realize that children are instruct by neighborhood children very early in th lives and that they do not come to pare to ask questions until much later, if at Take note that Lee did not ask questio and never got any information. Yet she followed the principle that children sho be instructed only when they ask questio

I believe parents can be reassured ab the danger of arousing curiosity. Of cou children will show curiosity about sex j as they show curiosity about everything their world. We must realize that this cu osity is one of the chief ways in which ch dren learn. Curiosity about a new sex fa lasts about as long as curiosity about a other new sort of fact. When a colleague mine decided to let his two-year-old daug ter come into the bathroom while he bathe her curiosity was very much aroused about a week. Then all interest in her ther's genitals disappeared. Probably h interest shifted to digging up the fall-plant bulbs or taking the medicine out of t bathroom cabinet.

The most prudish or embarrassed pare will admit that sex is an important matt in life. Yet many leave their children woeful ignorance because of the delusi that children are not interested. These p ents may comfort themselves in the bel that they are preserving innocence and p tecting their children against curiosity think we can draw a safe conclusion th whether we like it or not, it is not in hands of parents to decide whether child should have sex education. They are lik to get it even if parents decide against desirability of such instruction.

The only thing parents can decide whether they want the information to given exclusively by playmates, with ig rance and vulgarity, or whether they w to present clean, honest, straightforw sex education.

I think parents must face the hard real that part of their children's education is ing to come from the street. Street inform tion cannot be avoided, but it can be c rected by this rule:

3. Give your children sex facts en enough to forestall the street informe

Fathers of little boys may want to these same facts into four-letter words. L not get confused about this. I would advise parents to use four-letter words their only means of talking about sex w children. But I do want children to be a to understand the meaning of such words that when they hear street talk they will able to translate these words into th proper meaning. Why should parents ha so much embarrassment that they can bring themselves to say, "That's what kids call it, but the correct name is this.

If the parent does the teaching, the child as a sound background of clean facts against hich to judge the facts given by the street. emember that a child regards his parents s the prime and authoritative source of all nformation. He will reject the street talk if he parent will give him the chance to acuire clean and real information.

I would like to add a fourth rule:

4. Be prepared to be free and open bout sex. Talk and act in such a way hat your children will feel free to ask uestions.

Many parents think they are straightorward, but in actual practice they dodge hildren's questions, put them off, or give nswers which do not satisfy and only rompt children to get further answers from heir friends. I am convinced that many arents delude themselves in believing that hey are really willing to answer questions, et I have heard over and over, "Oh, you ouldn't understand." . . . "When ou're older, I'll tell you about ." . . . "Nice boys nd girls don't talk bout things like hat."

Actually, how oung or how old hould a child be efore he is given inruction? The anwer must be, "As oung as possible." is clear to anyone ealing with very oung children that hey are limited in hat they can unerstand. The wisest ethod of teaching hildren is to give hem as much inormation as their rowing, active inds will easily abrb. They are apt be interested in verything from ains to God and om turning on the ove to the mysters of the heavens ith their lightning nd thunder. When hey want to know hese things, we exlain as best we can. ur explanations are often oversimple and adequate, but we do the best we can. emember that when there are things hildren should know, we try to explain hose things as best we can. For example, e try to explain the danger of running nto the street, or the need for keeping ut of the way of rusty nails, or the undesirability of walking in puddles of water, nd so on. I would advise the same method talking about sex and body needs and are and body form.

If the child's mind is not ready to receive e information. all you have done is to add me more wasted words. On the other hand, it does sink in, you will have started him n the path to sound knowledge. He may eed this protection all too soon. To learn nything, the child must be instructed many mes—over and over again—before he fially comprehends. Education is always a ow process, but repetition will finally succeed in establishing facts in the child's mind. ust so with sex information. I have tried many times to teach young children about onception, but I have learned that it takes long time. I remember one time instructng a little three-year-old boy about a mother at carrying her kittens in her stomach and rying to use it as an example of how babies re carried. The next day, when he was sked where babies come from, he brightly nd eagerly said, "From the fire departent." A few weeks before, his pregnant nother was taken to the hospital in the firepartment ambulance that happened to be onveniently located just across the street rom his home.

So here is a fifth rule:

5. Sex education should begin at the same time other learning begins. Remember you can't begin too early to beat the neighborhood.

There is every reason why a child should not be overwhelmed by too big a dose of any kind of information. That goes for sex as well as for engines or electric-light plugs or switches.

I would strongly advise against the big-sized doses of sex information. The big-sized doses in actual practice are used only when parents have delayed much too long in giving instruction. If the child is ignorant, the hushed-voice, secretive session is terrifying and shocking. If he already has the information, he is likely to be embarrassed and unwilling to listen to a parent who has failed to give him information when he needed it.

6. Give sex instruction in small doses, making use of the opportunities that come up practically every day.

Sex instruction should be given with the same matter-of-factness and lack of embarrassment with which any other kind of education is given. Don't use a hushed, awesome voice and appear to be embarrassed. To be able to discuss sex with children openly and cleanly, the parent may have to rid himself of past prejudices with which he grew up. This is no easy task. For many men and women, it means learning for the first time the true facts of sex. If parents are ignorant, they should consult sound books which are available in most public libraries. A good way to learn about giving information is for parents to practice when they are alone together. They can learn to talk in a normal tone of voice about sex, and at the same time gradually develop a vocabulary of words with which to talk to children.

7. Practice how to give sex instruction after learning enough facts from authoritative sources to be in position to give sound facts and advice.

Parental attitudes exert a deep and lasting influence on children's attitudes in every field of human behavior. Honesty, religion, kindness, good nature, friendliness, temperateness, tranquillity are all more likely to be taught at the mother's knees and by the father's example than in any other way. It is equally true that attitudes about sex are derived in the same measure from the parents' example and attitudes.

I think parents should always bear clearly in mind that what they do not talk about has as important an influence on children as what they do say. It is equally true that their behavior in front of children influences their children's attitudes profoundly. Contrast the parents who always make the coming to or going from home the occasion for a loving embrace and kiss, and the couples who never show their loving by any kind of physical expression. Can you believe this has no influence on children and their feeling about physical warmth and affection? The combination of proper parental attitudes and sound knowledge will go a long way to help the child achieve a healthy, wholesome, adult sexual life. **THE END**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Home-Coming

By Laura Benét

We shall return, love, wiser than
before,
Rejoiced to find our weedy garden
sowed,
Beguiled by the mere sunlight on the
door,
The trees beside the road.

Question me not with shaded eyes of
doubt,
For natural things are sure
As gentians in the autumn, jeweled
skies,
Four seasons that endure.

We shall come back, clasping each
other's hands
Gaily, as children come
From holidays in unfamiliar lands
To the loved warmth of home.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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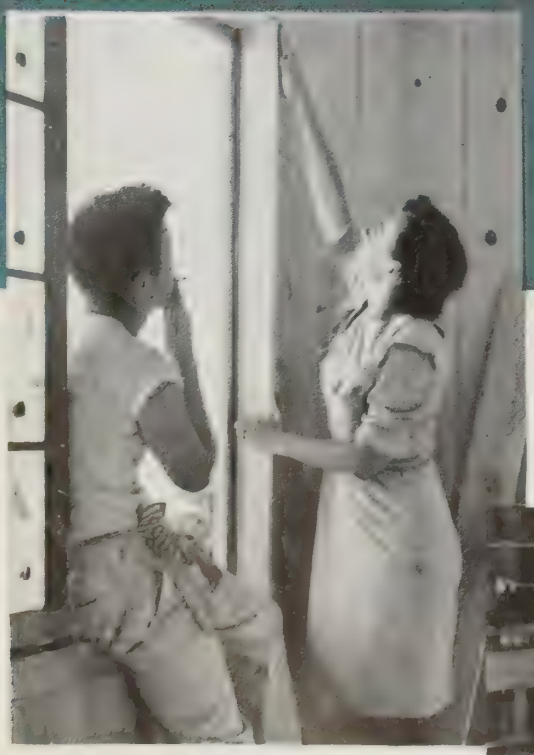
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Harry Schwartz turned his carpentry hobby into a sunny pine-paneled room for family and friends.

Day and Night Room

A living room by day, a guest room by night.

Why not let the whole family use the guest room between visitors?



Lee helped by holding boards, measuring and handing tools.



By night the new room becomes a comfortable guest chamber.

By **HENRIETTA MURDOCK**
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

HERE is Harry Schwartz's version of that extra room over the garage which most small-home owners dream of building someday. The family uses the new room as a retreat, a place to read, to work at hobbies and entertain friends. When there are overnight guests, the studio couch makes up into a comfortable bed and the chest opens to accommodate visitors' belongings.

Though an amateur with little experience, Harry Schwartz did all the construction and finishing himself.

The pine furniture is simple, sturdy and inexpensive, and the hand-blocked plaid fabric and linen rug suggest informality with gaiety and charm. The room could be added to any type house, in any section of the country, and be decorated in period or modern style.

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★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★



Lucky Kay practices real pieces on the family piano instead of monotonous exercises. She is just as lucky to have a modern lamp that lights her music instead of shining in the eyes that have to last all her life.

Are You Light Minded?

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

"HARRY insists on good light," said Lee; and adds, "You can't buy your eyesight back." Outdoor workers usually have better eyesight than indoor workers, among whom most of us are counted. Artificial light keeps us from going blind like the fish in Mammoth Cave, and good artificial light means lamps properly proportioned to the job, ranging from night lights of a very few watts to large ones for close seeing, up to 300 watts. It means lamps correctly placed, combined with background lighting to avoid sharp shadows. It also means lamps with bulbs protected with shades and diffusing bowls to prevent eye-straining glare. Nowadays the Schwartzes do their homework by the eye savers pictured. Lee enjoys the difference in the way the whole house looks, finding that light is one of the cheapest decorators. All of them are shining proof that the light minded are surprisingly often the lighthearted as well.

Putting on her face...

is no longer a matter of a lick and a promise, in the light of dressing-table lamps like Lee's. Two 60-watt bulbs at face level behind translucent shades help to prevent frowning and eyestrain. White shades do not distort make-up colors.



After dinner...

when the table is cleared, Kay and Harry, Jr., have lots of light on their fractions when 100–300 watt bulb in the ceiling fixture is turned to maximum level. Diffusing bowl softens light to reduce glare. Right light can do much to start youngsters into adult life with strong eyes.





The men of the family...

don't like a light under a bushel. When they settle down to the evening paper they want fixtures like these, throwing some light directly on the page and some on the ceiling, thus wiping out contrasts between glare and shadow so tiring to the eye muscles.

Paying bills...

is a chore for Lee after a hard day. Adding up check stubs comes easier, though, when a desk lamp at her left, since she is right-handed, lightens the job. Lamp is tall enough to light desk top, has reflector bowl and opaque shade as eye-and-temper-soothing features.



PHOTOS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



In bed at last....

Lee can wriggle her toes and end the day with a good book. She looks as pretty as the picture above her in the light it sheds on her bedtime story. For this picture is also a new pin-up type of lamp, combining up-and-down, balanced light with a decorative flower design.

Hold it, Butch! Ladies Present



It's a safe guess all Butch needs is a 'change' . . . from itchy, half-clean clothes to things that are washed completely clean and sweet . . . *with Fels-Naptha Soap.*

This extra gentle laundry soap—an exclusive blend of mild, golden soap and active naptha—gets out every stain, every source of irritation. Leaves dainty garments soothingly soft and white.

Like other modern mothers, you'll find Fels-Naptha the perfect soap for doing a 'baby wash' cleaner *and quicker!*



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

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Give him Homemade

APPLE PIE

(and put a slice of cheese on it)



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quick and easy with the new

Pillsbury PIE CRUST MIX



9 full ounces—
ample for a big, two-crust pie

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Deep in the boyhood memory of every man is a love for homemade apple pie (even more so with cheese on it). Make it for *your* man. Easy, simple with the new Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix. You can't miss.

Tender, "short" crust
Rich flavor of fine shortening
Tempting brown color
Fast—fix while oven heats
Just add water, mix, roll out
Sure results

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You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new pie crust mix in *her* kitchen to save you time in *your* kitchen, and give you perfect results every time.

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★



Mrs. Schwartz likes to shop in a small neighborhood grocery near her home. It's the kind of shop where the grocer gives you a taste of the cheese so you can decide whether or not to buy—knows his customers by name.

Quick, Easy and Fairly Frugal

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

AFTERNOON meetings are frequently on Mrs. Schwartz's calendar. Quick, easy and inexpensive dinners for go-to-meeting day are handy little numbers to have in anyone's household. The casserole, salad and simple dessert type of meal is most popular at their house for in-a-hurry nights. If all three can be prepared—or partially prepared—before taking off for the afternoon, so much the better. We've kept this in mind in the following menus

Morning-for-Night

*Hamburger-Noodle Casserole
*Beet-and-Cabbage Salad
*Cinnamon Pears
Beverage

HAMBURGER-NOODLE CASSEROLE

Sauté ⅓ pound hamburger in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil until nicely browned, stirring frequently. Then add ½ cup chopped onions and cook until onions are golden. Be careful not to burn. Push beef and onions to side of pan. Add 2 tablespoons more shortening or salad oil and blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Add 3 cups milk or evaporated milk diluted with water. Stir until thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add a little dry mustard and Worcestershire sauce to snap up the flavor. Cook 1 eight-ounce package medium-wide noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Rinse under boiling water. Drain. Mix with the meat gravy. Pour into a casserole. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake 20-25 minutes or until bubbly and brown in moderately hot oven, 375°F. Serves 4. For 2, use ½ pound hamburger—halve the other ingredients.

BEET-AND-CABBAGE SALAD

Prepare 1 package lemon-flavored gel atin according to package directions Add 1½ tablespoons vinegar. Cool unti thick and sirupy in freezing tray o your refrigerator. Don't leave it i long or it will set. Now add ⅔ cu chopped drained canned beets or 1 ja chopped baby beets, 1 cup choppe raw cabbage, 1 tablespoon mince onion, 1 teaspoon salt and a dash o pepper. Mix well. Pour into squar pan. Chill until set. Cut in squares Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise Serves 4, or 2 for 2 meals.

CINNAMON PEARS

Drain sirup from 1 No. 2½ can pears To sirup add 1 stick cinnamon broke into pieces, the juice of 1 lemon and 1-inch piece of lemon rind. Boil minutes. Strain. Soften 1 teaspoo unflavored gelatin in 2 tablespoon cold water. Add to hot sirup. Pour ov pear halves. Chill. It won't really se but the sirup will be slightly thick ened—just a nice consistency. Serv 4. For 2, make up full quantity—se for 2 meals.

The Schwartz youngsters love to coo and Mrs. Schwartz believes in encour

ging them. Desserts appeal to them ost. So far their repertoire includes crambled eggs, cookies, brown Betty nd puddings made from mixes. If you ave a hope-to-be cook in the family, t her try her hand on this pudding essert. It couldn't be easier. The main ourse will be your department.

★ ★ ★

Child's Play

*Hungarian Stuffed Eggs
*Quick Creamed Spinach
Lettuce Salad
Chocolate Scotch Pudding
Beverage

HUNGARIAN STUFFED EGGS

ard-cook 6 eggs. Shell and cut in alves. Remove yolks. Mash through eve. Mix yolks with 3½ tablespoons utter or margarine, 2 teaspoons dry read crumbs, 1 teaspoon prepared ustard, 1 tablespoon sour cream, 1 ablespoon minced parsley, ½ tea- oon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. ill whites with yolk mixture. Arrange a greased pie plate. (Prepare this sh in the morning if you're going to out for the afternoon.) Spread eggs ith ¾ cup thick sour cream. Dot with utter or margarine. Sprinkle with acker crumbs. Bake in moderate en, 350° F., 15 minutes, or until ghtly browned. Serves 4. For 2, halve ost ingredients but use 2 table poons utter or margarine and 6 tablespoons our cream to avoid awkward meas- ements.

QUICK CREAMED SPINACH

ook 1 package frozen spinach accord- g to package directions. Drain. Chop ne. Add 1 can condensed cream of icken soup. The juiciness of the inach will thin it to just about right nsistency. Season with salt, pepper, teaspoon nutmeg and 1 teaspoon ated onion. Serves 4. Though this cipe could be halved for 2, you'd still ve ½ package spinach and ½ can of up to use up someway another ght. If I were you, I'd make up e whole business. You'll like it well ough to serve it twice; and you can't ll—there may not be a spoonful left.

CHOCOLATE SCOTCH PUDDING

1 package butterscotch pudding d 1 square chocolate and 2¼ cups ld milk. Stir over direct heat until ocolate melts and pudding thickens. avor with ½ teaspoon vanilla. Chill and serve garnished with coconut or chopped nuts. Serves 4. This is worth repeating, if you are just 2.

Each week when you do your main staple shopping, think of your shelf—that special spot in your cupboard where you keep the makings of a good quick main dish from canned products. Keep it current and many a time you'll be glad you were shelf-conscious. There's usually one night a week when a previously planned meal just isn't possible. You come home later than you planned, or the groceries didn't come. Anything can happen—often does. Canned meats, such as luncheon meat, corned-beef hash, and so on, are good things to have squirreled away, particularly when the budget's getting frayed around the edges.

★ ★ ★

For Shelf-Keeping

*Baked Pork Squares and Sweet Potatoes
*Curried Corn and Tomatoes
*Pear Waldorf Salad
Beverage

BAKED PORK SQUARES AND SWEET POTATOES

Open 1 can pork luncheon meat. Cut meat in quarters. Place in baking pan. Arrange canned sweet potatoes around meat. Blend ½ cup apple jelly with 2 tablespoons hot water. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and ½ cup brown sugar. Pour over the meat and potatoes. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for ½ hour. Serves 4. Halve quantities for 2. Put this dish in oven to bake first. Prepare the salad and curried corn and tomatoes. Baste potatoes and meat with glaze once or twice during the baking.

PEAR WALDORF SALAD

To diced fresh pears add diced celery, chopped nuts and a little lemon juice. Combine with salad dressing.

CURRIED CORN AND TOMATOES

Brown 1 medium-sized onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 2 tablespoons flour and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Blend well. Add 1½ cups canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt and 1½ cups whole-kernel corn. Cook over moderate heat until slightly thickened. Serves 4. Halve quantities for 2.

PHOTOS BY BRADLEY SMITH



ith plenty of meat in their freezer, the Schwartzes rarely order meat hen they dine with friends in a restaurant. Fried chicken gets their der most often, as they have it at home only on special occasions.





Your family will love it as a pour-on sauce

Yes, as a sauce . . . a rich, zestful, ready-to-use sauce, heated just as it comes from the can! There are few foods that don't gain by adding tomato. It lends color and flavor to leftovers . . . economy foods . . . useful but too-familiar standbys. If you don't believe it, try meat loaf this way:

MEAT LOAF ANDALUSIA

1½ lbs. ground beef
½ cup water — Dash of thyme
¾ tsp. salt — 2 tbsp. minced onion
Pepper to taste — 1½ cups soft bread crumbs
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup

Combine lightly all ingredients but the soup. Turn into greased pan (about 8 by 4 by 3 ins.). Bake at 350° 1 hr., 15 min. Drain off excess fat. 15 minutes before taking from oven, pour on Campbell's Tomato Soup just as it comes from the can. 6 to 7 servings.

And as a cooking sauce, it livens up "Old Reliables"

Whenever a recipe calls for tomato sauce, the best and quickest way is Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can!

Clip this recipe for your food file.



I JUST COULDN'T KEEP HOUSE WITHOUT CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP ...AS A SOUP...AS A SAUCE ...AND IN COOKING!

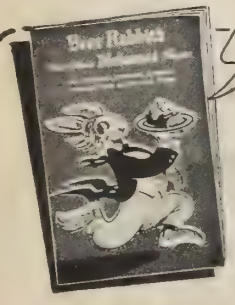
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. . . with your favorite sauce, or whipped cream. For delicious sauce recipes, see back of label. C&B Date Dessert is tender and rich, made of dates, spices and selected ingredients, subtly blended, and baked in the *just-for-two* 4-oz. tin. At your grocer's, or write Crosse & Blackwell, Dept. G, Baltimore 24, Maryland



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BLUE RIBBON BAKEWARE, Lemont, Ill.



WYOMING LAWYER

(Continued from Page 104)

house. There is that give and take, that constant referring to each other between her husband and herself, that occasional teasing, that show an extremely devoted and understanding young couple. And this goes for the entire household. There is a warm circle of affection in which the two children, Cuyler Glenn and Harry Hayter, share. The Schwartzes like one another, and they listen to one another, and they have a good time together. And they respect one another, not on the basis of parents and children but on the basis of individuals, each with his or her common duties and rewards, which added together make for the solidity and happiness of what Benjamin Franklin spoke of as the smallest and first circle of government, the family.

Lee Schwartz is a graceful, charming person, short and slight. She is 5′ 3″ tall and weighs around 114 pounds. Her naturally curly light brown hair is cut short, and when she takes her glasses off you see how lively and shining blue her eyes are. She dresses becomingly, with instinctive good taste—she makes most of her own clothes. It is obvious that she has a sense of color, which probably comes from the fact that her favorite recreation is painting, at which she is good.

And now, while we are at it, we'd best describe the three other members of the family: Kay, Harry Hayter, and King, a huge Dalmatian pup, age 2.

King, despite his youth, is an eminently responsible person, who takes seriously his duties of guarding the family, and his spotted, muscular figure is formidable. However, he is quietly cordial if your credentials are good, and he has the reputation of being as well known and as well liked in Sheridan as the rest of the family.

Kay wears pigtails and is a slim, demure maiden with mature good manners and attentive respect for a stranger. Nothing escapes her. She sits up straight with her hands folded in her lap. She is a third-grader, a good student, and very useful about the house. She is already a good cook, and occasionally is allowed to prepare breakfast. Like her mother, she is fond of sewing, and has taken to painting. But, again like her mother, she is very much of an all-around person. Her interests are by no means confined to indoors. She is equally enthusiastic about riding, skiing and fishing. She is at the age, however, when one conceals one's deeper emotions with the casualness, and slight touch of bravado, of the blue-jeaned teens.

WHEN asked what her favorite pastime is, she replies lightly, "Listening to the blood-and-thunder radio programs when I get home from school," and adds, "You can quote me on that." A remark that causes a slight shudder on the part of her mother, as it does on the part of millions of American parents.

As an older sister, Kay has the guidance of Harry Hayter gravely on her mind. Harry Hayter has the quick, responsive grin of intelligent boyhood. He is confiding and energetic, and is a great help to his father about the house and grounds. He is official furnace tender during the winter months and all-year official collector of garbage. He has the family aptitude for using his hands, and is following in his father's footsteps as a carpenter, builder and cabinet-maker. Like Kay and his mother, he has taken to drawing and painting. All th Schwartzes have a distinct bent in thos directions. Harry Fletcher is an expert woo carver with a pocketknife. Harry Hayte has also taken it up. He is in the third grad at school with his sister, and is an equall good student.

LEE, like her husband, is a native F Westerner, but instead of being born into legal family, she was born into a ranchin family. Her father is a cattleman, and L was born June 20, 1917, in Winner, Sout Dakota. Winner, incidentally, got its nan because there was a contest between tw towns as to which should be the county sea and Winner won. Shortly after Lee's birt her father moved south, and the family live for ten years in Oklahoma and Colorado Tulsa and Denver—until, in 1930, Mr. Lew bought a large cattle ranch near Cimarro New Mexico.

There were two girls, Lee and her old sister Gwen, and they were very much li Jack Sprat and his wife, who preferred opp sites. Gwen preferred helping her mothe Lee preferred helping her father. Gwen a sisted in the housekeeping and stayed i doors; Lee rod punched cattle a lived out of doo But Leeisextreme tactful about t now, for her h band, Harry, is o of the few We erners who dor like horses, and quite frank in sa ing so.

Lee's educati began in the De ver public schoo and afterwa when her fami moved to the Ne Mexico ranch, s attended a cons idated count school four mil from her hom When she was 15 was sent to li with an aunt in T peka, Kansas, order to take a vantage of a be ter high school and obtain the credits nec sary for college. Two years later she enter Stevens College, Columbia, Missouri, wh she taught horseback riding and majored business administration.

Meanwhile, her older sister Gwen h entered the University of Colorado and b become engaged to a law student. The student's roommate was a certain Ha Schwartz, of Casper, Wyoming. In 1935 L still at Stevens, was invited to spend a w end with her sister, and that's how Schwartzes met—at a fraternity dance. T following year Lee, graduating from Steve transferred to the University of Colora but she states firmly Harry Schwartz h nothing to do with her decision. In fact. first week end they hadn't been particula impressed by each other. They thought e other nice but not startling. It just sho how much people can read their futur The following Christmas, Christmas of 19 they became engaged, although Harry h still three years of law school ahead of h and no money of his own.

Both fathers, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Schwa who had just been elected to the Uni States Senate, took the engagement ph sophically. They believed that "two yo people could live as cheaply as one," wh was truer when they married than it is n The families were startled, however, wh the following October Harry and Lee clop Like most engaged couples, they had drean dreams, and made elaborate plans for a f mal wedding in August when their fami

(Continued on Page 117)

A Steelworker's Family

How do you make do when you have seven children and $69 a week to beat the cost of living?

Steelworker Arthur Crouse, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, brings home a fatter-than-average pay envelope. But his wife must stretch their dollars to meet running expenses, and she prays that tomorrow won't bring that rainy day.

To share the problems of a big family with a small income,

Meet the Arthur Crouses, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

The February Journal



Have you ever said: "I'm drinking too much coffee"?

YOU PROBABLY HAVE . . . if you're like most people who love a good cup of coffee.

For coffee is so enticing, so delightful, so hospitable a beverage that one cup just seems to lead to another.

And yet . . . and yet . . . you realize that you must be watchful, lest you reach the point where the caffein in coffee might make you sleepless, nervous, even irritable and "out of sorts." (With *some* people, the caffein in a *single* cup of coffee can have that effect!)

So, when you *are* nervous and tense . . . wakeful at night . . . you wonder, naturally, if coffee is to blame. Should you limit yourself to a certain amount? To certain times of day? Should you give up coffee *altogether?*

THE ONLY PERFECT ANSWER—DRINK SANKA COFFEE

Sanka Coffee brings you *two* great pleasures. The first is the rich, satisfying, and very special flavor-goodness that coffee-lovers get only from *real* coffee.

The second is the pleasure of never worrying about how much coffee you drink or when you drink it.

You can drink all you want—one cup or six; morning, noon, or midnight—enjoy it to the fullest, and never give a thought to possible caffein-effects!

ALL COFFEE—REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE

The reason—as millions know—is that Sanka is wonderful coffee *with the caffein taken out.*

That's why Sanka gives you the enjoyment that real coffee and only real coffee can give. The same immediate sense of comfort and satisfaction—the warm, bracing cheer.

And yet Sanka will free your mind completely from the slightest question about your coffee-drinking habits.

Why not start drinking Sanka Coffee tomorrow? You have nothing to lose . . . and possibly a great deal to gain.

Sanka Coffee

"Real coffee...with the worry taken out"



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—a drink that puts SPRINGTIME in your life.

Folks travel all the way to Florida—to build their health in its sunshine. Yet in the juice of Florida oranges, the invigorating glow of health is stored away—ready to be enjoyed by every member of the family every single day.

It's orange-juice time more often than you think! When you squeeze a glass of juice from tree-ripened Florida oranges, or pour from a can of luscious orange juice, you are treating yourself to natural vitamin C in rich abundance. Other vitamins . . . minerals too. Fruit sugars for quick energy. You are building resistance against fatigue. And you're arming yourself to fight colds. It pays to make *Florida orange juice* your daily stand-by!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
Lakeland, Florida



FLORIDA ORANGE JUICE

FRESH  OR  CANNED

(Continued from Page 114)

ld be present. Four times the wedding s postponed because Senator Schwartz ld not leave Washington. All that summer and Harry waited for Congress to adrn. Congress has a habit of disappointing ple, including engaged couples. So in ober, 1937, Lee and Harry ran away and e married at Littleton, Colorado, by a tice of the peace whose name, approprily enough for a Far Western wedding, Davy Crockett. They took along as witses one of Harry's fraternity brothers and wife. That Saturday they had attended otball game between Colorado and Misri. They still do not know who won.

The Schwartz and Lewis families recovd promptly from the shock and became e more their calm and welcoming selves. erance and good humor seem to be charristic of both stocks. Lee adores her ther and father, also her mother-in-law l father-in-law. It is the same with rry. As for Lee's father, apparently he is en to the outbursts of sudden generosity racteristic of the cattleman, and also to love of indulging daughters common to h cattlemen and other male parents. til recently the young Schwartzes drove ancient sedan of the vintage of '41. Now y have blossomed forth with a beautiful oon convertible containing every known get. They are nervous about this and erly explanatory. The convertible is not eeping with their modest income. Lee's ner gave it to her on condition she would o smoking for fifteen months. She is ning the convertible the hard way, for husband smokes and so presents a conit temptation.

When you ask Harry what first attracted about his wife, he answers promptly, he has a wonderful-looking mother."

This needs further explanation. "What do mean? That Mrs. Lewis has a fine bone ucture, or something of the sort? That efore your wife will wear well?"

Exactly." And then he adds, "Buoyy—wit. Those attracted me at once. She os me from getting stuffy." Lee has made od job of it, for there's not a trace of finess about him. "Intelligence. Conality—we both like the same things." en you suggest, "Charm," he agrees rtily, showing that this has been in his d, but that he was too modest to say so. n answer to the same question, Lee re-, "Brains. Reliability. Constructive imagination. Ability to do things with his hands." She sighs happily. "Besides, he minds so beautifully."

Two days after the Gretna Green wedding at Littleton the newly married couple moved to Laramie, where Harry began his studies at the University of Wyoming Law School. They rented a three-room renovated tourist cabin. Nine months later Cuyler Glenn was born, and sixteen months after that, Harry Hayter. Lee was eager to assist her husband financially, but those first two years she was too busy housekeeping and having children. Like many young people, Lee and Harry believe in planned families, and they had determined not to have any children until Harry was well established in his law practice. As is so often the case, Nature was not co-operative.

An interesting comment on the changes brought about by the recent war is that in 1937 Harry was the only married student in his class at Laramie. In last year's enrollment there was not a single unmarried law student at the University of Wyoming.

Harry graduated from law school in 1940, passed his Wyoming bar examinations, and moved his family to Casper, where he took charge of his father's law office. This was an invaluable experience for a beginning lawyer, but when at the end of three years Mr. Schwartz returned to Casper, Harry was confronted with a problem. He could stay in Casper and coast to some extent upon his father's reputation, and be known as "Senator Schwartz's son," or he could strike out for himself. It is indicative of his personality that he chose the latter.

There was an opening in the Enforcement Division of the Office of Price Administration in Denver, so he transferred his family there. He remained in Denver eight months, meanwhile investigating various communities as places to settle and establish a practice. One hundred and sixty-two miles north of Casper, up Highway 87, which more or less follows, in the eastern shadows of the Big Horns, the famous old Bozeman Trail—the "bloody Bozeman" of the Indian-fighting decades of the 1860's and '70's—is Sheridan, a comparatively near neighbor of Casper as Far Western distances go, but a very different sort of town.

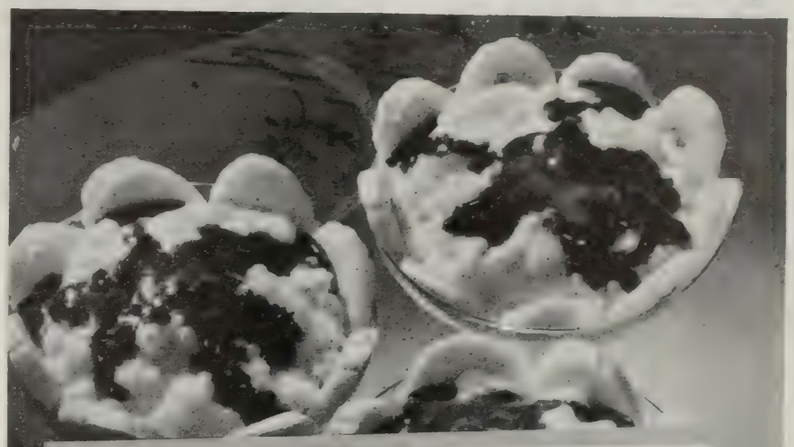
Casper is an oil town, with all that implies. A booming, teeming place filled with ugliness, sudden wealth and instability. Forty-four miles north are the Salt Creek fields, Midwest and Teapot Dome. In 1916 oil,



"It's terribly thrilling to feel you're improving humanity!"

GORGEOUS? NATCH!

(IT'S REAL, WONDERFUL TAPIOCA—GENUINE MINUTE TAPIOCA)



BANANA TAPIOCA CREAM

1 egg yolk
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 bananas
Chocolate sauce

Mix egg yolk with a small amount of the milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, salt, and Minute Tapioca. Place over medium heat. Cook until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly—this takes 5 to 8 minutes. (Do not overcook . . . mixture thickens as it cools.) Remove from heat.

Beat egg white until foamy throughout; add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and continue beating with rotary egg beater until mixture will stand in soft peaks. Add hot tapioca mixture, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Cool, stirring after 15 to 20 minutes. Chill. Just before serving, dice bananas and fold into tapioca cream. Serve with a topping of chocolate sauce and additional banana slices. Makes a luxurious dessert for 6 people. So elegant to look at—such heaven to taste—you'll hardly believe it's so quick and easy to fix. And for all its homemade goodness—it's mighty thrifty, too.



• • •

P.S. for brides! If you're a novice cook—you may never have used real, genuine Minute Tapioca. (It was not available during the war years.) So discover it now! Join the long line of crackerjack cooks who make Minute Tapioca desserts their specialty. You'll find more recipes on box.

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Send names and addresses of subscribers, together with your name and address and remittance to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
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When tiny tantrums come from "Childhood Constipation"



...give Fletcher's Castoria!



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

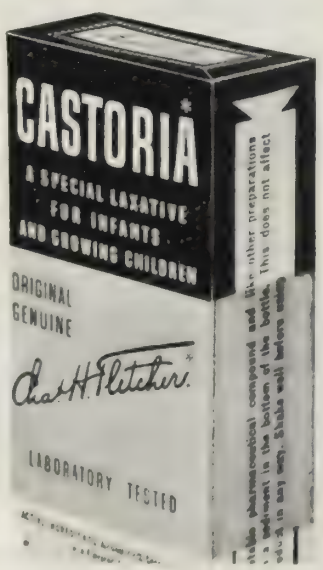
WHEN your baby shows his temper, and those unhappy tantrums come from "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's wise to give him Fletcher's Castoria.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

***Get Fletcher's Castoria** at your drug-store today. Be sure you see the green band and the Charles H. Fletcher signature on the package—then you will know that what you are getting is the original and genuine.*



Chas H. Fletcher

The original and genuine

CASTORIA

which had been discovered near Casper in 1889, came into its own and changed Casper from a sleepy cow town into a city; by the 1940 census the second in Wyoming—Cheyenne being first—but now actually the largest, a steadily growing city of about 33,000 inhabitants. Sheridan is a cattle town, a ranching town, with just a few conservative and prosperous industries. It was incorporated in 1884 and has grown slowly and solidly without any marked break in either its economy or the nature of its population. Sheridan has a population of approximately 14,500 and is the third largest town in Wyoming, a state which has no large cities. It was founded by well-to-do cattlemen, always a conservative group, while just a little south a colony of Englishmen founded the village of Big Horn, and still farther south, but not far, cattlemen and Englishmen founded the small and comely town of Buffalo. The Sioux had been gone from the Powder and Tongue rivers only eight years.

Along the Big Horns where Sheridan and Buffalo are, the country is fertile and for the Far West peculiarly gracious. Over the wide green valley and the great ascending pastures and cattle ranges travel slowly the shadows of Wyoming's cumulus clouds. Always to the west are the peaks and the huge dark green slopes of the Big Horns, purple where the canyons are.

With their usual good sense Lee and Harry Schwartz chose Sheridan as their future home. They chose it because of its schools, which are excellent; its climate, which is almost perfect; its size, which is neither too large nor too small; its people, who are quietly cordial and hospitable; and the opportunities it offers to a young professional man. Sheridan is old enough, and stable enough, sufficiently civilized to appreciate skill and brains; it furnishes a coherent background. But it is also Far Western, and so welcomes ambition, hard work and individuality. It has no caste or snobbishness, and expects young people to live simply and on what they earn.

Lee and Harry Schwartz moved to Sheridan in June of 1944. They rented a small furnished house—in those days you could do that—and Harry leased a small office and settled down to work night and day. Three months later he was drafted, despite three dependents, and was ordered to report immediately for training to the naval base at San Diego, California. Once more the four Schwartzes moved, Lee and the two children following Harry and living with him in a small apartment on the base for the nine months he was there. Lee worked in the Navy Engineering office as a file clerk at $45 a week, the children being taken care of at a day nursery. At the end of nine months Harry was ordered to transport duty in the South Pacific and Lee and the children went back to Sheridan.

HARRY'S transport duty was grim. He served on the U. S. S. Kingsbury, which was engaged in transporting casualties from Iwo Jima and other battle areas to the West Coast. But he took his "Mister Roberts" out by carving with a pocketknife, in his idle moments, exquisite little figurines out of salt-soaked driftwood. He has a collection of these in a corner cabinet in Sheridan.

On March 22, 1946, Lieut. (j.g.) Harry Fletcher Schwartz received his discharge from the Navy and rejoined his family i Sheridan. He rented a law office, the one h still has, for $17.50 a month on Sheridan main street, and he and Lee began to loo around for a permanent home. Present they came across the ranch house.

LAW in Wyoming is, on the whole, like th practice of a country doctor. Sheridan twenty lawyers handle every kind of case fro land and title settlements to criminal and civ offenses. Wyoming has a simplified judici system. Two courts, the Justice Court and th District Court, take care of everything. La in Wyoming is still a fairly friendly affair, a equity and common sense are much in ev dence. The majority of cases are settled o of court. Because the towns are small, th local bar associations are also friendly, a Harry Schwartz is deeply grateful to th older attorneys of Sheridan, always willi to assist their younger fellows with advi and the loan of their private libraries.

As city attorney, appointed by the may Harry's official duties include weekly me ings with the city council every Monda morning at nine; advice to the mayor on legal matters pertaining to the town; and t drafting of town or nances. In additio he defends the to against claims a suits and prosecu violators of the c laws. For this he ceives the munific salary of $75 a mon But that isn't all th is to it, by any mea

The appointmer a signal honor for young an attorn and a political spri board. Both t Schwartzes. Lee a Harry, are intens alive politically a civically, and unl all signs fail Ha has a distinguis political career ah of him. He has personality, the ba ground and the a bition. Until recen he was chairman the Wyoming Yo Democrats Asso tion. Both he and proclaim themsel as thoroughgoing erals; democrats w both a big and a li *d*. Harry is a direc of the Junior Ch ber of Commerce, in Sheridan a very ac and important body; a director of the wanis Club; and county chairman of National Foundation for Infantile P ysis. Lee is president of the Sheridan Ju Women's Club, is active in the Sheridan morial Hospital as a nurse's aide, and sp two afternoons a week in psychother work at Fort McKensie, the huge veter hospital just outside Sheridan where t are 1000 patients. She also heads nume drives and works alongside her husban various projects such as raising money the hospital and increasing recreational f ities for Sheridan's young people. Lee c go far in politics, too, if she wanted. oming is hospitable to women in any br of work. It is called "The Equality Sta

In 1868, when Wyoming was organized a territory, one of the first acts of the ter rial legislature was an equal-suffrage am ment, the first in the country. When W ming entered the Union in 1890 as the fo fourth state, it carried that amendment it—the first of all the states to do so. It the first state to have a woman gover Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross—now Direct the United States Mint—in 1925.

Harry at present is making approxim $3300 a year: $900 from his job as city a ney, $2400 from his law practice. On th family of four can live comfortably in S dan, even nowadays. As has been

Portrait of Mother and Child

By Margaret Fishback

CHILD

Why are women always saying,
"Come to lunch," when I am playing?
Why is mamma such a pest
Always when I'm busiest?
Just as I connect my train,
Presto, goes the old refrain,
Constantly the well-worn wheeze:
"Wash your hands, my darling,
please!"

MOTHER

This is what *I'd* like to know:
Why do children always go
Rushing off to dig or play
Just as I'm about to say,
"Dinner's ready and the roast
Will be dry as Melba toast;
If you loiter, it's a crime"?
Still they take their own sweet time.

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Won't chafe tender skin
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WOMEN wanted to forward new and renewal subscriptions for *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Country Gentleman*, *Jack and Jill*, *Holiday* and other popular publications. You can earn big commissions—devote spare or full time. For details write to
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Smart, youthful styles for Morning, Street or Afternoon at low budget prices. Charming fashions with concealing lines for the mother-to-be. Also Maternity Corsets and Lingerie.
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there's no "keeping up with the Joneses"; young people are expected to start at the bottom and work up. Lee is an expert needlewoman and makes most of Kay's clothes, and her own summer dresses and outing things. She doesn't wear hats, so there's no cost there. She requires one suit and one formal dress a year, and these are frequently given her by her family. Around the house she wears blue jeans in winter, shorts in summer. Harry the elder requires a new suit each year, a few shirts and a couple of pairs of shoes. The children's heavier clothing lasts a long while, and that, too, is sometimes replenished when necessary by Lee's family. Lee's father likes to send presents of beef from his New Mexican ranch.

In two ways the Schwartzes have been singularly lucky. So far they have been an extremely healthy family. To date, doctors and medicines have cost them practically nothing. Their dentist bills are small, about $24 a year—no more, as a rule, than the fees for semiannual inspection. The children's teeth are also regularly examined at school. In addition to this, the Schwartzes eat lightly and prefer simple food—salads and fruit are their favorite dishes.

ANOTHER favorable factor in the Schwartzes' financial setup is that Harry's favorite recreations—his hobbies: carpentering, building and cabinetwork—are definitely constructive and money-saving. He is also a fair plumber and a good gardener. He and little Harry are outstandingly useful about the house and grounds. For instance, Harry senior has built most of the furniture in the ranch house, save for some heirlooms which Lee contributed. All the furniture in his and Lee's bedroom is his handiwork, including extremely modern built-in cupboards and roomy closets. In the dining room, a pleasant, sunny room with white plaster walls, Lee keeps the heirlooms presented to her by Harry's mother, Mrs. Schwartz: some antique brasses, a tea cart, teapots and trays, which during his career as a shipyard owner in Boston were given to Mrs. Schwartz's father by sea-captain friends. Here in Sheridan, Wyoming, these heirlooms have made part of the journey back, but overland, to their Oriental birthplace.

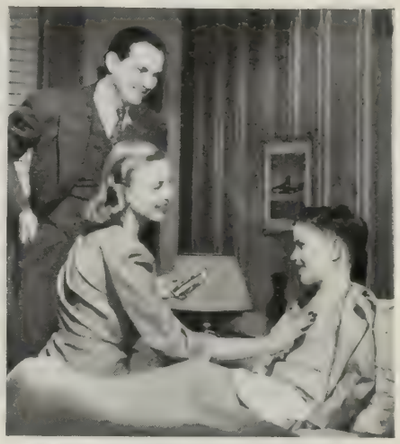
In her vivacity and her love of gay and pretty things, Lee shows her French and Irish blood—by descent she is English, French and Irish—but she doesn't buy until she can well afford it. She is as patient and careful as her more sober husband.

Naturally, the Schwartzes entertain infrequently—about twice a month—and then simply. They confine themselves almost entirely to buffet suppers. Nor have they any expensive tastes. Harry plays golf occasionally. They both belong to the Sheridan Country Club. The dues, however, are only $48 a year and membership is almost obligatory for a young professional man. Lee and Harry go to the movies once a week; the children once a month. Lee and Harry are both fond of dancing, but this is satisfied by the monthly dances at the country club, by dances at the Elks Club, and by informal parties at the houses of friends. About their only extravagance consists of magazine subscriptions. They are pretty consistent readers of both books and magazines, and so are the children. Lee makes a great deal of use of the Sheridan lending libraries. Nowadays, of course, Harry has to do most of his reading along the lines of his profession.

On weekdays the family arises at 6:30, and while Lee is cooking breakfast, the children clean their rooms, make their beds and dress for school. Breakfast is at 7:30, giving plenty of time for leisurely eating. Harry drives the children to school, arriving at his office by nine. Lee spends her mornings in housework and sewing, and has lunch ready for her husband at noon. The children carry lunches to school. After lunch, Harry returns to his office, and Lee has her afternoons free for her many outside activities. As a rule the children are home from school by 3:30 and entertain themselves with carpentering and wood carving on the part of young Harry and by painting and paper-doll making on the part of Kay, or else they go back again down the

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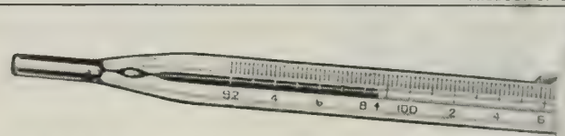
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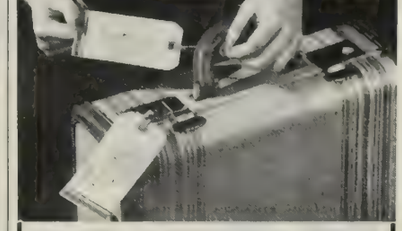
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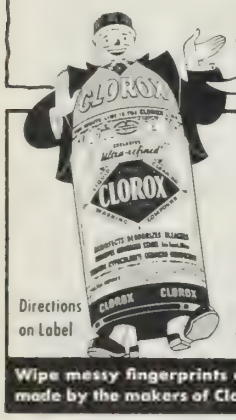
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hill to the city park for outdoor sports with their school friends: swimming in the summer, skiing and skating in the winter. According to Lee, they also spend too much time listening to the radio. The evenings are spent as a rule in reading, studying and, again, listening to the radio. The family has no especial favorite programs except for Kay with her "blood-and-thunder dramas." The family possesses an ancient phonograph which Lee picked up, together with 500 records, for $5 at an auction.

The Schwartzes, as has been stated, are a coherent, home-loving group.

Lee and Harry believe firmly in discipline for their children; tolerant, kindly, but firm. They hold no commerce with so-called "liberal education." They believe in home training. Children should have appointed tasks and be kept to them. But Lee, being a mother, may have a small Achilles heel in this respect. When asked if she was never spoiled by her parents in her youth, she says firmly, "No—never," and then hesitates, and says, "Well, maybe just a little," and adds reflectively, "I think all good parents spoil their children just a little, don't you?"

Living in a small town has many advantages—also some disadvantages. But living in a Far Western small town has the great advantage of having all manner of outdoor sport near at hand, and at practically no cost. Like most Far Westerners, the Schwartzes take no regular vacations. The climate of Sheridan is an all-year-round one, the wilderness is only a few hours away, you live with magnificent scenery. The Schwartzes spend their week ends in excursions to the near-by mountains or in visits to neighboring ranches, where there are fishing, riding, shooting. Whenever possible they take a few days off and go camping in the recesses of the Big Horns or some other primitive area. Sometimes in the summer they go to the New Mexico ranch of Lee's parents, although Harry as a rule is too busy for that.

One may ask, especially if one is city-minded, why a young man of Harry Schwartz's distinguished antecedents and firm but quiet ambitions should choose a town like Sheridan to live in rather than seek the rewards of a great city. What rewards? It is just because he is ambitious, but also sensible and far-visioned, that Harry chose Sheridan and his native state. Immediately he is a man of importance, immediately he can begin to go places, immediately the whole state, and every circle in it, is open to him, and meanwhile he can live, until he makes a greater one, on an income that in New York or Chicago would mean comparative privation. In Sheridan he and his wife, and his children, lead a wide, constantly expanding, healthy and, what is most important, exciting life, for Wyoming is an exciting place to live. Even the air is charged with vitality and power. It is a curious place and a cosmopolitan one, and always has been. People from every state in the Union and from all over the world, and from every social class, come to live in Wyoming, and when they come they live in an almost perfect democracy. It is very rewarding and satisfying.

Here is the atmosphere of sombreros and high-heeled boots, and spreading ranches. This is the country of the Bozeman Trail of Fort Connor, Fort Reno, Fort Phil Kearney and Fort Smith. Of Crazy Woman Battlefield. Of the Hayfield and Wagon Box fights. Of the Fetterman Massacre. While just across the Montana line to the north-west, on what is now the Crow reservation is the site of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, where small white headstones under the blue sky, by twos, by threes, in little clusters and solitary, on the edge of swales and in hollows and on rising ground, march raggedly up to the summit where seventy-two years ago Custer and his Seventh Cavalrymen made their final stand.

Harry and Lee Schwartz answer the question of why they are in Sheridan. You ask what they would do if they could do exactly what they wanted. And they both say, and instantly: "Exactly what we're doing."



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KITCHEN IN A NUTSHELL

(Continued from Page 75)

under the counter on the other side and even has a freezing compartment with two ice-cube trays and room for six or eight packages of frozen food. The sink is recessed in the center of the one-piece counter top of acid-resisting enamel.

You might think there couldn't be any storage space in a five-by-six affair, but there is. Every inch of space is planned space, tailored to fit the utensil, tool or table piece that is best kept in that particular spot. And surprisingly enough, the equipment in this miniature kitchen is complete down to the last mixing bowl and saucepan.

Gray-and-black asphalt tile for the floor and black linoleum counter tops are as functional as the white kitchen unit. Lime green for the built-in cupboards and a gay apple-figured wallpaper in red and green give the kitchen individuality. The wallpaper, by the way, has been treated with a transparent wax rubbed on with a cloth. It can be cleaned by sponging with soapy water, important in a small space.

On a snowy January day, this little kitchen is as gay as June. The kettle is singing, hot scones bake in the oven, and a pot of wild-strawberry jam sits by the teapot. Tea for two! Young or old.



PHOTO BY STUART

For crowded kitchens—or bathrooms and service rooms, too—a cabinet which hangs on a door offers additional storage. Three-and-a-quarter-inch-wide shelves have built-up front panels to hold items in place when cabinet is opened. Hooks can be located to fit needs.

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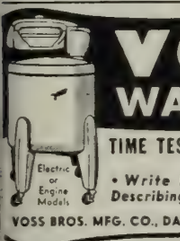
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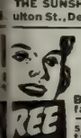
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KINFOLK

(Continued from Page 55)

"All right—in fifteen minutes."

She went out into the hall. Mrs. Su was still standing there, watching the door of the living room.

"I am going home," Louise said quickly. "Just tell Doctor Su I had to go on after all."

Alec was waiting for her, his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down. "Hello," he said in a guarded voice. "You were a long time coming." He put his arm into hers, and they walked back to the street again. "Tell me everything."

Before she could reply, six or seven students coming along the half-lit street saw a girl walking with an American. They surrounded the pair swiftly and a flashlight revealed Louise's pretty face.

"You American man!" a student shouted. "Leave our girls alone!"

Alec felt himself pushed against a wall. He put Louise behind him to shield her. "We'll have to cut and run," he said to her over his shoulder. "But where will we go?"

"We'll have to go home," Louise said.

"Then when I start, you keep up with me," Alec commanded. "Come now—get ready—get set ——"

By the suddenness of their dash, by the swiftness of their pace, they took the students by surprise and got a head start. Both Alec and Louise were strong and long-winded. The chase was uneven and one by one the students halted and gave up. When the two reached the hutung no one followed.

"You'd better leave me here," Louise said. "This is our gate."

But Alec Wetherston had been thinking hard while his legs ran. He was deeply attracted to this pretty Chinese girl. "Look here," he said. "I'm not going to leave you, darling. I'm coming in to see that big brother of yours and tell him I want to marry you."

Louise looked up at him wistfully. Before she could speak they heard footsteps in the hutung. In the darkness they stood quite still, waiting, and again a flashlight was thrown upon them.

"Peter!" Louise gasped.

Without a word Peter jumped on Alec and tore him away. "You devil!" he cried.

In a second the two young men were rolling on the ground, locked together, and Peter, struggling up, seized Alec by the hair and beat his head against the cobbles.

Louise shrieked and fell upon Peter. "Jim! Jim!" she screamed for help.

Down the hutung doors opened and the next instant James and Chen and behind them Mary, carrying the lighted lamp, saw three disheveled young people rising from the ground. James separated them, commanded Louise to get into the house and led both the young men in behind her.

He turned to Peter. "What were you doing?"

Peter, his eyes still blazing at Alec, replied, "I had just passed a crowd of the fellows who said they had run after an American going with one of our girls. They can't stand that now, after all the things Americans have done here. I didn't dream the girl was my own sister."

"And you?" James said quietly to Alec.

"I was coming here to ask your permission to marry Louise," Alec said bluntly.

"Who are you?" James asked with the same fearful quietness.

"Alec Wetherston, formerly of the U. S. Army," Alec said in a firm voice. "Louise and I met the day she came to the chrysanthemum market."

"Mary, take Louise away," James said.

Louise allowed herself to be led as far as the door. There she paused, the tears wet on her cheeks. "I tell you I will marry Alec."

Mary pulled her away, and James went on quietly, "Mr. Wetherston, sit down please. I have no objection to my sister's marrying the man she wants to marry, but he must be a good man."

They were all sitting down now except Peter, who stood with his hands in his pockets, his hair on end.

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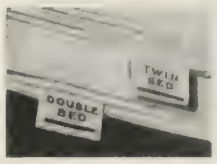
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"I guess nobody is perfect—not these days." Alec was beginning to feel better. Louise's brother looked like a regular fellow.

"Please tell me everything," James said sternly.

"How do you mean—everything?"

Chen spoke. "The little boy in the hospital ——"

"I guess you know," Alec said simply. "I guess it's nothing different from lots of other fellows during the war. Only I came back. I guess that was my mistake."

James leaned forward and looked at the American. He liked this tall, angular young man. His face was honest, and for an American the features were delicate and quite good. It might be that Louise would never marry a Chinese.

"You want to marry my sister?"

Alec lifted his head. "I've been thinking it all out," he said. "I want to marry her and go home. We'll take the baby with us. She's told me all about herself and she knows all about me. People aren't as old-fashioned as they used to be. You can't marry a negro, but most people don't mind a Chinese."

Peter burst at this. "Don't mind a Chinese!" he bellowed. "But we mind Americans, let me tell you. We've had about enough of Americans." He rushed from the room.

James spoke with sudden clarity. "Tomorrow you can come and tell me about your family and your situation. If I am satisfied I will tell Louise that she may marry you."

Alec lifted his head and showed a face gone radiant. "I want to thank you, sir," he stammered. "I wish I knew how. I'll come around tomorrow—here?"

"To my office in the hospital, please," James said. "Then we will see the child together. Louise is very young for the care of so small an infant. But I suppose she can learn."

The wedding took place quietly. Alec and Louise went to the American consulate one afternoon with James and Mary as witnesses and there the marriage was performed. Peter would not go and Chen had stayed with the baby.

That night the bride and groom, with the little child, took the train southward to Shanghai. It was a strange wedding party, and yet a happy one. James and Mary and Chen saw them off and stood until the train disappeared, shades drawn against possible bandits and only the great engine headlight flaring.

Gazing after the moving train, James buttoned his coat about him tightly. "Now I must cable pa."

Mary clung to his arm as they turned to go home again and Chen fell in beside her. "I know we have done right," she said. "It doesn't matter what pa says."

"Louise would never have been happy here," Chen said. "It takes a certain kind of person to live in China now."

"What kind of person?" Mary asked.

"Someone who can see true meanings. Someone who does not only want the world better, but believes it can be made better, and gets angry because it is not done. Someone who is not willing to hide himself in one of the few good places left in the world. Someone who is tough!"

Doctor Liang was very angry. James' letter had come by air mail and had thus reached him some two weeks before Louise could be expected. Who knew what this new fellow was, this Alec Wetherston? James had put the address of the family in his letter. Doctor Liang had a flair for a good address, and he knew that this one, although on Park Avenue, was only partly good. Very wealthy people would not be there. He decided to ignore them, refusing to recognize his own secret fear that they might not be pleased with a Chinese daughter-in-law.

To his wife he spoke with complete frankness, and in the height of his irritation at fate, he bullied her a good deal in small ways.

"It would be very pleasant now, would it, if this soldier's family did not like to connected with us?"

"On the other hand, they might like she suggested reasonably. "For example, we not ask why this Alec does not object Chinese wife? Doubtless his parents have no strong objection."

The reasonableness incensed Doctor Li He tasted his coffee and set the cup d again. "How strange that after twenty y you still cannot tell good coffee from b

"But I don't like coffee, Liang," she jected.

"That has nothing to do with it."

She sighed. She must prepare to bear her own shoulders the brunt of her husba displeasure. She brooded in silence, her downcast, while he finished his scram eggs, broiled kidneys and the bad co munching as she did so a piece of toast. munching next annoyed Liang. He loo at her and compared her large, somew flabby face with Violet Sung's exquisite

"What a noise you are making with toast!" he exclaimed. "It sounds like a crushing grain."

She stopped and looked at him acros table.

"Swallow it," he said violently.

She held her handkerchief before her and swallowed. The bit of toast she had holding in her hand ready for the next she put down. She sat neither eatin speaking until he had finished his brea and, rising, went with dignity to his s and closed the door.

Behind his closed study door Doctor L sat moodily staring out the window. No in his philosophy prepared him for wha now happened. He did not know what t Louise had become no longer important that she had chosen to defy him and n an American. Neither was the man in tant. He could, for his own part, liv though neither of them existed. They c come here and pay their respects an would greet them carelessly, as though n ing mattered. Children were disappoin One produced them and cared for them paid huge sums in school fees and then did what they liked. It was America spoiled them. In the old China childre mained subject to their parents as long a elders lived. For this they were recomp by becoming elders in their turn. That C he knew, was gone. It was already pa when he himself was young, when he insisted that he would not have an illit girl for his wife. But he believed that th wise ways would return. A nation tha not organize its generations in proper tionship was doomed to disintegration

All this did not help him at the mo The important thing, he discovered aft had sorted his thoughts, was what the erston family were like. Were they e mediocre? Should he approach them or s he wait for them to approach him? He answer none of these questions, and his he knew, would not even understand w asked them. It would be her nature t over at once to see the man's family a on a footing of immediate and absurd f liness which might involve him later sorts of obligations unsuitable to his pos If they proved to be poor and crude, f ample, they might even seize the c to be connected with a famous man, t a Chinese.

In his indecision he took up the re of the telephone and dialed the numb Violet Sung's apartment. He waited moment and then heard her voice rather drowsy. "Yes?"

"Violet?" he said very softly. "I forgive me for calling you so early. have had bad news. I need you."

"Tell me," she said with the warm her voice which was so charming to hi

"My youngest daughter has unexpe married an American. The letter cam morning. His family, unfortunately pe is here in New York."

"How strange," she murmured.

"Yes, so I feel it," he agreed. "N must have your advice. What shall I



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She hesitated a moment, then she repeated his question. "What shall you do? But what can you do if they are already married?"

"Yes, that I know," he said a trifle impatiently. "But how shall I behave with the family? How can I know what they are and how they will feel? Doubtless they know too now, and perhaps they will be expecting me to—or ought I to wait for them?"

"Where do they live?" Violet asked.

He gave the mediocre address and she considered it thoughtfully and so long that he asked rather piteously, "Can you suggest anything?"

"I will go to see them," she said at last. "I will call upon them, saying that I am a friend of your family."

He was relieved and deeply grateful, for it was in excellent Chinese tradition—a go-between, so to speak, someone who would break the blow of compulsory acquaintance.

"Who but you ——" he murmured, breaking his sentence there. *Who but you would be so kind, so beautiful, so understanding*—any of these things could be said. But he preferred not to be explicit.

She laughed a soft, wistful laugh. "I am really not much use in the world," she said. "I'd like to be of use to you."

"Of such use," he said gravely, "that I cannot live without you."

The house felt empty after Louise had left it. While she was there each separate member of the family had felt her discontented presence and each had tried to please her in some small way, to make her smile at least for the moment. Now there was no more need for such effort. When the four came home at their various times, they could go their own ways, give greeting or not, and they had no duty to a lonely little sister.

That Louise was gone made only one of the reasons for restlessness through the winter that now came upon the city. The old landlord, who had during those months kept prudently to his promise not to ask for the rent in advance, forgot himself in his need and became troublesome to them. The manservant had come to young Wang and had put to him the matter of money.

"My old lord and mistress are very poor indeed," he told Wang. "It would be a good deed if your master were to forget the signed paper and give him the month's rent in advance."

When Chen came home—and it was a cold, bitter, dry night at the end of the year—James told him what the landlord asked, and Chen grew angry. "We had better move away," he said. "Once these old opium lovers swallow down their shame and begin to beg we shall have no peace."

Listening to this, James now decided to speak what was in his mind. He looked around at them all. It was winter, and to save themselves they had put on padded Chinese garments. Only thus could the intense cold of the house be borne. Here in the middle room which they all shared, there was the foreign stove which they had found at the Thieves' Market, a little one which blazed red when coal was put into it, and turned cold soon after. This room was the only place which held any heat except the kitchen. And there the grass-and-reed fuel gave only a quick warmth that passed even sooner. Padded cotton shoes on their feet kept them from frostbite. They looked no whit different from the people on the streets.

"The time has come, I think, for us to move to the village." James said. "I know we thought of spring. But the cost of food and fuel will soon be beyond us. We cannot be worse off there than we will be here."

Money was indeed becoming worthless this winter. There was no true money. What the people used were basketfuls of paper printed in America with Chinese letters and figures, signifying gold and silver that did not exist. All that James and Mary and Chen could earn barely paid for their food and rent and fuel, besides wages to the ones who cared for them. There was nothing left for clothing or pleasure. And soon, as the paper stuff grew more abundant and the figures were printed higher, even this would not be enough.

"Why should we wait for spring?" Mary exclaimed. "There is food in the village, and there is plenty of room. I want to go now."

James turned to Peter. "What do you say, brother?" he asked.

To his surprise, Peter lifted his head, which so often he held down as though he were thinking of something secret and far from them all. "I am ready to go," he said. "I shall be glad to get away from here, at least."

Chen slapped his two hands on the table. "It is all folly," he declared, "but I will follow you three fools." They laughed and the thing was decided.

Yet so large a move could not be done in a day. First Uncle Tao must be written to, and then the hospital must be told of their decision to leave. Thus it was not until early February that they ate their last meal in the city house, mounted their hired mules and began the long ride southwest to the ancestral village.



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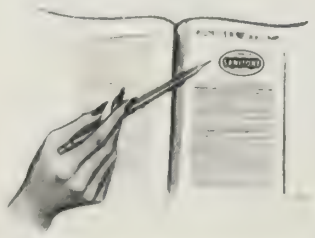
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The air was pure and dry as desert air, and the sun shone through it as through glass. The landscape sparkled with light and distance was shortened and the rim of the earth seemed near. On this day the houses were clear and the people no less clear in blue and gray and flicks of red. The very brown of their skins was rich and lively.

As the sun rose higher, the spirits of the riders rose too. They were young, they had set forth on adventure, they had cut themselves clean from all that had been before. James was deep in thought. His mind was already in the village. He must begin small. For a month or so he would seem to do nothing. Then he would heal a sick child, and then a few more, and then he would find a room for a clinic and this room could become two and three until in a simple way it was a small hospital.

In the same small quiet way must Mary begin her school. Nothing must be done with noise or fanfare. They were only Liangs coming home to their kinfolk. Chen was their friend. Chen would advise and keep the accounts. He would begin from the first to ask a little money for medicine. He had brought with him a little dispensary, loaded in boxes upon the backs of two mules, and Mary had brought some schoolbooks.

He repeated to himself like a song, like a ritual, like the rhythm of his heartbeat, that he must go slowly each day and win his way. The dream was a hospital; not a great foreign building, but low, the walls of earth and the roof of common tiles, so that when the sick came in it would not frighten them. What had seemed impossible in the city now became plain to him.

"It is well enough for you two," Chen was grumbling to Mary; "you and Jim know what you will do. But I am here for nothing. This is all folly, I tell you. I am the son of a villager and I know that village people cannot be changed unless you catch them young and drag them away. They like their faces dirty and they do not want to bathe themselves."

"We will change all that," Mary said briskly.

"Ah," Chen said sagely, "do not think that you will do all the changing! They will also change you."

So the day passed. They rode steadily except for stopping for the noon meal and again at sunset. It was well on to midnight before they came near to the ancestral village. The gate was locked and young Wang beat upon it with a loose brick he found and raised such a clatter that every dog inside the walls snarled and bayed his belly out. This woke the watchman, who looked out with terror shining on his face in the light of the paper lantern he held. Who but bandits and communists would come to a village at midnight?

"We are of the Liang family," James called to him. "Do you remember us? Look at my face!"

The watchman stared. "Eh, you bring too many with you."

"My sister, who came before, my younger brother, my friend and our serving man. The rest are muleteers," James replied.

"The inn cannot hold all these muleteers."

Young Wang came forward at this moment. His hand came out clenched about a roll of bills and he went close to the gate and somehow the money met the watchman's hand and after a moment the gate swung open. Thus they went in single file down the street and so came to the ancestral house. The middle son of Uncle Tao slid back a little panel and looked out.

"It is I, Cousin Brother," James said.

The gate was thrown wide then, and the cousin stood holding his robes about him. "Come in," he said. "Welcome, even at this hour. We knew you were coming one day or another, and we have been expecting you."

It was a pleasant welcome and they all came in while the cousin ran to wake the women. Millet soup was heated, water was boiled for tea and in the middle room all gathered to eat and drink, each feeling somewhat shy because of the new life ahead. Kinfolk they were, and yet they were strangers, too, now that they were to live together under the same roof.

All tiptoed as they passed Uncle Tao's room until they heard his great rumbling cough and then they paused and looked at one another.

"Can it be he has been awake this whole time?" the eldest kinswoman whispered.

For answer there came a second great rumbling cough from Uncle Tao. After a long few minutes of waiting they crept on, each to his bed.

Uncle Tao lay listening to their footsteps. He knew very well what had happened. The first dog had wakened him. Mischief made him cough when he heard them pass his door. Let them know that he was awake and would not get up!

A pleasant home, Violet Sung told herself, a pleasant woman, this mother of Alec Wetherston, and Louise was lucky. "Doctor and Mrs. Liang will be pleased when I tell them how you feel," she said in her sweet, deep voice. With her instinctive gift she appeared a gentle, somewhat simple-hearted young woman before this gentle and very simplehearted older woman. "You can understand that they have been a little troubled at such a quick marriage. Not everyone would be so generous as you have been. We Chinese pay great heed to the mother-in-law. Therefore it was natural that I should offer, on behalf of my friends, to come and see you first."

Mrs. Wetherston looked troubled. "I do hope," she said with pathetic emphasis "nobody will think of me as a mother-in-law!"

Violet smiled. "To us a mother-in-law is a revered figure. A son honors his mother and the son's wife must both honor and obey.'

"Oh, I don't want to be obeyed!" Mrs. Wetherston exclaimed. The mother of five children, of whom Alec was the youngest, she had already eight grandchildren. "I've always said that I would love the people my children married and I intend to love Louise.' She paused and her good, wrinkled face blushed a dull pink. "What really grieves me is that my boy didn't tell me about the other one—the first wife, who died, you know—the baby's mother. I can't understand——" Her lips trembled, and Violet, who comprehended all men, hastened to comfort the mother who could never believe that her son were only men.

"A first love is sometimes very deep," she said.

"There was even a child."

Violet felt danger about her. The innocence of American women was frightening and she could not disturb it. "I am sure you

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son will tell you everything when he comes," she said, pressing Mrs. Wetherston's plump hand. "Meanwhile it is good that Louise is Chinese, perhaps. She will look like the baby's mother, and if I were in your place, dear Mrs. Wetherston, I should just forget that she is not."

Mrs. Wetherston was comforted. When Violet Sung first came in she had been afraid of her because she was beautiful and well dressed, but now she saw that she was only a dear and charming girl, in spite of being Chinese.

"I hope that Louise will be like you," she said, clinging to Violet Sung's soft, ringed hand.

"She is much better than I am," Violet said, smiling. "Much younger, much prettier."

"But you are so understanding. You really aren't like a Chinese!"

These words, said so innocently, fell into Violet's heart like a dart thrown by a child. They made a little wound which she quickly concealed. "Good-by, dear Mrs. Wetherston," she said. "I will tell my friends how kind you are."

In the street again she took a passing cab and went directly to Doctor Liang's apartment. In the family distress Mrs. Liang had subdued her jealousy and now it was she who met Violet at the door.

"Come in, come in," she said warmly in English. "Tell us all about something." She pattered into the living room ahead of Violet and as she passed the closed door of the study she raised her voice. "Eh, Liang! Violet Sung got here."

THERE was no answering voice. Doctor Liang heard her and was displeased at the rude summons. He did not, therefore, move for some five minutes, then walked with slow dignity into the living room.

"Forgive me," he said to Violet. "I was just finishing a stop-short."

He had taught her the necessary qualities of the four-line poem thus named, and she smiled at him. "You must let me read it."

"Now, Liang," his wife broke in, "don't talk some poetry. Sit down. Miss Sung wants to tell us how is Wetherstons."

In her eagerness she was to Doctor Liang's perceptions more than usually vulgar. To quiet her, therefore, he sat down and prepared to listen.

Violet proceeded very gently. "You are fortunate. The home is a good one. It is not too rich, but there is money. The mother-in-law is kind, and she wishes to do well, but she believes that her sons are all good and great men, and Louise must learn the wisdom of agreeing with her."

Mrs. Liang cried out at this, "Our Louise? She cannot agree with anybody. What do you say, Liang?"

"Please go on, Miss Sung," he said.

Violet could not quite ignore Mrs. Liang. "If you will allow me, I can perhaps help Louise a little—I am so much older, and yet not so old as to be entirely of another generation."

"We would be grateful," Doctor Liang said in a stately voice.

Mrs. Liang looked from one to the other and, comprehending neither, remained silent.

Violet went on, "The mother-in-law, wanting to be kind and correct, is determined that she does not mind her daughter-in-law being Chinese. But in her heart she minds because it is something strange. I told her Louise was very American—is indeed by birth a citizen—and this comforts her somewhat but not wholly. She hopes to invite you to dinner."

Mrs. Liang brightened. "I like to go and see."

Doctor Liang rose. "Thank you very much, Miss Sung," he said formally. "You have done us a great service. Let us be glad that the family is respectable. It is useless to pretend, however, that I am pleased."

"Please wait," Violet said. "It may all turn out very well. I believe that blood and body difference do not matter if the minds and hearts are the same."



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Mrs. Liang agreed to this with enthusiasm. "Miss Sung, you say true. I also! Liang, I am not like you. I will gladly see my daughter, and I am feeling nice to her husband. I say everything is not too bad."

Doctor Liang ignored this. He spoke only to Violet. "I suppose," he said with a slight smile, "that it is only natural for me to perceive certain superiorities. Will you forgive me if I go back now to my studies?" He bowed and walked out of the room, conscious that Violet was looking at him thoughtfully.

In the ancestral village the four sat talking. They had been here for nearly a month and under James' command had done nothing, apparently, except receive all who wished to come and see them. The first small signs of the northern spring had shown themselves. In the court a small bare *lamay* bush had begun to show buds of waxen yellow even before there was a leaf, and the brown buds on the plums were beginning to swell.

"I must begin to do something," Mary declared. As usual when they were together she spoke in English, and as usual James reproved her.

"Please, there is nothing we need hide, and if they hear us speaking a foreign language it makes them think us foreign."

"You are overcareful," Chen said lazily. "They know we speak English."

"I shall begin by teaching a few of our own Liang children," Mary said. "Then others will join us. And I shan't ask Uncle Tao."

"I think I shall not begin on our own family," James said thoughtfully. "And I will ask Uncle Tao."

Chen laughed. "We shall see how far each of you goes."

Peter had been listening and now he suddenly broke forth as though he could not contain what was in his thought. "You are all foolish. As if it matters what you do in one little village to a handful of people among so many millions!"

His angry young voice stilled them in the midst of their pleasure in the spring and in one another.

"What do you suggest?" Mary asked.

"It's all rotten," Peter cried. "Nothing will be any use except a clean sweep from top to bottom. The dirt—the disease—the stupidity!" He stared at them all in a sort of rage. "I shall never forgive pa as long as I live—letting us believe that everything was wonderful. No wonder he doesn't come back!"

"I suppose you wish you hadn't come back," Mary flung at him.

"I don't wish that. If this is the way things are I'd rather know it."

"Still you wish they weren't," Mary argued.

James intercepted these flying arrows. "We all wish that some things were different," he said. "It is like coming home from college and discovering that your parents can't read and write. But they are still your parents. We have to take our people as they are and change them as we can."

"They won't change," Peter muttered. "They've been like this for thousands of years."

"I suppose we have to prove to them that change would be better," James said.

"How can you prove anything to a lot of dolts?"

"WHAT else can you do?" Mary demanded.

Peter gave her a strange dark look. "There are other things."

They gazed at him with blank looks and he rose to his feet impetuously.

"Oh, I don't belong here and we all know it. The sooner I go back to the city the better it will be for us all. I can board at the college."

He went into his own room and shut the door. They were silent for a moment after this. Chen looked very grave. He sat on the high threshold of the door, his hands clasped about his knees, and he gazed out into the barren court surrounded by the low wall.

"The innocents!" he murmured. "We must pity them. But they are terrible in their innocence—and dangerous."

"What do you mean?" Mary asked.

"Peter is American," Chen said. "He h been brought up an innocent. He believ that anything can be done and done quickl You do it by force, either of money or arm What can the innocent understand of t long slow years, the thousands of year What can they know of the incorruptit people?"

"Are the people incorruptible?" Ma asked. Her voice was soft and wondering a not at all like Mary's voice, usually brisk a firm.

"There are corruptible men, but no c ruptible people."

"You give me hope," James said.

They talked long together that day. Th planned how they would begin, in what sm ways, with what few people. They would gin at once, tomorrow, Mary gathering children together, James setting up his sm clinic. They would let the people of the cestral village lead them, and as they the selves were led, they would lead again.

"And Peter?" Mary asked.

"Peter must do as he wills," James sa

IN Peking, spring came late and week af week cold winter nights still covered the c On one such night the sky clouded s after sunset and snow began to fall. M poets of ancient times had written po about snow falling upon the roofs of palaces, but today the palaces were em and poet and emperor were dust.

Peter, pressing his face against the sm dirty windowpane of his friend's room, the lamplight reflected only upon large snowflakes that tomorrow would make classrooms chill, the streets slippery. Her side this heatless room the temperature already freezing. Like most students, friend Chang Shan had contrived a s stove to boil hot water to drink, or at b for making a little tea. The hot wa poured into cheap pottery bowls, k their hands from being too chilblained writing, and the same hot water in t stomachs gave them momentary war within.

Peter looked at Chang Shan. He was a t very thin young man of twenty-two. Any could see that he had tuberculosis, as m of the students had.

James and Mary, he felt, would not this friend. Chang Shan was an absolut When anything was not good, he believe its total destruction. Thus he believed in the destruction of the old family syste the president of the university, of all capi ists, of the Chinese written language, of in tion, of the high cost of living, of the standard, of Confucianism, the classics the government. It was only a matter of t until Chang Shan would be caught by secret police and killed.

"You will not believe me when I tell that the place where my father live warmed in every corner, by pipes carr hot water," Peter said.

"It is a pity you do not return to father," Chang Shan said. He was readi badly printed book and he did not look

"I do not know why I cannot retu

"You are weakening again," Chang S said scornfully. "You have been wet-nu on Confucianism. You are, I suppose, superior man."

"You are too unjust," Peter said bitt

"I am most unjust, then, to mys Chang Shan now suddenly looked at window. When he saw the reflection of light upon the falling snowflakes, he go quickly. "The night is dark and even police will not be out," he announced. "I going to the bridge."

Chang Shan never asked anyone t with him to the bridge. He merely told a students that he was going. Usually b he reached the bridge two or three ot would follow him. They would work i lence, digging into the yellow clay, mak hole big enough for dynamite. If they had the pure dynamite that Americans u it would not have taken them so long. they had only the poor stuff left by the anese in a warehouse. The bridge was h Built centuries ago of marble and gra



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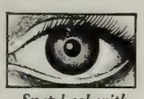
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it was as strong as the day it had been finished. But the students were planning to blow it up in protest.

In protest against what? They said in protest against their rulers. Actually it was in protest against their whole life, against their tuberculosis and their poverty and the miserable teaching they were given when they were hungry for true knowledge; in protest, too, against their wretched childhoods and against their own ambitions, never to be fulfilled. But the students did not know all this. They blamed only their rulers, who, they insisted, had sold the country to white imperialists.

Alone now in Chang Shan's room, Peter determined that he would not follow his friend. Yet he felt so lonely that he was terrified. He did not want to see his parents again. Neither did he want to see his American friends. He was impatient with James and Mary. The paltriness of what they planned, the folly of finding satisfaction in it! There was something splendid in Chang Shan's determination to destroy. Chang Shan was not a communist. They, too, he said, should be destroyed.

For sheer need to have something clear and definite, Peter now sat down at the table and began to write on a piece of paper.

"Our country is foul," so he wrote in English. "We must make it clean. Our country is rotten. We must ruthlessly cut away what is rotten and burn it up. A prairie wind, a prairie fire, that is what I see. After the fire the ashes, the clean ashes. Who will light this fire? It can be lit by a single match held in a human hand."

He sat a long time in thought and he kept seeing the flame blazing into a fire as wide as the world. Chang Shan was right. He rose, and catching up his padded coat from the bed, wrapped it about him and went out. He walked through the snow with his head bent that the wet might not creep down his collar and chill him. He felt his shoulder seized. He looked up and saw a fierce, wet face under a ragged felt hat.

"Are you going to the bridge?" a voice whispered in his ear.

When the secret police spy upon children playing under a bridge they dress themselves as common men, in ragged hats and dirty robes. These robes are better than smart uniforms, for there is room under the skirts for pistols and knives and ropes.

Peter nodded yes, and the next moment he felt a round, cold piece of metal at his temple. Upon a roar of thunder he felt himself lifted from the earth into heaven and then he knew no more.

"DEAR Mr. Liang," the president of the university wrote to James some weeks later. "For a number of days now your younger brother has not appeared in his classes. Neither has his roommate, Chang Shan. Unless you have further information, the name of your brother will be removed from the roll of this university."

Upon receiving this letter, James went at once to Peking. He called upon the proud and dignified president, who as a great scholar and a famous man received him with courtesy but without interest, and then he went to the little room and there he found some of Peter's clothes. The padded coat was gone, he saw, and this made him wonder whether Peter had run away with Chang Shan. On the other hand, his toothbrush was there, and his hairbrush and comb and such small things as are needful for daily life.

But a shabby student who had been hanging about the door now drew a bit of paper from his pocket. "This was found," he whispered. He could not read English and he had not dared to show the paper to anyone.

James saw Peter's handwriting and he took the paper and read it.

"Does it tell you anything?" the student asked.

"Nothing that I did not already know," James replied.

HE put the paper in his pocket, and after a few more such fruitless days he went back to the village with his miserable news.

"He will write to us," Mary insisted. "Wait—and we'll hear."

"Nevertheless, I should tell our parents," James said gravely.

But he did not tell them of the bit of paper upon which Peter had written the words of destruction. When the letter was gone James sat reading again and again those words, and slowly he began to believe that Peter was dead. But how and by whose hand?

Mrs. Liang took the Fifth Avenue bus downtown. The day was gray, but it neither rained nor snowed and she walked across town to Park Avenue and to the Wetherstons' home. She liked Mrs. Wetherston very much and the two had become good friends. True, she thought the American lady was too fussy about the baby, but this was natural since it was her own grandchild, though by an unknown woman. She herself was more interested in the child Louise would bear before the year was over. Mrs. Wetherston hoped this child would be a little girl, but Mrs. Liang wished for a boy. It was true that Alec was not her son, but it was nice to have a tall young man call her mother, and it could be said for the Americans that both mothers-in-law received attention, and not only the mother of the son, as in China.

Mrs. Wetherston opened the door and Mrs. Liang produced a small gardenia that she had bought on the street.

"You always bring me something. Is that a Chinese custom?"

"Only when we like," Mrs. Liang replied. She spoke in a loud voice in order to help Mrs. Wetherston to understand her English. "Suppose we don't like somebody better, we don't bring something else."

Mrs. Wetherston laughed. "Come in and sit down. I'll have some tea made."

"No, thank you." Mrs. Liang remembered Peter and the smile faded from her face. "I must talk to Louise, please, Mrs. Wetherston. I have bad news of my younger son. He is gone away, maybe dead, but I don't think so."

Mrs. Wetherston's look was instantly concerned. "Oh, my dear—dead? But I can't believe it."

"Who knows? I want to ask Louise how was Peter when she saw him before."

"Of course." Mrs. Wetherston tiptoed to a door and knocked. "Louise dear?" she called. She had grown fond of the young girl. She was lively and gay and yet docile. When Alec was not in the house she stayed alone in their rooms, but when she did join the family she was good-natured and talkative enough to give life to the home again. "You mustn't be afraid of me, dear," she had told

Song of Thanks

By Eleanor Graham Vance

For sunrise gold and sunset red,
For blue sky arching overhead,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

For pickle-sour and sugar-sweet,
For all delicious things to eat,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

For kittens, puppies, lambs and such,
For all soft, furry things to touch,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

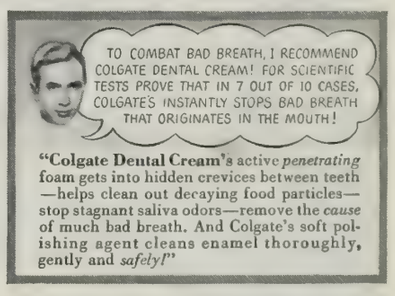
For singing girls and shouting boys,
For things that make a lovely noise,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

For rain-washed dust along the street,
For lilacs smelling fresh and sweet,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

It's All History—but No Dates!

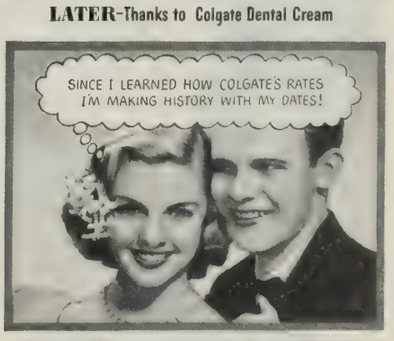






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Louise after the first few days. "And I don't want to be obeyed."

"I am not afraid," Louise had said sweetly, "and I like to obey you." No one knew how grateful she was to be in this kind house, where everything was clean and comfortable, and she could take a hot bath whenever she wanted it. She liked to sit in her room and Alec's and look around it and think, *This is really my home. I belong here. I am American.*

Now she heard Alec's mother's voice, even in her sleep. She slept a great deal so that when Alec came home she could stay awake as long as he liked.

"I am here," she called softly and opened the door and saw her own mother. "Why, ma!" she said.

"I shall leave you two alone," Mrs. Wetherston said, and went away.

Louise drew her mother into her room. "Ma, what is the matter? You've been crying."

Mrs. Liang began to cry again. "Peter," she sobbed.

Louise looked stricken. "Is he dead?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Yes, I do know. Ma, he was unhappy."

"Why?"

"He hated everything there too much."

"Then why didn't he tell us and come back here?" Mrs. Liang asked.

"Ma, if you want the truth from me, it is this—Peter hated it but he wanted to stay too. He was afraid of pa."

"Afraid of him?" Mrs. Liang cried. "Why, when I am always there?"

"He blamed pa," Louise said. "Once when we talked together he told me pa had told lies about everything. He was angry and he was ashamed and it was all mixed up in him. He wanted to be proud of his country, and there were things to be proud of, he had thought, and so he began worrying when he couldn't find them." Louise looked thoughtfully at herself in a long mirror opposite the chair where she sat. "Maybe I would have been that way if I had been a boy instead of a girl."

Mrs. Liang rebelled at this. "You can't talk like that, Louise. Many women in our country do very much."

"I guess I'm American," Louise said. "Women here are taken care of."

"You are too selfish. What about poor Peter?"

LOUISE looked away from the mirror. "I just don't know what to say, ma. Students disappear, you know, if they do anything except their books. And Peter belonged to some clubs and things. He never brought his friends home—I don't know why."

Mrs. Liang's heart froze. She had heard stories whispered even at parties and dinners. Newcomers said —— "You think maybe Peter is ——"

"I just don't know, ma," Louise repeated. She saw her mother's face melt into weeping and she began to weep too.

The money which his father had sent James used to begin the search for his brother. Young Wang went with him everywhere. Shrewd and accustomed to getting what he wanted and using money freely since there was hunger everywhere, he was led to the palace gardens, not because of one dead lad or two, but because the old wells there had been used long ago for such things as death.

Then there came a day when a vender told of a gateman who told of a beggar who told of a night when he had heard voices muttering and whispering about a well. James spent all that his father had sent, but American money was true money and this fortune James offered the beggar in exchange for his brother's body.

He and young Wang went to the gardens on a dark night, and in the small cold hours, when the owls hoot in the trees, the beggars brought three water-soaked bodies and laid them under an ancient pine. James rose an took from his pocket the small flashlight h had brought with him from America, an this light he threw upon each dead lad. Th first he did not know, and the second he di not know. But the third was Peter.

No one in the whole city would have dare to bury these bodies, but under the ancie pine the earth was soft and rich. Your Wang had brought a spade and began to d swiftly. Soon he had made a bed, narrow bu wide enough for three and at the bottom lay upon the stout old roots of the tree.

THE beggars helped to lift the lads, a James stooped to hold his brother's hea Then young Wang covered them, and whe the earth was smooth he spread over the the deep pine needles which had fallen ye after year since the old Empress herself di and was buried.

Before dawn they were on their road aga to the ancestral village. James could n quickly enough be quit of the city. Upon t surface of his mind as he rode along t thought of such things as what to tell h parents and what to tell Uncle Tao. To h parents he would say that he had foun Peter dead and had given him burial. T Uncle Tao he would only say that Pet would not come back again. Beneath su surface thought he dwelt hour after ho upon the meaning of Peter's death and h it had come about and why. It would ta his lifetime to answer all he asked hims this day.

"Eh, you are back again," Uncle T rumbled, when he saw James come in. "I you find that young m chief?"

"Yes, I did," James sa and he tried to smile. " will not come back, Un Tao. I arranged everythi in the city."

"If he likes the city do not want him here Uncle Tao said. A lad ca running in now with t bacco and Uncle Tao to it in his hand, felt it and smelled it. "Wh do you want to do here, eh?"

"What would you like me to do, Un Tao?"

"Anything—anything," Uncle Tao sa He was feeling amiable tonight, having eat well. "That is," he said after a long draw smoke, "you are not to meddle with t land. You young ones who have been school, you cannot understand the land."

"There is only one thing I can do wh will be useful to you," James said w proper caution. "I see that many of our t ants look sickly. Surely they cannot d day's work. If you will allow me, I will to discover what their sickness is and I it."

Uncle Tao's small eyes half closed. " cutting!"

"Not without your permission."

"Well, well," Uncle Tao replied. "H will you begin?"

"With your permission I could take on the empty rooms and keep it as a medi room. I have a few medicines which brought with me when I came, and whe need more I can get them through the hospital. To that room the sick ones come."

Uncle Tao turned this over and over in mind. "What if you kill someone?"

"I will kill no one," James said.

Uncle Tao wagged his head. "You wo be blamed, and then I as your eldest relat would have to pay for it."

"Consider," James reminded him. "W a tenant declares himself sick and can work, then I will see if he is truly ill, or o pretending. Moreover, there are the childr It is a pity for children to waste away. A the women who die in childbirth."

"You cannot concern yourself w women," Uncle Tao said firmly.

"A doctor concerns himself with all hum life," James replied.

Thus coaxing and persuading, James Uncle Tao to the place where he agreed t James might use a room which had a doo

"I can't quite diagnose your case," said the doctor. "I think it must be drink."

"All right, doctor," replied the patient. "I'll come back when you're sober."

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its own to the street. He was weary indeed by the time Uncle Tao had reached his permission and so he rose to go, when Uncle Tao stayed him again.

"Now your sister ——" So he began and James sat down once more. "Your sister is one of those new ones." Uncle Tao laid aside his pipe, now grown cold. "She makes a disturbance in our village. Already I see my daughters-in-law are growing forward. The youngest one spoke to me the other day—such a thing has not happened before. I speak to command her, but I do not expect a reply."

James smiled at this. "What shall I do with my sister?"

"She should be married," Uncle Tao said in the same solemn voice. "Women who are not married go about cackling like hens who lay no eggs."

James did not reply to this. It would make a disturbance indeed if Uncle Tao stepped in to arrange a marriage for Mary! Yet this is what Uncle Tao now prepared to do.

"In this village," he said, "there is a very decent fellow who does not belong to the Liang blood. His father came here as a peddler and then settled himself as a tailor. The son is a tailor also. I will speak to the father."

James made haste to avert this catastrophe. "Uncle Tao, let me speak to my sister. If I fail I will come and tell you."

"Well, well," Uncle Tao granted him. "But let it not be too long."

The next day, after sleep so deep that he was ashamed of it, James began the clearing of the room Uncle Tao had given him. Plenty of help he had, for the place was full of children eager to see any new thing. These children he put to work so pleasantly that they thought it all a game, and thus were carried out old baskets of rubbish and broken furniture and rags and papers. James bought lime from the village store and he mixed it with water and brushed the walls and sprinkled the floor. The children stood amazed to see him do everything himself, for they were not used to their elders' so bestirring themselves. None had seen Uncle Tao so much as fetch his own pipe. When after this James bought boards and nails and put them into shelves, they were even somewhat ashamed of him.

By now all the ancestral Liangs wondered at these new Liangs and their friend Chen who had dropped upon them from the skies. Behind their backs, be sure, there was much talk about them, but the three went zealously about their business, full of faith that the ancestral village could become a place where all were clean and healthy and learned.

It was a healing thing they did, and the first to be healed were themselves. The spring came and went and summer spread over the land. Uncle Tao slept like a vast half-naked Buddha under the date tree, and at night the whole family moved their beds into the courts and slept there and the village street was lined with such beds. It was a gay season, for children ran about together and women gossiped and men sat late drinking hot water and tea and fanning themselves so that when they burst into sweat they were cooled. Day after day James rose early and let the sick come to him before the sun rose too hot. The fame of his healing spread over the countryside and people came to him from a long distance away and Chen helped him always, so that they worked together as closely as two hands.

The village was split in two by the time the mid-autumn festival came, and some were with the new Liangs and some were against, and those who were against were all for Uncle Tao and the old ways; it was known that Uncle Tao did not like so much learning in the village and Mary found her schoolroom half empty.

James was beginning to understand that sickness and health, that ignorance and learning, poverty and comfort, war and peace, sorrow and joy were all fruits of human confusion or of human wisdom. Here in this one small village set in a spreading countryside was the whole world.

Yet he could not discover how he was to do anything in the midst of such ignorance and



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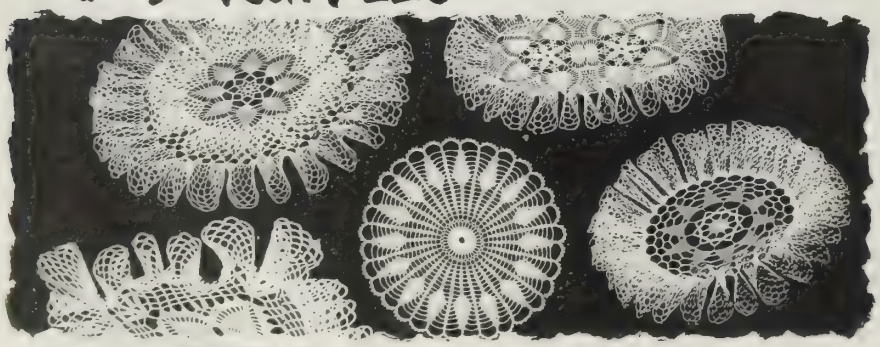
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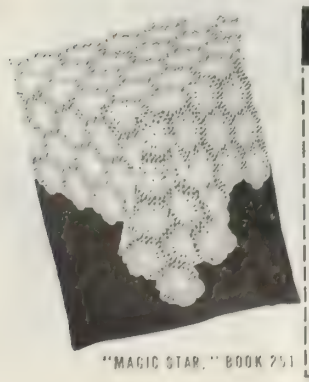
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stubbornness as the people had. Some were grateful for what he did, and when he saved a child for a mother, he was warmed for a moment by her joy. But while he could speak very kindly to the people who came to be healed or whom he met on village street or country road, he felt no link of flesh or spirit with them. He grew more solitary as the months passed, and this frightened him. Could there be no bond between himself and his own people?

In this state of mind he looked with new eyes at Mary and Chen. For a long time he had not talked with them except of the day's needs as they arose. Mary had moved her school outside the Liang house, and once it was outside these walls, others in the village dared to come to it, and her room was full again. Mothers sent their little sons to Mary, hoping that with learning these lads need not be only common farmers and muleteers and carriers.

Mary, therefore, was happy. James watched her and he could discover in her lively looks not one hint of any discontent. And Chen, too, was happy. Asking no profound questions of himself, he did the day's work well, and he it was who taught the village ironmonger to make a knife so keen of edge that it could lance a boil or cut out a surface ulcer.

One day in midwinter James discovered the cause of Chen's content. There was no warm place in this whole village for people to wash themselves. A bathhouse therefore became a dream of Chen's and he hired two men to come with their mallets and pound down earth into walls. He devised a stove in one corner and a pipe to carry hot water from a caldron to a great round wooden tub and a drain to carry the soiled water away into a ditch in the village street. The fame of this miracle went everywhere.

Chen took much pride in the bathhouse, and he explained to all who came how easily it had been made, how cheaply, and how any man who had a little energy to spare could make his family such a bathhouse. When women saw in what comfort their menfolk came home after a hot bath in winter, they went to Mary and asked why one should not be made for them, and so a bathhouse was made for the women, too, and thus bathing became the fashion, and the village felt itself as good as any city.

Uncle Tao would not bathe at all at first for fear of getting cold, and for fear, too, of seeming to yield to Mary, but when he saw how well his sons ate and how sweetly they slept when they were cleaned, he mustered up courage and one day before the new year he declared himself ready for a bath too. He decided that it should be at high noon o sunny day when there was no wind, and waited some ten days or so before he foun day good enough. Then he was anxious ab what he should eat, and James advised h to eat nothing until after the bath.

On the chosen day when the sun was h over the roofs, Uncle Tao allowed himsel be led into the bathhouse, and two tena helped him to undress and Chen saw to pouring of the water and James stood b help him get into the tub. At first Uncle was fearful that he had done a foolish th but while James and Chen scrubbed him with soap he began to feel better and g cheerful.

"To bathe is a good thing," he said, l ing about at them all from the tub. course it cannot be done quickly and lessly. Nor should it be done too often."

When he was clean he ate with g pleasure and then he slept and when he w he was so comfortable in all the mountai his being that he commanded his w household to be bathed, from his eldest down to the smallest grandchild. This ca much trouble, but Chen was well pleas

"Behold me!" he cried to James, pointed with his thumb to his breast have made a successful revolution."

How could Chen be so happy with small things? This James asked hin Chen was no small-minded man, neithe he dream small dreams. Sometimes whe two friends talked into the night Chen c for a while to make his jokes and then J saw him for what he was, a sober-mi large-thinking man, who was making far beyond the daily tasks.

"You keep me in heart," he said one evening to Chen. "When I grow weak think that perhaps Su and Peng and are right, and that these villagers are be our strength to help, when I fear tha centuries are stronger than we are, t think of you."

"Jim, I have something to say and not say it."

James looked up, surprised. "You have always spoken to each other Chen."

"Yes, but this is about something Chen swallowed, clenched his hands tog on his lap and plunged in. "I want to Mary."

"Eh?" James said stupidly.

"You heard me."

"But you are always laughing at James said, still stupidly. "And you q how often!"

"Married people always quarrel."

(Continued on Page 132)



"Doesn't she look nice now that her daughter is old enough to tell her just what to wear?"



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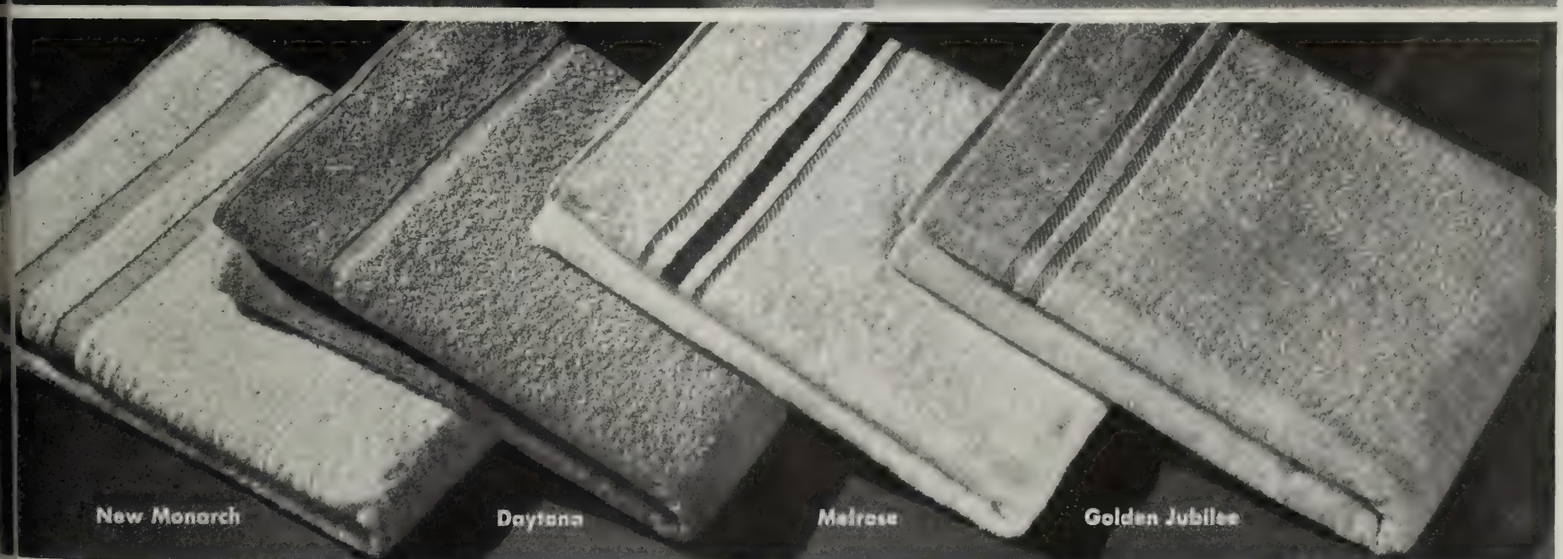
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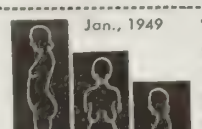
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(Continued from Page 130)

"Ah, but Chen, you two do not act like people in love!"

"And have you been in love?"

How seldom James thought of Lili, how resolutely he had put her away, and yet now he remembered that love had wrapped him about in a dream. Mary and Chen did not walk in dreams. She was busy and brisk and she commanded Chen to do this and that and Chen laughed at her and sometimes he made a great show of obedience and sometimes he only laughed and did nothing, and when she flew at him he pretended terror. It was not at all what had been between him and Lili.

"I have been in love," James said gravely.

"Did she die?"

"She married someone else."

"What a fool she!" Chen exclaimed cheerfully. "Well, better luck for me, Jim. But the thing is—how can I tell Mary?" He sat with his legs spread wide, his face so rueful that James burst into laughter himself.

"You tell her everything else. Why can you not tell her this?"

But Chen was grave. "No, no, this is different. How do I know she thinks of me as I wish her to do? It may be that she will need a little education—you know, someone to say to her for instance, 'Eh, Mary, this Chen, who is such a rough joking fellow—at heart he is different. He is rather good. He is very faithful'—some such thing, Jim."

"Shall I say this to her for you?" James asked.

"Will you, good brother?" Chen said quietly. "That is what I want to ask."

"Why not? I will say that and much more."

Chen got up and looked through the court. "The light is still behind her window," he said. "Eh—how can I sleep now until I know?"

"But how will you sleep if she does not want you?"

This could not be answered. Chen was suddenly pale. "I must know," he said.

"Then I will ask her," James said, and he went to do it.

Mary was brushing her long, straight, black hair when she heard the knock on her door. She opened it and saw her brother.

"I want a few minutes with you, Mary."

"Come in," she said. "But what is it that can't wait until tomorrow?"

THEY were speaking in English, and somehow in this language he found it difficult to say what must be said, and he dropped back into Chinese. "I come for a strange thing."

"What is it?"

"I am a go-between, a marriage broker, and I bring an offer."

"Don't be silly!" she exclaimed.

"Is it silly? Perhaps it is," James replied. "For I told him to come to you himself, and he cannot. He is shy of you when it comes to love."

Did Mary know of what he was talking? He thought she did.

"Chen loves you, Mary," he said simply and he spoke these words in English.

She sat gazing at him, her cheeks pinker.

"And do you say nothing?" James asked.

"I am trying to find out how I feel," she said. "I think I . . . feel happy."

"Good. Take a little longer."

They waited and he saw her eyes drop to her small bare feet. "I didn't have time to put on my slippers. My feet are getting cold."

"Where are they? I'll find them for you."

"No, they're here, under the bed." She found the slippers and put them on.

"You ought to be careful on these earthen floors." James rose. "Well, shall I tell him that tomorrow you will tell him yourself?"

She raised her long straight lashes. "Yes," she whispered. She turned and picked up her brush again and he stood watching for an instant the dark mist of her hair.

"I want you to be happy, Mary," he said at last.

"I am always happy," she said with the look of sweet firmness which he knew so well, and he left her to go back to Chen.

MARY lay quietly in her bed. The moon shone outside and the room was not quite dark. She shut her eyes and thought of all the people she knew. Chen's face came first against the dark curtain of her eyelids. What she wanted the schoolroom made she had gone to Chen, not to James. They had worked but it had seemed like play. Chen made her laugh. Sometimes he made her angry, but then it felt good to be angry with him. She felt comfortable with him. She could be herself with him. What this being in love? *I will ask him tomorrow,* she thought.

Shopping List for Alison

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

What do we need for Alison?
Not a blanket, not a hat;
Not a bunting pink with bows,
Or woolen bootees for her toes;
She's got that.

What do we need for Alison?
A quiet voice and gentle ways?
Perhaps a robin round with song—
Or could you bring an emerald throng
Of summer days?

We need a love for Alison
To last the time when summer's gone;
And while you're shopping, just for fun
Ask for a star (a little one)
To wish upon!

It was not easy [illegible] a man and a woman to be alone in [illegible] ancestral villa[illegible] Tongues wagg[illegible] quickly, and it [illegible] taken for granted [illegible] man and woman w[illegible] interested only [illegible] their differing sex. [illegible] was necessary even [illegible] a new Liang to wo[illegible] while she talked w[illegible] a man. So Mary [illegible] next day in the afte[illegible] noon cleaned James[illegible] room while she talk[illegible] to Chen.

"Is this being [illegible] love?" she aske[illegible] when she had told hi[illegible] all she felt.

"If you are co[illegible] tent to be with m[illegible] it is enough to beg[illegible] with," Chen said jo[illegible] ously. "I cannot e[illegible] pect a good girl li[illegible] you, Mary, to beha[illegible] like a wild weste[illegible] woman."

"But you mu[illegible] promise to let me go on teaching."

"I promise," Chen said instantly. "M[illegible] than that, I insist upon it."

"I might want to stop," Mary said.

"I shall forbid it!" Chen exclaimed. [illegible] eyes were twinkling. Then he laughed. "Y[illegible] shall do exactly what you want to do, n[illegible] and forever," he said tenderly.

She stood looking at him doubtfully, a[illegible] so adorable was her face, the eyes so big a[illegible] black, her mouth so full and red, that he [illegible] distracted with happiness. He looked hast[illegible] about and saw no one in sight. Overco[illegible] with himself, he stepped forward impe[illegible] ously and took her in his arms, broom and [illegible] and kissed her exactly as he had seen su[illegible] things in American movies. Both [illegible] astounded at what he had done.

"Do you mind?" he asked humbly.

She stood transfixed, gazing at him a[illegible] clutching her broom in both hands. S[illegible] shook her head at his question and her ey[illegible] were entranced.

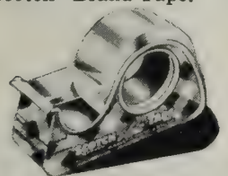
Doctor Liang felt relief at the news ab[illegible] Mary. There was pride in his relief, also, [illegible] until his daughters are married a father [illegible] an uneasy sense of duty not yet done. He h[illegible] never wholly reconciled himself to his Am[illegible] ican son-in-law and was openly glad th[illegible] Mary had chosen properly. He examined t[illegible] handwriting of Chen's letter, and said [illegible] Mrs. Liang:

"This fellow is not a scholar. Nevertheles[illegible] there is a certain rude strength in his st[illegible]



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He has temper and power. I hope Mary will not quarrel with him immediately."

Mrs. Liang did not reply. She was absorbed in reading Mary's letter, which was written simply and plainly so that she might read it easily.

"Dear beloved ma," Mary had written. "Please forgive me for engaging myself without your or pa's knowledge. James will tell you how it all happened. Chen is his best friend and his family lives in the country as ours does. Ma, I wish you could come here for our wedding. There are many things I would like to ask you before I am a married woman."

At these words Mrs. Liang began to weep.

"What is the matter now?" Doctor Liang asked.

"Mary needs me," she said.

"What for?"

"You would not understand if I told you."

Doctor Liang looked dignified at this. "I am not stupid. I have what is considered a good mentality."

She continued to weep. "Liang," she said, "let us go back to the ancestral village just for our daughter's wedding."

He looked horrified. "After all these years?"

She said pleadingly, "There are things I should tell Mary."

Doctor Liang looked displeased. "Whatever you tell her can only be out of your experience with me," he said. "This will not help her at all with such a young man as has written this letter."

"I want to go home," she said stubbornly.

The upshot of all this was that a week or two of steady dejection on the part of Mrs. Liang wore him down to such a low point of resistance that he agreed to let her have her way. He was deeply wounded at the signs of joy which she showed upon this permission, and was comforted only when he had talked over the whole matter with Violet Sung.

They met now quite regularly two or three times a week, varying their meeting places, so that no gossip would arise about them. Each place was a small, quiet restaurant in some part of the city. The routine was the same. They ordered a meal, or perhaps only tea, and they sat long, talking about their thoughts and never about their lives.

On the day when he had finally given his permission to his wife, however, Violet, with her delicate, feeling instinct, perceived that he was unhappy.

"Wen Hua, why are you sad?" she asked him.

She was looking even more beautiful than usual. She wore a new frock of a dull black silk and a black coat lined with scarlet, and a small scarlet hat. He saw this added beauty across the small table between them.

"It is nothing," he replied, trying to smile.

"Of course it is something. You cannot deceive me."

He began therefore to talk. "I suppose I dread loneliness," he said very gently. "The mother of my children wishes to leave me for a while to return to our ancestral village. My elder daughter is to be married to a young Chinese doctor who is my son's friend. This is all good. But my work keeps me here. Yet I do not like to think of three months in my lonely house." He sighed. "Well, I know I am a friendless man. My children have left me. Now my wife, their mother, wants to leave me."

"She will come back," Violet reminded him.

"Of course—but still ——" He broke off. "It is a strange thing that one can live a lifetime with a woman without loving her, and yet ——"

"In a way you do love her," Violet said generously. "Wen Hua, you are so complex. I understand you better than you understand yourself."

"Then explain me to myself," he murmured. It was delightful to lean toward this lovely woman and hear himself explained.

"You are like the lotus," she said earnestly. "You need to plant your roots deep into the earth beneath the waters before you can flower and fruit. Your . . . the mother of your children has been your earth." Her exquisite face turned the palest of pearl pink. "I ought to be grateful to her, and I am. For it is I who have enjoyed the flower and the fruit."

He was much touched by this sweetness and generosity. "You always teach me something good," he said. "I will be generous too. I will let her go. But be kind to me. While she is gone let us see each other often, very often, Violet!"

"Yes," she murmured, "yes."

(To be Concluded)

ANYTHING BUT LOVE

(Continued from Page 37)

wanted to walk the six miles home, which he emphatically did not. He had tried to borrow a dime for the subway from one of the guests, but he had given it up after the third man he approached looked at him threateningly and fingered a knife stuck in his sash. There was no use endangering international relations.

A tug slid by on the river and hooted at him.

"That's right," Bill said aloud. "Go ahead and razz me. I'm past caring."

Behind him a voice inquired softly, "Are you speaking to me?"

He whirled so quickly that he almost knocked over a teakwood stand covered with tiny porcelain figurines. He was not built for whirling among porcelain, rather for pivoting and plunging among padded knees and cleats.

The girl noted this with a frankly admiring glance. She looked up and smiled appreciatively at his thick, sun-bleached hair and into his eyes that were especially blue against his sun-tanned skin.

"You are a typical American, are you not?" she said finally.

He said nothing. He had never been struck dumb by a girl before, and perhaps under different circumstances he would not have been so affected by this one. But to hear her speak the first familiar words he had heard for almost two hours, since Dwight had left the room, and then, in the grip of the blackest mood he could ever remember, to see her!

She was little, with a small, pointed face and dark, heavily fringed eyes that looked brown at first glance but turned out to be a deep, almost violet blue. Her hair was black and she wore it short and perfectly straight, with a bang across the forehead, like a child. Unlike the other women in the room, she was not dressed for a party. She had on an extremely simple white sport dress that set off the even, glowing apricot tan of her skin, and she wore no jewelry.

Bill stared at her, his heart thudding, and tried to figure out what she was. She spoke English without an accent, yet she emphasized her words a little oddly, in a way that seemed neither American nor British. He could tell nothing from her looks, because she looked nothing like any girl he had ever seen before. She looked, he thought, like a wood nymph—and the thought surprised him, for his mind did not generally run to anything so poetic as wood nymphs.

"Hello," he said at last weakly.

She laughed. He had read about tinkling laughs, but this was the first time he had ever actually heard one. "Hello," she said. "Are you one of the American delegates?"

"Me? Golly, no." All at once he felt better, more himself. He grinned. "Until you came along, I couldn't communicate with a person in this room, even by sign language. That's why I was talking to the boat."

"But there are many English-speaking people here."

He shrugged. "They certainly kept out of my way."

"Come, then." She held out her hand. "I will introduce you."

He took her hand, but he did not move. "Never mind," he said. "Introduce me to



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you, and I'll introduce you to me, and let's let the other United Nations get together in their own way."

He could not remember how or when they got away from the party, but presently they were sitting on a bench in Central Park, watching the ducks sleeping on the lake. She told him her name was Faith, and wrinkled her nose in disgust.

"Such a solemn name, is it not? But my parents were missionaries. That explains it."

"Faith," he said. "It's a beautiful name. Missionaries? From what country?" He was conscious of talking jerkily, monotonously, as in a dream, but he could not seem to stop. "Where were you born, Faith?"

She laughed. "In Wahoo, Kansas," she said.

"In Wa—where? You mean here in this country? Kansas, U. S. A.?" He stared at her. "You're kidding. Golly, you don't even talk like an American. You couldn't have come from any such place as Wahoo, Kansas. I never heard of it."

"Did you ever hear of a place called Hunan? No? Well, you see there are many places of which you have not heard. Hunan is in the Orient, and I was raised there, from a tiny child, after my parents died in a hurricane. I have never been back here until a few weeks ago, when I secured a secretarial position with the United Nations." She spoke precisely, like a precocious little girl, but her mouth, forming the words, was soft and smiling. "Now I have introduced myself," she said.

"But you speak English. If you were raised in the Orient, and never came back ——"

She told him that her foster father had been educated in the United States and had always spoken only English to her. "He knew I should return to my own people someday," she said.

Bill understood, now, why she was so different, so fascinating. She was an American. She had the coloring, the bone structure of an American. Yet there was something quaint and faintly mysterious about her. Oriental—that was it.

"If I knew where Dwight was right now," he said ardently, "I'd find him and kiss him."

"Dwight?"

"He's the one who made me go to that party."

It took her a minute. Then she said, "Oh, I see." She looked at him anxiously. "You are not falling in love with me, are you?"

He grinned, his eyes crinkling up in a way that a good many girls had found irresistible from the time he was twelve. "One will get you two that I am," he said. "Why sound so worried? I'm a nice guy; my family's nice—none of us has ever been in jail since old Uncle Ed got himself hanged for piracy back in 1810; I work for one of the biggest firms of accountants in the city, and ten years from now it wouldn't surprise me if they made me a partner, in plenty time for us to save up to send the kids to college ——" He broke off because she was looking at him with disapproval, and that was the last way in the world he wanted her to look at him.

"You are joking, are you not? These are no things to joke about."

He took her hand. He was always taking her hand, on any pretext. It was a peculiarly satisfying experience.

"I'm not really joking," he said. "That's the American way—you'll get used to it. We do a lot of kidding to cover up, because we're embarrassed about our feelings." He looked at her, and he could see nothing at all about her that he would want to change. "I suppose it sounds crazy to you that I could be serious after knowing you only a couple of hours, but that's the way it is."

"My foster parents in Hunan did not know each other at all before they were married," she said. "They met for the first time at the altar."

"No kidding!" He laughed and shook his head. "I've heard about such things, but I never really believed them. What if they hadn't liked each other? What if they'd hated each other on sight?"

"They did," she said calmly, "but they soon changed. Their parents had selected them for each other with great care, so that as soon as they became better acquainted and realized how well matched they were, a deep affection grew between them."

She had slipped her fingers out of his and clasped her hands together in her lap, and she sat very straight on the edge of the bench looking at him with large, serious eyes. She reminded him of the first girl he had ever been in love with, back in high school, not because she was at all like that girl, but because she aroused the same sort of feeling in him, the same sort of fresh, reverent emotion.

"I HAVE no one to arrange a marriage for me," she said, "so I shall have to do it for myself. That is why I came back to the United States now, because it is time for me to marry and I wished to select an American."

Bill grinned and retrieved her hand. "Golly, Faith, honey," he said, "American girls don't go around admitting that they're out to snare a husband. They all are, you understand, but they never, never say so. The idea is to pretend that the guys have to run after the reluctant girls and use all kinds of strategy to get them." He patted her free hand. "However, you don't have to bother about all that. You've found your man."

She continued to regard him gravely. "I think perhaps I have," she said. "I had decided upon a typical American to offset some of my shortcomings in that direction, and I believe you are that. You are certainly a fine physical specimen. You seem to be most good-humored, and I believe your intelligence is sufficient to enliven the long evenings when we are old, without being so great as to find no meeting ground with mine. If what you say is true, you are financially sound." She nodded soberly. "Yes, if further investigation proves you to be all that you appear, I think you are precisely the man I am looking for."

His grin, which had started out as an appreciative acknowledgment of her humor, became a little uneasy, a little fixed, as she went on. "Say, honey, you're quite a kidder yourself," he said in a strained voice.

A faint line of bewilderment appeared on her smooth forehead. "Have I made a joke? I did not intend one." She turned to him anxiously. "Is it perhaps that you do not consider me a suitable wife, after all? If you are thinking of the difference in our backgrounds, it seems to me that would furnish certain zest. There would be so much we could tell each other, so many things to ——"

She looked so appealing, so in need of protection, that his uneasiness dissolved in a flood of tenderness. If she had been any other girl, he would have kissed her, very thoroughly and expertly, but he felt as he had about the girl in high school, and never again since: that he must protect Faith even against himself.

"I think you're wonderful," he said in a shaking voice, "and now I'm going to take you home. It's very late."

She lived at a women's club, not far from where they were. They walked there almost in silence, holding hands, and Bill knew he loved her because he was so happy with her that way, just walking, just holding hands. He did not think at all. It was like the blissful, floating sensation that comes right before sinking into sleep, except that he had never been so wide-awake.

"Good night, Faith," he said to her at the door. "It's been . . . terrific."

She looked frightened. "Terrific?"

"That's slang for . . . stupendous, marvelous, wonderful. Will you have lunch with me tomorrow? And dinner?"

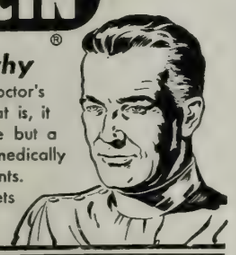
WITH THE CHILDREN

"A wonderful feeling is to go barefooting."

"God is everywhere. He is even in our bathroom. I know because the other morning my daddy knocked on the bathroom door and said, 'My God, are you still in there?'"

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"Yes," she said. "I wish to see a great deal of you." She spoke with a certain crispness, not at all longingly. "Oh, and there is one more thing. I have only a very small dowry, for my foster parents lost a great deal in the war, but I plan to save most of my present wages, and this way ——"

He was halfway down the subway steps before he remembered that he still had no dime. He started to go back and ask Faith to lend him one, but he decided that would be a very unromantic way to end their first evening.

On the long, dreary walk across the park and up to 157th Street and Riverside Drive, he had plenty of time to think. Faith's face began to fade a little around 98th Street, and by the time he got into the 130's, he could no longer call up any of the feelings that had made him fool enough to walk rather than ask a girl for a dime.

What kind of girl was she, anyway, looking him over as though he were a prize bull she was considering buying? She had never, he remembered now, said a word about having any feeling for him, finding him attractive, even liking him. Her only mention of love had been when she had asked him in alarm whether he was falling in love with her. Why had the idea alarmed her if she was angling for him? She should have been tickled to death.

He tiptoed into his apartment finally at three-thirty in the morning, without waking his mother and father, and fell into bed. His last conscious thought was that he had better steer clear of that girl, Faith, because there was something funny about her and before he knew it he'd be involved in it. Maybe, he thought sleepily, before his thoughts broke apart into blackness, she was some kind of spy. . . .

He awoke with his heart hammering and the feeling that he was too late for something. He sat straight up in bed for an instant, staring at the clock with its hands bisecting the face. Twelve-thirty . . . twelve-thirty . . . *lunch!* With a leap that left the springs shuddering, he jumped up, ran out into the hall, and began thumbing wildly through the telephone book.

She was home. She answered the phone. "I have been waiting," she said. "I would have telephoned to you, but I wished to make sure that you were dependable about appointments." Her voice was even sweeter over the wire, soft and a little husky. He did not pay much attention to what she was saying.

"I didn't want to disturb you," he said. "Some people sleep so late on Sundays, and I thought I'd better wait. I'll be there in an hour, honey."

He rang off and sat there in his rumpled pajamas, gazing beatifically at his bare feet. It was a moment or two before he became aware of his surroundings and noticed that his mother and father were in the living room, watching him over the tops of the theater section and the magazine section respectively.

"Hello," he said. "That was Faith. I think I'm going to marry her."

"High time too," his father replied. "You must certainly have known her since last night, and here it is almost one o'clock the next day."

"What is she like, dear?" his mother asked, her eyes filling with tears of emotion. "Did you meet her at that U. N. party Dwight took you to?"

Bill contemplated his toes again, with the same rapture as before. "She's like no one I've ever met. Golly, she's wonderful."

"And does she think you're wonderful too?" his father wanted to know.

"Of course she does," his mother said complacently. "All girls think Bill is wonderful—why shouldn't they?"

Bill sprinted suddenly into his room and began dressing. As he dressed he talked loudly, a little breathlessly, through the partly open door.

"Faith's different," he said. "She has already pretty much decided to marry me, but not exactly because she thinks I'm wonderful—I mean she's not swooning over me or anything, yet. It's the way she's been brought up." He stretched his neck to button his collar, and his voice, though somewhat strangled,



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Dry Skin? This is the Answer

went on. "For a while there last night I didn't like the idea, but in the light of day I see there's really nothing to it. She's already convinced that I'm an all-right guy. All I have to do now is make her fall in love with me, and everything will be fine. It's simple—I don't know why I was worrying."

"I don't either," his father called from the living room. "Why would you worry over anything as simple as that?"

"That's right, dear," his mother echoed. "Worrying will only put lines in your forehead." She added to his father, in one of her stage whispers that were louder than any shouting, "Explain it to me after he's gone, will you, dear?"

"Who do you think I am?" his father inquired. "Einstein?"

Bill took Faith to a place he knew in the Village. It was in a cellar and the lights were dim and there was a violinist in a gypsy costume who played all the time, except for brief intervals when he sat by himself at a corner table, sadly drinking coffee. Down there you couldn't tell whether it was Saturday night or Sunday morning, and Bill had had great success there with all sorts of girls at all hours of the day and night. If you tipped the violinist he would stand at your table and play something slow and romantic, and when he had finished the girl would turn and look at you meltingly.

After he had played for Bill and Faith, she did not turn at all. Bill could see only her profile, the cute tilt of her nose and the edge of her captivating mouth. But when she began to speak, he thought her voice shook a little.

"You will not be a partner in your firm in ten years—perhaps you will in fifteen," she said. "But that is all right. I am not used to a great deal of money and have no need of it. A pleasant disposition is much more important, and your friends all agree you have that. Also, it is nice that you like baseball, for I have enjoyed many games in the Orient and I am most anxious to see the Dodgers play."

"Hey!" Bill said, rising half out of his seat. "Where did you find out that I ——"

"WHILE I waited for you this morning, I telephoned to several people." She looked at him with wide, appealing eyes. "You do not mind?"

"Of course I —— No," he said, sinking giddily under that look. "No, I guess I don't mind. Only over here girls usually count on finding these things out gradually for themselves, as they get to know a fellow."

"But I cannot afford to waste the time," she said, "in case you are not suitable. I wish to be married early so that I can have five children and be still young with the last, and I am already nineteen years old." She smiled at him. "You have, I hope, no objection to five children?"

Bill sighed. "I have no objection to anything," he said hoarsely. "Heaven help me!"

He saw her every night that week. He took her dancing and to theater and concerts and for a ride on the Staten Island ferry. He sent her notes and flowers and exerted all the charm he had. By Saturday night he could not see that he had gained any ground at all—she still talked like a careful prospective purchaser and he still felt like a prize bull.

But Saturday night was suddenly different. From the moment he called for her at the club, he could sense the difference. She wore a new dress, something soft and clinging, and she had a misty, faraway look in her eyes.

"Hello, Bill," she said, and there was such warm eagerness in her voice that his heart turned over. "I am so glad to see you."

They went dancing on one of the roofs. She had only learned to dance on the ship coming over, but she was born for dancing. She followed him as though she had been doing these steps all her life, sweet and weightless in his arms.

"Golly, you're wonderful, honey," he murmured.

"You are wonderful too, Bill," she said softly. She shook her head a little, as though to clear it. "I do not know what is the matter with me. All day I have been feeling so strange." She smiled up at him hazily. "Hold me more tightly, please, Bill."

He complied, grinning happily. This was it. The good old personality and know-how had come through for him the way it always did. He shouldn't have doubted it for a minute. It couldn't have worked on all those girls who hadn't counted through the years, and then let him down with the one girl he really wanted. They could be married as soon as she was ready. Now that he was sure she wouldn't be marrying him just because his credentials were okay, there was nothing to stand in their way.

They left the roof and walked over to Central Park hand in hand and found the same bench they had sat on that first night. There was a new moon planted low in the sky and they sat and gazed at it in silence. He did not want to move too fast. He did not want to spoil anything. After a few minutes he put his arm around her, and he felt her tremble a little.

"It is a beautiful moon," she said huskily.

"It's you who are beautiful, Faith—golly!"

"I do not know what is the matter with me," she said again, and then without warning she flung herself against him and began crying wildly on his shoulder. "Oh, yes, I do know. I do," she sobbed. "I have tried to fool myself, but I cannot any longer. I love you. From the beginning I have loved you."

Women, he thought tenderly, *are crazy.* "It's all right, sweetheart," he said aloud. "It's wonderful. Because I've loved you from the beginning too." She only sobbed louder. "We'll be married as soon as you say," he told her. "Right away, if you want."

She shook her head violently. In a minute she sat up and blew her nose in his handkerchief. "No, Bill," she said sadly. "No, we can never be married now. It is all spoiled."

He stared at her. "Spoiled? Why? What are you talking about?"

"We love each other," she said heavily.

"Sure, I know. Isn't that wonderful?"

"No, it is not. It is terrible. Where I was brought up, when a man and a girl fall in love they are not permitted to see each other again. There is no one here to forbid me, so I must forbid myself. We shall not meet aga Bill."

Bill ran his fingers frantically through hair. "Look, honey," he said, "you'll have spell this out for me; I'm a little thick. love each other, so we don't meet again. that what you said?"

She nodded. "Oh, Bill, can you not s When two people fall in love they do know what they are doing—they have sense, no judgment—it is as though they w not right in their heads. Where I have co from, people in this state are not permit to make such an important decision as to married, for they are not competent." sat up, away from his arm. "I have been c vincing myself that you are exactly the n I have been looking for, but how can I kn if it is true when I am crazy with love you?"

Bill took in little gulps of air. *Now ev thing has happened to me,* he thought. *A is turning me down because she loves me.*

"Faith, listen," he said gently. "You not in the Orient now. This is Amer Here ——"

"Yes, I know," she said. "Here the peo marry when they are crazy with love, and soon as they become sane again they fi and are unhappy and leave each other. I not want such a marriage."

HE argued with her for an hour with budging her. He talked until his throat dry. Toward the end, he began literally p ing out his hair. And then finally he got idea. If she could see a young American c ple, in love and happy, maybe she w change her mind. If she saw how swell it c be —— But what couple could he scare u the last minute like this? She was not g to let him see her after tonight. He had t something right away, now.

"Dwight!" he said suddenly, out l "Dwight and Ella! They'll be home—the just the ones. Golly, come on, honey, w going visiting."

"But Bill, I do not wish to ——"

He gave her what he hoped was a br and tragic smile. "Surely you can humor in this small thing, Faith, since you breaking my heart."

He stopped in a phone booth on the and gave Dwight a rapid briefing. "L I'm in love with a girl who won't marry because she's in love with me, so I'm brin her over to prove that it works out all ri so you and Ella act just as loving and ha as you can, will you? And you can fo about that ten bucks you owe me."

Dwight assured him that had already forgotten about ten bucks and that Bill was of his head and Dwight di know what he was talking ab "But bring her over, by means," he said. "Any gi yours is a girl of mine."

Bill went on with some givings. Maybe this was such a good idea after Dwight and Ella were c about each other, had ever since their high-sc days, but you had to unders them. If you were brought u the Orient, it was possible you might not understand t at all. However, he had n ing to lose.

"You'll like these peop Bill said, as he rang the be their apartment. "I've kn them both for years, and the been in love with each o ever since I've known th Blissfully happy too."

She said nothing, only sig a little, and the sound tou him so that he began to p *Let them act all right, let them it over, let it work.*

Dwight and Ella came to door beaming, their arms aro each other, and Bill's h lifted. Good old Dwight! might have known that a

(Continued on Page 138)



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(Continued from Page 136)

who could talk nine languages would get the idea.

"Well, hello," they said in unison. "Do come in."

Bill made the introductions, and Faith said, "We are not intruding? It is late for a call."

"Not at all," Ella said. She looked adoringly at Dwight. "We have so much to say to each other that we stay up till all hours and just never seem to have enough time together."

They made a handsome couple. Dwight was dark and impressive and looked like the young ambassador he was always pretending to be, and Ella was slim and fair with a shrewd, high-cheekboned, attractive face. She took Bill into the kitchen and asked him what it was all about.

"Dwight says that you want us to act lovey-dovey, but he doesn't quite get it," she told him. "He says you told him that this girl won't marry you because she's in love with you, but of course he must have got it wrong the way he usually does."

"He got it right," Bill said, and tried to explain.

"Never mind," Ella said in the middle of it. "Maybe I'll read my lines better if I don't know the plot. Anyway, she's cute."

When they got back into the living room, Dwight and Faith were chattering away in a foreign language. Dwight, Bill noticed, had put on some sort of cummerbund where his sport shirt met his gabardine slacks.

"Is it not wonderful," Faith said to Ella, "for a young man to get so far as your husband has?"

"I don't know," Ella said. "How far did he get?"

Dwight looked sullen. "She means in the U.N., darling."

"Oh," Ella said. "Well, his possibilities are unlimited in a foreign language, because I understand only English. He might even get to be president of the General Assembly, and I couldn't stop him."

ORDINARILY Bill enjoyed Ella's quips at Dwight's expense. Without them Dwight would have become unbearable, a boastful stuffed shirt. Ella kept him down to earth, and they understood each other. But Faith could not know that. She would think Ella had no use for Dwight.

"Ella," he said hastily, "remember the school picnic when Dwight picked you the first violets?"

"The first —— Oh, yes. Yes, of course. Dwight darling, will you ever forget that picnic?"

It went very well for a while. Ella and Dwight cooed at each other and exchanged fervent glances and held hands, and Bill, watching Faith, thought she seemed impressed. Then, all at once, everything went to pieces.

The phone rang and Dwight answered it. "Yes," he said. "Who? . . . Mr. Lie? . . . Why, yes indeed, Mr. Lie, I shall attend to the matter personally. . . . You know you can always count on me. I'll have the papers in your office the first thing Monday morning." He hung up and turned to Faith. "That was Trygve Lie," he said. "Matter of utmost importance and secrecy—called me up himself at this hour, so you can imagine ——"

Ella gave him a look and strolled over to the radio and turned it on and tuned it. After a minute or two a strong, Norwegian voice filled the room.

"If you didn't have such a rotten memo darling," Ella said to Dwight, "you wo be much more impressive. Mr. Lie is spe ing at that meeting tonight, remember? was his business with you so urgent that broke off in the middle of his speech to you?"

Dwight looked at Faith out of the co of his eye and turned dark red. He parti larly liked to put on a big front for a pre girl, and Ella particularly liked him not Someday, Bill thought, Dwight would up, and be a much nicer guy as a result. he wished Ella would hold off while Fa was here.

BUT Ella and Dwight had forgotten about everything. They did not even see Bi frantic facial contortions. Once they re got going, they seemed unaware that th was anyone else in the room.

"You're always running me down," Dwi said. "Most wives build their husbands but not you—oh no, you ——"

"Build you up! Why, darling, you're pr tically out of sight now, and you did it yourself," Ella t him.

Dwight smiled sm ingly at the ceil "She's not even clev he said. He lowered voice confidentially changed to one of eight other langu with which he wa miliar, and then really blew up.

"Stop that!" shouted. "Stop it, coward! Talk a me in English, li man, so I can an back!"

They went on f good while, with Dw switching langu every few minutes Ella doing all righ English. Bill trie get Faith out, but shook him off. She sitting straight u her chair, her mou little open, liste and watching in f nation. Well, that that, Bill thought terly. He'd cooke own romantic g all right, but good. Golly, what a fool h to have brought Faith here.

It ended the way it always did. All at the room was very quiet. Ella and Dw stood a few feet apart, staring at each o Then they both started talking at meanwhile rushing together.

"Oh, darling." . . . "Gosh, sweetheart "It's all my fault—I'm a shrew." . . . it's mine—I'm a fool." . . . "Oh, darling. "Oh, sweetheart."

Faith got up quietly and signaled t that she wanted to leave. Ella and D were so wrapped up in each other that did not even see them go.

"Well," Bill said heavily when they outside, "now you've seen it. An A ican love match. I guess ——" He off because of the way she was looki him, her hands clasped together, her lit up.

"Yes," she breathed, "I have see Never have I seen anything like it. Such such—such . . . splendid anger! And when it was over ——" She shook her in slow wonder. "How sweet it must b two who are in love to each blame hi after such anger, and murmur endear in each other's arms."

He took several quick steps toward "It's nice other times too," he said. instance, when you've been thinking going to part and never see each other and then all of a sudden you find every is okay."

After a long time she spoke. "My parents in the Orient do not know wha are missing. Golly!" she said. THE

Joseph F. Johnston, long-time U. S. Senator from Alabama, liked nothing better than to don a pair of old overalls and work in his garden. One afternoon a stranger came to call on Mrs. Johnston, found the senator on his hands and knees weeding flowers.

"How long have you worked for the Johnstons?" she demanded.

"Twenty, maybe twenty-five years ma'am," he drawled.

"Do they pay you well?"

The senator hid a grin. "About all I get is my clothes and meals, ma'am."

Eagerly the visitor suggested, "Come and work for me, then. I'll give you your meals, your clothes, and a good salary besides."

He shook his head regretfully. "Sorry, ma'am, but I can't. I signed up with Mrs. Johnston for life."

The lady was shocked. "You poor fellow!" she exclaimed. "I'll see that you get justice. So you've spent twenty-five years in peonage, eh?"

Senator Johnston shook his head. "No, ma'am," he protested, "where I come from, we call it marriage!"

—WEBB B. GARRISON.



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CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

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(Continued from Page 142)

he tried to explain the intricacies of cost accounting and overhead, they both wound up in a welter of confusion. Margalo envisioned satisfied customers, dining merrily on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. But she was totally unable to cope with such abstract matters as interest and amortization.

This morning she looked so pleased with life that Ben once more postponed the final hour of reckoning. But he knew with dismal certainty that it would have to come soon, and when it did there would be no more Casserole Kitchen.

Margalo poured his coffee, and put a pitcher of heavy cream and a platter of butter squares on the glossy mat in front of him. She said contentedly, "Florence doesn't have to be at the library until noon today, so I'm going right over."

"What for?"

"To talk, of course, to find out ——" Margalo hesitated then, and flushed slightly. "I know you think I meddle too much. But some people just never arrange things for themselves."

"Maybe you're right, honey. It's risky, but there are times when it works."

"This time it's sure to," she said. "I saw Roger, Ben. He's exactly right for her, and the dinner was perfect, and Florence looked lovely. I can't imagine anything going wrong."

BEN savored the bacon. "Freeport already has seven weddings scheduled for June," he said. "But I'm sure the Herald can make room for one more."

"Oh, Ben, it isn't a joke! You just don't know what it's like for a girl to live entirely alone."

"Neither do you."

"I can imagine."

Ben smiled wickedly. "You may not realize it, but the trend of conversation is very complimentary."

Margalo poured him a second cup of coffee. "Men," she said cheerfully, "relate every conversation to themselves. It's their ego."

An hour later, driving across town, she tried to imagine Florence not as the rather prim and austere young woman who doled out books at the library but as a glowing bride, with orange blossoms and a mammoth bouquet. It was vaguely disappointing to find Florence looking just the same, and wearing the familiar library costume of brown suit and brown felt hat.

"But I thought you didn't have to work until noon!" Margalo exclaimed in surprise.

Florence smiled politely. "The dinner was wonderful, Margalo," she said. "Thank you so much. I have the dishes all washed and packed away in these baskets."

Margalo was puzzled. Certainly there was nothing radiant, or even happy, about this pale, withdrawn girl who was even now pulling on a pair of brown fabric gloves. She said, "Can't we talk awhile? I mean, I would love to hear about everything."

Florence hesitated. "I'm not on duty until noon. But I thought I'd put in extra time cataloguing stuff in the cellar."

Margalo's heart sank. A future bride shouldn't be putting in extra time in the cellar. Besides, there was about Florence this morning an aura of prim reserve that was almost like a rebuff. Without being asked, Margalo walked in and sat down on the sofa.

"I should think you'd be too tired to do any extra work. I mean, after last night."

"Oh. I'm not tired at all! Roger left at ten o'clock."

Ten o'clock—the earliest polite moment for a guest to leave! Margalo knew then that something had gone drastically wrong. She looked around helplessly for a clue. But the apartment looked just the same—colorless, subdued and exceptionally neat. Even the flowers were beginning to fade.

She thought of the dinner. She said, "I hope the duck wasn't overcooked. I mean, Ben came in just then ——"

"Oh, no, the duck was delicious. It couldn't have been better."

"But perhaps Roger doesn't like duck. Steak might have been better."

"Oh, no, Roger likes duck. He had two helpings."

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Margalo lapsed into bewildered silence. She knew Florence wanted her to leave. The evening had been a failure, and Florence was planning to bury her disappointment in a musty stack of library books. You could see that determination in her face. Her pretty greenish-brown eyes were strained, but there was a brusque sort of pride in the way she stood, stiff and unyielding, at the door.

Margalo made one last effort. "What was he like?" she asked. "I mean, was he interesting? What did he talk about?"

Reluctantly, Florence sat down on the edge of a straight chair. "Mostly he talked about economics."

"Economics?"

"You know. Inflation, and the rising cost of living. And he talked a lot about how important it is to be economical and to save."

"And that's *all* he talked about?"

"Well, just about. And of course I told him I agreed with him, but he said people had different standards about such things." Then she added, in that same rather prim voice, "He's really very intelligent, Margalo. I think he has a big future."

Margalo nodded uneasily, because dimly she was beginning to understand. And she thought that Roger sounded rather like a stick. But after all, Florence was fashioned from the same mold. Florence, too, liked to live with subdued colors, and put in extra time cataloguing books. But perhaps the evening had been too lavish, so that her real personality had been reversed. Now Roger thought that Florence was extravagant and light-minded—the kind of girl who wore velvet housecoats and served oysters for dinner and decorated her house with spring flowers out of season. No wonder he'd delivered a lecture on economy, and then gone home at ten o'clock!

Florence stood up abruptly. "Thanks again, Margalo. I'll help you put the things in the car," she said; and Margalo asked:

"You didn't happen to mention that I cooked the dinner?"

"Gracious, no! You told me not to."

There it was again—her own conniving, turned into a boomerang! Margalo suggested anxiously, "Why don't you, Florence, next time you see him?"

Florence turned away and hurried out the door. "Roger is awfully busy," she said. "He told me himself that he's working nights for his M.A. and hardly ever goes out."

The perfect brush-off, and not one that a girl as proud and reserved as Florence Dunhill would ever be able to overcome!

All the way home in the car Margalo berated herself. Why hadn't she made a simple casserole of breaded pork chops with tomato sauce? Or better yet, she should have let Florence cook the dinner herself, even if it all came out of cans. In her zeal to create perfection she had put Florence in the worst possible light.

With growing horror she contemplated the dinner as it must have occurred. First the fancy hors d'oeuvres, then the oysters, ordered specially from New York. Florence, overeager and a little self-conscious, in the velvet housecoat; and Roger at first surprised, then bewildered, and finally convinced that Florence wasn't, after all, the friendly, modest girl he'd been attracted to in the library, but someone from a totally different world, who could never share his simple tastes, or his small income either.

Drearily she worked on the refreshments for the Mothers' Club. It was one thing to be stupid about your own life. But when you messed up other people's! Ben was right: it was a dreadful mistake to interfere.

Finally an unimaginative supply of cakes and sandwiches was packed away in the basket. And it was just at that moment that Margalo hit on a possible solution. She thought of Florence down in that musty cellar—a bewildered, lonely Florence, who would go on, year after year, hiding her shiny hair under a succession of brown-felt hats. Certainly something had to be done, and this time there must be no mistakes.

Warily she examined the plan from every angle. Then she went to the phone, called the high school and asked to speak to Professor Penfield. His voice when they located him sounded rather formal.

She explained her problem quickly. She had a small home business, she said, a Casserole Kitchen, and the account books were all in a mess. She thought possibly, in his spare time, he would check them over; of course she would pay the usual charge.

"I know it's a lot to ask," she said, rather breathlessly, "but you were recommended very highly, and I don't believe it would take long."

He sounded interested, though not overeager. "I've done quite a bit of that sort of thing," he admitted.

"This afternoon at five, then?" she said, and gave him her address.

As soon as she'd put down the receiver she hurried to take the things to the Mothers' Club, then returned to the house and went straight to the big desk in the living room. There she searched through a number of overstuffed drawers, and took out all the bills to be sent, the bills to be paid, the checkbooks, bank statements, receipts and other business data. She had thought she would have to simulate confusion to make her request seem plausible, but when everything was assembled it was surprising how formidable it looked.

That done, she wrote a new bill and put it in a prominent place on top of all the others. This bill was made out to Miss Florence Dunhill, Bleecker Street, Freeport, Vermont. Under the name and address she listed the order: deviled oysters, roast duck, asparagus mousseline, potato puffs, chiffonade salad, strawberry mousse and almond wafers. Underneath that, in parentheses, she wrote (linen, silver and flowers included) and on the right-hand side she indicated the amount: $2.00. When Roger Penfield saw that he would know, at least, that Florence wasn't extravagant!

It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.
—OLD PROVERB.

He arrived promptly at five, his dark suit neatly pressed, his manner very businesslike. Margalo greeted him warmly.

"To save time I got out all the papers and things," she said, and took him into the living room.

"I hope I can be of some assistance," he said stiffly. But when he surveyed the desk she thought she detected a gleam of anticipation under his rather restrained manner. "You use double entry?" he inquired.

"Double entry?"

"A system of bookkeeping," he explained—so severely that she felt almost like one of his students. "Without it how can you estimate profit and loss?"

"Oh, but I make lots of money. Today, for instance, the Mothers' Club is paying me eight dollars for a few hours' work."

But Roger looked unimpressed. "Labor is a relatively small item in a business of this sort," he said, and sat down at the desk.

Hastily Margalo pushed forward the sheaf of bills. "These haven't gone out yet, though people usually pay very promptly."

"You have no accounts receivable?"

"Accounts receivable?"

Roger sighed and picked up the top bill, glancing at it casually. He started to lay it aside, then looked again, obviously noticing for the first time the name and address of the client. He read the bill thoroughly this time, then said in astonishment, "Two dollars, for a dinner like that!"

Margalo explained glibly, "That was an introductory order, good for just one week. Florence Dunhill was the only customer to take advantage of it."

"And well she might," he said. "Anyone would be a fool not to!"

Margalo laughed. "Florence is very clever about bargains. And you see, I had to think of some way of attracting new customers."

"A rather costly method, nevertheless." He laid the bill on one side, but glanced at it thoughtfully several times, and his manner when he turned to the other papers had a





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sudden briskness, almost as though some secret uneasiness had vanished from his mind.

Margalo looked at him with happy relief. "I have an apple pie in the oven," she said. "Wait and I'll get some."

When she came back with the tray, Roger was hard at work. So hard at work, in fact, that he ate absent-mindedly, while adding up columns of figures—a sure way to ruin a good digestion. But finally he pushed the tray and the papers aside, and sat back in his chair.

"Mrs. Barnes," he said sternly, "what you need is a complete financial housecleaning—cost estimates, price revision and all the rest of it. Have you ever stopped to compare outgo with income?"

Margalo felt flustered. In her eagerness to show Roger the bill, she hadn't realized that he would take the job so seriously. She said, "Ben does all that. He spends hours at it."

"Too many hours!" Ben said from the doorway. She hadn't heard him come in, but there he stood, and on his face was a look of mingled astonishment and purest happiness.

Margalo said, in surprise, "Why, Ben!" And then she added hastily, "This is Roger Penfield, the new professor at the high school. He was just going over the books."

Roger stood up. "I didn't mean to sound officious, Mr. Barnes ——"

But Ben waved that aside. "On the contrary! I don't know why we didn't think of something of this sort before."

Roger relaxed. "Actually, there's no reason a business like this can't make money."

"But it is making money!" Margalo protested.

Ben took her hand and squeezed it reassuringly. "Honey," he said, "if Mr. Penfield is agreeable, let's put him on the pay roll. Then he can handle the business end of things, and we won't have to bother."

Roger accepted with enthusiasm, looking, Margalo thought, almost the way she felt when she undertook one of her favorite and most complicated dishes. "I'll come over tomorrow," he said, "and start setting up the books." But after that he left rather quickly, and she thought she detected a purposeful look in his eye.

Ben watched him go, then turned to his wife. "What an inspiration! Honey, how on earth did you think of it?"

Margalo started to explain. But by that time Ben had her in his arms and was kissing her thoroughly. He let her go, finally, but he still kept hold of her hand, and his gray eyes were warm with relief as well as love.

"Let's celebrate!" he said. "Drive over to Chester and dance till midnight. Would you like that?"

"Oh, Ben, of course I would!"

She ran upstairs at once and changed to the new silk suit and cherry-red blouse that she'd bought with some of the Casserole Kitchen money. It wasn't until they were ready to leave that she saw suddenly that there was a fatal flaw in her plan; and if she didn't fix it somehow, Florence would be worse off than before.

Hastily she went to the phone, and when she heard Florence's voice she said, with embarrassment, "This is Margalo, and I'm awfully sorry, but I'm going to have to charge you for that dinner after all—to keep the books straight, you know. I'm sending a bill for two dollars, and calling it a special introductory offer."

Florence sounded surprised, but she said at once, "Oh, that's all right; I know it was worth a lot more." Then she added, rather breathlessly, "Roger called up just now, Margalo, and asked me to go to the movies with him tonight. He said he wanted to celebrate because of a new part-time job."

Margalo put down the receiver and smiled confidently at Ben. "You know how it is," she said. "People in love always celebrate at the drop of a hat!"

THE UNTILLED ACRE

(Continued from Page 12)

find companionship. We all know one another. When I lived for a while in New York, I knew far fewer really civilized people with stimulating minds than I do right here in Sioux City.

"If you have troubles, in a town like this, your friends help you. In New York I knew I could starve and nobody would even miss me.

"I think people read more in the smaller cities than they do in the big ones. The cost of living, heaven knows, is high enough, but we get more for our money, and have more to spend on good magazines and books. Altogether there's less reason to be afraid of life in the smaller places."

Then she added, "But, of course, you probably think this is part of the 'chicken-patty circuit.'"

Remembering the excellent sirloin steak I had had the night before in another city, at a dinner sponsored by a women's club, I assured her that I did not, and that after spending most of my life in great cities—in Chicago, New York, London, Berlin, Vienna and Paris—I fully expected, and by my own choice, to end my days in a Vermont village, among just the kind of people with whom I had grown up. The village will not be so remote; no village is today. The New York newspapers arrive in the morning; the radio tells me all it tells anybody else; a car will carry me long distances, very cheaply, according to my whim. But my neighbors will be neighbors, and not anonymous persons whom I pass on the stairs, or see in the elevators; and my New York friends also will come to visit me, sometimes querying, "Don't you get *bored?*" and—oftener—"I must say I envy you so much peace and quiet."

Boredom, I think, is in oneself. The changing seasons, the sunsets, the sky, northern lights, a garden, cannot conceivably be boring. Nor can a great book or an amusing one—and (if I may so confide) all writers put their best selves in their books, and the books are usually more interesting than they are. A kitchen is not boring, nor is it boring to put together a meal for oneself or the unexpected guests who drop in from the neighborhood. And every village produces its dramas. The most exciting murder case I ever followed—and a case that would baffle a Sherlock Holmes and fascinate a Dostoevski—played itself out in a courthouse in a most demure small town, where lilacs bobbed their fragrant heads into the open windows. Not that I have any morbid interest in murder. But in a small town a murder is a murder, and not one of several headlines in a newspaper, recording the violences of the anonymous. I *knew* this murderer, and he was the last person in the world I would have dreamed would do such a thing, and someday, I have thought for years, I would write a story about it. It certainly wasn't boring!

Nothing, it seems to me, can be more healthy for America than a movement of youth to re-immigrate into it, into its open spaces, or relatively open spaces, bringing back to them the energies, ideas, optimism and progressiveness of youth, and winning from them the stability that comes with roots. "The Great American word," said an American poet, Robinson Jeffers, "has never been *enmasse;* it has been Independence." The vast metropolises do not favor independence; it flourishes best where there is elbow room, and where men are judged for what they are, because people know *who* they are.

Therefore, I would recall to the eager, ambitious, energetic and intelligent young people of our country, yearly leaving our colleges and universities, the words of Thomas Wolfe: Look Homeward, Angel! One of the half-dozen most brilliant young novelists of our age, though he afterward wandered far afield, drew all the sap and glow and poetry and satire of his work out of the soil that nourished him and in which remained forever planted the roots of his mind and spirit.

This country is wide enough for all, if we but rediscover it, and today's pioneer may find his untilled acre very near the exact spot where he stands.

THE END

Fight Measles the New Way

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

I first started practicing medi- there wasn't much we doctors do, once an epidemic of measles , except to urge mothers to keep n as comfortable as possible and dangerous complications would of the most communicable of all seases, measles is especially diffi- at because the most contagious s before any symptoms whatso- In those days it was impossible hild, therefore, without isolat- letely from contact with other an easy thing to do.

hers and some doctors, indeed, ie attitude that there is no use trying to protect children when measles comes to the neighborhood, usually in late spring or early summer. "Let's have it and get it over with," they have said, knowing that the child who has had measles is usually immune from another attack.

I have never taken this view myself, and I still think that it is wrong. I have seen too many children suffer from grave complications following measles to give up without a fight. It is true that most children eventually do get measles, but this is far from being a good reason for welcoming or inviting the disease for your infant or preschooler. On the contrary, any postponement is likely to be a gain; the older and stronger a child gets, the greater is his resistance to aftereffects, and the less apt he is to be seriously ill.

And now we have another weapon besides isolation to help us, in a preparation called measles globulin. A protein substance made from the blood of persons who have had measles, it can be given after exposure has taken place. It may keep your little fellow from getting measles this time. If it doesn't do this, in nearly every case it greatly lessens the severity of the attack.

In one neighborhood that I know about, for example, measles struck hard last June. Within a few days, children in seven homes in a single block were taken sick. When the first measles sign went up in the neighborhood, five of these seven mothers acted fast, called their doctors and had globulin injections given to their children. The other two mothers belonged to the "let's-get-it-over-with" school, and did nothing.

When the mothers compared notes, it developed that the five protected children all had light cases—pale rash, mild fever, little discomfort, speedy recovery. The children of the two "do-nothing" mothers, on the other hand, were miserable for days, with fevers ranging up to 104°, itchy rash, sore throats, burning eyes and nagging cough.

It doesn't always happen this way, of course. Occasionally a protected child may

nedical weapon called measles globulin, an attack for your child ıed. or prevented till he is old enough to resist its complications.

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MYRON DAVIS





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have severe symptoms, and in some epidemics the infection is fairly mild even in unprotected children. Usually, however, it works the other way. The idea I want to leave with mothers who are reading this article is a simple one: You can improve the odds in your child's favor by asking the doctor to give measles globulin—a single injection that takes only a few seconds to give. The injection must be administered within four to six days after a known exposure to the disease. It is especially important for a child under three years of age, for any youngster who is ill, or for one who is suffering from the effects of some previous illness.

But, you may ask, if exposure occurs before any signs of illness appear, how can one tell when the globulin should be given?

The answer is that it isn't possible to know definitely in every case. If little Johnny next door shows up with a rash the day after he played indoors with your Jimmy, there's no doubt that direct exposure took place. If four or five days have intervened, Jimmy may have avoided infection, but you will be wiser to protect him anyway. If a week or more elapses between the day they played together and the day Johnny gets sick, *and you know Jimmy couldn't have been exposed anywhere else in the meantime*, you can assume that he has escaped the disease.

Fortunately, the virus that causes measles operates on a fairly predictable timetable throughout the course of the illness. Mothers who know what the timetable is can plan their children's activities more intelligently when measles threatens. Ordinarily, the period of incubation—from date of infection to onset of fever—is about ten days. The last few days of this period and the first few days after fever starts—nine or ten days altogether—is the contagious or communicable time during which the disease is easily transmitted from one child to another, carried on droplets of moisture discharged from the mouth and nose.

A slight fever, more often than not unnoticed unless mother is on guard and watching closely, is the first sign that the infected. Then the eyes are likely t red and watery, frequently with pu the lower lids. Within a day or two child is sneezing and coughing, with nose and sore throat—all the indica developing cold. This is the peak municability; if Jimmy remem Johnny was sneezing or coughing they played together, you know expect!

Measles rash begins the third or after the cold symptoms are defini red spots appear on the face or h ears. Soon these enlarge, deepen in spread down the body, finally co arms and legs. As the rash gro mounts, often to 103° or 104° in u children. The sick child's skin ma draw, and the eyes often burn unc when exposed to light. (Drawn dark glasses will help if this is the eyes are not affected, it is not n darken the room, but strong ligh avoided; so, too, should activ strain the eyes.)

The rash lasts for about five da begins to fade, peeling and flaki fever drops and the other appear. The cough, however, linger for another week, or even the youngster in bed for at least the rash appears.

In addition to early protect possible, the mother's respo measles are to keep the child and amused when the disease i and to guard against overexert valescence starts. Measles low ance of the affected areas to o particularly pneumonia, influe fections. I have seen many happened because children w get up and go out too soon aft measles. The safest method doctor to write the rules for period, and then be sure the r obeyed!

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Journal Contents



JOHN GUNTHER

"I was a Chicago boy, educated in the public schools there, and I remember writing pieces about the Russian revolution even when I was in high school. I went to Europe for the Chicago Daily News in 1924 and worked for the News there for twelve years. Since then I have followed the world's turmoil where it led me, witnessed death and destruction, interviewed the common, the great and the notorious of nearly every country. In several books I have reported all this, and it all shrinks to small proportions beside the deeply personal meaning of *Death be Not Proud.*" (Page 38.)



CECILY TEAGUE CROWE

"I am married and have one daughter, seven years old. I have a private pilot's license and would rather fly than eat (except at Ruth Mills Teague's farm, which is also my father's, W. D. Teague, industrial designer). When I was my daughter's age I began writing stories to go with my illustrations. I planned to be an artist then, but chapged careers at fourteen and wrote a novel about an aviator. I would rather write than eat or fly." (*Sarah and the Seaplane*, page 40.)



FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

"I was born in Rock Hill, South Carolina, but, in spite of warnings from townspeople that New Yorkers froze in the streets, we moved to Brooklyn when I was very small. My Southern accent disappeared with my milk teeth. Since then I have written six stories and sold five. *First Dance* (page 34) is my first JOURNAL story. My husband, a corporation lawyer, says our home isn't big enough for two careers, so he wonders if I'd mind if he gave up his."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **February, 1949**

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198 Song of Content, *Lucile Stubbs Graham*

Cover Design by Al Parker

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 115

The greatest star of the screen!

Perhaps like us, you regard February as the longest month of the year. There seems to be no vernal hint in the air, no dickie bird's song.



★ ★ ★ ★

So we pass along a suggestion. Just hie yourself off to see M-G-M's aptly titled "The Sun Comes Up". Truly it's as if the sun had broken through the clouds, shining bright and clear and warm.

★ ★ ★ ★

For it's a picture that speaks in the simple, straightforward language of the heart. You see it. You live it. And you love it.

★ ★ ★ ★

The distinguished author of "The Yearling", Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, displays once again her great understanding of people, real people—vital, stubborn, proud, searching.

★ ★ ★ ★

A woman who plunges into her career to fill the void where love should have been. A boy who discovers the adventure and happiness of growing up, in the devotion of a dog.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the concert singer, Jeanette MacDonald lends lustre to the role. Her famous voice is richer than ever.

★ ★ ★ ★

Lloyd Nolan is the hard-bitten, soft-hearted writer who helps the sun come up on love.

★ ★ ★ ★

Claude Jarman, Jr. (of "The Yearling" fame) and Lassie are the typical boy and his dog.

★ ★ ★ ★



Lassie's last minute rescue of her master from the blazing orphanage will be remembered for years as one of the great action thrills of the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

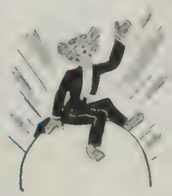
And rounding out the well chosen cast, Lewis Stone and Percy Kilbride.

★ ★ ★ ★

Special mention must be made of the tasteful use of Technicolor. In bold, vibrant strokes it brings to the theatre the grandeur of the Santa Cruz mountain country.

★ ★ ★ ★

Director Richard Thorpe continues to hit his stride, following his delightful "A Date With Judy". The excellent screen play comes from William Ludwig and Margaret Fitts. Producer Robert Sisk, responsible for the memorable "Courage Of Lassie" and "Hills Of Home", adds another to his roster of magnificent motion pictures.



★ ★ ★ ★

"The Sun Comes Up"—and brightens a great entertainment day!

—*Leo*



Suddenly, on every hand—

This luxury polish! So low priced!

FURS BY ESTHER DOROTHY

Wondrous NAIL BRILLIANCE BY CUTEX *only 25¢* *



If you love luxury — utter luxury — you're the Nail Brilliance type.

No other polish offers so much . . . not even the most expensive polishes! See how many extras! Steady-based beauty of a bottle. Long-handled "artist's" brush for smooth-and-easy application. Miracle wear! Ten devastating, fadeless colors!

So pure, too! Even women whose skins are allergic to other polishes can safely use Nail Brilliance.

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Imagine! A lipstick as wickedly flattering to your lips as Nail Brilliance is to your hands! Silkier-than-silk texture! Clinging-vine *cling!* Vibrant color-intensity! Colors to complement Nail Brilliance . . . compliment *you*. Only 49¢.*

*PLUS TAX

Our Readers Write us

Are Divorcees Glad or Sorry?

Bladensburg, Maryland.

Dear Editors: I wonder if a poll among your readers would show whether most divorced wives who marry again are glad or sorry they made the move. There are a great many women contemplating divorce who ask themselves this question. If after the honeymoon is over, the second marriage is merely a repetition of the first, what is the use of divorce? If, on the other hand, many women say they benefit by the change, much uncertainty would be cleared up for those who think they would be better off away from their present husbands.

Most sincerely,
FRANCES M. BELL.

Mother Tells the Truth

East Orange, New Jersey.

Dear Editors: I wish I could personally thank Val Teal for the story, Father Tells the Truth, and all it meant to me.

I wish that every woman who sees herself reach and start to pass middle age might read it. I am homely, fat and often sharp—but my nineteen-year-old daughter says not. I am impatient, critical and often overbearing, but my nearly twenty-one-year-old son tells me I never let him down. I have lost my enthusiasm for going to parties, worry endlessly about money, fret my husband needlessly—but he always gives me the last kiss as he leaves in the morning and the first when we meet at home when the day's work is over. No, I am not pretty. But the love of those around me makes me *feel* beautiful.

Most gratefully,
HELEN C. KIRKUP.

Growing Old Gracefully

Laredo, Texas.

Dear Editor: The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and I are twins, both born in November, 1883. I must admit that I did not read the first few copies, but have not missed one since I started. The fiction has always been of the highest type and the continued stories keep me waiting impatiently for the next installment. My grandchildren now enjoy reading the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Sincerely,
BESS TRAYLOR.

Policy and Hearsay

Marissa, Illinois.

Dear Editors: I am glad you do not advertise liquor. I notice an increasing number of your stories have their characters drinking. I have heard that the liquor people pay an author as much to insert such incidents as the magazines pay for the articles.

MRS. L. E. MCCLINTOCK.

Someone who knew nothing about writing must have started that rumor. The charge is not true.—ED.

Gay Mending

Battle Creek, Michigan.

Dear Editors: One day, in one of those delightfully rebellious moods we women get when our power has been underestimated (during which we usually accomplish some unprecedented miracle just because we're tired to death of routine), I decided to mend my sheets with colored material. Doggone it, if my thrift was the only pleasure I got from mending, why not cry it from the housetops? Out from my workbasket came a big piece of brilliant pink cotton—almost shocking pink, and right down the alley of my mood. Why not make the patch heart-shaped, as long as the day was one for innovation and the hole in the sheet could be covered neatly with a heart? It looked so gay and fresh that the next sheet in the to-be-mended pile seemed pale and anemic by contrast—it needed a dash of color too.

Several weeks later, at bed-changing time, a sheet turned up bearing a bright patch—the heart-shaped one—and I laughed at the memory of my rebellious mending day as I tucked the corners in neatly. My husband laughed when, wearily heading for bed, he saw the large heart turned back over the covers. The children laughed when they opened their beds to find a green leaf or a bright diamond winking at them. My neighbor laughed on washday when she saw my clothesline tattletale gay, and said, "Why didn't I ever think of that!"—a woman's tribute of tributes.

Now I'm an old hand at these cutout tricks. Flowers go on my sheets, notes of music, stars, bright red cherries, colored balls or just snowflake shapes of any gay material that comes to hand. Once I even sewed a doll-shaped mend on the pillow for one of the children when she was ill, although the pillowcase didn't need mending. Kitten faces go on the holes in the knees of the children's overalls. An apple covers a tear in a little girl's dress that I otherwise couldn't properly conceal. My husband's shorts have patches of every hue. Somehow our philosophy about wearing mended clothing or sleeping on mended sheets has become a gay one.

Sincerely yours,
JEAN AYERS HAUGHEY.

Terrible Housekeeper

Saint Joseph, Missouri.

Dear Editor: Having neglected my housework to read your newest magazine, I feel moved to neglect the work even more and write to you. There is something very personalized about the JOURNAL *which makes me feel like pouring out my troubles.*

I'm a terrible housekeeper. I try, but I can't seem to find what it is that makes a good housekeeper good. Maybe I'm lazy, but even when I try *my house still looks*



"Terrible housekeeper" and family.

awful. Having two baby boys, nineteen months and four months, and living in a two-and-a-half room apartment doesn't help, but I feel I'm to blame. I can't seem to get my day tangled out. No plan for housekeeping gives allowance for running

Look what's washable this winter!

The charm of so many clothes this winter is that, for all their brightness and delicacy, they're washable. But that means *with care.* Just one careless washing with strong soap can fade bright colors and ruin the fit of nice washables. But when you wash your nice things gently in Ivory Flakes, colors will actually perk up . . . clothes wear longer . . . and fit better!

Keep your colors lovelier with this special care



GAY WESKITS AND SKIRTS keep their perky brightness longer with Ivory Flakes care. Pure, mild Ivory Flakes is one soap that fashion designers recommend for all fine washables.

GIRDLES are under control when you give them frequent sudsings in Ivory Flakes. They'll keep their springy, clingy fit and wear longer, too.

NYLONS need nightly washing and the gentlest care! Ivory Flakes will help them wear and wear . . . and keep that new, fresh look up to *twice as long!*



Accessories by Waller-Duff, Ltd. in wool jersey by Princeton Knitting Mills

BRIGHT ACCESSORIES in the winter scene will be lovelier if they're sudsed in Ivory Flakes—it's 99 44/100% pure. There's no milder, safer soap than Ivory Flakes.



If it's lovely to wear...It's worth Ivory Flakes care

"Fan-Flair"

Brassiere by

MUNSINGWEAR*



Prettiest way to proud bosom beauty... the wonderful uplift and youthful separation this Munsingwear bra gives you!

"Fan-Flair" stitched cups support you beautifully, firmly. And for easy, comfortable fit... there are under-bust elastic inserts.

Munsingwear's quality eye chose the fabric—nylon satin and nylon embroidered marquisette.

In Portrait Pink and Tempera White.

A, B and C cups; $3.50.

At fine stores everywhere.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Also ask for Munsingwear Hosiery · Foundation Garments · Sleeping-and-Lounging Wear

Davy to the toilet every hour or feeding the baby every four hours. Dishes and diapers pile up—and ironings—and then the house is dirty again and what have I done with all my time.

Good housekeeping is supposed to slip on you like the ring at the altar—but it certainly didn't in my case.

Sincerely,
MRS. DAVID VEQUIST, JR.

Birthday Greeting

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

Darling Junie: It is your birthday again, and it takes me back in mind to that morning when you were born, in Maymyo, Upper Burma. All the birds began to sing, I remember, as you arrived. And the Burmese brokers down in the delta said, commiserating with your papa, because, as you know, the East holds daughters cheap, "We hear, sir, that you have another little calamity."

People keep commiserating me because all my children are so far away. "How sad for you," they say, "and how you must miss them." I was thinking the other day how funny it is that I don't look at it in that way at all. I just feel very proud of you both, that when your chance came to get about and see the world, you took it. So many people miss their opportunity of making good, because they dither on the brink, afraid to launch away because of the crocodiles. Also, I feel very glad that neither of you has ever felt it was your duty to sit at home and look after me! That you both knew I could fend for myself and lead my own life, not hanging onto you. That is about the best compliment children can pay their parents, to my mind, for the maternal coil can be very suffocating.

Love from
MOTHER
(Dorothy Black)

Mother Thwarts Marriage

Stoughton, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor: I have made reasonable progress in the world and feel able to enter into marriage with success. I've been engaged to a fine girl for nearly a year now.

The engagement is going to pieces because of the girl's mother. I have been building a truly beautiful, comfortable little home for us, but she pointedly refuses to speak one word about it. Always when we go out there is a negative sentiment, never "Have a good time, kids." She absolutely refuses to discuss wedding plans.

She has fed her daughter a constant stream of warnings that she must do what mother tells her to do, in spite of the fact that the girl is 25 and I'm 26. How can we strike at the roots of her childishness, fears and selfishness, and convince her it is right and natural for a mature daughter to marry in happiness?

Sincerely,
(Name Withheld)

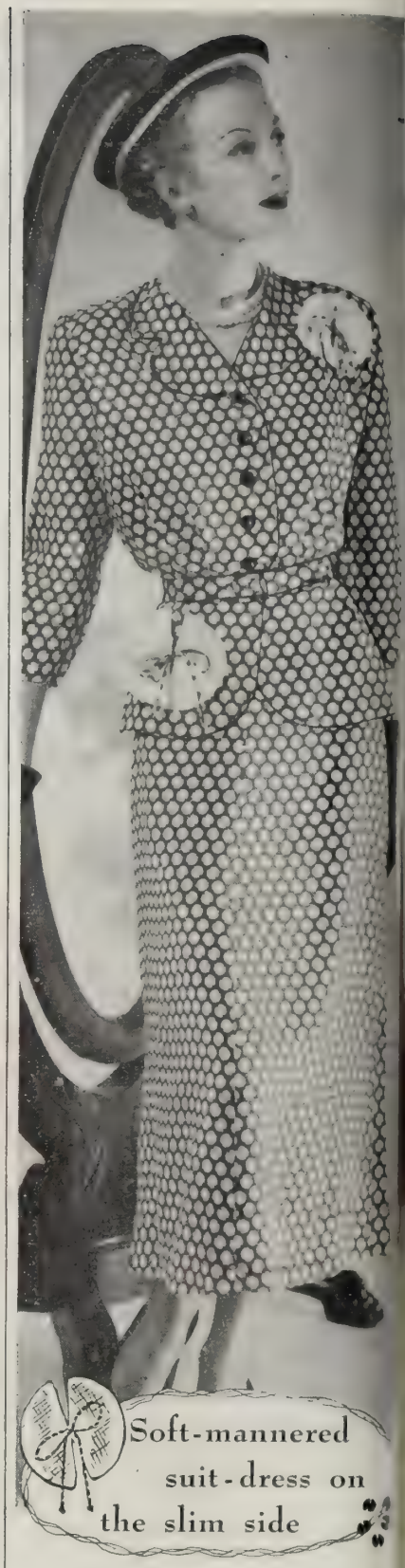
When boys and girls reach 21, custom and the law presume they can decide for themselves whether to marry.—ED.

Do Animals Weep?

Santa Monica, California.

Dear Editors: I wish to call your attention to a mistake of Gretta Palmer's in her article Why Do Women Cry? She says "man alone has lachrymal glands . . . animals never cry." Let me quote Miss Ida M. Mellen, noted biologist and former assistant to the late Dr. Raymond Lee Ditmars at the Bronx Zoo: "All cats have lachrymal glands and all can cry. A number of animals shed tears. You have read of the crocodile tears, and the hippopotamus is said to shed tears of blood during parturition, and to sweat blood in its agony. Any animal that sheds tears is suffering

(Continued on Page 8)



Soft-mannered suit-dress on the slim side

Martha Manning Dresses

No. 6168...Martha Manning's favorite suit-dress for a season-long standby! Important, too, for the young slimness it lends the half-size figure with long-revered, long-peplumed jacket... for its proportioned sizing! White pique "ruffs" on Black, Brown, Navy or Grey Washable Martinique Rayon Crepe. 14½ · 20½.

About $13

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

There are Martha Manning Dresses in Misses' and "Illusion" Half Size

For name of the store nearest you, write

MARTHA MANNING · Dept. LH-4 · ST. LOUIS 3

Smoke a LUCKY to feel your LEVEL best!

Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low . . . calms you down when you're tense!



ies' fine tobacco puts you on the r level—the Lucky level—to feel your best, do your level best.

at's why it's important for you to remem- ıat LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO ld, ripe, light tobacco that makes a thor- ly enjoyable smoke. No wonder more ıendent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—smoke Lucky Strike regularly than smoke the next two leading brands combined.

Light up a Lucky! Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low, calms you down when you're tense. So get on the Lucky level where it's fun to be alive. Get a carton of Luckies and get started today!

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco



CHAP-PROOF* your hands with TRUSHAY

RED ROSES to spice a pastel negligee? Fashion says, "Bravo!" But red hands? Fashion says, "No-no!" And they're so needless now!

Even if you do dishes or brave wintry winds, you can keep your hands smooth and lovely with *different* Trushay.

For Trushay has a unique "beforehand" extra that guards against chapping. Yes, you can use Trushay *two* wonderful ways!

To soften and smooth. Just a few drops make your hands feel like satin! Use fragrant, creamy-rich Trushay *any time!*

To chap-proof. Smooth on Trushay *before* doing dishes, light laundry, or *before* going outdoors. As long as Trushay is on your hands, they're protected against *water* chap and *weather* chap!

For evening-soft hands all day long... begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



The lotion with the "beforehand" extra!

* Applied *before* exposure to hot, soapy water or wind and weather. Trushay protects hands against the red, rough, dried-out condition known as chapping. When soap-and-water tasks are prolonged—or weather is severe—renew application at more frequent intervals.

(Continued from Page 6)

from a pitiful grief indeed." I'd like to tell Miss Palmer of the reaction of our Burmese cat to the death of his companion, a huge alley cat, Nug. When my husband went into the living room, Sean, the Burmese, was sitting on an ottoman, all hunched over as if drawing into himself, and tears were streaming down his small dark face. Nug lay on the floor, dead of a heart attack.

Yours truly,
MRS. JOHN F. JUDGE.

Roger Conant, curator of the Philadelphia Zoo, says animals have glands which secrete in excess when eyes are irritated. He has never known an animal to weep tears in sorrow. Mamma Hippo has a tough time at hippobirth, but the reddish fluid that exudes from her pores is not blood.—ED.

Teen-Ager Wants Respect

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Editor: I am fifteen years old, at the height of my "adolescence," and I resent most articles on so-called "teen-agers." The teen-agers most writers portray are all alike—and they are all perfect idiots. They all stuff themselves with sundaes, get bumps, swoon over movie stars, and get starry-eyed over a perfectly inane boy-next-door (like Oogie in *A Date With Judy*). They all talk ridiculous slang. In all of my fifteen and a half years, I have never, except in movies, in stories and on radio programs, heard teen-agers use worse slang words than "divine," meaning marvelous, or "fast," meaning someone who "gets around" a little too much. A little slang enlivens a language, and soon becomes part of it—a continual stream of jargon is absurd and cheap. I don't like all the teen-agers I know. Some are immature (like some adults I know).

My plea—directed not so much to your magazine as to a general public attitude—is, either treat adolescence, its problems and confusions, sympathetically, and with at least an attempt at understanding, or leave the subject alone.

Very truly yours,
One of those silly "teen-agers."

Ten-Year-Old Poet

Main Rd at Maple Ave
Vineland, New Jersey

Dear Sir,
I am in the sixth grade and for years I have been interested in poetry. So I am sending you one of my poems. People said you should try your luck with some magazine co., they told me to try the Ladies Home Journal, so I am inside is my poem

Skating Ala Mode

I went skating on the frozen river.
I went skating on the glassy rink.
I went skating on the kitchen floor
In the water that dripped from the sink.

I went skating on a Dutch canal.
I went skating with a Holland band.
I went skating in the bathroom tub
On the soap that slipped out of my hand.

I went skating down the steep Swiss Alps.
I went skating, yodeling all the day.
I went skating down the cellar steps
On the skates I didn't put away.

SYLVIA ANGLE, Age 10½.





Instantly . .

make YOUR lips more beautiful!

Here is the most important charm discove since the beginning of beauty. A lipstick last that actually can't smear—that re won't rub off—and that will keep your li satin-smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick all. It's a lush liquid in the most roman shades ever! And so *permanent!* Put it on dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You c use it to prevent cream lipstick from smearin too. Just brush on a coat of Liptone after lipstick.



And CHEEKTONE . . Roses in your cheeks without rouge. A marvelous preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.

liquid liptone

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Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (3c Fed. tax) for each one th
☐ English Tint ☐ Regal
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☐ Gypsy—deep red ☐ CHEEKTONE—"magic
Name
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City State

This Oh-so-delightful "*must*"—

to Guard the Glory of your Hair!

YES, countless thousands make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing routine. If you're not one of them you ought to be.

This delightful aid does so many things to help you be proud of your hair.

It goes after oily film, floats away loose dandruff flakes, and combats scalp odor. But, most important of all, it kills millions of germs associated with *infectious dandruff* . . . that troublesome, persistent disorder so prevalent among women.

Once entrenched, it can also raise hob with the health of your scalp . . . the looks of your hair.

Because of its quick, cleansing germ-killing action, Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff, as well as an effective twice-a-day treatment once the condition has started.

For the glory of your hair, for the health of your scalp, make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair-washing. Also, it's an intelligent routine for your husband and children who are by no means immune to infectious dandruff.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



"The Bottle Bacillus", scientifically known as "P. ovale", called by many dermatologists a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Be lovelier... all over!

You can be lovelier from head to toe with the Camay Beauty Bath!
Bathe every day with new Bath-Size Camay and you give
your arms, your back, your legs true complexion care. You'll rise
from your bath clean, refreshed—your skin just touched
with the flower-like fragrance
of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

NEW LOVELINESS HEAD TO HEELS!

PURE, MILD, LUXURIOUS LATHER!

BEST BEAUTY BATHS EVER!

DESIGNED FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL!

BARE YOUR BACK WITH CONFIDENCE!

LEAVES A FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE!



Bath-Size Camay

for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!

Ladies' Home Journal

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould. *Editors*

I Was Proud to be a Scout

By ***MAJ. GEN. CURTIS E. LE MAY, USAAF***

A NUMBER of years lie between the job of leading the 20th Air Force on a bombing operation and leading a patrol of Scouts in Troop 54 in Columbus, Ohio. Yet, it is not hard to find numerous occasions where the Scout oath and law have entered into the career I have followed.

I was not an exemplary Scout. My record of advancement in scouting was never brilliant. Like all boys who are boys, I thought up my share of devilment to get into. I was 13 when I joined a group of friends in Troop 54. From then on, my initiative was bent to a more constructive path.

I think that all boys who participate in scouting are on the road to a better way of living, to being better men. It isn't a great step from being a good Scout to being a good man. I still think of Scouts as the offspring of the famous frontier soldiers who conquered the Indians, the seasons, the mountains and the deserts to mark the boundaries of the United States. Those "scouts" rode at the head of the advancing column to lead the way into new horizons. Clark and Rogers, Custer, Cody, Carson, Houston and Boone—many famous men were scouts.

The Boy Scouts of America are the pioneers of today. A new time is before them. We have found that we are close neighbors with all the nations of the world. I see in the world-wide scouting program a means of education in the art of living with one another—a lesson in how to be a good neighbor and friend.

We live next door to the world. To be a good neighbor, a friend—this is a must for the preservation of humanity in lasting peace.

Since I enlisted as a Flying Cadet in September of 1928, I have found much use for the motto "Be Prepared." Carrying out the concepts of the Scout motto is not always easy. For instance, getting the first B-17 units ready for Europe required hard, grinding work that wore on nerves, mind and body. We flew at first with a lively interest, then until it was boring, and later just routine. Those men were strong and came through. When the excited pitch of battle gripped their minds, the muscles reacted in the routine for which they had been schooled. Consequently we were lucky in escaping with few losses in those first missions.

During these years in the Army Air Forces I have come to know more and more the meaning of the words of the Scout oath and law. That is why I know that the challenge facing the youth of today will be met. It is the job of the young man who stands behind the symbol bearing the eagle, the fleur-de-lis and the scroll of "Be Prepared" to keep himself fit to be a leader, to scout ahead.

Scouting helped me wear the stars of a general in the AAF. If I, as a man, were to meet myself, as a boy, back in the streets of Columbus, I would tell that boy this story I have related to you.

I liked my scouting. I was proud to be a Scout.

The Barbarism of Divorce Laws

By ***DOROTHY THOMPSON***

IN early December, 1948, District Attorney Hogan, of New York, and his assistant, Mr. McDonough, opened a great exposé of what was called the "divorce mill," arresting "hot" lawyers, private detectives and "professional corespondents," all of whom, for money, had furnished the evidence for phony divorce cases under the laws of the state of New York. Sordid tale after sordid tale was spread through the newspapers. Divorces already granted were in jeopardy. But just what the purpose of the exposé was, or is, was not apparent. If the purpose was to reveal law evasion, nothing more was exposed than every adult knows. If the purpose was to uphold the law, it will be in vain. The only constructive purpose that could be served is to mobilize opinion for a change in the law.

In New York State, divorces can be granted only on the ground of adultery. This means that a couple wishing to separate can do so only if one or the other has provably committed adultery. The offended partner can then sue for divorce in a court of law, provided he or she can produce conclusive evidence. This means that the suspicious partner must put a detective on the track of his or her spouse, to burst in and discover the partner in an intimate situation with another man or woman.

People are a good deal more civilized than this law. A man whose wife has left him, he suspects—or knows—for another man, nevertheless does not want his wife's name, and perhaps his children's mother's, besmirched. He may dislike and even hate her, but the mere fact that he loved her once, and that she has been his wife, impels him to a certain chivalry. Public opinion also impels him. However irrational it may be, public opinion is more lenient toward adultery committed by a man than by a woman. Therefore, whoever is at fault, it is usually the husband who *assumes* the fault. Although adultery may accompany the breakup of a marriage, it is seldom the *cause* of the breakup. The adultery is the *result* of an estrangement

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Snow Crop
FROZEN FOODS

that has already occurred. A wife already wounded and lonely drifts into another relationship; a husband already irritated and bored does the same. Usually both are at fault—or neither. In many cases the whole marriage has been a mistake, from the beginning, because it was contracted in a short period of romantic passion between two basically incompatible natures. Each may be a perfectly decent person and recognize the other as such.

Suppose a boy has been brought up by a mother who is an excellent housekeeper. His home has always been clean, the floors shining, the curtains washed, a definite smell of cleanliness about the place, the tablecloth immaculate, the beds made with taut-stretched sheets, the meals punctual, and everything where you ought to find it. This all seems to him perfectly natural. It is the way "everybody" lives. It doesn't matter whether his home has been poor or well-to-do; he takes it for granted that there is always, in every home, this immaculate order.

He meets a girl—say a "career" girl—in a city, away from her home. He sees her in restaurants, meets her in the park, goes with her to concerts, shows and parties. She is perfectly charming, pretty, amusing; has lovely legs; is warm and understanding; plays the guitar and sings American, English, Scottish and Irish ballads; attracts attention, but obviously likes him best. A dream of a girl! He proposes, she accepts, and he thinks he is the luckiest dog in the world. He is madly in love.

They furnish a three-room apartment. He has a job and comes home at six. Nobody has washed last night's dishes; nobody has removed the signs of last night's party. The dinner isn't cooked, or even bought. She throws her arms around his neck, cuddles close to him, calls him her "darling" and her love, takes him out to shop at the delicatessen, and around nine o'clock even produces a tolerably good meal. When they go to bed, the blankets and sheets are twisted as they were that morning. He simply hates it. Eventually he hates *her*, and when she gets out her guitar to play those ballads which once enchanted him, he simply hates *them*. She may have had the most powerful sexual attraction for him in the beginning, but the marriage has a poor chance.

Nothing in life is more wonderful than faith—the one great moving force which we can neither weigh in the balance nor test in the crucible.
SIR WILLIAM OSLER: British Medical Journal.

BEFORE you begin to say, "Well, that only proves every girl should be brought up to be a good housekeeper," consider the situation in reverse. A boy is brought up in a home something like that depicted in Margaret Kennedy's Sanger family, or George Kaufman's You Can't Take it With You. A Bohemian family—and these exist not only among artists but in all classes of society, among farmers not at all uncommonly, in certain racial groups more common than elsewhere. The family is lusty, warm, amusing, has a strong sense of solidarity, is unreckonable, eats when everybody pleases, or when anyone thinks to put together a meal, is extravagant, rather splurging on one bang-up dinner and eating bread and milk thereafter than budgeting for a week. A boy brought up in that atmosphere meets a girl brought up in the other. She charms him because she is pretty, takes such an interest in him, is shy, and has uncommonly pretty legs. He proposes; she accepts; they marry. He comes home bringing her a bunch of flowers, and she says, "But, darling, we can't afford it. We haven't money even for a roast this week." He is dashed. He rushes into the house to embrace her, and she screams, "Darling, wipe your shoes first." He throws around his clothes and she hangs them up with a martyred air. She spends her life trying to reform him, and he resents the reform with all his nature. He thinks she is petty, crabbing, dull and boring. That marriage is also off to a bad start.

I have purposely taken superficial examples of incompatibility, which lead to deeper rifts, rather than more profound ones. The women and men maddened by mistaken choices have to find comfort. The women tell their stories to other men; the men to other women. Each eventually finds a sympathizer in someone of his own background. Out of sympathy grows attraction, out of attraction love, out of love, the adulterous slip—but the adultery is implicit in the incompatible marriage.

This is not a romantic interpretation of the reasons for divorce, nor even a Freudian one, but from long observation I know it happens every day. And since it is difficult for anyone over sixteen to reform in his habits, however his character may develop such situations are usually hopeless.

FINALLY, all these parties conclude that life is intolerable and they must divorce.

But under our barbaric divorce laws, marriage may not be dissolved by mutual consent, but it is necessary for one to accuse the other of shocking misconduct—infidelity, desertion, physical or mental cruelty in a whole bill of particulars.

Civilized people, unless their religion compels them, do not try to maintain a marriage, even when they still love their partners, if once convinced beyond doubt that the relationship is intolerable to the other. Catholics, who do not accept divorce, do recognize intolerable incompatibilities and sanction legal separations. Neither of the couple, under such circumstances, can marry again.

Those who are not under such restriction may refuse a divorce for a time, in the hope of restoring happy relations. This, if not motivated by vindictiveness, is wise. Others may refuse it for less commendable reasons. Under the laws of most states wives and husbands have considerable legal rights in their partners' estates, and the younger partner may harden in the expectation of getting a share of the other's property at some later date—property which he or she may have contributed nothing whatever to create. Some become so corroded with wounded vanity that, though they know their marriage is irreparably lost, they will do all they can to prevent the spouse from ever being happy with anybody else. Others, especially women, may divorce or not according to whether they calculate to obtain a larger allowance from a separated husband than from alimony.

But civilized people, of reasonable mind and generous heart, settle the matter between themselves. This in itself, however, is illegal. It is "collusion." It must be hidden. The farce of an accusation must be maintained.

Where adultery is the only legal ground for divorce, a farce is arranged to suit the nature of the law. The husband, whose wife has consented to a divorce, sees a lawyer—naturally one on the shyster side, since the object is to mock the law—and a case is created. Perhaps the husband *has* a woman friend whom he intends to marry when he is free, but he certainly is not going to risk dragging her into a scandal. Perhaps there is no woman in the case at all. But under the law, there *has to be.*

His lawyer fixes it up. He rents a hotel room for his client, hires a woman to furnish the evidence, and brings in a private detective who is theoretically employed by the suspicious wife. The husband and the woman he has never seen before and will never see again register at the hotel as husband and wife, and go to the room. She withdraws into the bathroom to undress and put on a negligee; he later does the same; and they sit down to conduct a halting conversation, have a few drinks, or play a game of gin rummy until the detective breaks in, discovers them together in undress, and brings forth the evidence for the wife to use before the court. The

(Continued on Page 116)



"I put wings on breakfast —with this quick, can't-fail coffee!"

Lady, *your* husband will murmur "Strictly from heaven!"—when he gets his coffee pronto and just right every morning. That's the magic of Nescafé*...!

Magically convenient! Just measure Nescafé to suit taste—add piping hot water and stir. Coffee's ready—*perfect* coffee! No guesswork for strength you like. And as easy to make coffee for the whole family as to make a single cup.

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You'll spend less time in the kitchen when you serve Nescafé—for breakfast, lunch, dinner, or any time between. Always keep a jar on hand. Get Nescafé today—in the regular size or big economy size jar.



Heavenly Easy-to-get Breakfast

FRESH-FROZEN ORANGE JUICE
No squeezing

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No pot, no grounds—just add piping hot water

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NESCAFÉ makes coffee right— every morning, noon or night!



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Serve Nescafé as your *regular* coffee—and save! Even a small jar makes about as many cups as a pound of ordinary ground coffee—*yet costs less in actual cash.*

BIG ECONOMY SIZE JAR SAVES EVEN MORE!

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is ...ed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.



Indeed that is a cute chapeau
But now you better save some dough!

Serve Kraft Dinner often

IT MAKES DELICIOUS THRIFTY MACARONI-AND-CHEESE

When the budget simply *must* be stretched for that too-pretty-to-be-resisted bonnet, serve Kraft Dinner often as a hearty main dish. It's mighty good eating for so few pennies a serving. Tender, fluffy macaroni cooks to a "T" in just 7 speedy minutes. Luscious Kraft Grated is added in seconds. Tasty? Definitely! Get some tomorrow! See why smart homemakers call Kraft Dinner their favorite budget-stretcher!

Cooks in just 7 minutes!





ACME

Cornice jumping provides fun for the ski experts. Bruno Engler gets a running start downhill, then lifts himself into space at crest of opposite slope.

Under-Cover Stuff

By ***BERNARDINE KIELTY***

IN Mrs. Roosevelt's column, If You Ask Me, for January, there was an error which the JOURNAL editors caught too late. Although the item referred to was changed as soon as the error was discovered, some copies of the magazine had unfortunately already gone through the presses. It is for readers of those copies that this correction is made.

A questioner assumed inaccuracy in an Under-Cover statement, and Mrs. Roosevelt underlined that assumption with, "That is pure exaggeration." The facts which were questioned by the inquiring reader, and denied by Mrs. Roosevelt, concerned the eccentricities of Mme. Chiang as a White House guest, and were mentioned in this column in a review of A PRESIDENT IS MANY MEN, by *Merriman Smith*. They are to be found on page 210 of Mr. Smith's book, and are further corroborated in an article by *Mrs. Nesbitt*, the Roosevelt housekeeper, in *The Woman's Home Companion*, October, 1946, page 23. . . . All the details of this incident are exceedingly trivial, but the accuracy of this column is not.

●

As one who got a black eye—of all things—on a skiing expedition and so blamed skiing, we take great pleasure in quoting ***Robert Ruark*** *on the subject: "Once upon a time I was dumped into Denver, Colorado, into the heart of the ski country. There the children are born with barrel staves strapped to their feet, and the adult with the unfrostbitten nose is a sissy. I want to come out against skiing, as the most involved way I know of to fracture your fanny while dying simultaneously of pneumonia. It is unbelievable the lengths to which generally sane adults will go in order to make themselves miserable. It is a disease, I think, inaugurated by too many magazine covers and movie shorts depicting people soaring birdlike off peaks, and it is increasing annually to a point where it has become a sort of national vice, like love."*

●

Another water item. Do you know how much water there is in one cubic foot? Seven and one half gallons. And every time you flush a toilet one cubic foot of water is consumed—seven and one half gallons!

The above fact was culled, not from the World Almanac, but from ***H. Allen Smith's*** LARKS IN THE POPCORN, of which so much more will be heard in this column that you'll either be sick to death of it, or go buy the book. Smith (LOW MAN ON A TOTEM POLE and LOST IN THE HORSE LATITUDES) is full of information in this opus. No nonsense, now that he has moved out of the city and become a country squire. How to learn to drive is one of his practical hints. He claims that it took his wife six months to learn how to drive the car,

(Continued on Page 16)

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"You're learning swell, Helen. Remember, other cars are just as scared of you as you are of them."

SHARE THE FAMILY FUN

"fresh up" with Seven-Up!



BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Dad's like a kid again when Bill and Bobby bring out their construction set. And Mom and Betty can't resist a little "experting" on the sidelines. At *all-family* affairs 7-Up is a welcome part of everybody's fun. For 7-Up—the *all-family* drink—is a good friend of youngest and oldest alike.

Be a "fresh up" family . . . *every member* can be a "7-Up Steady." Enjoy good times together as you *all* "fresh up" with 7-Up. Notice the clean taste of 7-Up as its lively sparkle rolls over your tongue. Don't gulp your 7-Up. Sip it slowly! Order a case today wherever you see those famous 7-Up signs—and "fresh up" with 7-Up as often as you like!





You like it... it likes you!

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This two-toned beauty comes out high, light and handsome—thanks to the double action of Calumet Baking Powder. Calumet gently raises your batter *twice*. First in the mixing bowl—and later in the oven—holding it high and light as a summer cloud!

Is he cr-a-z-y about chocolate cake? N'white cake, too!

Then give him both together—a luscious big slice of Chocolate Swirl Marble Cake. It's guaranteed to make him say—"Darling, this is one cake I could eat forever."

Yes, it's a gorgeous chocolate-and-white cake—*and so easy* to make! For Calumet's double action will help you all the way from the mixing bowl to the dessert plate!

Just take a bite and see why so many expert cakemakers swear by Calumet, the "double-acting" baking powder.

Notice, too, how the recipes for the new chiffon cake call for double-acting baking powder—which, of course, means Calumet. It's really wonderful for all your baking . . . biscuits, muffins, waffles. Come on, outshine yourself—try Calumet!

CHOCOLATE SWIRL MARBLE CAKE

1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon soda
3 egg whites
4 tablespoons sugar
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
*Milk (see below for amount)
1 teaspoon vanilla

*With butter, margarine, lard, use ¾ cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use ⅞ cup milk.

Combine melted chocolate, 1 tablespoon sugar, water, and soda; blend. Cool.

Beat egg whites until foamy, add 4 tablespoons sugar gradually, and beat only until mixture will hold up in soft peaks. Set aside.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add 1 cup sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Add egg white meringue and beat thoroughly into batter. To ¼ of batter, add chocolate mixture, mixing only enough to blend.

Use 10 x 5 x 3-inch pan which has been lined on bottom with paper, then greased. Put batters by tablespoons into pan, alternating plain and chocolate mixtures. With knife, cut carefully through batter once in a wide zigzag course. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) 1 hour and 10 minutes, or until done. Spread with your favorite white frosting.



CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Double-acting... for Double-sure Success!

Calumet is a product of General Foods

(Continued from Page 14)

and a year and a half to learn how to drive the fenders. So Alfred, the garage mechanic, told him how *he* teaches women to drive. He takes them out to a country road, gets them into the driver's seat, has them shift immediately into reverse and start backing. They do nothing but back for two days—they back up for miles, back around corners, back into driveways, back to a curb. Then, after these two days of backing, Alfred lets them try going forward, and lo! it is the easiest thing in the world. They're drivers.

On their New Year's Day, which falls in February, the Chinese pay all their bills. If they don't settle, it's bad. They lose face. Consequently those Chinese who want to side-step their creditors have taken to hiding out that day in public bathhouses, with the result that bathhouse operators now double their rates for New Year's.

It's a phenomenon worth studying—the tides of cultural interest that sweep over the country: what impetus gets them going, and what turns them back. In the past ten years or so books have been in enormous demand. Not only best sellers, but books of specialized knowledge, collections of every kind, travel books,



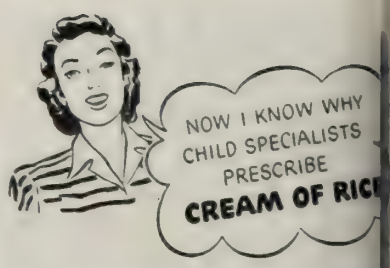
"Boy! You certainly can ask the questions!"

knitting books, novels light and heavy. Magazine business has soared. People have wanted to read. Music, too, has become increasingly popular. Orchestras are being organized and supported in dozens of smaller cities. Serious music, for the first time in our history, has got a big popular hold. But the most striking development of the past year is the sudden interest of the general public in art. Museums have been trying for generations to stimulate it. But now, suddenly, fine art has taken hold. The big show of German paintings sent around the country may have had something to do with it. Hundreds of thousands of Americans saw the paintings of the old masters then for the first time. But the significant thing is that interest has not flagged. Prints are selling as they have never sold before, and it is safe to say that the old calendar chromos are coming down off the walls and French impressionists taking their place.

This immersion in art—painting or music or good books—is as wholesome as a good old-fashioned sermon. It builds up a resistance against the cheap and the vulgar and the surface-thin, which is very important in this day of too-easy slogans and propaganda.

One of the choicest small art books to come to this desk is DEGAS DRAWINGS. The color reproductions are beautiful,

(Continued on Page 18)



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2. MORE ENERGY
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3 advantages over any wheat, oat, or baby cere

Gives more nutrition faster. New life gins to pour into the system *in a minutes! Gives more energy!* And ...Vita B_1 B_2 and Niacin are added—*plus iron*—for rich, red blood and better growth! *Is easier to digest!* Many doctors recommend Cream of Rice as one of baby's first cereals.

**Test data available upon professional request.*



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GRAVY



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*Today millions are enjoying *Yellow Durkee's* in quarter-pound prints!

In 30 states and the District of Columbia, Durkee's Margarine *looks* as good as it *tastes*. In these states, millions of lucky people are buying Durkee's all colored a luscious, table-ready yellow.

Mild and sweet and always country-fresh—it's the finest of spreads and the best for all your cooking and baking. Every pound contains 15,000 units of Vitamin A. Now on sale *yellow* in Alabama • Arizona • Arkansas • Colorado • Florida • Georgia • Idaho • Indiana • Kansas • Kentucky • Louisiana • Maine • Maryland • Massachusetts • Missouri • Mississippi • Nebraska • N. Jersey • N. Mexico • Nevada • No. Carolina • No. Dakota • Oklahoma • Rhode Island • So. Carolina • Tennessee • Texas • Utah • Virginia • W. Virginia • Dist. of Columbia.



If YOUR State Laws Prohibit Yellow Margarine . . .

. . . you can get Durkee's fine Margarine—without the 10¢ Federal Tax—in either of these two ways:

1. In the easy-coloring package with the color capsule in the bag.
2. Uncolored, in the money-saving package so familiar to you.

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$20,950 GIVEN IN PRIZES
FOR *Presto* COOKER *"Quickies"*

HERE'S ONE!

More Food for what you pay... More Leisure every day

with **easy, safe, wonderful** to use

More homemakers have purchased these best-kitchen-helpers than all other makes of pressure cookers combined. PRESTO COOKERS are the *world's fastest-selling pressure cookers* because they are unexcelled for cooking results, quality of construction, efficiency of performance, and beauty of design.

NATIONAL *Presto* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COOKERS



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Illustrated is the new "FRY-MASTER"! *Presto* COOKERS are available in 9 models or matched sets of 2 to 5 units.

TOUGH OLD BIRDS OR BUDGET MEAT... WHEN PRESTO-COOKED, BECOME A TREAT.

A PRESTO-COOKED VEGETABLE, DONE IN A MINUTE... HAS MORE FLAVOR AND VITAMINS IN IT.

FOR BABY'S HEALTH AND BABY'S PLEASURE... PRESTO-COOK HIS DAILY MEASURE.

write a *Presto* COOKER *"Quickie"*

$20,950 GIVEN IN PRIZES!

1,054 PRIZES AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

1st Prize $1,000 in Cash | 3rd Prize $500 in Cash
2nd Prize $750 in Cash | 4th Prize $250 in Cash
50 Additional Cash Prizes of $50.00 Each
1,000 Prizes of 1 "Companion" PRESTO COOKER Each

Here's a cute little contest you'll want to cut in on. Read the PRESTO COOKER *"Quickies"* in this advertisement. Then write one yourself.

It should be easy for you to win one of the 1,054 prizes in this simple, fascinating contest. No labels to send. Contest ends midnight March 31, 1949.

FREE ENTRY BLANK! GET YOURS NOW, AT YOUR PRESTO COOKER DEALER.

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GIVEN ... with Every PRESTO COOKER ... at no extra cost, a beautifully illustrated, 128-page recipe book, with easy-to-follow, illustrated instructions for PRESTO Cooking and Canning.

EXCLUSIVE!...Only PRESTO COOKERS have the Pressure-Tru, 5-10-15 lb. indicator. Safe! Sure! Simple! ... for hi-speed cooking and pressure canning.

Dealers displaying this emblem feature the complete line of PRESTO COOKERS, service and replacement parts.

PRESTO COOKERS are priced from $11.95

BUY ONE OR A SET OF THESE KITCHEN TREASURES ... FOR COOKING JOY AND EATING PLEASURES:

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"VEGE-MASTER" 3-quart. (Choice of 2 models.) Ideal for the all-alone homemaker.

"COOK-MASTER" 4-quart. (Choice of 2 models.) Holds 3 pint jars for canning.

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The **"FRY-MASTER."** For tastier, more appetizing, more easily digested foods, fried faster.

COOKER-CANNERS. Available in 3 sizes ... 12-quart, 16-quart and 21-quart. All equipped with 5-piece accessory set

Made by the World's Largest Manufacturer of Pressure Cookers and Canners.

NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY, General Offices and Factory: Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Branch Factories: Menomonie, Wis.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Wallaceburg, Ont., Canada

(Continued from Page 16)

and they're so bound—a picture on every other page—that they can be removed and framed. In this series (either out now or about to be out) are also Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh and Matisse.

●

"Comic Striptococci" is the new disease that strikes children who read too many comic strips. We recently heard about a boy of four who picked up his seventeen-year-old brother's comic sheet and looked at the pictures. Later the same day his mother found him in the yard, stark naked under a tree, with a knife in

REPRINTED COURTESY COLLIER'S



"Now will you stop saying how cute we are and pass over your dough?"

his hand. When she rescued him and asked why he undressed and what he was doing with a knife, he showed her the comic book with a picture of a naked white man surrounded by Mongols, one of whom had a long knife and was about to cut off the white man's tongue.

●

This department's favorite reading—the choice stems strictly from curiosity—is letters, journals, autobiographies, in this order because of the self-consciousness content, or rather lack of it. Letters, interestingly enough, seem to be the most natural. We were particularly delighted with a list of books which were discussed earlier this winter on Invitation to Learning (CBS). The program was called "By Their Words," and thirteen famous people were presented through their memoirs. Whether or not you heard the program, you'd enjoy reading the books—if you, too, have a bump of curiosity. Among them were *William Allen White's* AUTOBIOGRAPHY; ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW—A CORRESPONDENCE; *Jane Addams'* THE LONG ROAD OF WOMAN'S MEMORY; *Richard Wagner's* LETTERS; *Gandhi's* AUTOBIOGRAPHY; *George Moore's* HAIL AND FAREWELL; *Dwight Eisenhower's* CRUSADE IN EUROPE.

Lest anyone make the mistake that Eisenhower's Crusade in Europe is "for men only," we want to emphasize that this is not the fact. Women will read it with intense personal excitement. It is a book for every JOURNAL reader—in a way, the autobiography of each one of us who lived through those war years. With every event recounted we are thrown back ourselves into those hard-living days. We remember with terrible vividness how we felt in 1942 when our ships were being sunk daily by the U-boat packs, and our boys lining up for the Navy and Merchant Marine. We remember the black fear that hung over us all when France fell and England was blitzed nearly out of existence. "None of us, not even the most sincere and analytical," says Eisenhower, "can recapture in his own heart and mind the fears and worries of those

(Continued on Page 21)

Some rice cooks like a witch's brew,



With double toil and trouble.

To make rice right get RIVER BRAND

And save yourself the trouble!



Many meals and many kinds of meals out of every package. Soup, main course and dessert dishes—all are easy to prepare and delicious.



The wonderful new rice you've been hearing about

HOW TO COOK RICE RIGHT

save time and fuss ... retain nutrients ... use this simple, tested recipe

1 cup RIVER BRAND or CAROLINA BRAND Rice, 1 tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water. Wash thoroughly in 5 or 6 waters and place in 3 qt. pot with tight fitting cover. Place over moderate heat and bring to vigorous boil. This should take 8-10 minutes. When steam and foam begin to escape, turn heat down as low as possible and cook the rice until tender—about 20 minutes. All water should be absorbed. Keep in warm place until ready to serve. Serves 5 to 6.

This tested recipe and 6 others on every package of River Brand and Carolina Brand Rice.

Milled and packed by
RIVER BRAND RICE MILLS, INC.



ugaring-off Party in Vermont in 1850." The young folks loved to invade the sugar camp and enjoy fresh-made maple sugar cooled in the snow.

The real maple sugar flavor you've longed for!

For Vermont Maid Syrup, our skilled blenders select maple sugar that is unusually full-flavored; then blend it with cane sugar. This blend gives you, at moderate cost, real maple sugar flavor that is uniformly rich and delicious.

Enjoy Vermont Maid Syrup today. Your grocer now has it in attractive glass jugs, ready for your table.

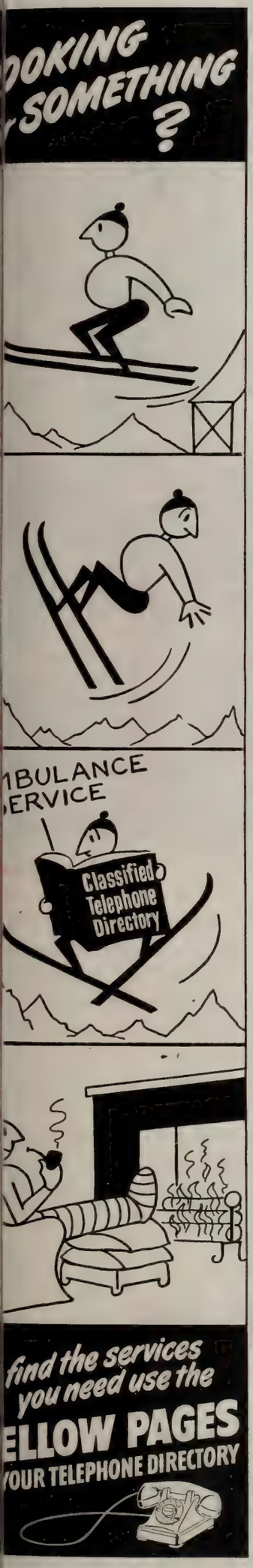
Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.





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TOWLE
Captures in Sterling
(and holds forever)
Your taste . . . your tempo
Your way of life
TOWLE
STERLING



(Continued from Page 18)

days." But we do recapture them now, with his help.

We also recapture our own mistakes, and blush to remember how wrong most of us were most of the time. We remember the old sneer, popular in so many circles, about "tying up with the Fascists"—the old Murphy-Vichy-Darlan line! We are filled with shame to recall our arrogance in insisting on a second front, when we knew nothing whatsoever about what a second front meant in terms of protecting our soldiers' lives and defeating our enemy!

The immediate effectiveness of Crusade in Europe lies in its clarity and its comprehensibility. No military historian has written a more complete step-by-step account of a war with so few technical passages. There is not a page of the book that the most unmilitary-minded housewife cannot understand. At last the jigsaw puzzle of the great European campaign is straightened out in our minds. But this is much more than a military history—much, much more. Few books of our time present a greater number of highly important personalities at such close hand. Yet this is no "Inside the Great War." Here the figures are in action, and the judgment, if any, is made not by General Eisenhower, but by the reader. It is not the effect of these persons upon himself that he writes about. It is their effect upon the war.

The Supreme Commander had to stand up to Churchill, he had to be patient but firm with Roosevelt, he had to put Patton on the mat. He does not whitewash mistakes, and he does not donate paragraphs of praise. But oh, the trouble he had! With politicians, the higher ranking, the greater the trouble! With columnists, frightening the men on the eve of battle with their wild prognostications! And the constant dragging trouble with the impatient public, necessarily uninformed on some vital matters, but so often deliberately misguided by prevalent slogans!

Yet the war went on and was successfully won. It is the outstanding epoch in modern history, the most significant passage in our own country's history since the Revolution. We cannot let this opportunity to understand it pass us by.

"People who are not in love," says ***Marcel Proust,*** "fail to understand how an intelligent man can suffer because of a very ordinary woman. This is tantamount to expressing surprise that anyone should be stricken with cholera because of a creature so insignificant as the comma bacillus." This is one of the bits from **THE MAXIMS OF MARCEL PROUST,** edited and translated by ***Justin O'Brien.***

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"It's not that I don't love you, Allen. It's just that I don't want to get round-shouldered."



LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*

perfect piano choice

Bring the beauty of piano music into your home with the genuine Lester Betsy Ross Spinet. It will inspire children and adults to play . . . will be a lasting source of entertainment and relaxation for all.

Built by the same family for 61 years . . . every Betsy Ross Spinet is a triumph of piano design and construction; a lasting investment in true musical excellence.

Famous for glorious tone, responsive touch and full volume . . . today's models are styled to blend with every decorative plan; sized to fit every room.

See . . . hear . . . and play the latest Betsy Ross Spinets at your dealer . . . who will gladly arrange terms to suit you.

Guaranteed for ten years; made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company, Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.

a beautiful piano with a magnificent tone

ONE *name quality price* sold by America's foremost piano dealers

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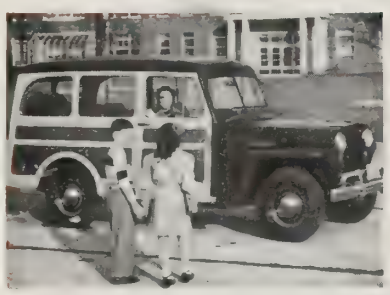
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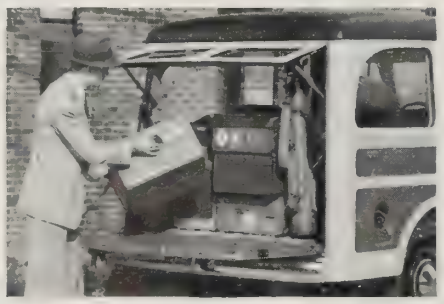
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Was ever a car so busy!



A grand car for children—only two doors and an all-steel body and top for extra safety. Big windows keep rear-seat riders from feeling "closed-in".



There's more *usable* luggage space in the 'Jeep' Station Wagon—ample for everything the whole family needs for vacation and camping trips.



Women particularly love the easy handling and parking of the 'Jeep' Station Wagon. It turns in less space, and there is wide vision forward and all around.



Sticky fingers, muddy shoes—even dogs on the seat—needn't worry you. Upholstery, interior panelling and the floor of the 'Jeep' Station Wagon are washable!

Any family who owns a 'Jeep' Station Wagon will tell you it's the *busiest* car they ever owned because it is the most *practical* and *useful.*

You can't imagine a car more perfect for families. It is wonderfully smooth riding and easy to handle and park. There is lots of room in its all-steel body . . . big windows all around . . . and hardy, easily-cleaned seat materials.

The 'Jeep' Station Wagon has big carrying space at the rear, making parcels or luggage accessible from *inside* or *out.* And if there's something large to haul—a bicycle, chair or mower—you can let down the tailgate or even remove the rear seats.

Economical? Yes, indeed—on upkeep as well as running costs.

See a Willys-Overland dealer for the car that fits family needs.

'Jeep'

Station Wagon

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO • MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICL

Fun For Defense Forces . . .

ecreation Volunteers Needed

MARGARET HICKEY

ORALE" is a word we use a good deal in time of war. During the years 1941 through 1945, civilians worked hard to keep high the morale of the men defending our country. lay the word seems remote—as does our obligation to share the ntry's program of defense. Morale has great significance, how-, for the 250,000 young men who will soon be drafted to serve in Army and Navy. And the word is close to the families of these ng men, who know that a peacetime military force is often left iout wholesome and healthy facilities for normal recreation. hat is your community doing to keep these young men from ig touch with civilian life? Have you a part in this program? se new men in uniform, generally in their formative years, need simple, friendly services which civilians can give. It may be a sant place to read in off-duty hours, or a snack bar where soft ks and homemade cookies are dispensed. These are the little gs which help morale. The USO, the Red Cross, the community ice clubs, the churches—each should have a part in the business eacetime morale, and there is a place in this program for you.

This Town is Friendly

ransplant 2700 sailors, plus 1000 wives and children, from all s of the country, into a little community of 1762 inhabitants, what is the result? Ordinarily, one might think, all 3700 new-ers would be highly uncomfortable and homesick. Green Cove ngs, Florida, met this difficult situation successfully. Rated as olated area, 26 miles away from the nearest big town—Jack-ille—Green Cove Springs closes up tightly at 10 P.M. There is movie, but no evening bus or trains.

ubs, religious groups and individuals banded together to d the sojourners the recreational advantages of a big-city. The USO co-operates with all these groups. The icemen's Center, in the Methodist Church, is the center tivity. Between two and three thousand persons visit the er each month. Navy wives bring their own lunch and d the afternoon learning various handicrafts. There are weekly es, with hostesses transported from near-by Jacksonville for single sailors. There are Sunday-night suppers with fried en and cream gravy as only Southern cooks can make it. e are the carpentry shop, a music hour, educational movies, skits, birthday parties, beach picnics, a Bible school.

re is a pattern of superb community co-operation. Green Springs was determined to make its naval visitors welcome.

Good Times in Philadelphia

uated conveniently at 17th and Locust streets, the Philadel-United Service Club has drawn thousands of soldiers and s into its hospitable halls for over thirty years.

vice weekly a dance orchestra plays in the club ballroom; a evening there is a square dance with an old-time caller. y night at ten o'clock there are refreshments—punch, e and cookies. Sixty men may be accommodated in the bed-s, for as little as 75 cents per night. For a dime you can use utomatic washers and driers provided in the laundry.

aj. Gen. Floyd L. Parks, the Army's Chief of Public Informa-urges skilled volunteers—men and women—to help out with y shops, soldier shows, music and sports. "To fill this great the Army has invited the Red Cross to assist in recruiting nteer talent from local chapters to aid the Army's on-post al Services recreational programs at posts, camps and sta-throughout the United States."

THE END

New Jersey Plan

MRS. WILLIAM GROBLER was still sitting before her desk at eleven o'clock one November night, back in 1917. From time to time she stared off into space, then turned back to the paper before her and wrote hurriedly. It was three hours later that she finally completed a letter of several pages, sealed it in a large envelope, and addressed it to the War Department.

Maie Grobler lived in Moorestown, New Jersey, then, as she does today. Since her home was only a few miles from Camp Dix, she saw a good deal of the thousands of young men who had just been called into the service of their country. She and her husband worried about the sort of things these young men turned to in off-duty hours. They saw them lounging idly about in the near-by towns or hanging around pool halls, cheap restaurants. Mrs. Grobler believed that, if war must be, then civilians should do their best to keep these young men in uniform in touch with the influences they were missing in their own homes. Why couldn't the women of near-by communities, also interested in the welfare of such young men, provide a meeting place with homely, wholesome activities for them?

That was the way the highly successful Community Center, Inc., at Camp Dix, New Jersey, was begun. The Army agreed with Mrs. Grobler. They notified her that she had their approval to begin just such a service. It has kept the men at Dix in touch with home influences—beginning in 1917, again in 1940, and is ready to do so again whenever the Army calls. Right now the fine building occupied during World War II is operated by Army Special Services. *(Continued on Page 121)*

PHOTO BY MORRIS ENGEL-SCOPE



This trainee has worked hard all day, and now with an off-post pass he stands at the bus stop in Wrightstown, adjacent to Fort Dix, wondering where to go, what to do. During the war, Community Service had the answer.

Dorothy Cox designed it...

Crisp cottons lead the fashion trend for 1949 . . . top designers recommend starching with LINIT* to keep cottons crisp, fresh and charming . . . LINIT, the superior starch, makes a thin, fluid mixture that penetrates the fabric, restores its lovely finish . . . once you use LINIT for starching you will always prefer it —for perfect results, for ease of ironing.



THE NEW *Crisp* LOOK
This Lovely
RESORT-SUMMER FORMAL
designed by Dorothy Cox for The McMullen Company will soon be featured (about $50) in smart shops everywhere. For stores nearest you, write LINIT Starch, Dept. DC, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

...adds the *finishing touch*



to dresses, blouses, children's clothes, housecoats, men's shirts, curtains, bed and table linens. Directions on every LINIT package. All grocers sell LINIT.

Reference Library



What Do Sub-Debs Talk About?

WHY, all sorts of things that interest a wide-awake gal—careers and dates, fellows and the latest hair styles. They're interested in personality and looks, and all of them love a party!

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Here are twenty-one booklets packed full of pros and cons, possible salaries, qualifications and countless details on careers that are open to Sub-Debs today.

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They're young . . . they're fun . . . they're NEWS! Avondale

Companion Colors

Because Avondale fabrics are dyed-in-the-yarn, you get the exact same colors in solid shades and stripes.

See how you can make a change-about wardrobe with Avondale chambrays in Companion Colors. The same stay-fast, dyed-in-the-yarn colors are woven into solid shades and stripes . . . and the pattern is woven through so that both sides are bright. Soft, Avondale chambrays are easy to handle, drape and sew . . . sturdy, they smile through washings and wear. They're Sanforized* all cotton . . . in a range of qualities and prices . . . in ready-to-wear and piece-goods.

Look for the yellow tag that identifies these Avondale Carol chambrays in Companion Colors.

AVONDALE

dyed-in-the-yarn fabrics—the stay-fast colors are woven-in

58 Worth Street, New York 13

*Residual shrinkage less than 1%.



Start with the star of your wardrobe, a pert young dress, in solid color Carol chambray. . . . Add matching Carol chambray stripes, in a separate petticoat, to make it long and party-pretty.

Vogue Patterns—Dress-3259, Petticoat-6359

Use another matching Carol chambray stripe to tailor the same dress for town—with a saucy jacket, and pouch bag. . . . Then, take to the solid color again, for gloves and a jaunty beret.

Vogue Patterns—Jacket-6668, Bag-9837, Gloves-9334, Beret-6124

Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph. D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

If your husband is susceptible to flirtatious females, here are some ideas you might consider.

Susceptible Husbands

HAVEN'T you often, at a get-together, seen some female make a bid for the attention of another woman's husband? Usually she herself is married, though not too happily; conceited, frivolous, and often not very pretty. She probably isn't seeking a serious affair; what she wants is an exciting diversion to build up her ego.

But what about the wife's feelings? Perhaps she realizes that her husband loves her and that this cocktail twosome will probably be ancient history in a few hours. At the same time, she is hurt; and if the couple's behavior is blatant (especially likely after drinks have weakened inhibitions), her evening is ruined. What's worse, she can't get rid of a nagging uneasiness, for she knows that serious affairs often have trivial beginnings.

Many husbands simply shrug off the advances of provocative females. However, there are others who are particularly susceptible to plays for their attention, just as there are some men who are particularly susceptible to alcohol. And, like the social drinker who becomes an alcoholic, the social flirt may become a philanderer.

The wife who has a susceptible husband usually develops some kind of technique for meeting the situation. Some wives make an excuse (a headache, a forgotten appointment) for leaving the party early. This transparent device fools no one, especially not the husband.

Another wife joins the tête-à-tête, clinging to her husband like a leech. But this, too, is unsatisfactory, for he resents it and may take to going out alone. Nor is "making a scene" likely to help.

What, then, can she do? Of course, if the husband has reasonable basis for dissatisfaction with her, that is another story. But suppose she is a genuinely good wife—an efficient homemaker, a steadfast partner and an attractive companion—and still her husband is an easy conquest for every flirtatious female he meets?

Before attempting to figure out a plan of action, try to understand the man himself. Underlying his susceptibility there is almost always a basic emotional immaturity. Such a husband is like an adolescent child: his affections and emotions are easily swayed, and he constantly yearns for new experience and adventure.

Coupled with the husband's emotional immaturity may be other contributing factors: job dissatisfaction, overwork, lack of outside recreation, infrequent dating before marriage. Because so many things enter into susceptibility, any plan a wife develops must be both remedial and preventive.

Once you understand the reasons for his behavior, perhaps you can correct them. But this is a long-range program. Meanwhile, if yours is a susceptible husband, here are some ideas you might consider:

- After leaving your wraps at a party, rejoin your husband. Mingle with the guests, moving about as a couple, until everybody has been greeted.
- If friends your husband enjoys are present, maneuver him into their group and get a discussion under way on some topic that genuinely interests him. This may absorb his attention all evening.
- Avoid seeming to keep him in tow, but be around when and if his drinking shows effect. This may slow down the drinking, and brake his approachability.
- Spot the stray females. If one of them seems inclined to make overtures toward your husband, join her and keep her occupied. You can also keep other guests moving in her direction.
- If a woman does get your husband cornered, set up a distraction. Start a game, such as charades; ask him to tell a favorite joke, or to demonstrate a new parlor trick—any tactful device for interrupting will do.
- Or divide the woman's attention. Take over some unattached male and introduce him to her. She may prefer him to your husband—in any event, she now has three persons to cope with.
- Perhaps you can invent a reasonable excuse for getting him out of her clutches. If the host needs help in the preparation of refreshments, have him ask your husband to lend a hand.
- If another tantalizing female is available, trot her over to meet your husband. An element of risk is involved, but again two attractions may offset each other.
- Desperate remedies, though generally undesirable, are sometimes necessary. In emergencies, one wife I know contrives an "accident." A drink or a plate of food is somehow upset on the adversary, who is forced to retire from the field. This drastic lesson may not teach the husband—but it is likely to teach her!

These methods won't solve your problem, but they may relieve it, especially if applied with patience, tolerance and a sense of humor.

Ask Yourself: Are You Jealous?

Whether you are single or married, jealousy can make you very miserable. Answer these questions with a thoughtful "Yes" or "No."

1. **Do you fear losing your mate to another woman?**
2. **When at a party with him, do you ever feel lonely?**
3. **Do you often ask him to justify his actions?**
4. **Are you suspicious of his interest in other girls?**
5. **Does it bother you when he praises another woman?**
6. **Are you troubled by his seeming neglect of you?**
7. **Would you like to make your mate jealous?**
8. **Are you afraid that you are unattractive?**
9. **Does his behavior often make you want to cry?**
10. **Did you have *few* dates before meeting your mate?**
11. **Do you keep any record of the "hurts" he brings you?**
12. **Are you afraid you two may break up sometime?**
13. **Do you have many moods or temper outbursts?**
14. **To be happy, must you have much praise and attention?**
15. **Does insomnia often follow something he says or does?**
16. **If you lost him, would you be through with men?**
17. **Does he seem overcritical of you?**
18. **Is it hard for you to make friends?**
19. **Is your mate unusually attractive to women?**
20. **Does he seem to disregard your feelings and wishes?**

If you have 15 or more yes answers you are probably a very jealous and unhappy person. A score of 9 is average. With a high score, try to achieve more confidence in yourself; otherwise you may unfairly accuse your mate of fickleness or susceptibility!

Building Self-Confidence

SUCCESSFUL living—and success in marriage—depends greatly upon confidence in self. Without this quality, your thinking will often be confused, and so will your actions.

A confident wife meets her everyday tasks and responsibilities with serenity. When a problem arises, she faces it squarely, decides it as promptly and as well as possible—then resists futile worry. Her habit of thinking ahead minimizes disorder and confusion.

Emma is just the opposite. Dominated in youth by her iron-willed mother, Emma has always been unsure of herself. Whether choosing a hat or planning the next meal for her family, Emma wastes time and energy because she cannot make up her mind. The brown hat or the navy; meat loaf or lamb stew—the simplest decisions confuse and worry her because she doesn't trust her own judgment.

Much as this complicates the household routine, the psychological effects on her family are worse. Yet if she only knew it, Emma has the qualities of mind and heart that would enable her to be a competent and valued wife and mother. Conscientious, intelligent and affectionate, she is also at least as attractive as the average. But her good traits are largely wasted because she herself doesn't believe in them.

It isn't easy to build self-confidence, but the possible gain more than justifies the effort involved. If you are unsure of yourself, here are some steps which you might try:

- Evaluate your appearance. Sitting in front of the mirror, compare yourself with your friends—your hair, your skin, your features. Aren't you honestly about as good-looking as the average?
- But don't be satisfied with this. Set out to make the most of your good points, and to minimize your bad ones. Develop a new hair style, experiment with make-up; and if you're overweight, diet. Use your clothes to enhance your appearance, not merely to make you presentable. Even a meager wardrobe responds to attention.
- Next, take inventory of your activities, including household duties as well as outside pursuits. Compare yourself with other wives of about your age, income and educational background. You undoubtedly excel in something. Whatever your skills and talents—baking pies, arranging flowers or making clothes—learn to be proud of them.
- At the same time—and this is equally important—don't try to ignore your weaknesses. Admit them, remember that other people have faults, too, and then set out to improve. If your poor bridge game is a handicap, get a self-teacher and bone up. If you're shy among strangers, force yourself to open the conversation a few times—you may soon find it pleasant.
- And this leads us to the hardest step of all: convince yourself that every normal person lacks confidence in some respects. Inside, many of your friends are just as timorous as you are. Try to think about their feelings instead of worrying about your own. For self-forgetfulness is a long step toward self-confidence.

Do You Agree?

Can a man who loves his wife be physically attracted to another woman?

Yes; in fact, he might be attracted to several, particularly if his relationship with his wife is not completely satisfying. That does not mean he loves the other woman.

My Dream Came True in LONDON

When Tom Kissed My Hand





"M'Lady, a token", Tom teased. Then he bowed low and kissed my hand right in the middle of Piccadilly Circus! I thanked Jergens Lotion a thousand times for keeping my hands so smooth... 'cause I know Tom noticed them...

When we went to the Tower of London, Tom held my hands so tightly. "These soft, little hands are more precious than the Crown Jewels!" he said.



Later that evening, we watched the Thames glide by Westminster Bridge. "You hold my heart in your sweet, adorable hands... forever," Tom whispered. And as we kissed... I knew it would be forever for us.

It's fun being Mrs. Tom! Tom buys my Jergens Lotion now! *After all, it started this handkissing.*

Kissable hands are softened, smoothed... protected with today's super-creamed Jergens Lotion. *Actually two ways finer,* it protects your hands longer; keeps them softer and smoother. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Doctors rely on two special ingredients for skin softening. Your Jergens Lotion contains *both!*

Hollywood Stars use Jergens 7 to 1 to keep their hands soft and ever young. Keep *your* hands lovelier the way the Stars do. Still only 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Never oily or sticky.

Now yours—Jergens Beauty Kit! Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant! Send 10¢ to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 45A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.



More Women use Jergens Lotion than any other Hand Care in the World

Ten ways to get a Date!











UNLESS you've just been elected Miss Super-Date of 1949 by the local Casanova crowd, unless you're booked up solid from now until the last dance of your senior year, or unless you're just plain not interested in boys (cross your fingers when you say that!), use this list for future reference. It's a list of pretested, boy-approved ways to get a date that any girl can use. No guaranties offered, but you can make every suggestion work—if you're smart enough to work it right. Here's how:

1. ***Do nothing at all.*** Just keep well groomed and appealing at all times. Make yourself available in the usual places: at school, the corner drugstore, the library reading room on Wednesday nights. Never forget a first name, smile when you're smiled at and keep your fingers crossed. Out of the clear blue sky (or maybe it's because there was a moon that night), a boy will ask you for a date. If he comes riding up on a big white horse in a crew cut and a jacket by Brooks Brothers—honeychile, you're daydreaming. But if he pulls up at the curb in a secondhand convertible with a familiar smile and a football sweater in your school colors, it's a dream come true! You've got the date you wished for.

2. Sadie Hawkins started it and now it's a national habit. ***You ask him for a date.*** Don't call him on the phone "just to talk," don't suggest a movie, a basketball game or a stop-over at the corner casbah, since these are traditionally boy-asks-girl dates. Get your Sub-Deb club, church group or special crowd of gal pals to plan a *definite kind* of party—a turnabout party to which girls ask boys—and *then* give him a ring. To do the thing up in proper Dogpatch style, you might even pick him up at his door, with vegetable corsage in hand, for the big evening! But the important thing is, you've got a date—and you got it all by yourself!

3. ***Yes—we recommend blind dates.*** But you're going into this thing with your eyes wide open! A blind date, arranged through friends, is an acceptable type of teen-aged dating—and a good way to meet new men. So if you really need a date, or just a change of talent, for the big dance—ask one of your girl friends to arrange it. Or make yourself ready, willing and at the front door by eight o'clock if someone suggests, "There's a friend I'd like you to meet." Let's face it; some of the smoothest boys in the world you haven't even met yet—are you willing to take a "blind" chance?

4. Want to make a date, a friend and a compliment at the same time? ***Then save your best invitation, for the biggest school party or the top Hi-Y Club dance, for some lucky fellow whom you haven't dated—at least, not yet.*** Boys are flattered by important dance bids, and don't overlook the shy guys on your "possible" list, for nine out of ten teen-aged boys like to go on dates. For a big party, make a date by phone or in person a week ahead of time; for a big dance, a fellow needs at least two weeks' warning (and two weeks' extra time to think over what a nice gal you are!).

5. The "love thy neighbor" rule wasn't made to guide a girl's date life, but sometimes it helps. ***Keep your eyes—and the right smile—on the boy next door,*** the fellow who delivers the groceries on Saturday and the chap who works part time at the fountain at the corner drugstore. Some of the characters you've known since your sandbox social days can grow up suddenly and turn into interesting date material for lonesome nights. So don't neglect old friends—you can meet some of the nicest people in some of the most familiar places!

6. ***And what's a good girl friend for if she can't help you out once in a while?*** Of course you can't latch onto any beau boy who's already been spoken for, but maybe Susie will be willing to share John and an evening with you. Make the suggestion subtly: "Why don't you and Johnnie come over to my house tomorrow—we can all listen to records"; or come right out and say it: "If you and John are going to the movies Friday, do you think he might get someone for me?" It's a rare girl friend whose boy friend doesn't have a boy friend who'd also like to have a girl friend—and the whole thing can be simpler than you think, once you try it!

7. ***Comes a time in every gal's life when she has to begin doing things for herself.*** When's your next birthday coming up? *Any* birthday is good for a party; or try a holiday; or even a plain old Saturday night will do. All you need for props is a little background music or a few games, some popcorn and soft drinks and a few fellows and girls on the party list. And since you're playing Elsa Maxwell, j. g., this time, you can make the rules for the evening. That's right. Those three *extra* men on the list belong to you!

8. ***Do you believe in advertising?*** Well, a high-school gal can't put up billboards or use singing commercials to build up a date reputation, but she *can* get herself talked about in the right way and in the right places. Nobody can discover you sulking away at home, but if you're "seen" you'll likely be "talked about." And if you're talked about, fellows will want to ask for a date. So get with the crowd, get out where you can be looked at. Join the smooth girls in the cheering section for after-school basketball games, try reciting more often in English class, join a club which really interests you and get to know the other members. Popular girls are seen and heard.

9. Afternoon coffee at your house with Mrs. Jones may not be your idea of the most exciting way to kill an hour, but Mrs. Jones is a good friend of your mother, she's interested in you and, come to think of it, doesn't she have a son just your age? ***In trying to patch up your date life, don't forget family friends,*** your mother's chums, neighbors with nephews or teen-aged cousins who could fill in a dateless dance evening. Sometimes you don't need a date that's strictly dream stuff, but a date that will simply "get you there"—and you'd be surprised how handsome a cousin can look to the other gals on the dance floor!

10. ***Heard from Montgomery Clift lately?*** Any news from Gregory Peck? Well, then—how are things with Peter Lawford these days? No word from old Pete either? After all the letters you wrote, the pictures you clipped out of fan magazines, and that invitation you sent him for the sweater hop? Then let's cross this type of useless "date dreaming" off the list (too much gloomy wishing and hoping can become a teen-age habit) and get busy on the suggestions above. "A boy in your home town is worth two in Hollywood," as the old saying goes, and if you're a smart girl—list in hand—you'll get going!

THE SUB-DEB

EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY





In as little as 3 Minutes!

PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF...

LEAVES HAIR RADIANT!



Doctors' Examinations Proved It!

Yes, examinations by a group of doctors *proved* that Procter & Gamble's new, different, emerald-clear Radiant*Creme shampoo with the patented cleansing ingredient removes unsightly dandruff in as little as 3 minutes! They proved too, that regular Prell shampoos control such dandruff. After a Prell shampoo your hair and your scalp are really clean—*scientifically cleaner* than with the finest, most expensive soap shampoo you can buy, cream or liquid.

And What Glorious, Glamorous Radiance After Prell!

Your hair simply *shines* with sparkling loveliness when you shampoo with Prell—more such loveliness than ever possible with *any* soap shampoo—even the most expensive cream or liquid. And your hair is soft, smooth, manageable—easier to curl and to set, easy to do in any style. Get a tube *today!*

CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



*T. M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



attering radiance for every shade of ir—fair, dark, or gray—from this new, fferent, marvelous Radiant-Creme.



Look at the sparkle from their Prell-washed hair! And Prell is *fun* to use from that handy tube—there's no liquid to run down and get into your eyes!



What lather! Prell *goes farther* than any other known shampoo—cream or liquid—because it's *more concentrated!*

Now— JUST WHEN SEWING CAN SAVE YOU THE MOST...
The finest SINGERS *ever made!*

JUST WAIT TILL YOU GET a look at the beautiful brand-new SINGERS!

Try them. See how smoothly they stitch, how evenly—on any fabric from organdy to corduroy.

You'll know in a minute they're the finest machines ever made. Machines that make it easier than ever to sew smart clothes at a saving.

And to help you stitch your way to style, your SINGER SEWING CENTER offers lessons, notions, dress forms. Do come in as fast as you can!

So Many Beautiful Models! Choose Yours Now!



• **SINGER has a style** to fit your home, a price to fit your budget. Period and modern designs from ~~$89.50 to~~ $300. Easy payment plan. Liberal allowance for your present machine.



• **De Luxe Modern Desk** is typical of SINGER's finest cabinet models. Stitches forward or backward. Goes over pins. Has non-glare spotlight, easy threading. Matching stool available.



• **SINGER* Featherweight Portable.** Outsells any other model in the world. Weighs 11 pounds. Does work of a full-size machine. Comes in handy carrying case.



• **Basic attachments** come with new SINGER. Many others available, including zipper foot, hemstitcher. Buttonholer, above, makes non-fraying buttonholes in a jiffy.



• **Need sewing supplies?** Get them *all* at your SINGER SEWING CENTER! They'll cover buttons, make belts, too. Give course of lessons as a gift with new machine. Choose your SINGER now!



• **This glamorous soft-shouldered gown** was made from Vogue Pattern # S-4830. You make it as you learn, in 8 two-hour lessons at your SINGER SEWING CENTER.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION!

* SINGER sells its sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, and other products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the Red "S" on the window, and never through department stores or other outlets.

See classified telephone directory for address of your local SINGER SEWING CENTER.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

Here's the SINGER SEWING CENTER at 282 Third Ave., Chula Vista, California.

Hundreds more from coast to coast. There's one near you!

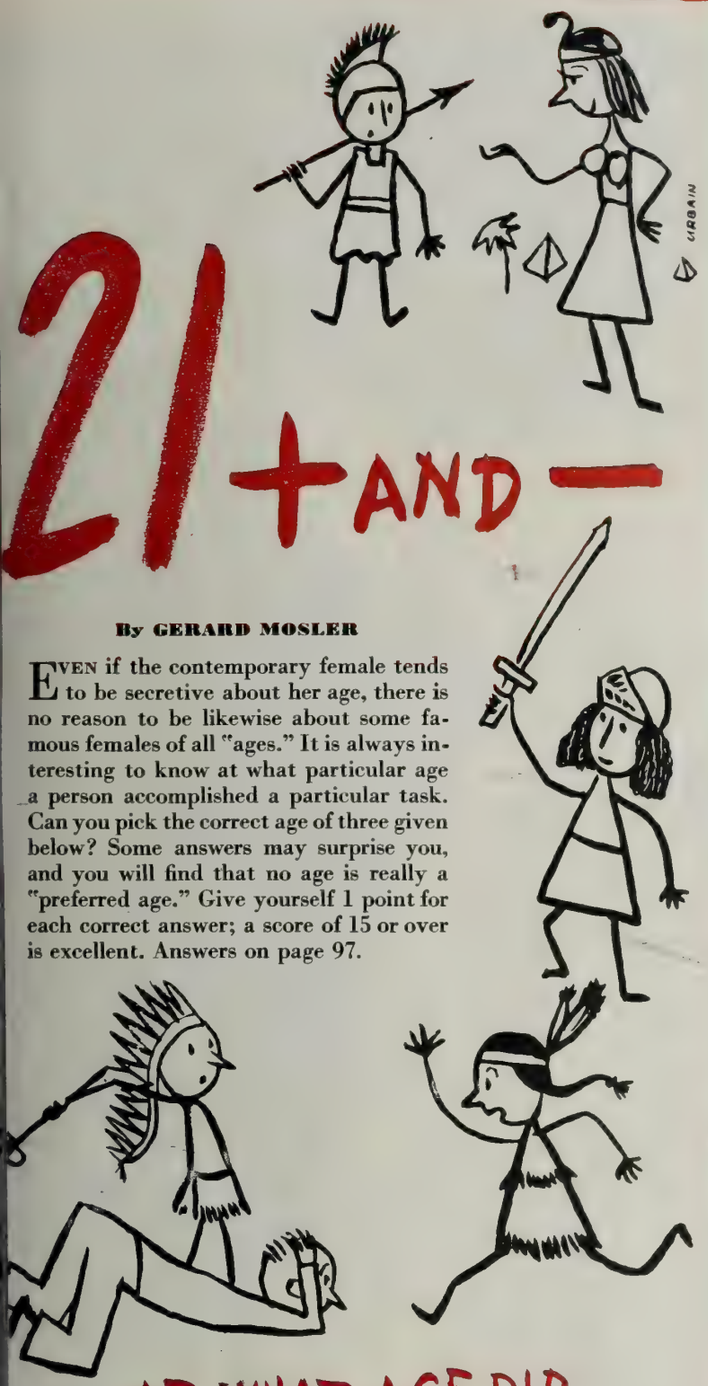
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.



SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

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By GERARD MOSLER

EVEN if the contemporary female tends to be secretive about her age, there is no reason to be likewise about some famous females of all "ages." It is always interesting to know at what particular age a person accomplished a particular task. Can you pick the correct age of three given below? Some answers may surprise you, and you will find that no age is really a "preferred age." Give yourself 1 point for each correct answer; a score of 15 or over is excellent. Answers on page 97.

AT WHAT AGE DID...

	A	B	C
1. Cleopatra charm Antony?	18	28	38
2. Lady Godiva ride naked through Coventry?	18	28	38
3. Héloïse leave Abélard and take the veil?	20	30	40
4. Joan of Arc liberate Reims?	17	22	27
5. Lucrezia Borgia marry for the fourth time?	22	32	42
6. The great Elizabeth defeat the Spanish Armada?	45	55	65
7. Mary of Scotland escape from prison?	25	35	45
8. Pocahontas save Capt. John Smith?	12	17	22
9. Catherine the Great become empress by strangling her husband?	23	33	43
10. Marie Antoinette marry the French crown prince?	14	19	24
11. Harriet Beecher Stowe write Uncle Tom's Cabin?	29	39	49
12. Florence Nightingale make nursing a dignified profession?	23	33	43
13. Victoria of England become queen?	18	28	38
14. Elizabeth Browning publish her first verse?	22	32	42
15. Susan Anthony get arrested for leading women to the polls?	32	42	52
16. Mary Baker Eddy begin to teach Christian Science?	34	44	54
17. Eleonora Duse act her first Juliet?	9	14	19
18. Sarah Bernhardt play in spite of the loss of one leg?	53	63	73
19. Jane Addams found America's first and most famous settlement house?	29	39	49
20. Marie Curie first isolate a decigram of pure radium?	25	35	45

SINGER PRESENTS

The all-new cleaner with Dual Suction



At last! Dual suction! The new SINGER* Vacuum Cleaner is the first to bring you *two* fans instead of one! The most amazing dirt-getting action you ever saw!

NEW! NEW! NEW! MORE WONDERFUL SINGER FEATURES!

No more foot-pedal acrobatics. Magic handle adjusts to any position you like.

No stooping. Cord outlet lets you pull out cord as you need extra length.

No stumbling over excess cord. Cord-control button reels cord in — gets it out of your way as you clean.

Exclusive "floating" brush gently loosens deep imbedded dirt. Adjusts automatically to most any rug thickness.

Extra cleaning power for heavy jobs. Two-speed switch for light and heavy cleaning.

So easy to store! Hangs flat in closet.

So easy to carry with midway hand-grip!

5 inches high! Gets under most furniture!

This speed-cleaning marvel is the product of 19 years of experience—TRY IT TODAY!



For your protection. Singer sells its sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, and other products only through *Singer Sewing Centers*, identified by the Red "S" on the window, and never through department stores, dealers or other outlets.

Singer Vacuum Cleaners are sold only at your —

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

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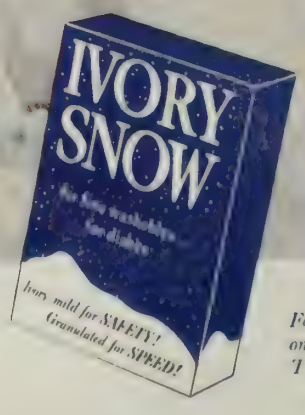
SAFE... IN SNOW



Now... filmy nylons can stay lovely longer with Ivory Snow!

Sheer as sheer can be! That's the charm of your lovely nylons. And yet these filmy, fragile beauties are *so* safe with Ivory Snow care every night. Just what they need, to help guard soft colors, sleek fit, and reduce stocking runs!

Made especially for your loveliest things, Ivory Snow is the new fashion in soaps! It's 99⁴⁴⁄₁₀₀% pure, *and* granulated for instant suds, even in cool water. So convenient, so economical to use, too! There's just no finer soap made. *Wonderful Ivory Snow!*



Follow direct
on the packa
They've teste

Your hands will tell you why

your loveliest washables are safe in Ivory Snow. *Prove* how kind it is. Just wash dishes with Ivory Snow, as millions do. When you see how it pampers your hands you'll KNOW it's safe for fine fabrics and dainty colors!



IVORY SNOW

...the only soap both Ivory-mild and granulated for efficien

Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



IN February, 1899, the American flag was first raised at Wake and Guam. In the Philippines, Dewey shelled Manila to quell natives resisting the new American rule. President McKinley signed the peace treaty with Spain, and a great blizzard stopped all trains between New York and Washington, D.C.

"Numbers of wives and daughters will talk only about fashions, society and servants at the dinner table," remarks the February, 1899, JOURNAL. "The head of the household lapses into silence, returning mentally to his own world, where he lives alone. American women direct the conversation in their households, not the men."

Length of suits: "Street dresses are made to touch the ground, and some even have a suspicion of a train, I am sorry to say," remarks style expert Emma Hooper.

Advice to the bride: "Be sure that your hair is arranged pompadour and fluffy at the sides."

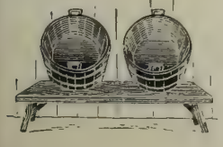
New York young men are too imitative of one another," criticizes the JOURNAL. *"Their hair is all cut to a line, parted to a line, and plastered. They have fine, square shoulders, carry themselves gallantly, and regard but little those who stand between them and their goal."*

What it Means to be Engaged: The engaged girl should know how to broil steak, roast a chicken and cook vegetables. She should know how to bake a loaf of bread, and enter into a slight acquaintance with the principles of plumbing."

Wages: "In a big Eastern city, unskilled laborers get from $6 to $7.50 a week. Carpenters can make as much as $20 a week, tailors about $10, and paperhangers $15 weekly."

Stone marten neck scarfs cost from $15 up."

"Don't risk the baby's health by using rubber nipples," runs a JOURNAL advertisement. "They are neither clean nor sanitary. Use a sterling silver nipple—noncollapsible, nonabsorptive, $1."



Journal about Town



PHOTO BY MODERN STUDIO, OLD TOWN, ME.

Laurell Crawford, with five admiring sisters, makes her debut for the camera.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

ANYONE who has seen the dead-line dates which stare up sternly from each editor's desk here at the Workshop, or who could watch the new monster miraculous presses which turn out 4½ million JOURNALS each month and mustn't ever be kept waiting, would understand why the *Crawfords*, of How America Lives in December, appeared without their new baby, who arrived just too late to have her picture with them in that issue. But here she is now, with her five sisters, in the Crawford cabin up in the Maine woods where, as you can see, her parents will never be without a baby sitter.

•

*Speaking of which, **Betty Hoffman**, who writes some of our How America Lives articles and others, and has two youngsters, tells us how she's finally solved the problem of the housewife who's a writer as well. "I bring the baby sitter, an elderly widow, over to my house; then I go to her house and get to work."*

•

If the ***Crouses*** look natural, on pages 134–38, especially the five boys, you can lay it to ***Joe Di Pietro***, who even before he unpacks his camera makes himself one of the family. Never had a chance to use his jujitsu in the Navy, where he served in ***Capt. Edward Steichen's*** famous photographic unit; but ever since, on the JOURNAL, it's come in handy as a relaxer for self-conscious kids, as here with Kenneth Crouse; and with girls as well as boys, Joe says.

PHOTO BY DAVIDSON



Cameraman Joe Di Pietro shows Kenneth Crouse a jujitsu trick.

Early last winter, ***Bruce Gould*** in a taxi got to talking with the driver, who turned out, in the course of the conversation, to be in the habit of taking cookies and things to Army hospitals on his time off. As a consequence the driver called at the Workshop kitchen here the next day, where a big batch of ***Louella Shouer's*** best was ready for him. Which was the last seen of him, until a week ago, a year later exactly, he turned up at the kitchen again. "I had Mr. Gould in my cab last night ——" he began. "Yes, we know," said Louella. "Your cookies are waiting for you."

•

*Birthdays this month run the gamut. Theater—**Katharine Cornell**, 16th; music—**Jascha Heifetz**, 2nd; writing—**Kay Boyle**, 19th; business—**David Sarnoff**, 27th; Government—**James Forrestal**, 15th; and radio—**Jack Benny**, 14th.*

•

In a survey made to determine the proportions of the average girl at the JOURNAL Workshop, the beauty department came up with the delightful discovery that if it were possible to produce a living composite of the results, we could send her off to Hollywood to star in glamour pictures, launch her on a successful modeling career or, even better, show her on a JOURNAL cover! But, the beauty editors add, for any woman who succumbs to that "second helping" in the belief that pretty figures belong to a chosen few, we give you these proportions polled from JOURNAL Workshop secretaries, telephone operators, assistants, messenger girls and editors, to show you that the shortest distance to a pretty figure is a determined detour around desserts! Survey shows our composite is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 126 pounds, and has a 34-inch bust, 26-inch waist and 36-inch hips, blue eyes, brown hair. . . . Just about right.

•

When *Gladys Denny Shultz* visited her son at Harvard recently, two other boys were always on hand whenever she went to her son's house room, politely explaining that they were detailed there as chaperons. Seems the college authorities are a little skeptical of "mothers"; there have been a number lately who were unexpectedly young and pretty.

Pioneer women in Philadelphia are being seen in *pink* automobiles. The theory is that men will return to chivalry, forgetting their present roughhouse tactics; and more practically, your husband will never be caught borrowing your car. . . . The mortality rate in rheumatic fever has dropped 80 per cent since 1920, largely because of the development of chemotherapy. The disease is much more prevalent in the North and West than in the South. . . . New $20 bills will show ***President Truman's*** new balcony. . . . The mortality rate for bachelors is 42 per cent higher than for married men.



Beauty and brains go together in any language. The girl who posed for *Al Parker's* illustrations for *Pearl Buck's* Kinfolk is *Helena Kuo*, writer, lecturer and linguist. Most recently she has translated The Quest for Love of Lao Lee, the new book by Chinese novelist *Lau Shaw*. She is not a professional model and wants it known that she did *not* pose for the girl-in-a-tub illustration.



First Dance



ILLUSTRATED BY

Coby Whitmore



Eileen found her voice at last. "I—I can't believe it. I just can't picture you not beautiful."

The first scar on a woman's heart is the birthmark of experience

By **FLORENCE JANE SOMAN**

BILL'S voice was unenthusiastic over the telephone. "I guess your grandmother told you," he said, "I'm a freshman now at State. As a matter of fact, that's why I called. Our class is giving a prom on the twenty-seventh and I wondered if you'd like to go with me."

Eileen stared unseeingly at the pattern of the wallpaper. "Okay," she said. She cleared her throat. "Okay, that'll be fine. . . . I mean I'd love to go, Bill; thanks for asking me."

"That's all right," he said. "Well . . . I'll get in touch with you before then. So long."

"So long." She carefully replaced the receiver, took out her handkerchief and mopped at her hands, which were wet with perspiration.

I don't believe it, she thought, *I just don't believe it.*

For a few moments she remained motionless, then the driving pressure of her happiness impelled her to her feet and she began to wander about the room, hugging her thin shoulders. She stopped abruptly and lifted rapt eyes. "Thank You, God," she whispered.

She moved toward the mirror and her eyes grew critical as she gazed at her reflection. She turned her head slowly from side to side, thrust her face close to the glass and then backed away for a full-figure view. Her shoulders slumped dejectedly.

I wish I were pretty, she mourned.

Her fingers wandered over the thinness of her neck and chest. Sometimes she dreamed that she had ten pounds of flesh in a pail that she could slap on her body and mold with her hands like a sculptor, adding a little here and there, cushioning bones, filling hollows, rounding out curves where there was now a boyish spareness.

She sighed, then her joy in the present leaped up within her and she turned and ran from the room. The soft folds of her ballerina skirt whirled behind her as she clattered down the steps.

"Grandma!" she yelled. "Grandma, where are you?"

Her grandmother's calm voice drifted up from the sun porch and Eileen found her there a moment later, her fleshy back bent over her begonias.

"Grandma," she said, flopping into a wicker chair, "that was Bill Severn on the phone! He asked me to his Freshman Prom!"

"I told you he would," said Mrs. Mathews, pulling off dead leaves and placing them in her cupped apron. "Now we'll have to get you a real pretty dress."

"Oh, *yes!* The dress."

Eileen's eyes were luminous. She leaned back and saw herself on the night of the twenty-seventh, floating in loveliness down the stairs with Bill staring up at her in surprise. "Why, *(Continued on Page 126)*


Mimi's frank opinion, expressed over a chocolate soda, made him squirm. "Personally, I think it's the most *childish* thing I ever heard of!"
It's not fair to ask a guy to give up this much just for a girl!

REPRISAL



By MARIAN SIMS

He stood in the street with his thumb raised in the traditional suppliant's gesture, and cursed mechanically at the cars that swerved to pass him. He was fourteen and a half and beginning to elongate into the shambling, reedy stage, but his face was still rounded and occasionally sweet, with curving lips and long-lashed blue eyes. His hair was a curious color: dark at the roots, while the ends had the sheen of polished brass. (His mother had given him hell about the hair, but he had been deterred from further experimentation by boredom rather than authority.) His costume was the uniform of his tribe: wrinkled corduroy trousers, scuffed and shapeless moccasins, a striped, malodorous jersey which he wore in preference to any one of a dozen immaculate shirts in his bureau, and in spite of his father's acid comments.

Thumbing from the street was against the law, of course, but old Healy had finished herding the littler kids across and had straddled his motorcycle and departed, so there was nobody to stop him from standing where he damn pleased.

He had been kept in for thirty minutes (because the old bag who was his home-room teacher couldn't see a joke through a telescope) and the rest of the crowd had already gone, probably by the method he was trying to use now. He had bus fare—all the gang had—but the bus crawled and groaned a tortuous route; and besides that, honor and custom demanded that you save your bus money for worthier or more attractive purposes. The metal token in his own pocket was already ten days old, but if he had anything to say about it the token was going to stay where it was and build up another ten days.

He inched farther into the street, pasted on a charming smile, and swiveled his thumb at an approaching car. The driver—a hard-boiled Joe in a gray hat—swung sharply to the left and yelled at him:

"Get back on the curb, you little fool!"

The winning smile came off fast and a scowl took its place. "Aah, go to hell!" He snarled it futilely at the car's taillight and swung back to face the oncoming traffic.

He had luck with the next one: a woman about his mother's age, only prettier. She stopped to let him lunge in, then shook her head at him. "I wish you boys wouldn't stand in the street like that. You're liable to get run over and you make people pull so far to the left to get around you."

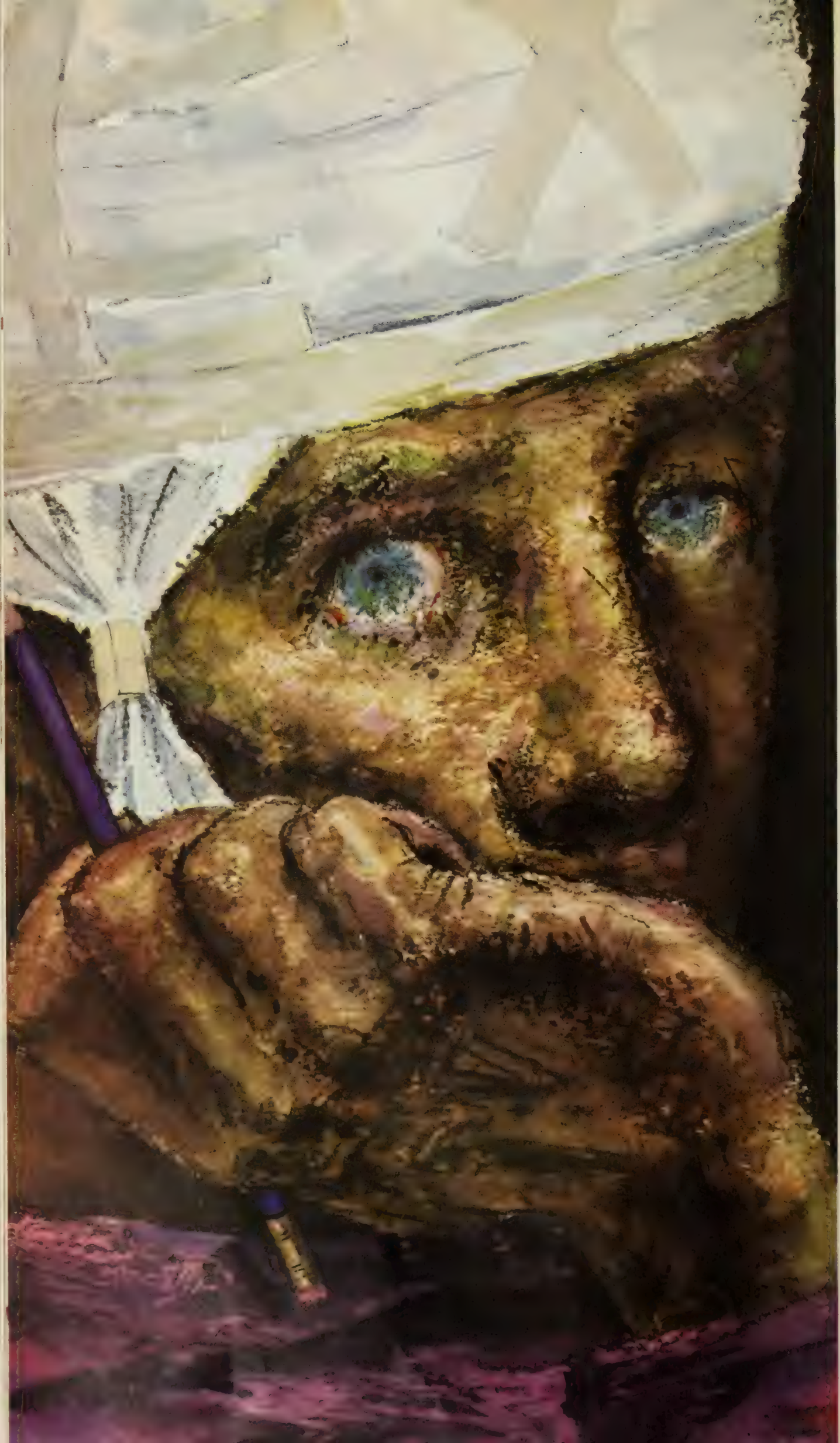
He had heard all that before, but he gave her a disarming smile. "Yes'm, I know it. I usually stand on the curb, myself, but I got out late today and you can stand back there all night long and not get a lift."

Then she started asking all the usual fool questions—about what grade was he in and what was his favorite subject and did he play football. That was the bad thing about catching a ride with a woman. She always had to talk and she never could drive an automobile. Creeping along at twenty-five or thirty and inching up to stop lights like they might explode in her face. He tolerated her, largely, until they were half a block from The Joint.

"I'll get out here," he said. "Much obliged." His thanks were perfunctory because he was through with her.

When she had driven away he walked rapidly toward The Joint. No use letting her know his destination; she might be one of those dopes who were always beefing about the place and trying to close it up. Yapping about how they sold beer to minors and the owner ought to be prosecuted. All that boloney. *(Continued on Page 188)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



D

Johnny and Frances, his mo
spent much of their long sun
together in Connecticut,
working out a personal religi
a simple philosophy for living
Later, when a brain tumor cl
the door on Johnny's future,
Frances wrote in her diary:
"Look Death in the face.
Death is a part of life, like bi
but not the final part."

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOSEPH BIRREN

ath be not Proud

Is it right to try to find happiness after a child has died? Parents who must face that question may find hope in this memoir to an only son, and perhaps understand that even a child can leave a legacy to the living.

By JOHN GUNTHER

THIS is not so much a memoir of Johnny in the conventional sense as the story of a long, invincible struggle between a child and Death. It is not about the happy early years, but about his illness. It is, in simple fact, the story of what happened to Johnny's brain. I write it because many children are afflicted by disease, though few have to endure what Johnny had, and perhaps they and their parents may derive some modicum of succor from the unflinching fortitude and detachment with which he rode through his ordeal to the end.

Johnny was conceived in California, carried across the bosom of the American continent and the Atlantic Ocean by his mother, and born in Paris, on November 4, 1929. We moved to Vienna when he was a few months old, and he went to kindergarten there and had splendid holidays in the Austrian Alps. We moved again to London when he was six, and he had a year and a half in England. Then we returned to the United States. Johnny went to the public school in Wilton, Connecticut, and to several other schools, including Lincoln in New York City, which he loved with all his heart, and finally to Deerfield Academy, in Deerfield, Massachusetts. He died on June 30, 1947, when he was seventeen, after an illness that lasted fourteen months. He would have entered Harvard in that autumn had he lived.

I must try to give you a picture of him. He was a tall boy, almost as tall as I when he died, and skinny, though he had been plump as a youngster and he was always worried about putting on weight. He was very blond, with hair the color of wheat out in the sun, large bright blue eyes, and the most beautiful hands I have ever seen. Most people thought he was very good looking. Perhaps as a father I am prejudiced!

When he was about thirteen he had a talk with a doctor who asked him to list the things he "wished" most. His answers were, first, happiness and, second, to do some good for the world. Then he added a third—an extra week's vacation!

The doctor asked what he would like most if a magician could change everything by the whisk of a wand. Johnny replied with sharp knowledge of his own defects: (1) To be a bit more talkative. (2) To be a better athlete. (3) To stop putting things off. (4) To be tidier.

Finally to the question "What three things bother you most?" Johnny made an omnibus answer: "School problems, studies, sports, and relations to other boys." He added, "Relations to parents" and then changed his mind: "I do not think this bothers me."

Johnny and Frances were indeed marvelously close, and he saw much more of us together than a child usually sees of divorced parents. He spent the winter and spring holidays with me in New York, and the summers with Frances in Connecticut. But I saw him frequently in the summer too and almost always for a week or so at the beginning and end of each summer, and Frances similarly saw him a great deal in New York in winter. We overlapped all the time. For years, though I traveled widely, I managed to arrange almost every job and itinerary to be with him during his holidays.

When he uttered that childhood wish—"to do some good for the world"—he was reflecting all the gifts that had been given him of goodness, gentleness, and warmth of spirit; he was one of those who thought earnestly that he owed the world a living, not vice versa. But he never got a chance, and the world is much the poorer for it. But it is time now to go on to what I want to tell.

JOHNNY came home for the Christmas holiday in 1945, and he looked fit and fine. He was lengthening out physically and otherwise, as children do all of a sudden. We saw a lot of each other, and just before getting on the train to return to school in January, he exclaimed, "Pop, that was the best ten days I ever had!" He didn't often confess personal emotions so freely, and I was pleased. Then in March, 1946, he came down again for the spring holiday. Frances and I took him to several Broadway shows. He went to lectures on atomic physics. Frances took him to the public dinner given by the City of New York to Winston Churchill—it was the first, and last, time he ever wore a dinner jacket borrowed from his uncle. He monkeyed with *(Continued on Page 87)*

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Sarah and the Seaplane

By CECILY TEAGUE CROWE



SARAH took as quiet a shower as it was possible to take, and dressed quickly in a red shirt and white shorts. Then she took off the shorts and the red shirt and put on a lilac-colored linen frock that no one would notice, because her mother had had it made for her by a dressmaker in Boston. She was thinking of a man named Henry as she would not dare to think of him when very soon she sat close beside him. Under her bedroom window she could hear the confident "Che-*wink!*" of the bird which approached the house only in this still, confident hour of dawn and never was heard again during the day, and on her dressing table the little clock pitter-pattered as though on tiptoe. She wished fervently to believe that Henry's soul was as beautiful as his face and golden limbs, that he had a soul at all, but she suspected in the traitorous reaches of her consciousness that he had not.

Remember, she told herself bitterly, *for heaven's sake remember the carburetor heater this morning*.

She paid brief and disdainful attention to her face and clean light hair, but these were prettier than she believed, for she was nineteen and did not acknowledge the delicacy of youth. She had large, soft eyes, which she avoided in the mirror because they took her by surprise and frightened her, gazing straight into her, the private being she wished no one, not even herself, to behold.

Then she went quickly down the back stairs, holding her sandals in her hand. She pushed through the pantry door to the kitchen, a vast, varnished, inconvenient room possessing, for some reason long ago invalidated, two stoves with towering hoods. Ineptly she made herself orange juice and tea; she was on a diet—not because she was anything but slender, but because it signified enhancement and above all a moral victory.

Irene came down from her quarters, white and rosy as only the dark-haired Irish can be after a devout night's sleep, and as ill-humored. "Hah," she said, finding Sarah in her kitchen.

"Good morning, Irene. I woke up so early, I made myself something. I ——"

"Hah." Irene's thick hands and arms moved automatically over pots and range switches. "You don't fool me."

Sarah stood cool and motionless as marble. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, I know where you're going, yes, and your mother will make short work of you; you can't keep a secret like that in a New England summer resort. Why didn't you take up water skiing, like Miss Gwen-Ellyn?"

"Gwen-Ellyn!" And Sarah forgot herself, and trembling, put a slice of bread in the old-fashioned electric toaster, and cried, "But, Irene, it's beautiful, it's the only beautiful thing I have to do, and ——" She stopped herself. She finished quietly, "And she is not my mother."

"Ah, the love of God, your adopted mother, your stepmother, your aunt, your mother's best friend; what difference does it make? She is Mrs. Gillis and you are Miss Gillis and always a nice, quiet girl."

The toast began to burn then, but Sarah did not touch it. At last she murmured, "Yes. That just about sums it up."

"Ah, be off with you. I won't tell. Now the lazy Bridget comes down. Begone!" And as Sarah scuttled away Irene muttered something about the greater peace of life on Beacon Street.

Quietly Sarah backed the old car out onto the gravel drive, screened by firs from the sprawling, gabled, green-and-dark-brown house. Her mother's windows were in another wing. The house had been built in 1896 by the late Mr. Gillis and had been called "The Camp"; now with the adjustment of economic levels it was called "the summer home," but it was no less ugly.

And then, driving along the back road to town, Sarah suddenly felt quite merry. The spaces between morning sun and wet grass shimmered like gauze; the sun slanted low, straight across the rooftops of farmhouses, and made extended tracts of shade that still smelled of night, ferny and cool. The old car shattered the morning stillness, and one or two farmers recognized her and waved, and she waved back, laughing, and they laughed, too, almost as if they shared her conspiracy.

But when she reached the outskirts of the little white village her breath shortened and the terrible sick pressure began to beat upward from her chest into the base of her throat. She continued on her way, taking a circuitous route around the shopping center to the old mill wharf, but she felt that what she was doing was impossible; she could see herself doing it, with the eyes of Mrs. Gillis, and for some unjustifiable reason this made it seem obscene.

Then she stopped the car on the rise behind the old mill, and she could see the innocent yellow wing of the seaplane bobbing lightheartedly over the bright morning water of the lake, and the renegade blood darted forth to her finger tips, flooding away guilt, and she grinned, welcoming again her startling upsurge of joy; and even the proximity of Henry did not inhibit her.

He was sitting on the piling of the wharf, waiting for her. He wore faded khaki trousers and a white T shirt, the short sleeves measuring his biceps, and his golden head drooped. She stood still and looked at him.

(Continued on Page 174)

Sarah was scared of life; but the time comes when it isn't possible to be afraid any more.

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]



"You're my girl," Hank said. He lifted her off her feet, and they laughed until their sides ached.



Point of no Return

By ***JOHN P. MARQUAND***

A woman wonders:
Will the town talk?

A man asks:
Will she be brave enough
to listen?

CHARLES GRAY had not thought for a long time about his home town of Clyde, Massachusetts. He had been absorbed by his life in New York, by his wife, Nancy, and their two children, and by desperate competition with a business rival for promotion to a bank vice-presidency.

When Charles is told to return to Clyde on a business trip, his first worry is that he is being put out of the picture while his rival, Roger Blakesley, maneuvers for the job—its money and prestige. But a further anxiety is that returning to Clyde will bring him face to face with his past and the first girl he ever loved.

Thinking about Clyde, Charles remembers its living plan where everyone had a place and the rich lived on one street, the not-so-rich on another. It was a town where patricians like Laurence Lovell and his daughter, Jessica, could do no wrong. But Charles' own family had not been on this level; although they were "solid" people, his father, John, was a spendthrift and neither Charles nor his sister, Dorothea, could escape the resulting censure.

Clyde's social pattern, Charles also remembers, had attracted Malcolm Bryant, an anthropologist, who visited the Lovells to study the town. It was when Jessica took him to the firemen's picnic that Charles met her again after a lapse of many years. In a show-off spirit for her, he had wrestled and beaten Hughie Willis, and, as a reward, Jessica had invited him for tea. Their meeting had not been in Clyde's living plan, but their growing relationship was not to escape it.

III

CHARLES knew there would be talk, because gossip always eddied through Clyde like smoke from the burning piles of autumn leaves, and it also usually assumed fantastic shapes. It was to be expected that everyone would know by Monday of his encounter with Hughie Willis, but instead of looking on it critically there seemed to be a general approval.

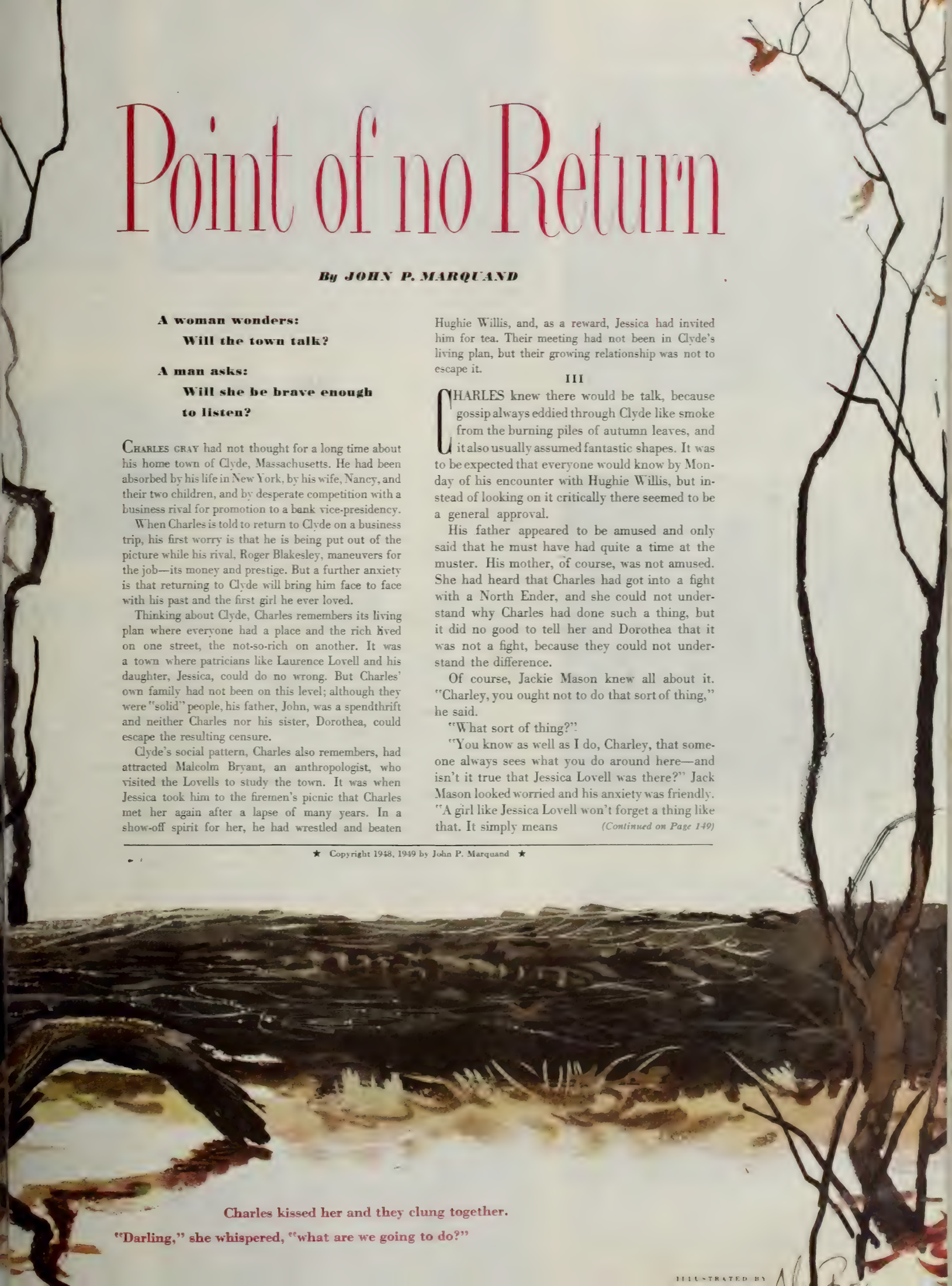
His father appeared to be amused and only said that he must have had quite a time at the muster. His mother, of course, was not amused. She had heard that Charles had got into a fight with a North Ender, and she could not understand why Charles had done such a thing, but it did no good to tell her and Dorothea that it was not a fight, because they could not understand the difference.

Of course, Jackie Mason knew all about it. "Charley, you ought not to do that sort of thing," he said.

"What sort of thing?"

"You know as well as I do, Charley, that someone always sees what you do around here—and isn't it true that Jessica Lovell was there?" Jack Mason looked worried and his anxiety was friendly. "A girl like Jessica Lovell won't forget a thing like that. It simply means *(Continued on Page 149)*

★ Copyright 1948, 1949 by John P. Marquand ★



Charles kissed her and they clung together.
"Darling," she whispered, "what are we going to do?"

ILLUSTRATED BY

PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER



GERMANY: The Stieglitzes have no car, but are sometimes able to hire a truck to haul their produce. Otherwise they walk, or take the bus for long trips. Here Frau Stieglitz shops with Richard in the town of Kastel, its streets largely destroyed by the recent war.



UNITED STATES: The Pratts live right on U.S. 30, and use their car a lot for trips to Glidden (1½ miles), Carroll (6 miles) and Des Moines (90 miles), which they visit perhaps twice a year. In all Iowa there is not a place more than 12 miles from a railroad.



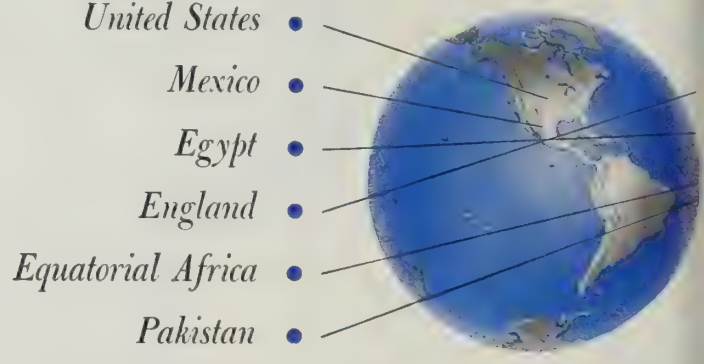
ITALY: Armando always drives the Guercinis' oxcart on trips to the spring for drinking water. The road to the village of Greve, one mile away, is steep, dusty and winding. From there a macadam highway goes to Florence, and there are three busses to the city each day.



MEXICO: On Sundays the Gonzalezes saddle their little burro with ropes and gunnysacks, and go off to market at Moravatio. Baby Maria is the only member of the family who will ride. Farmers in this locality have few automobiles, but there is a new government-sponsored tractor station.



JAPAN: On their way to th tion station, Mrs. Okamot little Naoo pass the home umbrella maker, who has s



THIS IS HOW THE

WORLD travelers, from Magellan to Willkie, have attempted to shrink the skin of the world, but it still seems big to one who walks. And surprisingly enough, the auto-and-air age finds many people still on their feet.

Señora Gonzalez thinks nothing of walking all the way to the market place at Moravatio, Mexico, with a baby on her back. In Japan little Naoo Okamoto already trudges with his mother half a mile across the rice paddies. Near the equator in Africa, where "going to town" means a trek of thirty miles along a dirt track, the women of Zamba Aluma's family walk erect with bundles on heads for mile upon weary mile. On the ancient roads of Egypt, Mustafa el Gamel walks beside his father's donkey, pending the time when he will head a Moslem family of his own and earn the right to ride. In Slovakia, Joseph Balogh wades ankle-deep in mud beside the family wagon. And in America there is a special form of foot travel known as hitchhiking.

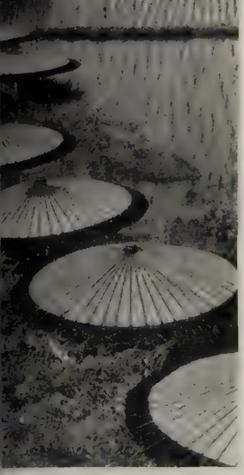
The motorized Western world is not without its problems. M. Redouin, of France, who owns a 1932 Citroen, has to crank at almost every halt. Tom Hiatt, of England, pays 38 cents for a gallon of gas (beg pardon—*petrol!*) and it is rigidly rationed at

ENGLAND: If Tom Hiatt has to stop his Austin along the way, it isn't long until Joan and Peter are out of the car. Here they play on a crossroads sign three miles from home. These signs were taken down during the war in the belief that German parachutists would be lost without them.



CHINA: A canal flows in fr the Ho house, and alm the family's goods are by boat. The children co





products in the sun to dry. Okamotos own three bicy- but possess no other ve- es. It is four miles to city.

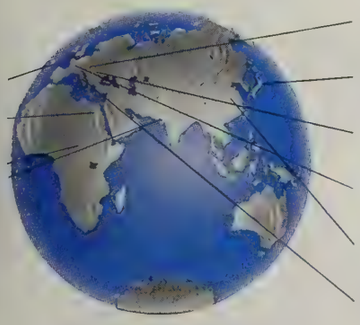


CZECHOSLOVAKIA: The dirt roads of the Carpathian foothills turn to dust in summer and to deep mud after a hard rain. Here Joseph Balogh and daughter Maria walk with the reluctant oxen as the going gets tough. The load of wood is destined for Mrs. Balogh's old-fashioned cookstove.

PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany).



EQUATORIAL AFRICA: Women do the work of transport in the Kaliko tribe, skillfully balancing their burdens on their heads. Aba, the oldest daughter of Zamba Aluma, is third from left. The family live 130 miles from a telephone, and go to town only twice a year.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

by JOHN GODFREY MORRIS

WORLD GETS AROUND

that. Don Pratt of Iowa is familiar with the perils of flat tires, dead batteries, crumpled fenders—and the eternal problem of a place to park.

Next to artificial horsepower comes the real thing. Herr Stieglitz in Germany owns a fine white-faced team, and is a member of the local horse-breeders' society. In Italy and in Pakistan oxen pull the load. In Japan the Okamotos pay two annual taxes on their prized Korean cow. Hag Zaki el Gamel has his donkeys, and Pablo Gonzalez has a busy—but unhappy—little burro.

Coming and going to market, to school, church and swimming hole, the distances are not great. Yet Mohamed Usman spends as much time in a trip to the nearest telephone as an airliner takes to go from New York to Cincinnati. There are few filling stations in the desert, few bus lines in the tropics, few landing strips on the steppes.

For railroads, it is still (largely) a one-track world. More important, national boundaries stand as road blocks on the highroad of good will, and international commerce in ideas is scant. Nevertheless, there is hope that under the large, loose cloak of the United Nations these, our families, may live as neighbors.



FRANCE: M. Redouin customarily cranks his car to "conserve the battery." Going to town in the 1932 Citroen is a big event for the children. France has excellent rural roads, and even the little road to the Redouins' village of Fossés is paved. Routes are numbered.

are treat to go along with father into the near-by of Kia-ting. Light burdens carried on bamboo poles.



PAKISTAN: The Usman family pile onto this primitive oxcart when going anywhere, but they seldom venture far from home. There are no real streets in their village of Patni—only narrow alleyways which lead to the compound shown below. The climate is so dry that no stables are needed.





EGYPT: With the dignity befitting the head of the family, Hag Zaki el Gamel rides while his eldest son walks. They are heading for the bazaar in the town of Khanka, which lies just off the main road to Cairo. Goods are carried in panniers on the backs of the donkeys.

The new . . . the nearly class

look so cos

when you MAKE YOUR OW



The knitted vest with the tweedy look, in two tones of brown yarn, with leather buttons; for suits or separate skirts. 2548.



Make a yoke design with braid fringe, on a cardigan.



Bright color collarless cardigan, shaped at waist. 2549.



Yoke and sleeves, lacy crochet, bodice stocking knit. 2550.



igh waistline, leeveless Paris fashion y Marcel Rochas. 2551.



Afternoon knitted dress, shirred neckline, gold-thread yoke, hem. 2552.



Round-neckline evening sweater, gold sequins, by Elsie Faulconer. 2553.



Cape-collared, sleeveless even sweater; with taffeta skirt. 25

ND-KNITS

o little

LHELA CUSHMAN
n Editor of the Journal



Small cloche—hat of the year, in straw yarn, Angora inset band. 2555.



Jacket sweater, grosgrain-bound, by Christine Hunter. 2556.



Make a necklace neckline on your cashmere cardigan, of pearls, sequins, metal thread. 2562. . . . A Mme. Isabel idea.



iece dress of two-tone yarn, ull cummerbund skirt. 2557.



Slim jerkin in two colors; by Beattie. 2558.

SKETCHES BY REYNALDO LUZA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMA



The yoke sweater for afternoon or evening; metallic lacy crochet with plain knitting, in beige and gold. 2563.



nort cardigan, blue-violet Angora, ub collar, cable-stitch detail. 2559.



Slim rib-stitch one-piece dress. 2560; crocheted ribbon roll-brim hat. 2561.

Instructions for sweaters and hats, 15c each number; dresses, 20c. Order from Journal Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Tweed suit for fall, winter and spring in the country—soft blue, pink and purple plaid, worn with white or pink blouses, gray felt hat, hand-sewn doeskin gloves.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTE

Enchanted hour, enchanting ages. Mrs. McCulloch loves the easy comfort and the prettiness of a soft blue matelassé crepe peignoir, wrapped and tied with a long silk cord.



Three generations: her daughter, Mrs. Bertr
Taylor III; the newest granddaughter, Cynthia; and Mrs.
Culloch. Mrs. Taylor in full-skirted tie silk, Mrs. McCull
in a silver-threaded blue wool jersey for winter afternoo



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER

. . . *life revolves around her*

blue-eyed, white-haired Mrs. David
McCulloch, who was Helen Fair, of
is a grandmother. Her young crowd
ds and engrosses her.
er and summer, she lives in the
hingle house in Port Washington,
land, which was built in 1719. Her
ghters are married, and one by one
settled on the family five acres—
lochville," as they call it.
ender-and-old-lace grandmother, Mrs.
ch is "mommie" to her children,
ildren and all their friends. She has
mor, young repartee.
eals with her clothes casually, distills
o the simple, the becoming, the useful.
s soft-colored countryish tweeds, wears
sweaters with her skirts as her daugh-
She has always loved pastels, knows
with white hair as well as with ash-
She has been mother of the bride
the same rose-pink crepe dress,



Summer Sunday on the lawn: Mrs. McCulloch with her daughters, Mrs. Bertrand Taylor III and Mrs. James Crane, Jr.; four grandchildren.

and she gravitates to pink blouses, blue or pink negligees. She likes the ageless kind of black or navy-blue crepe dress with an open neckline that takes a silk scarf and a pretty pin, and wears it summer or winter, at home or in town.

She shops only when she needs something, never as a diversion. Year after year, her fall and winter wardrobe consists of a tweed suit, sometimes alternating with a gray flannel, a soft wool or jersey dress which she prefers to more tailored ones, her basic black or navy crepe, something long and something short for dinners and evening parties at home, for the opera and the symphony in New York. When one of these is "gone," she replaces it with another, similar fashion.

She fits perfectly into a Size 18, and like most women of her years she likes long sleeves, covered necklines, knows that simple, timeless styles are most distinguished and most becoming. ★ By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



v-blue crepe, timeless, ageless—with her favorite "touch of pink" at the



Pink-topped slipper satin is an "at home" or a dining-out dress. The skirt is black with soft fullness. She wears a bracelet of pearls and pale pink quartz.



Jewel-colored vest to show off a handsome white crepe blouse. Vogue Design No. 6555, 10 to 20.

The Journal's LITTLE GEM of a wardrobe

You can start a spring wardrobe and make each addition as solid an investment as a diamond. A gray flannel suit is a priceless beginning. Your jewel-colored halters and vests that you will wear with it are inexpensive luxuries (and so easy to make). A perennial favorite and a "must" in every wardrobe is a simple black crepe basic dress. Not a necessity, but of certain pleasure, is a wool dress in a high shade. A neutral topper to go over any of these clothes completes the picture. Any one of these patterns would be an asset to your current wardrobe . . . especially the suit accessories that give ONE suit the illusion of many. ★ **BY NORA O'LEARY**



DRAWI
BY MARGARET

Slim gray flannel su
that buttons from neckline to hem. Sma
collar, patch pockets. Vogue Design No. 6676, 12 to 2

Loveliest of suit blouses: tie neck, Vogue Design No. 6687, 12 to 42. Halters, stole and dickey (not shown) in one pattern, No. 6673.



Gray tweed kimono-sleeve topper. Nicely detailed yoke, slightly flared back. Vogue Design No. 6672, 12 to 20.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Chartreuse wool jersey "sack" dress cut in only four basic pieces. Gathers adjusted under belt. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6657, 12 to 20.



© VOGUE



The backbone of American wardrobes . . . the basic black crepe dress. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6674, 12 to 20.

at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont. **Connecticut residents please add sales tax.*

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of these patterns are on page 190



Lili was part of the long ago:
why should her image
still come between him
and any other woman?

KINFOLK

by Pearl S. Buck

CONCLUSION

MRS. LIANG closed her eyes and sat back in her seat. At the last minute she had decided to take the plane instead of the steamer. Liang had come back one evening quite himself and had said very kindly that she might go. She was surprised and disturbed.

"Liang, I think I better not to go," she had exclaimed.

"Why not?" he had retorted. "I have myself all prepared."

"I have been thinking—who will look after you?"

"Nellie will feed me, and I will work hard and expect your return."

She had stared at him, but he had returned her gaze unblinkingly. He looked placid and well and she was further alarmed. "Then I must fly only," she said. "I fly there and fly back. Supposing I stay one month, I am satisfied."

So it was decided, and she made all preparations. She bought gifts for Mary of American stockings and underwear and a warm sweater, and a sweater, too, for James and her new son-in-law. Had she been on a ship she would have taken boxes, and Doctor Liang was secretly thankful that on a plane she could take very little.

Yet it was not only in the matter of clothes that she made preparation. She went to see Louise and had loud, exclamatory talk with Mrs. Wetherston in which she made known her joy at having another son-in-law.

"So nice!" she had said briskly. "One American, one Chinese son-in-law! I am sure American is better, but anyway I take what my girls like. Alec is so nice. Thank you, Mrs. Wellyston, to be such a good mother with a good son. He is too good for Louise. She is such selfish girl, I know."

"Louise is a darling," Mrs. Wetherston said.

"Thank you too much, but I know," Mrs. Liang said. "She puts down clothes anywhere. 'Louise,' I say, 'now you have baby. You cannot to put down everywhere. It is too bad. Pick it up,' I say. But she is so spoiled. Please excuse me."

"I won't hear a word against our little girl," Mrs. Wetherston said warmly. She loved Mrs. Liang and spent happy hours describing to her friends how interesting it all was since Alec had married a Chinese girl. "Of course, my dears, the family is exceptional," she always told them.

"Louise," Mrs. Liang said when the door had closed behind her, "now I want your listening."

Louise, changing the diapers of her adorable baby, did not look up. "Yes, ma."

"Now I am leaving your pa for nearly two months. Anyway six weeks," Mrs. Liang went on. "You must not just stay here and not see him. Every day or two days you must go to apartment."

"All right, ma," Louise said. She had no intention of such faithfulness, but she did not want to disturb her mother by truth. She lifted her baby tenderly in her arms, unbuttoned the front of her dress and presented her full young breast to the child's obedient mouth. Sitting in a low chair thus, she made a pleasant picture which moved Mrs. Liang's heart.

"Like I was with you," she murmured, her eyes swimming.

Louise smiled, unbelieving. "Go on, ma," she said.

Mrs. Liang hitched her chair nearer and began to speak in a low, rapid voice in Chinese. "Eh, Louise, I tell you, your pa is a man, naturally. All men are the same. They like women too much."

Louise looked away. "Oh, ma, when pa is so old!"

Mrs. Liang looked indignant. "He is not too old. To you, yes, but to any woman over thirty, no! And I tell you ——" She broke off and considered. Should she or should she not mention the name of Violet Sung? She could not control herself and she went on. "You know Violet Sung? She is always—well, I don't say! But when I am away, your pa will be very weak."

"Oh, ma."

"You don't need to keep saying so," Mrs. Liang said with irritation. "I will tell you later when you are not so young, and you will understand better. Now all I say is, sometimes see your pa and listen to some friends, and hear if there is any talk."

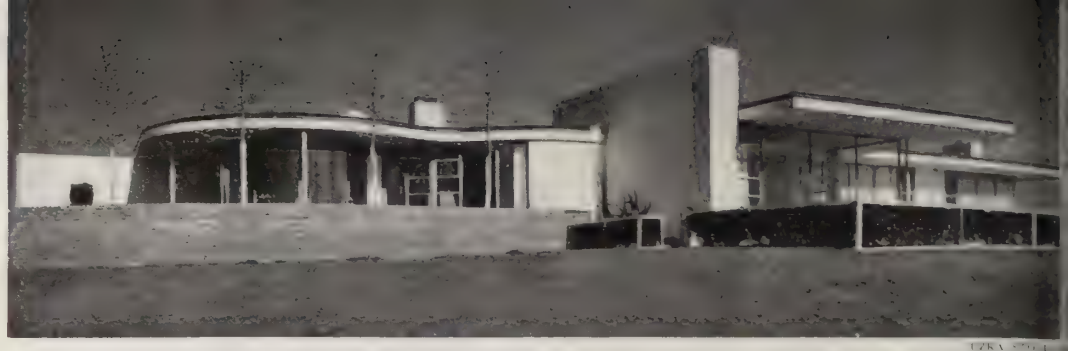
Louise laughed. "All right, ma. But you're funny."

Mrs. Liang laughed too. She remembered she had brought a pair of new rubber pants for the *(Continued on Page 64)*

★ Copyright, 1949, by Pearl S. Buck. The complete novel is shortly to be published by the John Day Company. ★



Glass curves around most of the circular dining room and is covered after dark by rough-weave oyster-white drapes, when the big birch table and painted French chairs are lighted indirectly from above.



Low-spreading and serene, the house from its hilltop looks out over lush Long Island landscap

Connoisseur's House

By RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

THE daylight, which fills these rooms as evenly as air, illuminates one of the most distinguished contemporary homes in America. It falls on furnishings of the past as well as the present, from as far away as China, as close as the next county, now harmoniously mingled within these modern walls under one wide, flat, modern roof. For the furniture, the art, the rugs and fabrics, brought together with great gusto by the owner, find in this house, by one of our most gifted architects, a setting congenial to all concerned, providing the simplest of backgrounds to bring out their beauty to the best advantage.



The guest bedroom makes it clear once and for all how hospitable a completely contemporary room space, with window walls and no trace of traditional trimming, can be to furnishings of any fashion whatever, granting their goodness. Here Victorian and Empire make themselves right at home: the beds of black lacquer and mother-of-pearl, the Récamier sofa, the hooked rugs and the Victorian wallpaper in a room impartial to styles and periods.

A. CONGER GOODYEAR, owner;
EDWARD D. STONE, architect.

Here again, in the master bedroom, an utterly modern setting opens its arms to pieces of many periods and places. The large hooked rug is Early American, like the bed with its trundle bed beneath; the smaller rugs, American Indian. The painted chest is Pennsylvania Dutch; the camel, Chinese. The tall-back chair is a beautiful example of Shaker craftsmanship. The draperies are hand-blocked linen, the tiles Mexican Indian.

Jade plants against a plastic screen lead down into the living room where a rug with abstract design by the Frenchman Lurcat lies on the teakwood floor in front of an old Venetian cabinet on which are two still older Chinese figures flanking a stunning Van Gogh. Above the mantel is a Gauguin; beyond, another Van Gogh. The chairs are Louis XV; the table behind the modern sofa is Italian, and against the window, holding the Chinese horse, a free-form table by the Japanese-American sculptor Noguchi.



INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ—JOHN JOYCE, INC.



Poets Kitchen

By GLADYS TABER

THIS kitchen is in an old white house at the top of a climbing green hill at the end of a steep and hazardous road. Actually it should be on Mount Parnassus, for here at this very sink, in this very kitchen, Edna St. Vincent Millay washes dishes and scours the pots and pans!

Now I expect to hear no more about housework's being "beneath" anyone, for if one of the greatest poets of our day, and any day, can find beauty in simple household tasks, this is the end of the old controversy.

When Miss Millay and her husband, Eugen Boissevain, first moved to the mountaintop in 1923, there were servants to help with the big house and the guests who came. In the old kitchen, the call bells still hung on the wall. There were the huge old range, the ancient sink; there were *(Continued on Page 183)*

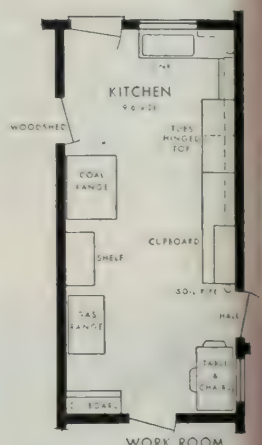
Polished as a sonnet . . . Light as a lyric . . .
Echoing the color of sky and sea she loves . . .
Must be the kitchen for EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON



AFTER

BEFORE



BEFORE

AFTER



Dark and narrow, the old kitchen was hopelessly inconvenient. Working at the small single sink was time-consuming—and how hard to think of the couplet to close a sonnet when there wasn't a place to put the clean dishes! Modern equipment replaced the outmoded when electricity was installed. A wide casement window brought the world outside into the kitchen for a poet who loves the sky. Cabinets, as easy to clean as a china plate, a refrigerator in the kitchen instead of the back entry since it doesn't require icing, add up to satisfaction in the kitchen. A freezer an arm's reach away is the modern food pantry.







AFTER

BEFORE

The chef's corner in the old kitchen. There was little space for needed dishes, and the cooking utensils were not at hand. Cooking in a corner was awkward, and serving was a backhanded affair at best. The automatic performance of the new range, with its push-button controls, the toaster and coffee maker, is still like a fairy tale to those long unaccustomed to such convenience. The new cabinets have almost fifty per cent more storage space. And there is far more counter space than the old shelves and tables gave. The colorful eating corner makes breakfast a gay affair and provides a place for late supper when there is Conversation at Midnight.

WE CAN MAKE CHILDBIRTH SAFER

By

J. D. RATCLIFF

THIS year, upwards of 5000 women will die the most tragic of all deaths. They will die in the delivery room while creating a new life.

A major portion of this wastage of human life is unnecessary. Given the best medical care, a heavy majority of these women might be saved. Right now, dozens of alert medical societies are conducting valiant fights to see that they *are* saved. In communities where this unpublicized effort is under way, the word "death" on the bottom of the case history doesn't complete the biography of the victim. That fateful word is a summons to action.

In these communities, juries of critical physicians are examining *every* maternal death. They are asking pointed questions. Why didn't this woman get transfusions? Why was a fatal Caesarean operation performed when the patient might have delivered normally? And in each instance the most important of all questions is asked: *Could this death have been avoided?* The physician involved is invited to be present, face his critics and defend his actions.

Case histories fight future mistakes

This is the first magazine story on these meetings, which are conducted quietly and without a breath of publicity. At the outset, note one thing: these hearings aren't star-chamber inquisitions meant to shame a particular physician. They are meant to point out errors of judgment that cost a life—so that these same errors won't be made a second time.

In years of medical reporting, I have witnessed many stirring events. I have seen lives snatched back by new drugs, moments when the cold nerve of a master surgeon held a human life in the balance, the action of brilliant new vaccines as they triumphed over ancient plagues. None of these can match the drama to be found at a meeting of a maternal-mortality review board.

At these meetings, stories of individual tragedy are translated into the aloof language of science. Yet the vivid reality of death is always present—as gifted physicians search for reasons why some unknown woman forfeited her life for the privilege of having a baby. Death becomes the personal enemy of each man present; an enemy to be fought relentlessly and stamped out, if possible. If there is bungling in a case, tempers may flare. If everything has been done that could be done, there will be expressed impatience with the present state of medical knowledge.

Within ten years, America has risen from one of the worst to one of the safest places in the world to have a baby. But three fourths of all maternal deaths may still be preventable.

To be more specific, let's see one of these meetings. The session we are about to witness might have taken place in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati, or any one of a dozen other cities. It happens to have taken place at the New York Academy of Medicine, where the county medical society's Committee on Maternal Welfare examines every maternal death in Manhattan.

Seventy-four physicians are present in the auditorium. No compulsion has brought them. They are there to learn, and to help improve the quality of care that women will get in the future. At this particular meeting, there are six deaths to be reviewed.

The chairman, one of the outstanding obstetricians in the country, has assigned a top-flight physician to each case—to gather all facts from hospital records, from the doctor involved, from the autopsy report. The physician assigned to the first case rises. He begins:

"This is one of the most unusual cases I have ever encountered. The patient was 29 years old. In 1946 she gave birth to a live child. In every respect the present pregnancy was normal up to the last six weeks. At that time, the patient started to gain weight rapidly, putting on 30 pounds. Her total weight at time of delivery was 221 pounds.

"She was admitted to the hospital on September fifteenth. Because of a toxemia of pregnancy, it was felt that she could not stand a long labor. Accordingly, a Caesarean section was planned for the next day, to be performed under spinal anesthesia.

"When an eight-inch longitudinal incision was made, a watery fluid oozed from the fat of the abdomen. An eight-pound live baby was delivered. When surgery was completed at 10:15 A.M., the patient appeared to be in good condition. At 12 noon, her pulse started to rise rapidly and plasma was administered. By 1:15 P.M., her pulse was at 160 and there was marked blueness of the skin. The patient was given oxygen and a transfusion of whole blood.

"At 3:30 P.M., the surgical wound started to ooze a blood-tinged fluid. It was decided that something had let go inside, and that a second operation was necessary. This was performed at 4:30 P.M. The abdomen contained 1000 cubic centimeters of blood which had hemorrhaged from the incision in the womb. The bleeding was partially controlled with sutures.

"Transfusion of whole blood was started into both arms. Despite this, pulse continued to climb, and blood pressure to fall. By 8 P.M. blood pressure was at 90 systolic, and pulse at 180. At 9 o'clock the patient died. Autopsy revealed a large quantity of blood in the abdomen, and acute kidney failure."

The physician who has given this report sits down and the chairman asks for comments.

Review boards uncover the facts

A sharp-featured young doctor rises. "It is obvious that this patient was toxic all along," he says in a clipped, clear voice. "Among other things, the enormous increase in weight indicates that. The physician should have recognized this early in the case. He should have attempted to control this toxic condition—by diet, rest, kidney stimulants. If these measures failed, he should have taken the baby."

Another doctor asks for the floor. "The blood picture here," he says, "indicates that the patient had a low platelet count. Her blood would not clot properly for this reason and hemorrhage resulted. This should have been discovered and combated before surgery began—by means of massive transfusion. She should have been given blood until the platelet count was at or near normal levels. Then the second operation which resulted in death might not have been necessary."

There are other comments on the case in similar vein. Most of them indicate that not all was done in this case that might have been done. When everyone who cares to speak has spoken, the chairman asks for the second case. The room is completely quiet. Everyone present wishes to catch every detail of this second story of death. Again, it is a case where a life might have been saved.

It involved a 27-year-old woman who came to the hospital in the eighth month of pregnancy. She was hiccuping continuously, and vomiting. In her gravely weakened condition, it *(Continued on Page 117)*

If you ask me

By Eleanor Roosevelt

My son enlisted in the Army because he did not care to serve for more than a year. At the time, he was told that when his year was up he had a choice of the active or inactive service. Inactive, he was told, meant he would be subject to call in case of war, that he would not have to do any training for six years; but the active meant actual training. He chose the inactive. Now, I understand, that information was incorrect, that he must train fifteen days once a year, two hours a week for six years after the completion of the first year, regardless of being active or inactive. Is this true?

As I understand it, under the present program to enlist in the Army for one year, the applicant would have to be eighteen years of age; no one else can do this. The program was inaugurated in September of this year, so I imagine your son has at least one year to serve. Automatically at the end of one year he will be on inactive service. He does not have any choice, and in that status he serves for five years. Inactive status means that you have to train one night a week for six years. Active status means that you have to train one month a year for five years. This is the best information that I can get from the Army and I hope that it covers your son's case.

As mayor of our small city, my husband has been approached by the National Committee for American Education to head an investigation into the textbooks, teaching staff, and so on, of our local school system to discover, if any, and eradicate any subversive communist and socialist propaganda. What is your opinion of the National Committee for American Education?

I am afraid I am not familiar enough with the Committee for American Education to give you a very valuable opinion. If I had been in the United States when this had to be written, I might have been able to look into it more carefully. I can only give you the results of what I have heard casually. As I understand it, this committee was set up about six months ago to screen textbooks and to look into teaching staffs to prevent the teaching of subversive doctrines. My feeling about most of the screening processes that are undertaken is that they are a type of censorship and should be undertaken only when very essential and that the people charged with such a duty should be carefully chosen. I have an instinctive feeling that censorship is bad, particularly when it comes to censoring teachers. I think it may discourage any kind of liberal thought more often than it actually uncovers any communists. The communist is well enough trained to hide his opinions usually and to do his job in very indirect ways, but the liberal is apt to be forthright and inquiring and not always wary enough in hiding his intellectual explorations from those who label all inquiry as subversive.

Why should we screen out of our schools knowledge of either socialism or communism? Socialism is increasingly accepted in a number of governments in Europe and Asia, and though we have accepted only some socialist ideas, it would be very unwise if we did not learn about them and weigh our own system and its results against these other systems. It is only by greater knowledge and conviction and enthusiasm that democracy can be made to meet the needs of the people. Our economic system has to be modified from time to time to meet new needs, and certainly our children should be trained to understand and to analyze and to compare all that we do with other systems and other results throughout the world. Academic freedom is something we cannot afford to endanger. There is a difference between studying something to know and understand and refute that which is false, and inculcating a particular line for the purpose of making a convert. That is really where the line should be drawn, and no one should be prevented from spreading knowledge among young or old on any legitimate subject. Calling anyone with a liberal or inquiring mind a communist or subversive person is a dangerous habit which has shown a tendency to increase in the United States of late.

Please tell me where all the social clubs everyone speaks of are located. I am in my late 20's, dress well and am attractive, yet so lonely I don't think I can stand it much longer. Any suggestions you can give me will be gratefully received.

I do not know that giving you the address of clubs about town would do you any good, but if I were you I would join the Y.W.C.A., where you would find yourself drawn into groups of people your own age; or you could join with some of the groups working in your church, which would also put you in touch with social groups. I should think if you are working anywhere you should make friends among the people with whom you work and create some social life for yourself in that way.

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I wonder if it's significant. Termites have got into my hope chest."

In view of how it has turned out, would it not have been much better to let Germany and Russia fight out their own battles without interference from us?

Unfortunately you seem to have forgotten that the battle in World War II was not between Germany and Russia alone. It was begun by Germany against Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Netherlands, France, Belgium and Great Britain. When Germany attacked Russia many people felt that was her greatest mistake, because in so doing she had to divide her forces and it took considerable pressure from the other Allies. Once Russia was attacked and became no longer an ally of Germany but ally of the other nations that had been attacked by Germany, it was not up to us to decide whether she would fight it out alone. She was fighting our battle; we were still fighting in many places against the German armies and we were more than grateful for the valiant fight put up by the Soviet soldiers when their country was invaded.

Aside from that, however, Germany was a totalitarian state and Nazism would have meant destruction to the soul of all the other nations. We hope that communism, which was founded to free the people from Czarism but which, because the people were not ready for self-government, has unfortunately become, to a great degree, a totalitarian government, will someday move toward greater democracy. If we have firmness and patience and can prove that democracy gives greater freedom to all people, a better standard of living and a higher level of happiness, then the Soviets may be persuaded by peaceful means to draw closer to our way of life.

Do you not think that loving and trusting President Roosevelt, we, the constituents back home, influenced Congress to grant extraordinary powers to the President under his administration, and which are beyond the intended limitations of that office wisely outlined in the Constitution of the United States?

No, I do not think it was affection for President Roosevelt which made you influence Congress to grant extraordinary powers to the President. Those were granted him because the domestic conditions when he came into office were so chaotic he had to have such powers in order to carry out programs which would change the trend which was bringing complete despair to most of the citizens of the United States. Later, when the war was upon us, conditions again were such that the President had to have extraordinary powers. You would have had to grant these powers in both cases to anyone who was forced to pull the United States out of the difficulties in which she was engulfed during the depression and to steer her through the worst war in her history. The Constitution was written so as to permit of interpretations to meet whatever might come in the future. One cannot write such a rigid Constitution that when new circumstances arise it cannot be applied. The value of our Constitution lies in its extreme flexibility, and Congress is free, when it feels certain powers are not needed, to withdraw them.

What happened to some of our boys in the Army? The other night a friend of ours was asking, "Is it right to take advantage of others to get ahead?" He feels that that is the only way. Have you found many of our boys who feel as this friend of ours?

No, I cannot say that the men I know who have come back from the war feel that they must take advantage of others in order to get ahead. Many feel that they have to work hard to achieve success, but they have learned consideration for others and the value of giving a helping hand, and of building friendships. I think your young man must be a particularly unfortunate one.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.


MENU
(Planned for 6)
Split-Pea Soup with Croutons
Salt Pork Cream Gravy
Baked Potatoes
Scalloped Tomatoes
Corn Bread
Pepper Relish Pickled Pears
Celery
Fried Pies Cheese
Coffee



Fine Food Country Style

By ANN BATCHELDER

I feel sorry for folks who haven't some old favorite dishes to remember, retaste—even in imagination—and who are too proud to look back "o'er traveled roads" to that well-known and beloved room called kitchen. I mean an ample room with a great oak or deal table in the center, a more than adequate stove, and a marathon that nobody minded from stove to table to pantry *et al.* Kitchens were the best rooms anywhere. Kitchens were the tops.

The road back. Let's begin with that fine old stand-by—pea soup. Pea soup—if you are going to start from scratch and make it at home—ought to be planned so the soup-making day will fall when there's a ham bone in the house. Otherwise you might possibly borrow a ham bone. But if you are the original owner of a ham bone, you have a license *(Continued on Page 84)*

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER



LINE A DAY

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 Old books, like old friends, are of the best. I remember once someone gave me The Compleat Angler, by Izaak Walton. And Izaak and I have gone fishing year after year ever since. He gossips. I fish.

2 The French are the leaders in the art of cooking. They come up with, of all things, tender little beets cooked in cream. Can you beat it? Cook and slice the beets thin. Oh, about two dozen. Put them in a buttered casserole. Pour in a cup of cream, add salt and pepper and heat very hot. Add the juice of a lemon. And you wouldn't believe it, but this is delicious.

3 Pretty unusual, if unusual is what you want, is a sauce for baked chicken. Made with the juices in the pan, to which you add a can or two of chicken broth. Thicken this and cook with a bay leaf, then strain it. Season with salt and pepper, add half a cup of heavy cream and a cup of grated Parmesan cheese. When beaten very smooth, pour hot over chickens. Garnish with pulled sippets of bread, toasted.

4 I hold to melted butter as the perfect dressing for asparagus. Asparagus canned or frozen is as easily come by in winter as snowballs. Or more so. But butter browned in a frying pan, poured over the asparagus and finished with grated Swiss cheese, is something to keep in mind. Gives a new taste to an old stand-by.

5 This is a two-chapter receipt, and deserves it. Only a salad dressing, but something different has been added. First—cook a couple of fresh chicken livers. A piece of celery, an onion and a small bay leaf are cooked with the livers, then cast aside. Mash the livers and put them through a sieve.

6 *Chapter 2:* Put the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs through the sieve and mix with the livers. Put this in a bowl with a teaspoon of prepared mustard, a little salt and pepper. Now add two tablespoons of finest salad oil, stirring it in gradually and *always* in the same direction. Add a tablespoon of best vinegar. Mix well. This is exclusive to a green salad. And elegant.

7 Not to be lightly regarded is a center slice of finest ham fried in its own fat (watched and turned), then taken from the pan and two cups of rich milk poured in. Thicken slightly with a roux of butter and flour. Stir and stir until smooth. Season and add a touch of prepared mustard. Pour this over the ham or pass it, and serve with baked potatoes.

8 New England is solely responsible for the boiled dinner. And it's also to be credited with red-flannel hash. That comes naturally. It follows the boiled dinner as milk follows milking time. Take equal quantities of cooked beets, potatoes and cabbage. Add less cooked turnip and still less cooked parsnip and chop everything together very fine. Season and bind with some of the pot liquor. Cook in salt-pork fat. Serve with cold sliced corned beef. You just wait and see.

9 *From an old cookbook:* "There are nine and *only nine* steps to be followed in making dumplings. Even when these are faithfully followed, success is far from assured, and even when successful the result is an indigestible and undesirable mess." But the dumpling still survives.

10 You can't cart scrambled eggs all over the house and get anything resembling a scramble. Have them just set, have them hot, serve them pronto. Those are the *three* steps instead of the dumpling's nine.

11 Deviled ham spiced with mustard and chopped pickles is a little different filling for stuffed eggs, mashing up the hard-boiled yolks and mixing with the ham, of course.

12 If you've never heard of it—or if you make it every Sunday—apple potpie is a New England dish held in high repute by those in the know. Use firm, tart winter apples, Spies preferred, season as for apple pie, bake in a deep dish, but use baking-powder-biscuit dough for the crust.

13 No matter if one is addicted to what are known as "dainty dinners," black-bean soup is as welcome as the first February thaw, and quite a lot more satisfying. Decorate with either sliced hard-boiled egg and/or a rather thickish slice of lemon. Brown-bread sandwiches are mighty fine with this. Or toasted bread fingers—well buttered.

14 *Answer to query:* No, Pauline, a ginger nut is *not* the nut from a ginger tree. It's a cooky. Only a drop cooky that never dropped from *any* tree. Don't let them fool you.

15 It is possible that you haven't tried peas and mushrooms done together. Very good. Use the smallest mushrooms whole or the others sliced. Cook them in a little butter, add them to the peas, season and put in two or three tablespoons of cream. Another way, and popular.

16 Ever come across a pompano? If so, grab it. No fish out of water can beat it. One way: Split a good-sized pompano. Take out the bones. Lay it in a deep pan, well greased. Now make a stuffing—and I can see this receipt needs a second canto.

17 *So here goes:* Mix together two cups of finely minced shrimps, two beaten eggs, half a cup of minced mushrooms, sautéed, add a cup of heavy cream. Mix to almost a paste. Season well. Spread this on one half of the fish, settle the other half over it, pour over half a cup of cream and bake in a moderate oven, 350°F., for about forty-five minutes. Garnish with sliced, marinated cucumbers and lemon slices.

♥ ♥ ♥

WINTER BIRD

Sing to me of days of long ago,
Winter bird.
Has the drifting, drifting snow
Stilled the song I heard
At the fall of the year?
Sing it again and cheer my lonely day,
Then, weary of song, be on your way.

18 I should think—but haven't done it, yet—that the pompano stuffing would be wonderful with other whole fish to be baked. Don't you think?

19 Rice is one grain that is delicious for breakfast, delicate as a vegetable and de luxe in desserts. For the last named, serve it with fruit compote. This is a repeater, both for me and for the rice.

20 A word here and there about receipts hurts nobody. If there weren't any receipts there'd be no cookbooks. If there weren't any cookbooks, you would cook by ear, like the pounder of the ivories in an old-time crossroad picture house. Read, learn—and improve on what you learn. *You're* the artist.

21 Bees probably never dreamed of waffles. But for waffles, mix some strained honey with sweet butter, heat, and use it hot on hot waffles. Next to maple sirup it's tops.

22 Rival to a perfect baked potato is the mashed, for my money. Boil the pared potatoes, drain and cover the kettle with a towel, a cover and set them aside to dry out. Mash them, then put in a mixer or big bowl. Season with salt and pepper, butter and hot scalded cream or rich milk. Lacking a mixer, resort to the old elbow. Beat, but *beat*. That's all. Remember? A lump in mashed potatoes is as unwelcome as a vest button in the contribution plate.

23 To add to the hors d'oeuvres platter, how about little finger-size fish cakes, brown and crisp and hot, creamy inside? Grilled sardines on sardine-size toast. Chicken livers, dipped in Italian batter and fried. Cheese, bacon and peanut butter in tiny sandwiches, also fried. Any or all appeal to you?

24 Of fruit cups there is no end. One that you may not have dreamed up might come in handy. Minted cherries with orange and grapefruit, along with peeled white grapes, all in orange juice, is a honey, especially if you sweeten it a little with honey. More some other day.

25 Is this something I've said before? It bears repeating, anyway. Scalloped oysters ought to be not *more* than three layers deep. Use cream of mushroom soup as a moistener, sometime. Season with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg or mace. Go slow. Easy does it.

26 A tomato surprise isn't always so surprising as one fondly imagines. One you might *really* surprise folks with is a lovely little tomato stuffed with smoked crab meat in mayonnaise. Serve in a lettuce cup.

27 The Italian version of apple pie will concern us now. Don't fall over. Sweeten the apples with simple sirup, flavored with orange marmalade; and when you boil the sirup down, add vanilla to taste. Now *this* pie has a crisscross crust and it's served chilled, with cream.

28 So we part. Once more, but not for long. February is a short month, and that's a break. Along toward the end I'll look for willows by the brook and begin to talk about dogtooth violets and jack-in-the-pulpit. Pending that event, good luck.

DRAWING BY A. WILLIAMS



I'm Yankee bold, and Yankee brave,
A Yankee Doodle dandy;
Take my advice—for soup that's nice
Keep Chicken Noodle handy!

Let this soup that helped make history

...HELP YOU GET SUPPER TONIGHT!

And a mighty good supper indeed—with a bow to your budget, as well! For there's both good eating and good value in this soup. You see, Chicken Noodle Soup was a favorite of old Colonial days, and Campbell's make it today in the same honored tradition: plump chickens simmered slowly till the broth comes rich and golden . . . then good egg noodles added, and plenty of tender pieces of chicken. It's a hearty, he-man soup—the kind of main dish to please both purse and appetites. Let it serve you often!

Campbell's
CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Living a Good Life with a Bad Heart



1. To look at him, you would never guess that there is anything wrong with this man's heart. He is just a bit over 50 years old, active, happy, and getting a lot of enjoyment out of life—yet he has heart disease.

Like everyone else his age, his heart had beaten about *one and three quarter billion times*. Of course it was not as strong or as adaptable to sudden demands as it had been in youth, but he had no warning signs of heart trouble.

As a result of periodic medical examinations, his doctor was able to detect his impaired heart *early*, when chances for improvement are best. Today, by following his physician's advice, this man can lead a useful life of nearly normal activity.



2. He enjoys many mild forms of exercise, but carefully avoids any *overexertion* which might further strain his weakened heart.



3. By eating moderately, he lightens the work of his heart during digestion. This helps to avoid overweight, which is always a burden for the heart.



4. He is able to carry on his daily work, but allows plenty of time for sleep and rest. His heart then will have a chance to rest, too.



5. He maintains a calm and cheerful outlook, for his doctor explained that fear, worry, or nervousness might make his condition more serious.

MEDICAL SCIENCE has made many advances in treating heart ailments and more research than ever is being done on these diseases. The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life insurance companies, is devoting all its resources to studies of this problem. For other helpful information about heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 29-J, entitled, "Your Heart."

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 29-J, "Your Heart."

Name_____

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City_____ State_____

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

KINFOLK

(Continued from Page 53)

baby and fumbled for them in her bag. Now that secrets were over she returned to English.

"Of course don't tell Alec. Your pa is not his family. Maybe I am suspicious, but I know your pa too much. Now such pants like you haven't for the child. They button, you see, and then when you wash, buttons out, and so ——" Mrs. Liang demonstrated. "Good, isn't it not?" She laughed heartily. "Well, now I go back to ancestral village, and I must get used to small watercloths holding to babies' bottoms and open pants to make the water on the ground. Never mind—in China it is not bad. Here, of course, it cannot. Carpets on the floor and so on."

Louise laughed again. "Oh, ma, you're really a scream, if you only knew it."

"Screaming? I am not screaming, Louise."

"Oh, ma," Louise repeated, laughing helplessly.

Mrs. Liang looked about her anxiously. She had combed her hair, but she had not tried to change her clothes. She was glad, therefore, when she saw James and Mary and not her prospective son-in-law. They saw her at the same moment and at once they were a knot of three, their arms about one another.

"Oh, ma, thank you for coming," Mary cried.

James took her bags and bundles and led the way to the cart which he had hired in the city. He helped his mother to get in. "Ma, it has no springs," he reminded her.

"Eh, you need not tell me anything from now on." This was the air of home and she breathed it in deeply. "Such good smell!" she cried. "I am smelling hot sweet potatoes."

When a man tells you what people are saying about you, tell him what people are saying about him; that will immediately take his mind off your troubles.

—E. W. HOWE.

So it was. A vender had come near with his small stove and he was taking out roasted sweet potatoes and laying them on the tray he carried on the other end of his pole. Mrs. Liang fumbled for her purse.

"Let me, ma," James said hastily, and putting paper bills on the tray, he counted four potatoes.

Mrs. Liang shrieked. "James, you have made a mistake—so much money!"

"No, he hasn't, ma," Mary said. "Money is worth nothing now, unless it is from America."

AT this Mrs. Liang looked mysteriously cheerful. She fumbled inside her garments somewhere and brought out a small oilcloth package. Then she looked up and met the interested eyes of the mule carter and the vender and she pursed her lips.

"We better get going," she said. "I keep something to show you." She made clicking noises to the carter and James jumped in after Mary and they were off. Mrs. Liang sat between them and she put a hand on the arm of each. "What I have in this pack is something your pa also doesn't know. Your pa is good but too liking to keep his money for himself. So I take small squeeze for *myself*!" She laughed gaily.

"Oh, ma!" Mary said fondly. "I am so glad Chen is going to see you." She gave her mother's hand a squeeze, and then chanced to look at it. "Why, ma, how dirty you are!"

Mrs. Liang was not embarrassed. "Never mind—it is not here like America," she said comfortably. "Now tell me, Mary, how is this Chen looking and all that?"

"James, you tell," Mary said with sudden shyness.

"Well, mother," James said, "he is a little taller than I am, much bigger in the bones, a square head, a big nose ——"

"Not too big!" Mary put in.

"Always making jokes, doesn't like the city, doesn't like to dress up, doesn't like scholars ——"

"Sounds so nice," Mrs. Liang said. "Who is go-between?"

"I was, ma," James said.

"And Uncle Tao?" Mrs. Liang as shrewdly.

"Uncle Tao is willing."

"When is wedding?"

Mary looked shy again. "It depends you, ma, and when you have to go back pa."

"Six weeks only," Mrs. Liang said.

"Oh, ma!" Their voices rose in cho "We thought it would be six months least," Mary cried.

MRS. LIANG looked grave. "Your pa is valuable," she said. "I cannot just leave him loose. Violet Sung is always some hungry tiger outside door of ap ment."

"Oh, ma," Mary murmured while Ja kept silence.

"Just like Louise," Mrs. Liang retort "'Oh, ma,' she says, 'oh, ma, you are scre ing.' But I tell you I am older. Just n Mary, you are engaging and you think are too perfect."

"Only Chen," James said, smiling.

"Maybe just now Chen is too perfe Mrs. Liang conceded. "But here is C and men have no such good chance America where ladies are lying everyw with open bust and leg. You mustn't t I am blaming your pa too much. No! I bl elsewhere—Violet Sung and whole Ameri

"Tell us about Lou James said, seeing mother growing agita

To tell all about Lo occupied many miles, by the time they un stood the happy state their younger sister, it time to stop for the af noon meal. Mrs. Liang her appetite have its and she consumed sev bowls of noodles, steamed vegetable du lings, steamed meat roll, bean curd chopped raw onion, and salt fish.

"Many years my stomach is home also," she said. "Now I feel too good."

She slept for a while when they got in cart again, and it was twilight when t drew near to the inn where they were spend the night. There when they wer their rooms, ready for bed, Mrs. Liang layed James.

"I had told myself I would not ask ab your younger brother," she said, sigh "but I find him always in my thoughts. me all you know, and then I will think of in the night and be ready to put my so aside tomorrow."

"Ma, you should sleep," Mary exclai

But Mrs. Liang shook her head. "I k my old heart."

So James sat down on the edge of the board bed and he told his mother everyt he knew. It was all too little, and becau was so little she wept quietly.

"At least we know where he is buri she said at last. "When the times are g again, we will move him into the place w our ancestors are buried and where he longs, because living or dead he is st Liang." She bade James leave her then when he was gone she told Mary, "If hear me weeping in the night, let me we

Uncle Tao had not gone to bed. He bade his sons help him put on his best clo and then, feeling that none of his chil could be of use to him in meeting a lady had lived years in a foreign country, he sent for Chen.

"I do not know how the honest L family got into all these foreign ways," U Tao grumbled. "Until my generation we not think of leaving our ancestral home wandering around. My brother went to city, but no farther. But this bookworm ang must run over there, taking his wife two small children, who have grown u bad as foreigners, and then his wife g

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 64)

h to two more who are foreigners. I re-
nber her. She was a big mouth."
hen said, "I am grateful for everything,
e it will give me a good wife."
Old-fashioned wives are best," Uncle
grumbled. "When I frowned my wife
nbled. I did not praise her more than
or three times a year, for women and
dren cannot be praised. It makes them
udent. But this granddaughter of my
her whom you want to wed! Eh, I tell
begin strong. That is my advice to any
. Do not ask them anything. Neither
them anything that is in your mind."
hus they were conversing of many things
he universe when a hubbub at the gate
them that the expected ones had arrived.
n got up quickly and left the room. He
ld not be the first to greet the new-
ers.
ncle Tao did not stand up when they
e in. He sat like an old emperor in his
carved chair by the table, his long pipe
he hand.
Eh—eh," he mumbled, "so you have
e back. Where is your husband?
He could not come, Uncle Tao. He
hes school, you know, and they would
let him come."
What do they pay
?" Uncle Tao in-
ed.
e evaded this
tion. "He sent
bedience to you,
e Tao, and he
me say that if
e is anything you
d like from the
gn country he
send it."
have no foreign
es," Uncle Tao
ed with majesty.
ve you eaten?"
the daughters-
aw clustered
t. "Come and
come and eat,"
clamored and
Liang went with

ary had not followed her mother. In-
she had gone to her room, pausing for
ment beside Chen, who waited for her
e inner gate. "You must go and see ma."
Now that she is come, I am frightened."
illy," she said softly. "She likes you
dy."
hen you have said too much about me."
ary gave him a little push. "Go on."
ll by myself?"
ll by yourself," she decreed.
shrugged his shoulders then and went
d Mrs. Liang. She was surrounded
latives, men and women, who sat down
e her company while she ate. James was
her and rose when he saw Chen. "Ah,
he is," he called. "Ma, this is Chen."

. LIANG looked at Chen. The first look
loubtful, then her eyes grew warm. "So
s you," she said kindly. Then she put
nds and took his hand between them
the relatives stared. It was a good and
clasp and Chen liked her then and
. "Eh, eh," she said in Chinese. "You
sit down and eat your food while it is

perly and modestly he sat down at
distance away and she sat down and
latives began their chatter. In the midst
e hubbub she stole glances at him sit-
here and half the time their eyes met,
increased content.

nes saw his mother take her place in
Liang household as though she had
been away. She was correct in all her
lationships, and never once did her tongue
nto the wrong title for sisters-in-law,
and younger, and for their husbands
heir children. What had been sharp in
fe in her own home, James saw, was
She had become mellow and mild.
t Mrs. Liang did not sink back into old
. She approved Mary's little school and
she went about the village urging mothers to send their children to learn. In America, she told them, all people are compelled to go to school.

The villagers were aghast to hear of such tyranny. "Who, then, does the work?" they inquired. When she told them that learning to read did not spoil workingmen by turning them into scholars, they could not believe her.

BUT she herself washed her own garments and helped in the kitchens and in all ways surprised the Liang women, who expected her to act as a learned woman and think herself too good to work. The fame of this went out over the Liang lands, and women began to come to see Mrs. Liang and then to tell her of their troubles and how Uncle Tao oppressed them. But Mrs. Liang was shrewd.

"Right is not always with the poor," she answered James when he told her one day how much it troubled him that Uncle Tao had no thought for the people. "First you must ask why people are poor. Is it because they will not work or because they are thieves or because misfortune has taken them? Only then can you know how they must be helped."

"Uncle Tao is too hard," he said.

"He is hard," she agreed, "but do not you be soft."

To Mary she said, "Your brother James needs a good sound wife."

"He does," Mary agreed, "but where shall he find her? James does not look at any woman since Lili married Charlie Ting."

"He is stupid," Mrs. Liang exclaimed.

Meanwhile the wedding day drew near. For the sake of decency before the relatives, Chen and Mary kept apart, and did not meet at all until the day itself came. It was natural that Mrs. Liang should put her whole mind on this wedding, but James felt his mother's eyes upon him often.

On the night before the wedding he said to Mary, "As soon as you are married, ma will be after me for something. I can feel it."

"She wants you to marry, Jim."

He pretended to be terrified at this and begged Mary to prevent their mother. But in his heart he was both amused and curious.

The wedding was an old-fashioned one, and took place before the relatives. Chen chose as proxy for his family a distant Liang cousin, and the papers were written, the wine drunk, the millet bowls exchanged, and so all was finished. It was a bitter cold day, but the sun shone and when all were full of hot food it was good enough.

There was no such thing as a honeymoon, for that was too foreign. Mary moved her boxes into Chen's room and the next day went as usual to her school, and neither gave a sign of inner happiness. Yet James knew it was there. His very flesh was sensitive to their secret joy, it increased his own loneliness.

In the middle of one morning's work when they had drawn aside to discuss the case of a child with a huge water-filled head, suddenly in the midst of their talk Chen said in English, "Jim, you should marry."

James looked at him somewhat startled. "We were speaking of this sick child."

"I am thinking of you," Chen said. "I tell you ——"

"I have seen no woman that I want now for my wife," James said, too quietly.

They talked of the child again and decided to draw the water from its head. But while he worked, Chen's mind was busy far inside itself. James had said he had seen no woman whom now he wished to marry. Then why not one whom he had not seen? If his heart was dead, let it be waked by life itself, if not by love.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Winter Path

By Bernicce Bunn Christman

Down the whitening meadow path,
Ghostly and alone,
The evening wind goes spiraling,
Like thought forever blown
Out of autumn, down the heart,
Drifting and dividing
Between the warm, remembered
rose
And the naked thorn, abiding.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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In the middle of that night, he said to Mary, "Why should we not find a wife for Jim? He will not choose for himself—then let us choose."

The thought was too bold and Mary scoffed at it.

"No, I mean it," Chen insisted. "Jim is the very one to let us do it."

"He never would," said Mary.

The next day Chen waylaid Mrs. Liang as she came from the kitchens and proposed to her that they should persuade Jim to return to ancestral ways and allow them to choose a wife for him.

Mrs. Liang was pleased indeed. "How is it I have not thought of this myself?"

"Mary says he will not do it," Chen suggested.

Mrs. Liang considered this. "Had he not fallen once in love with that Lili Li, I know he would not. But he is a very single heart. When he was small he once had a dog and when it died he never took another. This is his temper. We will plot together."

That evening Mrs. Liang went to Mary and Chen and together they planned what James should have for a wife. She must of course be schooled and she must not be too old-fashioned nor perhaps too modern. They let days pass, inquiring of themselves where such a girl could be found. Chen offered to go to the city and Mrs. Liang even tried to bring to memory the young Chinese women she had seen in New York. At last Chen said sensibly that they had better lay the whole plan before James, and with much arranging of who should speak first and how it should all be broached, they invited him to take a meal with them at the inn.

Mrs. Liang had been chosen to begin and she said to James, "My son, as your mother, I beg you to let me see you married to a good wife before I leave you again. Then I will not worry."

Mary spoke next and she said, "We have been thinking of all our friends to find one whom you might like. Don't try to fall in love again, Jim. Just choose a nice girl and see what happens of its own accord."

To their surprise James answered at once with a sensible gravity. "I have been thinking of these things myself."

"Then who ——" Mrs. Liang began joyfully.

James cut her off. "I will not choose for myself, mother. You must choose for me. You gave me birth and you know me. Mary and Chen can give their advice."

All three were set back by their easy victory. "But have you no thought about the kind of girl you—you ——" Chen ventured.

"Yes, I have thought," James said calmly. "I should like to have a good-tempered woman, one strong and healthy, the daughter of one of our own peasants."

The three listening were struck speechless. "But an ignorant woman, Jim?" Mary asked.

"You shall teach her," James replied, smiling. He put down his chopsticks. "Come, why are you all staring? I have only agreed to do what you have proposed. Find my bride. When you have found her, I will marry her. Now let us enjoy our feast."

Alone in his big apartment, except for Nellie rattling faintly in the distant kitchen, Doctor Liang was still confused, still sore at heart, but he was able to be grateful that Violet Sung had made the decision. It was the wise decision for them both, although he had rebelled against it with his whole being. Indeed, after these weeks of utter solitude and quiet, he was somewhat astonished that he could have gone to London after her. He leaned back in his deep red-leather chair. Well, he had his memories.

After Mrs. Liang had gone, he had really lost his head. It was the only way he could describe it now. He had felt so free, so gay. The New York season had come on, and since he had no one to think of except himself, he went everywhere. The most extraordinary thing was that he learned to dance. Had his wife been at home, her astounded eyes would have accused him of unseemly

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vior in his old age. But Violet had
t him and had praised him for his light-

supposed that they were together
what too much, and therefore the Eng-
an was not to be blamed. Yet he had
o evil. On the contrary, never had he
exalted, so noble, so good, as he had
he and Violet saw each other every
He did not try to write anything, al-
h he had begun a new book, an anthol-
f Chinese love poetry. He taught his
s, of course, and he felt his teaching
ispired. Marriage, he then realized, had
inspired him.
er nearly three weeks of this well-nigh
t happiness Violet told him one day
the telephone that she could not see
She said something about headache, and
ext day she called him again, and said
as flying to London.
ut why?" he had kept insisting.
had answered vaguely that she would
and that it would be better for them
meet.
had destroyed the letter. He had car-
with him to London, and when he had
er for the last time, he had torn it in
d dropped it from Westminster Bridge
they had met—wishing, but only al-
that he could throw himself after it.
tter had been unsatisfactory to him.
ad simply said that Ranald Grahame
ld her that unless she stopped seeing
r Liang, he would cut her off. She had
ht about this carefully, she wrote him,
view of all the lives involved, it seemed
to stay with Ranald. But she was his,
s faithfully, Violet Sung.
enty-four hours of solitude made the
to see Violet, to talk with her and to
d her return to him,
nto a ravening wolf
bosom. He did not
hat anyone thought
e would divorce his
r at least command
stay on forever in
ncestral village. He
ed his affairs and
ellie that he had had a summons from
n. This summons he provided for by
g to old Mr. Li to ask if he might stay
nem. The invitation came back at once
y and he left the cablegram on the
-room table where Nellie would read
used the power of his famous name
Chinese embassy and got a priority
nd flew to London within the week.
had been far too prudent to try to see
, for he had no intention of meeting the
hman, whose very name he did not
to remember. He wrote her a letter
nt it by messenger. Not trusting boys,
l found an extraordinary old woman
nly one arm whose lean, rigid face
reliable.
not come back without an answer,"
commanded.

s later she had come back. "It took a
'angin' round," she told him. "The
lydy kep' tryin' to put me off like.
ome back tomorrow and all that. I
ne orders is, bring back the arnser.
t is, sir."
as brief enough to break his heart.
that we have parted," Violet said,
should we meet again?" That was all
made him very angry. He sent a bold
m, not caring this time whether the
hman did see it.
u owe me an explanation," he said. "I
eet you on the near end of Westmin-
ridge tomorrow at six P.M."
y people came and went on the bridge
six it was winter's dusk. He saw her
she saw him. She wore a fur coat and a
ur hat trimmed with violets and fitting
to her face.
en Hua, you shouldn't have made me
" she said. "It is really dangerous for
promised Ranald that I would never
u again alone."
t you have come, and that means you
d to."
u are wrong," she told him.
evening was strangely mild and still,
and her cheeks under the lamplight were rose pink, like an English girl's.

"I did not want to come," she went on. "I have made my decision, Wen Hua, and I shan't change."

"How can you decide against me?"

They were leaning against the rail, their backs to the passing people; and looking down into the river, she had mused for a moment.

"It isn't as if you and I could really love enough to give up everything," she said at last. "You only want to have me too."

"That is not true."

"Yes, Wen Hua, it is," she had replied. "People like you and me—we are not real."

"We exist, don't we?" he asked with some indignation.

"Oh, yes. We have these bodies ——"

He waited again and this time he did not press her. He was afraid of what she was going to say—whatever it was.

She said, "We live on other people's roots. Wen Hua, what makes you real is your wife. She is so real that were you and I to —— Of course she would not tolerate me. Even in China, where we think we settled all human relationships centuries ago, the real women do not tolerate the concubine."

"I was not thinking of putting away my wife," he said stiffly.

"No, but you see," she said, "Ranald is like your wife. I mean, he's real too."

"He doesn't marry you."

"No," she agreed. "But I think I don't want him to."

"You don't love him?" He had grasped at this.

She shook her head. "No, but I trust him. Someday we will part. Perhaps it will be I who make the parting. But when that day comes he will not leave me destitute."

"Money, I suppose you mean," he had said bitterly.

"I need money," she had said reasonably.

"Suppose he marries?" He wanted to hurt her.

"Even if he marries he will be grateful to me. He has a sense of obligation, you know."

She had used him to make the Englishman feel an obligation!

When he accused her she denied it. "It is not quite like that. If you had been quite real, Wen Hua, I might have dared to do anything. But for two people, both unreal, to leave the people they can trust ——"

"Why do you not trust me?"

She had lifted her dark eyes to him then. "You know yourself."

So he had come home again. Mingled in his hurt love for a beautiful woman were her words, "You know yourself." He did not want to know himself. She had shaken him very badly indeed. The affair might have ended sublimely. It might have been a splendid rejection of a selfish love; it might have been a noble acceptance of the obligations life had already put upon them. But she had taken away both splendor and nobility. She had said merely the few words, "You know yourself." They included these few words more which she had not quite spoken, "And I know you."

Mrs. Liang saw her husband waiting for her at the airport and she thought he looked tired. She blamed herself for having been away so long, and although she felt very tired herself after this dreadful journey, she braced herself to seem better than she was.

He took her hand openly. "Louise couldn't come," he told her, not knowing what to say first. "She has the children and so on. But they are all coming to a welcome dinner."

"How nice!" she exclaimed. "You look a little bit of tired, Liang. Are you feeling quite well? Now I shall feed you something good."

"I am well enough," he replied with a touch of pathos. "Nellie has done her best. I gave her a little vacation, by the way, because I had an invitation to visit the Li family in London and I thought it would be a good way to pass the time until you came

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home." He wanted to tell her about London at once.

In the cab, he was surprised at his sense of comfort as he held her plump hand. He had not done such a thing in years.

"Eh, Liang," she said, smiling at him, "I think you do want me to come home again!"

He gave her his slight smile. "I was only afraid you would not want to leave the ancestral village and all its delights to come back to New York and your poor old scholar."

She began then to chatter in Chinese. "Liang, nothing is changed! Can you believe that after all these years Uncle Tao is just the same, but more fat, except, poor old man, for the knot in his belly which must come out, James said, as soon as he is willing. And the street, Liang, even more dirty! It is winter and so I did not see flies. But Mary teaches a school now and maybe things will be better in a few years. All the relatives are the same except some are dead." She counted off on her fingers the dead Liangs and what they had died of and when.

When they reached the apartment, she was surprised to find as she went from one room to another that there was a faint feeling of home here. She could not have believed it possible, but so it was. The Wetherstons had sent flowers of welcome, and Louise called on the telephone almost immediately and Mrs. Liang listened avidly to details of babies' teeth. Then she looked at the clock and screamed:

"Louise, please! Only one hour or so and there is the dinner coming. Tell me something more, darling, when you are here."

It was a very successful evening. Doctor Liang was at his best, dignified and quiet. He was courteous to Mr. and Mrs. Wetherston, and condescending and pleasant to his daughter. The many dishes which the Chinese restaurant chef served with a flourish provided conversation for two hours and more, and the last hour of the evening Mrs. Liang used in describing the fabulous ancestral village, the home of the Liangs with its courts and many rooms, the hospital which James was building, the school which Mary had already established, the relatives in all their beauty and cleverness and finally Uncle Tao, who presided over them all like a god.

"You make it sound wonderful, ma," Louise said with some astonishment.

"In its way, it is also wonderful," Mrs. Liang declared.

She had not mentioned cold or filth or scald-headed children or beggars or rebellious tenants or quarreling relatives or Uncle Tao's tantrums or any of those things which Doctor Liang feared. When he perceived she was creating a beautiful China before these foreigners, he felt for her a new and profound tenderness. This woman of his was doing it for him!

That night when she had made honest love to him in her downright wifely fashion, and after he had yielded pleasantly to her inclinations, they lay talking for a long time and now she told him about her visit. Most of all she talked about James and the girl she had found for his wife. The betrothal had been very quick—too quick, maybe, she admitted. Of course James had said she was not to worry.

"Liang," she said earnestly, "I tell you, James is spoiled for common marriage. If he did not marry the girl in an old-fashioned way, he would not marry at all. I went w carefully through our whole region and fou a girl who is not blood kin to the Liangs. H father came from Shantung when she w small and their lands are beyond the Lia lands."

"What sort of a girl is she?" Doctor Li inquired.

"A big girl, maybe you would say," M Liang replied. "She is not fat, but w strong and she has a round face and big bl eyes. She is old-fashioned, you know, Lia She combs her hair as I did when I was a g She wears country clothes—no skirt. I she is quiet and she is very honest and will think only of James and the children w be very healthy."

He was so silent that she began to be fe ful lest he did not approve.

She spoke in the darkness somew shyly. "Liang, I do not know how you thi but for my part I have been very satisfie our old-fashioned marriage. I know that r our young people like to love by themsel but judging by everything that I have s Liang, I don't think so much of love."

"Nor do I," said, and then added firmly, "v little indeed!"

The ancestral lage seemed to s back into the e after Mrs. Liang it. None had q realized how her l presence had dr them into a new ergy. Within her n ral self she had m of communicat with everyone. E Uncle Tao missed when she was g for though she not talked much w him she had dev small comforts him. She had was and turned his wi padded robes and had made him a bedquilt, light warm.

But upon Ja she had left her gr est influence. He what he had n known before, t his mother was at all a stupid wo

It was true that hers was a brain w could neither receive nor retain an stract idea; that is, an idea which nothing to do with the simple welfa those she loved. Heaven, God, Governm Communism, War, Human Rights, Reli all the large words which provided mo argument, she tolerated as amusement for men.

While they argued and talked she busy, hand and mind. She did not con that people whom she did not know a whom she was not related were her con Yet if any were brought within the ort her knowledge she busied herself at with their needs too.

James had set the wedding day for the week of the lunar year. During the holi he knew he would have no new pati He did not intend to take a honeymoon he knew that nothing would terrify hi known wife more than that. Nevertheles did not wish to have all the hours of th and many hours of the night busy as now were with the sick.

He and Chen had already begun wo the first three rooms of what was to be hospital. The courtyard swarmed wit families of the sick who came to stay an with their own eyes that no damage done to their helpless relatives. He ha gun with three rooms, easily within the of the money his mother had given hi

(Continued on Page 74)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Nostalgia

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

I remember my English grandmother,
Her kitchen garden and what it bore:
Easter Bell, and Head-in-a-Bush
Looking up at the painted door.

That was a long, long time ago,
But some of those names come back to me:
Bishop's Weed, and Darning Needle,
And Pitchfork pointing a spear at me.

My herbs flourish, but not like hers
Hiding away among the leaves.
Thinking of them, like her frail
Job's Tears,
My heart lies over the sea, and grieves.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HE DOROTHY GRAY GALLERY OF FASCINATING WOMEN—ONE OF A SERIES

Beauty Basics . . . for skin with kiss-appeal

iss-inviting skin isn't a matter of
ars alone. You may lose it
20 . . . you may have it at 40. But
u *can* have it . . . you *can* keep it!
llow the famous Dorothy Gray
ne . . . Two . . . Three" Beauty
sics Skin Care: (1) Cleanse,
) Stimulate, (3) Lubricate your
ecious skin with the Dorothy Gray
oducts created especially
r your skin type.



1. Cleanse

Dry Skin Cleanser . . . $1 to $4. Salon Cold Cream for normal skin, $1 to $4. Liquefying Cleansing Cream for oily skin, $1 to $3.50.



2. Stimulate

Orange Flower Skin Lotion for dry or normal skins, $1 to $3.75. Texture Lotion for oily skin, $1 to $3.75.



Gladys Swarthout—Mrs. Frank M. Chapman, Jr.—vivid mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan, and concert star; acclaimed by critics as first feminine classical singer in radio for five successive years. By the distinguished painter Walter Klett.

3. Lubricate

Special Dry-Skin Mixture for dry or normal skins, $2.25 to $8. Suppling Cream for oily skin, $1 to $2.75. (*All prices plus tax*)



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General Electric proudly announces...

More than



In the famous old "Monitor Top" model (at right) General Electric developed the sealed-in refrigerating system that has set an unsurpassed record for dependable performance. Shown above is the very latest General Electric model—the new 1949 Refrigerator-Home Freezer Combination.

Your friendly General Electric retailer will be glad to show you the different models and sizes in General Electric's complete new 1949 line.



2 million in use 10 years or longer!

• If you are thinking of buying a refrigerator, the statement above has a significance for you far beyond the manufacturer's justifiable pride in a well-made product.

Your investment in *any* refrigerator is a major one . . . and here is assurance that you invest wisely when you choose a General Electric. For a refrigerator's *most important advantage*—one that cannot be demonstrated on the showroom floor—is *trustworthy service* . . . every minute of every day, for years and years to come.

No other refrigerator can excel General Electric's record for dependable, economical performance!

Read what users say:



"The reason for my writing this letter is to tell you about our electric refrigerator which we bought in 1931. We have never had anything repaired on it in the 17 years that we have had it. The General Electric Company really must take great care and use good materials in their products."

MRS. WILLIAM D. ZINK
141 West Oley St., Reading, Pa.

"A G-E Refrigerator has given 20 years of continuous and efficient service in three households—in the kitchens of a mother and two of her daughters as they became married—now back in mother's kitchen after an absence of fifteen years, where it is serving as well as it did when new in 1928.

"During all these years it has not cost any of the three families a single cent for service or repairs, except 95 cents for a new rubber door-sealing gasket."

HENRY B. GOODMAN
New London, Conn.

"I feel that the General Electric Company would like to know that I have had a General Electric Refrigerator for 20 years. It is in good condition and still running night and day. Maybe you would also like to know that it has never had a service call."

MRS. A. J. HETTRICK
Oswego, Ill.



"On June 10th, 1930 I purchased a General Electric Refrigerator. It has run continuously since then and is still going strong. It has never caused me one bit of trouble and the motor is as quiet as the day I bought it. I think this is a wonderful record and I wanted you to know about it. You may be sure I shall always buy General Electric products."

MRS. AGNES D. EY
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"In April 1929, we bought one of the coil-type (Monitor Top) models and it has been running continuously for 19 years and so far we have not spent *one cent* on it."

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Havana, Fla.



"We have a General Electric Refrigerator bought in 1926 . . . in constant use all these years. It has never been serviced. This is a record I think even General Electric can be proud of."

MRS. H. H. BADER
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"Seventeen years ago this month my husband presented me with a *G-E refrigerator* as a birthday gift. Since then, summer and winter, it has served us continuously and during all that time our only expense on it was a new gasket for the door."

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The basic reason for the long and faithful service record of General Electric Refrigerators lies in the famous G-E "sealed-in" refrigerating system. This type of oiltight, airtight system, developed by General Electric, is recognized as the greatest of all contributions to dependable, efficient, economical performance in household refrigerators. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

SPACE MAKER *Refrigerators*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

How You Wash Dishes Can Cut Colds and Flu!

Health Authorities say—how you wash dishes, the kind of suds you use, can make the difference between sickness and health

Perhaps you didn't know that danger lurks in your dishpan. But it's there! Even glasses and dishes that look clean may actually carry sickness to the very ones you wish to protect.

This is a fact that has been proved beyond question. For doctors have found that germs *breed* in dishwater film. Even dishes that you've scrubbed hard and polished carefully often carry this germ-breeding film.

Dreft Ends Germ-Breeding Film. With this amazing dishwashing discovery—DREFT—the menace of dishwater film is gone—DREFT leaves no film—it actually helps protect your family's health.

And this new way of dishwashing, made practical by DREFT, not only helps you safeguard those you care for—it is actually an easier, quicker, happier way of doing dishes!

New, Quick, Dreft Way. Wash your dishes in Dreft's abundant lasting suds. Give them a hot rinse (the hotter the better). Then let them drain dry. It's just as easy as that!

Dreft suds leave your dishes and glasses shining bright . . . even without wiping. Healthfully clean . . . film free—as no suds before Dreft ever got them!

Heed the warning of Public Health authorities . . . help protect your family's health.



DREFT washes dishes so clean
it helps protect your family's health
as no suds ever could before!

(Continued from Page 70)

her savings. The people would have to pay for each new room as it was needed. He explained this and everyone paid a little. When he cured a local warlord or petty officials, they gave more for the sake of pride. Su and Kang and Peng would have laughed, James knew, but this was his hospital and it was the only way he could build it.

Meanwhile his nights, when he was not called anywhere, were busy with teaching. He and Chen between them were training fifteen young men from neighboring villages as well as the ancestral one. These men when they had enough knowledge would travel through the countryside to wash and disinfect sores and ulcers and bad eyes, to treat malaria and smallpox and to bring to the hospital such as they could not heal.

The wedding day was cloudless and cold. The house was still and the Liangs slept late. Slowly they bestirred themselves and made ready for the noon when the bride would come in her red sedan chair. Uncle Tao was got up and fed and dressed in his best garments and every child was washed and given some new thing to wear.

James took his breakfast with Chen and Mary as usual. He had wondered how he would feel on his wedding day and was surprised that he felt nothing, neither fear nor joy. This, he told himself, was because he had not seen the face of his bride. He would ask nothing of her tonight. He had already planned what he would say to her.

"You and I have chosen each other in the old way of our ancestors," he would tell her. "Yet we are not as our ancestors were. We live in two worlds, the old and the new. Therefore let us be friends for a while, until we know what we are. Then, after we are friends ——"

But in spite of all his determined calm, his heart hurried its beat when noon came. Then he remembered how often in the centuries past men, his ancestors, had stood as ignorant as he of their fate. For them as for him marriage was not for individual pleasure. It was the unfolding of life itself.

He waited while she came down out of the red sedan chair and was led slowly into the house by two of the women. He saw a slender strong figure dressed in scarlet from head to foot. Her head was bent under its beaded veil, but through the strands he saw a grave, good face, the eyelids dropped, mouth firm and red. He did not look at her again all day.

When he entered his room that night and heard the door close behind him, he knew that now the goodness of his life depended upon him and upon this unknown woman. She sat beside the table and her hands lay one upon the other on her lap. They were brown and not too small, and the nails were not painted. She sat motionless, waiting, he knew, for him to lift the veil from her head. He went forward at once and, putting his hands to the headdress, he lifted it off and set it on the table.

"How heavy it is," he said in his pleasant voice. "I hope you have not a headache from wearing it all day."

At this she looked up quickly and then away again. "I have a little headache," she said, "but it will pass soon. I am very healthy."

He liked her honest voice, the accent rustic yet clear. She was not pretty, but her face was good, the features straight and the skin smooth and brown, as is common with countrywomen. The mouth was generous and it looked sweet-tempered.

He sat down opposite her. "Tell me about your life," he said. "Then I will tell you about mine."

A mild look of surprise came on her face, but after a few seconds she began without shyness. "What have I to tell? I have no learning—and of this I am ashamed. But in a busy household on the land there is no time for a girl to go to school."

"It is easy to read," James said. "My sister will teach you if you wish."

"I do wish," she said quickly. "That you can spare the time for me."

"There will be time," James said.

Then simply, so that it would not awe her, he told her of his own life and how it had been spent abroad and why he had wanted to come back to his own people. She listened, sitting motionless, her head inclined, and he found himself telling her more than he had planned.

When he had finished she said in a grave, quiet way, "Our country is now in bad times. There are those who go away in such times and those who come back. The good ones come back."

He was delighted with this. In so few words she had put what he had tried to tell him often in many ways, but never so simply and clearly. Now he could make the proposal of friendship. "You are tired. Let me say what I have to say. You and I have chosen each other in the old way of our ancestors —" He went on and she listened.

When he had finished, for the first time she looked into his eyes. "Your mother told me you were a good man. Now I know you are."

After his wedding his life flowed on scarcely changed from what it had been. Within a few days Yumei began to make small, comfortable changes in their rooms and he found his food served hot and on time, at hours when he could most easily eat. When he came in at night there was always something warm and hot to eat and he found he slept better for it.

It was she who first told him that Uncle Tao was frightened and in pain. "Please look at Uncle's old head," she said to him. "Yesterday he was walking behind his hand and he thought no one could see him. I asked him to tell me what was wrong, for I know that the knot on him weighs on his reins and he cannot sit or sleep."

> **Beautiful young people are accidents of nature. But beautiful old people are works of art.**
>
> —MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE: Be Your Age (Stackpole & Sons).

"I have long told him that he should have me cut it out," James said to defend himself.

She sat down at a little distance from him and folded her hands as she always did when she was about to talk with him. "Please do not give me," she said. "You know everything better than I do, I think, but this one thing perhaps I know better—it is how people feel. Now Uncle Tao wants to have his knot cut out but he is afraid he will die."

James was a little impatient with her. "I have told him he will die if he does not have it out."

"He told me you said so," she replied in the same quiet voice. "That is what makes him so afraid. He has no way to turn. Therefore let us tell him this way. Promise him that he will live if he has it cut out. If he dies he will not know it. And if he believes he will live it will give him strength not to die."

It was hard to refuse this shrewd persuasion. He sat silent for a while, thinking it over.

"Surely life is the most precious thing," Yumei said, when he did not speak.

"I will do it, if Uncle Tao can be persuaded," he said at last.

"I will persuade him."

What this persuasion was, none knew. But all knew that some sort of slow, powerful, gentle argument was going on between the old man and the young woman. She served him every day with a favorite food and sat with him while he ate, and when he had eaten she began his persuasion, urging him to life. She pointed out that in such times as these the old and the wise were the candle lamps to guide the feet of the people. She had persuaded Uncle Tao that he ceased to think of himself as an aging, useless old man and became his duty to live, and then she made him believe that he could live. When he had reached this place she went and told James.

All were astonished. But James gave none of them time to think, either for or against. He knew that he must take this moment when Uncle Tao's courage was high. Di

Just Whistle...

by Bissell



When your young buckaroo upsets the ash stand on the freshly cleaned rug . . . don't scream. Run for your new Bissell Sweeper . . .

And whistle! Bissell Carpet Sweepers now have "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action for the easiest clean-ups ever!



You don't have to press down at *all.* This miracle brush adjusts itself automatically to every rug nap, thick or thin . . .

Even cleans under low furniture, with the handle held *flat!* Save your vacuum for periodic cleaning . . . use a new "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for quick everyday clean-ups. It pays!



Illustrated: The "Vanity" at $8.45. Other models from $6.45. All with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action, easy "Flip-O" Empty, and "Sta-up" Handle.

Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

fail with his own flesh and blood, did Uncle Tao die, no one in the ancestral village would believe in him again and he would have to move his hospital elsewhere.

There was no wind or sand the next day and the small operating room was clean. Early in the morning Uncle Tao was moved there upon a litter carried by his sons, and only once did he speak after this. When he felt himself on the table he opened one eye. "Where is that young woman?"

"I am here," Yumei replied, coming in at that moment. She looked at James with apology. "I told him I would stay with him."

"Very well," James said.

Never had he undertaken so heavy a task and never had he been so afraid. He had gone into that battlefield where alone he must fight the enemy who was Death. Chen had bared the great belly and it was shaven and clean. Now with his knife James drew a straight, clean cut down. Yumei did not look, but she stood by Uncle Tao's head, hearing his breathing. Once it faltered and she touched Chen, who pressed a needle into Uncle Tao's arm.

In the silence James worked swiftly. Chen was a matchless partner, standing on the side. Veins were clipped and held, and working against time and the slowing breath, James lifted out at last the tumorous weight and threw it into the waste bucket. His courage soared. He had met his enemy face to face and the victory was his. Uncle Tao would live.

YET life after battle is a wary thing, poised always like a bird for flight. Uncle Tao had to be watched day and night, and Yumei never left him. She had a sort of life in herself which caught and held the life in Uncle Tao when it was about to escape.

It was Yumei who did a thing at once absurd and yet of great comfort to Uncle Tao. She picked up the tumor from the waste and put it in a big glass bottle which had once held medicines. This bottle she filled with strong kaoliang wine, and she sealed it and put it in Uncle Tao's room. To see it imprisoned and helpless made him feel strong.

When Uncle Tao was well enough to sit up he invited all his friends to come and see what had been taken out of him and he boasted of its size and color.

"I grew it for many years," he said, looking around on them all solemnly. "At first I was the stronger, but it grew stronger than I. Then I said to my nephew, the doctor, 'Take it out of me.' He was afraid—eh, he was truly afraid! But I was not afraid. I lay down on the table and smelled his sleeping smell, and he cut me open. Now I am as good as new."

He was never weary of telling his story, and it must be said that no one was weary of hearing it. Even the kinfolk who heard the story every day or two were proud of Uncle Tao. Thereafter whenever someone complained of a pain in him anywhere Uncle Tao ordered him to come to the hospital where his nephew would cut it out and his nephew's wife would put it in a bottle. Thus it became a matter of some fashion to have tumors in bottles standing on the table in main rooms of houses, but Uncle Tao's was always the biggest and best of them all.

No sudden love sprang up between James and his wife. But he understood more clearly with every day that Yumei was the bridge he had needed to his own people. When they feared him and his foreign ways, they went to Yumei and she came to him. Through her he saw them and comprehended what he had not been able to know before.

He was glad that he had not waited upon any dream of love. For she took confidence as his wife, and became a true part of all he did. It was she who stood beside a weeping woman in hard childbirth and she who was not afraid to stay with one who had to die. She was no saint. Sometimes she grew weary and wanted to be alone and then he let her be. But she coul' always be called back when life was threatened. She had the gift of life.

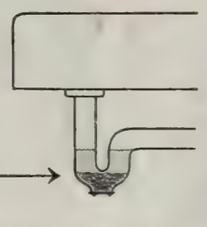
And life, James knew, was what he wanted.

THE END



Through? Hold on!

what about that
nasty filth
in your sink drain?→



You've washed, swept, dusted... But did you forget the filthy sewer grease in your drain? The muck where ugly sewer germs thrive?

You don't want this germ-laden filth so close to your family's food and dishes! Get rid of it—quick!

Liquid disinfectants can't clean out this "dirtiest corner!" It takes Drāno to remove the nasty refuse, *as well as* the germs that breed in it! So be wise . . .

Use Drāno every week!

Drāno boils out the dirty muck that gathers in your drainpipes!

Its special churning action loosens grease, flushes it away completely—leaves your drain clear and clean.

Put a tablespoon of Drāno in your drain once a week—every week! Keep your drains fast-running—keep your drainpipe as clean, fresh, and sanitary as every other corner in your house!

P.S. Remember—Drāno also opens clogged drains in a flash!

Drāno®

removes the muck that slows drains and breeds sewer germs



Harmless to septic tanks: Makes them work better—cuts down odors.
TUNE IN: DOROTHY KILGALLEN, Thursdays. See local paper for time and station.

Copr. 1949, by The Drackett Co.

Outshines them all!



Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores—and by linoleum dealers everywhere.

PINT .59¢

Costs less to use because it lasts longer!

Self-Polishing Simoniz gives floors an amazing sparkle that *lasts* and *lasts*. So easy to apply, too—just spread on with an applicator. It shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

SELF-POLISHING SIMONIZ FOR FLOORS

FOR LINOLEUM, FINISHED WOOD, ASPHALT OR RUBBER TILE AND TERRAZZO FLOORS



Esmé thinks nothing at all of winter; her sapphire eyes are filled with tropical dreams as the snow comes down.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

DAY after day the snow piles up, and the dogs bring considerable amount into the house. It keeps Honey busy washing her paws. The black cat comes in sparkling with white star shapes. The Siamese has no trouble; she stays on the warm stones of the hearth. Esmé thinks nothing at all of winter; her sapphire eyes are filled with tropical dreams as the snow comes down.

The hens have stopped laying and George brings in just one warm brown egg a day. They go on eating their heads off and chattering and throwing their oystershell around. With chicken feed the price it is, those hens are in the class of women with diamond bracelets.

A fox got in George's henhouse and disposed of three hens the other night. And then Shep, the sagacious farm shepherd, got that fox and treed him and when George came out to shoot him, the shot missed and the fox came down and Shep killed him.

I wish I were more reasonable about such things. I simply cannot help being the fox, although of course I can be the hen too. Also, with no trouble at all, I can be in Shep's paws and know the lovely feeling of saving my master's flock. We have had so many foxes this year that there is a bounty on them, and Shep has earned his keep, which is a fine thing.

But I saw a gray fox leaping over the meadow and jumping the stone wall a few days previous and his movement was poetry. His brush was like a banner against the snow and his pointed face was wild and beautiful. I came home quietly and said never a word; I was not going to betray his free heart, although I felt guilty when I closed the henhouse door extra tight and admonished the cheerful silly hens to stay where they belonged.

There is a nice overstuffed rabbit who lives under the girls' summerhouse, and he comes out to inspect the bird food under the tall maple. A hen pheasant comes there too. Linda and Little Sister come out after their own breakfast and go whooping after the rabbit. He takes a last bite of whatever he has enjoyed and lopes back under the house without much ado. They circle a rush about and feel very pleased w themselves. When they forget him, hops back out. He looks like a Dü rabbit—that lovely fawn color and s long ears.

The hen pheasant is interesting t Maeve goes wild when she sees that plur form in with the lesser birds. She poin holding her red plume stiff behind her, a she points for quite a while. If she forg herself and rushes, the pheasant sails and over the fence into the Quiet Gard and settles down on the snow the Maeve is not allowed in there, and never jumps in, but how does the pheas know that?

WINTER is never dull in the country, t is so much to see and so much to learn is true that the more sensible birds h gone to soak up the tropic sunshine, the ones that remain we really get quainted with. They gather early in morning, and late in the afternoon. can watch them while we have break and again when we have our tea and cin mon toast. I think I like the chickad best, they are so brisk and gay.

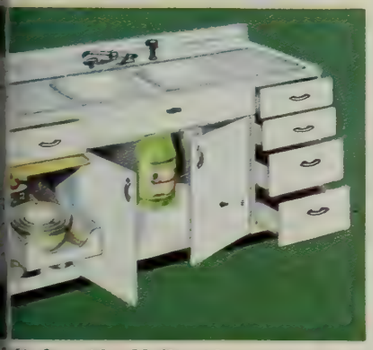
When it is really too cold to go out cept to fill the heaters in the kennel, w a lot of extra household tasks. It is a g time to clean desk drawers, dust the bo wash the milk glass, polish the silver. T are some magical new cleaners and pol ers on the market that make housew exciting. There is a furniture polish t leaves a faint minty odor which I l And a liquid cleaner that will do anyt except brush your teeth—and might that, too, if anyone tried it. Windo silver, brass, the stove, the refrigerat it makes them shine. Used on ant plates, it leaves them smooth as silk

Jill went up in the attic and routed some old gilt Victorian picture frames gave them three coats of flat white framed some of our favorite picture them. They look lovely. Now I have come so addicted to white paint that I at everything from old iron candlestic

(Continued on Page 78)



New low-cost magic for your dream kitchen



Kitchenaider-Mullinaider combination is lue. Note twin-bowls and drainboards. Top acid-resisting, porcelain enamel. Generous ce and storage; sound-deadened doors; tlery drawer. Mullinaider electric garbage akes it easy to fix meals and clean up after s all Kitchenaiders and many other sinks.

LET'S imagine this lovely Youngstown Kitchen is yours. (You know, *it can be!*)

And when it is, revel in this thought: You'll be free forever of the garbage pail and all its messiness.

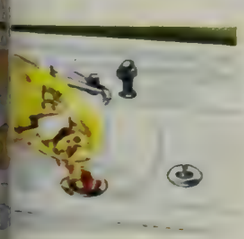
The kitchen shown has a 48" Kitchenaider cabinet sink with a Mullinaider electric garbage disposer —Youngstown's newest kitchen magic. It grinds away your food scraps before they can accumulate, and whisks them safely down the drain.

And that's only *one* endearing quality of these lovely, white-enameled steel beauties. You've storage space galore, with everything right where you need it for fixing meals, washing dishes and clearing up.

The price? Remember this—every Youngstown Kitchen is an arrangement of *standard* units, produced by the world's *largest* makers of steel kitchens. That's why they cost so little!

Ask your Youngstown dealer to help you plan a kitchen suited to your needs—or to install a Mullinaider in the Youngstown Kitchen you may already own. If you're building, specify Youngstown.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens



ny kitchen waste with the tary Mullinaider! Garbage the drain. Operation that's A-B-C. No mess, no fuss. Ask free home demonstration.



Dishwashing's easy with swinging faucet and speedy rinse spray that reaches all parts of acid-resisting, porcelain enamel sink-top. Fine for cleaning vegetables, too. See your dealer.

Youngstown Kitchens
BY MULLINS



SEND COUPON TODAY!

GET THIS EXCITING BOOKLET!
20 pages featuring beautiful Youngstown Kitchens in color. Full details on Youngstown units and tips on arranging a new kitchen. Enclose 10c to cover mailing cost. No stamps, please.

Please send me your Youngstown Kitchen booklet. I enclose 10c in cash.

I plan to remodel ☐
I plan to build ☐
I want Free Home Demonstration of Mullinaider ☐

Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. L-249, Warren, Ohio

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To learn the name of a nearby dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

New EASY Spindrier

loves your pocketbook– protects it 3 ways!

1. MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! Two tubs working at once do an average week's wash in less than an hour! One tub washes while the other super-rinses, then spins clothes *up to 25% drier!* Clothes dry faster, are light to hang up.

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3. SAVES SOAP AND HOT WATER! Uses hot suds over and over. And Easy is *portable!* Just wheel to any sink. *No set tubs needed!* Dollar for dollar, it's America's greatest washer value!



ONLY EASY HAS THE NEW AUTOMATIC SPIN-RINSE! Just turn a tap, and fresh water surges up through cone in spinning basket, double-rinsing a full load whiter, brighter in 3 minutes . . . with only 3 gallons of warm water! See it at your friendly Easy dealer! Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, N. Y.



Every day more women say "it's EASY for me!"

(Continued from Page 76)

Victorian commodes and wonder whether a coat of nice white paint wouldn't ——

The use of white is always a help. It brings out the color of a room, adds charm. Nearly any room, I think, is improved with a little use of frost-white.

There is nothing like a little change in a house in the dead of winter to make the family cheerful. New draperies give a lift to the shabby living room. Or a fresh slip cover with flowers blooming on it. Or a piece of furniture you have wanted for a long time.

One of my recent ideas wasn't so much of a success. I decided there should be a new fixture in the small dressing room upstairs. There was a ceiling light with one large bulb. So we bought a very pretty little ceiling fixture. Jill said she would put it up in just a few minutes. She went down cellar and cut off the house current, also cutting off my oven with the meat roasting in it. Then she went up and took down the old fixture. The new one had no screws. So she came down and descended to the cellar and put on the current so my roast started again. She drove to the village and got more screws and came back, cut off the current, went up and found the new screws were too long.

"I'll have to go back," she said grimly.

"Well, put the electricity on again," I said.

She came back with more screws half an hour later. She had to go to the next village for the right size. By now our neighbor Eddie appeared and went up with her, after the current was cut off, and hammered for an hour.

Later, when the fixture was established on the ceiling, Eddie said, "I can't see where this turns on!"

Jill looked. It was a pretty fixture all right, but it had to be turned on from a wall switch and we had no wall switch. So either we had to leave the light on all the time, or not have it on at all.

So Jill went down cellar and cut off the current again and they took off the new fixture. To date, we have no light at all now in that dressing room, and I am regretting my nice idea. At least the bulb did go on when you pulled a string!

THERE is one benefit from the high prices we have endured for such a time. Most of us have learned to create new menus which are interesting and varied. The new interest in herbs, in spices, in casseroles and stews began when steak and chops and rib roasts became so expensive.

In many ways, I think, our meals are better. For instance, on a cold winter day, we like Mexican Pork Hominy, which is a recipe a friend sent me. You lightly brown cubed shoulder pork, add water to cover and simmer until tender. Then add a can of hominy, salt, butter, pepper to taste and a tablespoon of chili powder dissolved in hot water. Simmer an hour and serve hot.

Or take the humble cod. Soak ½ pound salt cod overnight in cold water, then drain and cover with cold water again and bring to a boil. Simmer gently 10 or 15 minutes. When the fish is tender, drain, remove bones and skin and flake the meat. Blend 2 cups mashed potatoes, 2 beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon butter and the cod. Add plenty of pepper. Beat the mixture until it is fluffy, then form into small balls with a spoon and drop in hot deep fat—a few at a time. When the balls are golden brown, drain them on paper.

This is a belle for Sunday breakfast. We serve the balls with tomato sauce. Or we may bring catchup to the boiling point and serve with chopped parsley.

Valentine's Day is upon us, almost my favorite of the holidays, for it is romantic and gay—and sentimental. It is a holiday for the young, but it may be the heart is young no matter what the birthday book says. I love valentines, but not funny ones. I do not think jokes belong to the day at all. It is a time for hearts and roses and little birds with sweet messages in their bills. Laces and ribbons belong to it, and the scent of old-fashioned lavender or white lilac.

It is a time to remember the people we love and a time to eat happily of bonbons



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Do as millions now do and you will *never* have corns. At the first sign of sore toes from tight shoes, apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Pain ends instantly and corns are stopped *before* they can develop!

But—if you have corns, callouses or bunions—these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction and lift pressure on the sensitive spot.

Remove Corns, Callouses

You'll marvel, too, how the separate *Medications* included speedily remove corns, callouses. No other method does all these things for you.

CORNS—SORE

CALLOUSE

BUNION

SOFT CORN BETWEEN TO

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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Ladies, give your fa new amazing beauty t ment with Hopper C Pack. Actually *see* the ference, *feel* the differ after the very first app tion. Hopper Clay P helps loosen blackh which can then be easil moved...cleans pore openings in your skin a seems to give you a new, bright, zestful look Hopper Clay Pack. *See* and *feel* the differen a lovelier, softer skin that can be yours afte very *first* treatment. At all cosmetic counters.

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New fast-action Antiphlogistine Rub A-535 starts relieving these muscular aches and pains, and the discomforts of chest colds, the moment it is rubbed in . . . and it rubs in fast. Almost at once you feel warm, comforting relief as the pain-relieving medications take hold.

In a national survey, 8 out of 10 families wrote that Rub A-535 was better than any rubs, liniments or balms formerly used. Greaseless, won't stain clothes.

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without water



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ONLY *10 minutes*

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Minipoo
THE QUICK *DRY* SHAMPOO
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Prove to yourself, in 7 days, at home, that WALLACE can help YOU take off excessive weight. Reduce spare-tire waistline and bulging hips. Regain a slender figure. Feel better the first day, weigh less in a week.

No Starvation Diets or Drugs

ALLACE Method works with Nature. It safely brings gratifying results. Reducing the WALLACE Way —it's fun to "GET THIN TO MUSIC."

Loses 40 Lbs. in 3 Months

Betty Blazek of Chicago has written: "I lost 40 lbs. onths. I now weigh 125 lbs. I never felt better in life." Read this amazing offer.

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and coconut creams and never mind the calories. Not that candy is the food of love the rest of the year at all! But it reminds me of the colored boxes tied with improbably purple ribbons that the first beau carries so proudly to his girl.

When I was growing up, a copy of the Rubáiyát bound in leather was a favorite gift. I had quite a lot of copies. It is surprising that the Rubáiyát was so correct, for if I reread it now, I can see the message is not just what most parents would have approved of. Certainly turning down an empty glass was not my father's idea under any circumstances. Boiled down, that poem simply says have all the pleasure you can for there will be no tomorrow. Possibly, if the atom-bomb specialists have their way, we had better begin to follow the Rubáiyát right now!

It is particularly nice to have Valentine's Day fall in the depths of winter, for it suggests that spring is really just around the corner.

The seed catalogues are a further promise of warm days to come. I class them as fiction, and love to read them. Oh, the beautiful roses and tall spikes of delphinium and the flowering bushes—not to mention the carrots as big as telephone poles and the peas that practically shell themselves and hop with a mint leaf into boiling water. We get some pretty fine vegetables and some nice flowers, but they definitely do not resemble the champion parade in the catalogues.

One lovely thing about the February landscape is that I can look out and not see one solitary Japanese beetle anywhere on all our acres. And last summer the air was black with them. We did all the usual things to control them, and if we ever sat down to relax, a million more would begin champing their jaws on whatever they missed before.

We felt very bitter, for the Jap beetle is a newcomer in our valley. I for one feel the Government should make a war on this burden of mankind, allocating taxes and using the Army. One less bomb might be dropped in the ocean.

The most beautiful snowstorm is the one that comes when the air is relatively mild and the big wet flakes cling to every twig and branch. The trees change to silver and the fields are a soft white sea.

And the gift of quietness is given, for there is no stillness so pure and deep as the stillness of snow. Sounds sink without a ripple in that silence. When Honey and I walk up for the mail, our footfalls are soundless, for only hard snow squeaks.

Honey is a pale gold blur when she runs ahead, and the mailbox is invisible. On my boots the snow falls in a million intricate crystal shapes. It is always a wonder to look at them, and mark the infinite splendor of a world where even a snowflake is fashioned with such perfection.

Honey flounders in a drift, and shakes her ears free from snow. Her tail whisks back and forth. It's a fine world, she says.

And February is a good month, I answer, as I reach in for the mail. THE END

WITH THE CHILDREN

"When I was in kindergarten I didn't mind playing with girls; when I was in first grade I had three girls for friends, but now in the second grade I only like girls to tease."

"When I am a man I am going to do the work father does so that when I come home at suppertime everyone will run to the door and be so glad to see me—that must be an awfully good feeling to be loved and wanted home like that."

After our small son had asked me a question pertaining to sex and I had satisfactorily answered it for him he looked up at me and said, "Now I can tell you something; dogs have babies the same way."

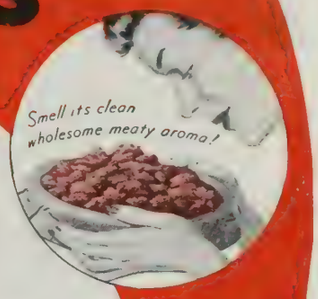
"My eyes feel long; I guess I'd better go to bed."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

THIS BETTER QUALITY DOG FOOD

Feeds Your Dog in 7 Ways





You make a wise choice when you choose Ideal—the "7-Course Meal." It is finest quality food. Your dog or cat will eat it every day with gusto! No extra meat is *ever* needed. Ideal gives him everything he needs including plenty of minerals and vitamins for clear eyes and glossy coat. Feed Ideal regularly.

Ideal

Ideal is so wholesome and clean you can keep it in your refrigerator.

WITH DEHYDRATED EXTRACTED LIVER



No one ingredient can fully feed your dog. Ideal feeds him in all seven ways. Processed by the exclusive BALAMAC principle of *BAL*anced *AM*ino *AC*ids, Ideal gives your dog full value in proteins. Ideal is the "7-Course Meal."

1. **MEAT BY-PRODUCTS** (including dehydrated extracted LIVER)—for strong muscles and growth.
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4. **BONE**—calcium and phosphorus for bones and teeth.
5. **WHEAT GERM**—for vitality and nerves.
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7. **WHEAT and BARLEY**—carbohydrates for energy.

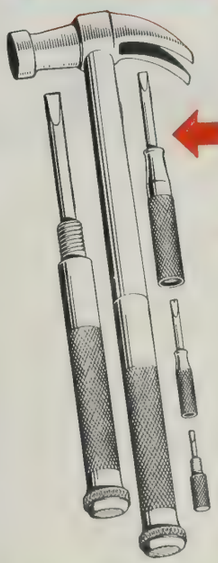
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6-in-1 UTILITY SET Has 1001 Household Uses



A fine all-metal Hammer and Screw Driver Utility Set. Hammer is 8 inches long with four screw drivers of graded sizes nested in the handle. These screw drivers fit any job from eyeglasses to hinges. Hammer head of nickel plated cast steel. Handle is rust-proofed.



A handy tool for 1001 household uses. Mom finds this Utility Set easy to handle. Dad uses it to fix things around the house and car. And Junior is learning the value of tools with his 6-in-1 Utility Set. Use coupon below, or mail 50c and 2 Ideal Dog Food labels to Ideal Hammer Dept. J, 549 W. Washington, Chicago 6, Illinois.





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This offer will expire June 30, 1949 or when supply is exhausted. Good only in U. S. A. Void in states, localities or municipalities in which such transactions are taxed, licensed or prohibited.

Another WILSON Quality Product

WILSON & CO. INC.



Something for the girls: luncheon before bridge, instead of refreshments after, is easy on both the working hostess and calorie-counting guest.

CONVERSATION PIECE

By Ruth Hills Teague

I'M sure I don't have to climb on a soapbox to debate the virtues of lunch before a bridge game versus "refreshments" afterward. Five to five-thirty in the afternoon is no time to be taking aboard a load of calories—perhaps a rich dessert, no matter how delectable it may be. There's dinner coming up, and how about the little women getting home to prepare same, if there's no one to do the job for them? Besides, it's fun to lunch together and enjoy a lot of talk that has nothing to do with bridge. Once the game starts, chitchat is out. So a bridge luncheon it is, and here's our menu.

There will be two hot dishes: deliciously crisp croustades filled with curried sea food, and baked tomatoes stuffed with okra. Both of these are high favorites at our house, and they are ideal for this sort of meal because they can occupy the same plate without mingling unattractively.

Curry means chutney; but since this will be a mild curry we'll have some homemade chutney, more delicately seasoned than Indian chutney, and far prettier to look at. For a touch of salad that can grace the same plate with comfort there will be generous slices of green pepper with centers of gelatin vegetable salad. It's pretty safe to count on the girls' being on time for lunch, so we might as well go all out and have popovers, the most dramatic breadstuff I know of. And popovers have the added virtue of being comparatively nonfattening—unless you literally slather them with butter, and *(Continued on Page 82)*



On a cold winter day, your menu should include something substantial and something hot. For a main course: sea-food curry served in crisp croustades, tomatoes stuffed with okra, and a gelatin vegetable salad.

Bridge Luncheon

Sea-Food Curry

Chutney

Baked Tomatoes with Okra

Gelatin Vegetable Salad

Popovers

Apricot Bavaroise

For dessert: Apricot Bavaroise. A delectable blend of fruit and whipped cream and strips of cake.





ASK YOUR FRIENDS how much coffee they drink, and 9 times out of 10 they can tell you their daily nount to the cupful.

For consciously or unconsciously, most folks *do* ep track of how much coffee they drink.

Why *do* they? Why do *you?*

Isn't it because you have an uneasy feeling that you ight drink *too much* of this delicious beverage?

For you realize that coffee contains caffein—and at caffein can make some people nervous and irri- ble, keep them awake at night.

Whenever you *are* tense, jittery, sleepless—you turally wonder if coffee is the cause. Should you t down on the number of cups you have each day? ould you cut it out altogether? *What* to do?

DRINK SANKA COFFEE

ie answer is simple—and you'll find it's ever so pleasant, too! You can go right on drinking the coffee you love so much—just make sure you drink Sanka Coffee!

For when you change to Sanka Coffee, you can enjoy *all* the coffee you want, any time of day or night, without the slightest worry about caffein-effect.

Because, you see, Sanka Coffee is caffein-free! So all your worry about losing sleep—all your fear of getting nervous and irritable from drinking too much coffee—is *gone!* You don't need to count your daily cups of coffee any more! Sanka Coffee won't make you jittery—or keep you awake. It just *can't*—because 97% of the caffein has been taken out!

ALL COFFEE - REAL COFFEE - 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

But removing the caffein doesn't detract a bit from Sanka's rich, full-bodied flavor, its tempting aroma. When you drink Sanka, you still get the wonderful taste-goodness—the wonderful sense of satisfaction and bracing cheer that only coffee can give you!

Start drinking Sanka tomorrow. It's real coffee, all coffee, grand coffee—so you have nothing to lose, and possibly a great deal to gain.

Sanka Coffee

Real coffee with the worry taken out. Drink it and sleep!



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dependable quality has made it
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This fine butter makes fine baking doubly delicious!

They belong together . . . your whole assortment of fragrant, fresh-baked rolls . . . whether hot from the oven or fresh from your dealer . . . with plenty of Swift's Brookfield Butter . . . butter selected by Swift from America's finest dairylands, delicate in flavor, rich in nourishment, protected by Swift all the way to your dealer's store. You can always count on the delicious quality that has made it a favorite with Mrs. America. Ask for Swift's Brookfield Butter!



Put your trust in Swift's Brookfield Eggs—perfected by nature; always the same; guarded by Swift all the way to your dealer's store.



Whenever your recipe calls for cheese, be sure to use Swift's Brookfield American Cheese Food—Swift's delicious blend of mild cheese and peak-ripened cheddar.

Swift's Brookfield *Dairy Foods*

(Continued from Page 80)

that's up to you. For dessert we'll have Apricot Bavaroise. This is a delectable ice-box pudding, made with strips of angel food which form a checkerboard pattern when it is cut. We'll surround the pudding with apricots filled with whipped cream and nuts, which provide a pleasant contrast of texture and taste to the smooth pudding.

Now to the recipes. They will serve eight.

SEA-FOOD CURRY

To fill 8 fairly large croustades, 3 cups sea food, measured after it is cooked, and 4 cups sauce will provide a generous amount. The variety of sea food you use is a matter of choice and availability, but get fresh or frozen fish if possible. Shrimp, lobster, and frozen fillets of flounder or haddock are all good, and they can be used in any combination and proportions you like. Because they are both delicious and inexpensive, I suggest using one package of the frozen fillets of fish with the more expensive sea foods. I prefer frozen lobster tails to whole live lobsters. If only canned fish is available, a combination of tuna, shrimp and crab would be good.

Wash frozen or fresh shrimp and lobster thoroughly, drop them into rapidly boiling water to which some vinegar has been added, and boil shrimp 8 minutes and lobster 20 minutes. Drain, take off shells and remove black veins from shrimp. Cut lobster into bite-size chunks, good big ones, and leave shrimp whole. Thaw fillets of fish, put them in top of double boiler, cover and cook until white and firm—about 30 minutes. Allow to cool and break into bite-size chunks, discarding any skin, bones or fatty tissue they may have. This preparation of the fish—whichever kinds you choose—can be done a day in advance, and the sauce can be prepared then, too, and reheated before it is combined with the fish.

To make the sauce, melt 6 tablespoons butter or margarine, add 1 clove garlic, minced, and blend in 8 tablespoons flour. Heat 2 cups milk, 1 cup cream and 1 cup canned or homemade chicken broth, and stir liquids gradually into flour and fat. I've had good luck substituting 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk for the cream and, if you like, ¾ cup sherry may be substituted for ¾ cup of the milk. Cook mixture until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Season with 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ tablespoons curry powder blended to a paste with a little water, 2 or 3 dashes Tabasco, and salt and cayenne pepper to taste. The seasoning should be fairly high, because the sea food is bland.

About an hour before lunchtime melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet, add sea food, cover and sauté gently 5 minutes. Have sauce hot in top of large double boiler or in a pan that can be stood in another pan of boiling water. Add sea food and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, mix thoroughly but with a gentle touch so that the pieces of fish will not break, and keep piping hot until ready to use.

CROUSTADES

In making croustades, the first and practically the only problem is to get a heavy, even-textured unsliced bread. Large holes are a terrific nuisance when you're trying to cut perfectly shaped croustades—bread baskets. Get the bread a day or two in advance so that it won't be too fresh. Remove end crusts from loaves and cut bread into 3-inch slabs, then cut each slab into a square or circle, with the sides slantwise so that the bottoms of the croustades will be smaller than the tops. Remove centers, leaving a quarter-inch shell, sides and bottoms. This is easy to do with a sharp, pointed knife and some gouging and pinching with your fingers. Now you have a neat little cup that, when fried crisp, will hold a generous serving of sea food. Cut croustades the day before and wrap in wax paper and towels to keep them from drying out.

At as nearly the last minute as you can manage conveniently, fry croustades in deep fat. During the frying turn them upside down and push them under with a fork so that inside as well as outside will be brown and crisp. Drain on paper towels.

To serve, fill croustades high with curried sea food and sprinkle tops with chopped parsley.

CHUTNEY

Into a stewing pan put ½ cup juice drained from a jar of watermelon pickles, ½ cup cider vinegar, ¾ cup sugar, 1½ teaspo salt, 1 tablespoon curry powder, ½ spoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cl and ½ teaspoon white pepper. Boil, covered, 10 minutes and add 1 cup wa melon pickles, 1 cup canned pinea chunks, ¼ cup candied ginger, cut slivers, 1 cup seedless white raisins an cup pickled sweet red peppers cut chunks. (Pickled red peppers are usu available in delicatessen stores.) Have pieces of watermelon pickle, pineapple red pepper fairly large. Boil, uncove until mixture is thick; add more sal needed and seal in small jars. This re will make enough for several curry m

Have a dish of chutney on each tabl put a small serving in a lettuce cup on plate.

BAKED TOMATOES WITH OK

These can be prepared for baking the before if that suits your schedule. Se medium-sized firm tomatoes and cu thin slice from the stem end of each. move pulp and seeds carefully so that skin won't be punctured. Sprinkle ins of tomato shells with salt and inver drain.

Cut ¼ pound bacon into cubes and them in a skillet over low heat. W bacon cubes are slightly browned ad cup chopped onion and 1 clove ga minced. (The garlic can be omitted if like.) Cook, stirring often, until onion golden brown. Scrape seeds from pulp took out of tomatoes, cut pulp into f small chunks, put in skillet and cook u tomato is mushy.

Fresh or canned okra can be use making this dish. If fresh is available, 1 pound, wash well, remove stems and into pieces about ½ inch long. Barely c with boiling water, boil 10 minutes drain. If it's to be canned okra, up No. 2 cans cut okra, and pour into a ander to drain. Now sprinkle 2 tablesp bread crumbs over contents of skillet put in the okra. Add 1 teaspoon dried s basil, 1 tablespoon light brown suga teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon fre ground black pepper. Toss gently with spoons until well mixed. The gentle to is especially important if you are u canned okra because it will go mushy the slightest encouragement. Taste seasoning, add more if needed, and aside until lukewarm.

Fill tomato shells with this mixtu heaping it high, and try to have a pieces of unbruised okra on top bec they look pretty. Put stuffed toma in baking pan or muffin tins and s in refrigerator. Let them stand at r temperature half an hour before bak time. Before they are served they sh be baked for 15 minutes in a moder 350° F., oven.

We have two things to bake this time, tomatoes and the popovers. If your r has two ovens this is no problem, and has only one I'll tell you how to manage deal when I get around to popovers.

GELATIN VEGETABLE SAL

Select long, slender green peppers. number needed will depend on their but there should be enough to mak least 3 generous slices for each ser Cut slice from stem end, remove seeds white membrane, wash, and dry ins with a soft cloth.

Finely chop white cabbage, onion, g pepper, sweet red pepper or pimiento celery to make 3 cups in all. Soak 2 e lopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold w and dissolve in 1 cup boiling water. ¾ cup vinegar, ½ cup sugar, 3 teaspo salt and the juice of 1 lemon. Cool, when gelatin begins to thicken put vegetables and stir well. Fill peppers this mixture, packing it down firmly, st peppers in custard cups so they w topple over, and store in refrigerator. is definitely a day-before job, because gelatin needs time to set.

An hour or so before serving, cut pep crosswise in neat rounds about ⅓ i thick. The proportion of gelatin to li is quite high in this recipe, so you nee worry about the slices' holding togethe

POPOVERS

Put 1 cup flour, 1 cup whole milk and ½ spoon salt in a bowl and beat with ro beater until smooth. In a separate b beat 3 medium-sized eggs 2 minutes rotary beater. Mix eggs with flour and

beat 2 more minutes with rotary
r. That's all there is to the batter.
t stand ½ hour before baking.
n popover pans are perfect for baking
vers, but if you don't have them use
custard cups or your deepest muffin
Preheat oven to 450° F., put iron
in oven and let them stay there 10
tes to become piping hot. If you're
tin pans let them heat 1 minute in
ven. Remove pans, brush with salad
d return them to oven for a minute.
k, intense heat is what makes pop-
pop, and you can't be too careful
is score. Take pans out of oven, *close door,* and fill pans ⅔ full of batter
ickly as you can. I use a pitcher
his purpose—it's neat and quick.
rn pans to oven, shut the door, and
out some other business for 25 min-
Don't open the oven door so much
crack until the 25 minutes are up.
lower heat to a moderate 350° and
a look at your
iful popovers.
hem continue
k for about fif-
minutes, which
ake them crisp
lry and practi-
all shell.
reawfully good
y are cooked 25
tes at 450° and
re minutes at
but then they
to be eaten
aste, and that
n't suit our
e-party plans.
v back to the
d tomatoes. If
range has only
ven, slip the
toes onto a rack
the popovers
you lower the
o 350° and open
ven for a look.

APRICOT BAVAROISE

anicebox pud-
and should be
a day in ad-
of the party.
ill need 4 one-
square slabs of
1-food cake
t an inch
er in length
the dish or pan
ich you are go-
mold the pud-
Make the cake
elf or buy it at
akery; and, if
ike, substitute
other kind of
cake. I decided
gel food be-
of its delicacy
ck of richness.
ake into slabs
t proportions.
er 1 pound dried apricots with 3 cups
and soak several hours, or overnight
like. Cover and cook gently until
and very tender—about ½ hour.
through a sieve and add 1¼ cups
2 cups water and 2 teaspoons grated
rind. Bring to a boil and add 2 en-
s unflavored gelatin that has been
l in ¼ cup water and stir until gela-
lissolved. Bring to rapid boil, quickly
4 egg yolks which have been beaten
light with rotary beater and remove
heat. Cool to lukewarm, fold in 3
beaten egg whites, mix thoroughly
et bowl in cold water.
oblong glass dish about the size and
of a large bread pan makes a nice
for this dessert, and if you want to be
y nonchalant when unmolding time
, line the dish—or pan—with cello-
.
been using molds, for both hot and
oods, for—well, we'll skip just how
and never in my life did I think of the
hane trick until quite recently. But
e bliss! It's *so* easy. None of this dip-
n hot water, or massaging with a hot
or running a spatula around the edge.
o worry about will it or won't it be
t. You simply invert the mold and
off, and you can do this ahead of time
the last minute, it's so quick. The
hane comes out with the food and
off like a dream. Here is what you do:
e the mold lightly with salad oil.
This is merely to make the cellophane stick in place. Cut two long strips of cellophane, one as wide as the mold is long, the other as wide as the mold is wide. Press the narrower strip neatly inside, along the length of the mold, letting the ends of the paper extend above the rim. Then do the same with the wider strip, pressing it against the bottom along the width of the mold. Thus, the two strips will crisscross; the sides will be lined with one thickness of paper, the bottom with two. Put two strips of cake on the bottom, leaving space between them, and between the strips and sides and ends of mold. Carefully spoon in the apricot Bavaroise, which should be cold and just starting to set. Fill empty spaces between and around cake strips first and then fill the mold about half full. Put in the two other strips of cake, above the position of the first two, and fill the mold to the brim. The strips of cellophane should all extend above the rim of the mold and one of them can be folded over top as a seal. Put pudding in refrigerator.

To serve, turn out apricot Bavaroise in center of platter, peel off paper and surround with whole peeled canned apricots filled with whipped cream and nuts. Put a little sugar and vanilla in the whipped cream, and add 1 tablespoon brandy if you like. This dessert is so delicate in texture that you'd think it wouldn't hold together—but it does. If you have any of the apricot goop left, put it in custard cups and have it for dessert another day. Cut the mold crosswise, so that each slice shows four squares of white cake.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Nancy Mary at Mount Vernon

By John Ackerson

He's there with every breath we take, great George,
Fox hunter, general of the armies, man
On whom the heroes leaned through Valley Forge
To Monmouth, where a king's pride broke and ran,
Then Yorktown, through the anxious, doubtful years,
Our young republic struggling to her feet—
I kiss your wide blue eyes, and hail their tears,
Rejoicing in your generous heart, my sweet;
For yours, dear daughter, is the future, all
He dreamed and built, and more; shape as you will,
Remembering a pock-marked face, a tall
And awkward shape that haunts his well-loved hill.
Drink deeply of rich air, drink in a faith,
His Union bursts a usufruct of Death.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Service. Swiftness of service is of prime importance when it's a bridge-party meal. You want to enjoy lunch in a leisurely fashion, but certainly you don't want half the afternoon to slip away before you get to the game. However, with tables set and kitchen work behind you, you can greet your guests confidently and know that when the moment arrives you can serve this lunch in record time. The food will look beautiful set out buffet style for self-service, and that's a very expeditious plan. Equally expeditious, and perhaps less trouble, is to fill the plates in the kitchen and bring them to the tables, and this menu lends itself beautifully to that form of service. With a golden-brown croustade filled with the pink-and-yellow sea-food curry, some slices of green-pepper salad resting on a lettuce leaf to protect them from the hot plate, a stuffed tomato and a lettuce cup of chutney, each plate is sure to be a picture, and a very pretty one.

I wouldn't, however, serve the dessert in the kitchen. Everyone should have a chance to see this achievement before as well as after it is cut. It's easy enough to set up a small table in the living room and serve the dessert there, or if you have a tea cart the problem is even more simple. In fact, I wish you all did have tea carts, they make service so easy and smooth, especially if you're swinging the deal alone.

My whole song and dance is that the food should arrive as rapidly as possible, piping hot or cold, as the case may be, and afterward the plates should be removed with the same dispatch. Serve with speed and eat at leisure—that's a rule to make both guests and hostess happy. THE END





IT'S WONDERFUL AS A COOKING SAUCE

Good cooks know that a dash of tomato adds that Certain Something to many a dish. . . . Whenever the recipe calls for tomato sauce, the best and quickest way is Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can. For example:

Savory Beef and Macaroni

2 tbsp. shortening
6 tbsp. chopped onions
1 pound ground beef
½ tsp. salt
pepper to taste
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
½ cup water
3 cups cooked elbow macaroni

Cook onions in shortening until soft, but not brown. Add ground beef and brown. Combine with seasonings, tomato soup, cooked macaroni and water. Place in greased 2 qt. casserole. Bake at 350° (moderate oven) for 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

IT'S WONDERFUL AS A POUR-ON SAUCE...

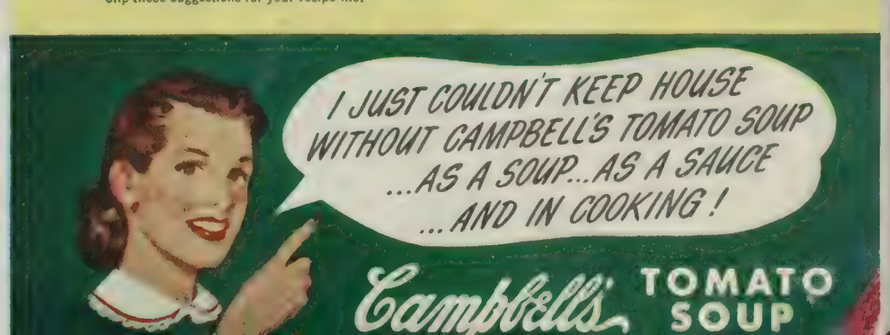
You have no idea how many exciting things you can do with this zestful, ready-to-use tomato sauce! It adds color and flavor to economy foods . . . left-overs . . . puts New Meaning into meatless menus . . . dresses up Old Dependables. For instance:

Fishcakes with Tomato Sauce

Heat the tomato soup just as it comes from the can; then pour over fishcakes. Serve with peas. Garnish with pimiento & parsley. Delicious also with meat loaf, hamburgers, poached or shirred eggs, omelets, etc.



Clip these suggestions for your recipe file.





FINE FOOD COUNTRY STYLE

(Continued from Page 61)

to make split-pea soup. And right now I'll tell you one of the ten or twenty receipts for it, most of them good, not one worth the salt you put in it—*without* said bone.

SPLIT-PEA SOUP

Add 3 quarts water to 2 cups split peas. Add a ham bone (that is, if such is around and waiting). If you haven't a bone of the ham, put in a shank end of a ham—about 1 pound. And less if you don't wish too hammy a flavor. Add 1 large onion, a handful of celery leaves, 1 carrot split in half, 1 teaspoon salt and a good sprinkling of pepper.

Simmer 3 hours. Stir occasionally. Put through a sieve (*not* the bone—that will have done all it can by this time). Cut any bits of ham into small pieces and put back in the soup. Taste your soup and add more seasoning if it's needed. This makes about 2½ quarts of soup. There's never too much, for it's good reheated the next day. If you like a thin soup, add milk to make it the way you fancy.

Serve with toasted croutons or buttered and browned oyster crackers.

Specialty of the house. To go fishing is good. Wait till spring unless there's a hardy through-the-ice fisher in the family. Ever eat any Lake Champlain smelts fished that way? You *haven't?* Well, you have missed—but why go into *that?* But with trout or smelts come spring—or just by itself right now—you'll want the dish I'll tell you about now. With baked potatoes and corn bread. I guess you'll be glad you went for

SALT PORK AND CREAM GRAVY

Allow ¼ pound salt pork for each serving. Buy it in the piece. Cut off the rind and slice it fairly thin. Freshen it by pouring boiling water over the slices and allowing them to stand about 10 minutes. This is the way to get rid of the brine and the salt that clings to pork like a clinging vine to a reluctant bridegroom. Drain on towels and pat the slices dry. Sauté in a hot frying pan.

When pieces are about half crisp, take them out and dip each slice, while hot, in finely rolled cracker crumbs and then in beaten egg. Fry quickly in the hot pork fat left in the pan until both sides of the salt pork are brown and crisp. Drain them and keep hot on a platter. Drain off the fat, leaving about 6 tablespoons. Add 4 tablespoons flour to fat in pan. Mix this thickening smooth and brown just to a light brown. Add 1 pint milk and 1 pint cream to make the gravy. Cook it until thickened and smooth. Stir it every minute. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve with the fried pork and baked potatoes. And if the gravy is thicker than good heavy cream, thin it with milk or cream. Real cream gravy needs cream. Made with all milk, it's another kettle of fish.

Oh, by the way, instead of crumbs, try a batter dipping sometime. Fried the same way. Definitely delicious.

Let's skip to corn bread. I know I *ought* to do something else first, but I won't. I love to do things hind-end-to, as they say where I hailed from. It's an old family custom. But we got there just the same. Only took us longer—maybe.

Well, because I have corn bread on my mind, here's where corn bread is going. In the place where something else ought to come. The receipt is a good one. Maybe you have a favorite. That's your choice. But corn bread sort of fitting into the picture with salt pork and cream gravy and baked potatoes—

The expression for success in any venture, to bring home the bacon, originated from a prize given for happy marriages!

At the church in Dunmow, in Essex County, England, a flitch of bacon used to be given to any man and woman who, after one year of matrimony, would take a vow that they had lived in perfect harmony and fidelity. The earliest recorded case of the awarding of the bacon took place in 1445.

By the end of the sixteenth century, couples who came forward to claim the prize were questioned before a jury of six bachelors and six maidens. Only those who gave satisfactory proof of domestic felicity gained the coveted pork. It was awarded at irregular intervals until late in the nineteenth century.

Widely publicized in literature, the fact that successful claimants actually did bring home the bacon from Dunmow led to the application of the phrase to victory in any undertaking!

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

you're as welcome as a squirrel bringing h nuts to mom and the babies, to this rec right out of the corn-bread belt.

NEW ENGLAND CORN BREA

Sift together 1⅓ cups flour and ⅔ cup corn meal, 4 teaspoons baking powder ½ teaspoon salt. Add ⅔ cup milk, ⅓ maple sirup, ¼ cup melted butter or m garine, and 2 beaten eggs. Mix just until gredients are smooth and nice. Pour int greased shallow square pan, and bake 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375 Cut into squares. Serve hot with plenty butter or margarine.

Back where we belong. Skipping ab is fine, but skipping back is all right t Where I ought to have been was out in t kitchen fixing up a casserole (French for d dish) of scalloped tomatoes. The gimmick this receipt is . . . that these aren't scallop tomatoes at all. They're really *baked* matoes, and between a scallop and a ba (although both are *baked)* is "a great g fixed." And I will explain this sometime.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES

Arrange 6 large pee ripe tomatoes in baking dish. Cut the centers to m hollows the size o half dollar. Sprin with pepper and and ¾ cup sugar a fill in around tom toes with 1 cup br crumbled quite fi with no *lumps*, fro the center of a loaf unsliced bread a d old. Don't use a crusts. Mix 1 cup mo bread crumbs with cup melted butter margarine to cover t top. Be sure the bre crumbs are press down around and b tween the tomatoes. fill the hollowed-o centers with sug and a little lump butter or margarin This is enough sug if you don't like th dish very sweet. Bak about 1 hour in moderately hot ove 375° F., along with th potatoes and corn bread. The tomato should be tender, not overdone. Two No. cans of tomatoes may be used instead fresh—using the more solid pieces of t mato. But the fresh ones are the be This is the best tomato dish known, my opinion.

To pickle or not to pickle. It your choice and yours alone. Pickling tim was over ages ago. Why, right this minu there isn't enough stick cinnamon around the cat to play with. It's in the pickles. Dow cellar in crocks and bottles and all sorts fancy containers, salvaged from forsaken a tics and forlorn cupboards, where the scent the clove lingers potently still. You ma break one of these old crocks, but the spi clings like the scent of a five-cent cigar to Nottingham-lace curtain. The damned spo (Shakespeare) will not out!

In case you didn't fall heir to your grand mother's cookbook, I shall tell you how t make pickled pears. And a tasty receip you'll find it. Mother made them, com pickling time, also peaches and other fru that took the fancy of vinegar and spices an sugar and sirup. A good way, an old-tim way. Country style—none better. They liv high and well. They lived "the more abun dant life" with less squawking than at an time in our history. And pickles helped. Or they claim.

PICKLED PEARS

Make a sirup of 2 cups cider vinegar, 2 cup water and 4 cups sugar. Add 2 sticks cinna mon, 1 tablespoon whole cloves and 2 smal

Best new food idea in years!

Delicious beef gravy in cans . . . ready-to-serve!

Delicious brown beef gravy, all ready to serve, *in cans!* As good as any you ever made in your own roasting pan.

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No mixing, no stirring! Just open, heat and pour. Keep a few cans always handy. *Costs pennies . . . helps save dollars on your monthly food bill.*



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- Wonderful on bread for children's snacks

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Spaghetti • Macaroni • Beef Gravy



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SINGING TEA KETTLE!

THIS KETTLE is made of solid copper with sparkling chromium finish. The natural finish copper bottom heats quickly and efficiently—2½ quarts capacity—and you won't burn your fingers on the cool bakelite handle. It's yours, if you send us two 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions, sold at the full U.S. price, $5.00 each, to persons living outside your own home. Your own or your personal gift subscriptions will not count.

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Send names and addresses of subscribers, together with your name and address and remittance to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
434 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

pieces ginger root. Bring to a boil, and boil 5 minutes. Reduce the heat to low before adding the pears. Peel 3 pounds Seckel pears carefully, removing blossom ends but leaving the stems on. Stick 2 or 3 cloves in each pear and add to the hot sirup. Cook the pears until they are tender and transparent. A few drops of red vegetable coloring added to the sirup give the pears a nice color. Pack the fruit into hot, sterilized jars. Strain the sirup and pour over the pears. Seal. This makes 2 quarts.

Don't scoff, don't laugh. Memory comes to my rescue here and surely I am back in the great old kitchen of my unsophisticated youth. Bursting into that orderly—more or less—region devoted to the preparation of such food as one finds but rarely nowadays. The kettle would be on. The great range pretty hot and the cook some degrees hotter. And heaped on the biggest platter, next to the turkey platter, were—give you three guesses. No, not doughnuts; no again, not fritters; give up? *Fried pies!*

You who don't know the "short and simple annals" of the New England cook have missed out, but missed perhaps more on fried pies than on anything I can name. Except maybe hot bread, waffles, griddlecakes, chocolate cake, cinnamon buns, apple tapioca, Indian pudding, sausages, lemon tarts and a few other items that come to mind.

Omissions and commissions. In order to get you on the right road, take these simple directions. Start in low and you'll wind up in high. What you have missed so far, I shall help you make up. Make up for lost time too. And, should you have a few pies left over, you might send them on. They travel well—but should be kept at home. And eaten hot. Eaten anyway, hot or cold. With cheese or with rich, heavy plain cream. Or put in the pocket, taken out on the back steps and eaten *as are.* Or is. So go to it. It's country fare, right out of the heart of that superb, superior New England. (Other regions please copy.)

FRIED PIES

Make up 1 receipt of pastry, using 2 cups flour. Roll out thin on a lightly floured board or pastry cloth. Cut out in large rounds. If you haven't a cutter about 4 inches in diameter, use a saucer or the edge of a bowl instead, cutting through with a sharp little knife. Put 2 heaping tablespoons strawberry jam or other jam in the center. Raspberry is wonderful, also apricot. And applesauce is *tops.* Brush edges with cold water. Now fold over to make a turnover, such as you see in the picture. Be sure to press the edges very firmly together, for if they spread you're sunk, also the jam or whatever. You know what I mean? Sure you do. Press the edges together—sealing the edges with the tines of a fork. Fry a few at a time, in deep hot fat, about 400° F., until golden brown. Drain on paper towels. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve hot with cheese or with heavy cream.

And they're the McCoy eaten right out of the kettle, lolling against the kitchen range—or the cook. *You* do the lolling *and* the eating, unless you're invited to retire. You will get about a dozen pies out of this receipt. So you might count on everyone eating two. Everyone will.

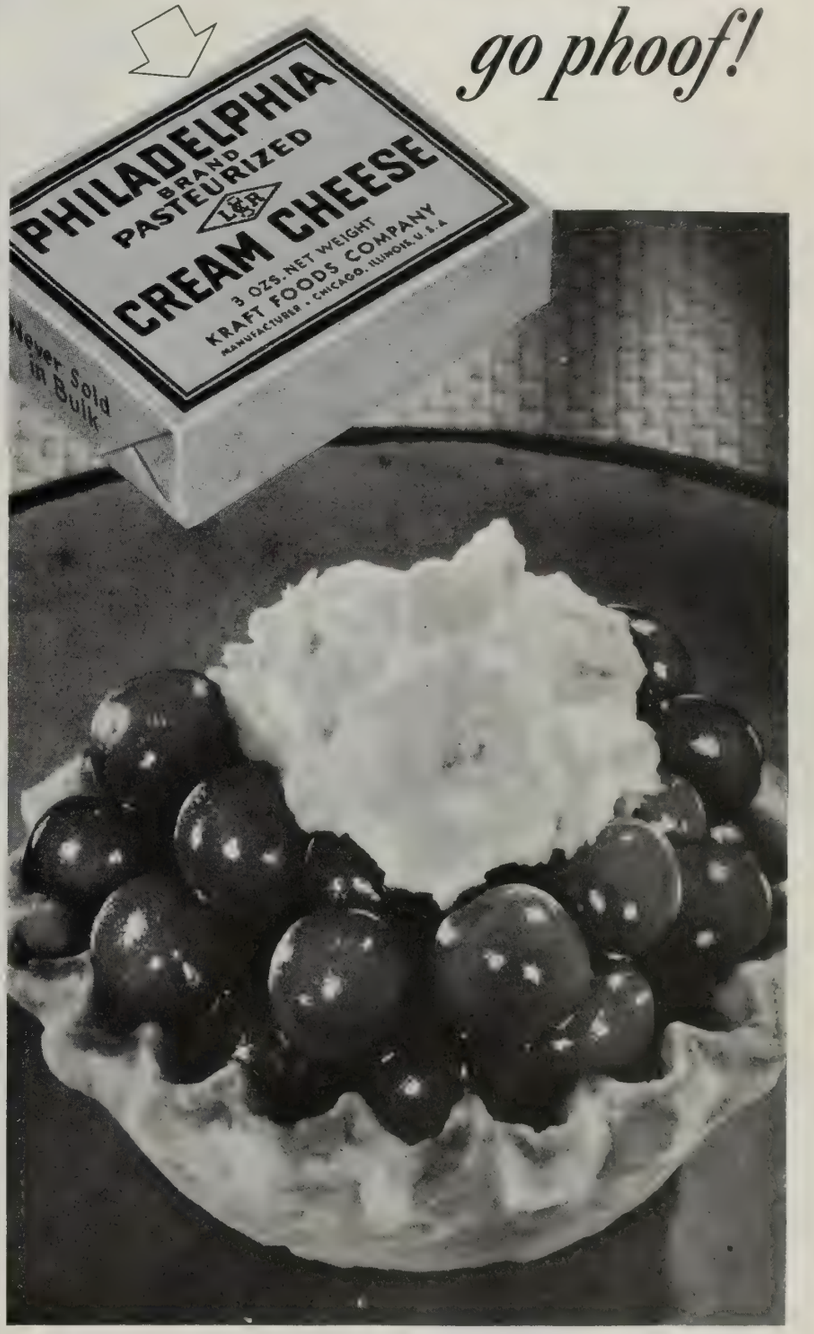
Don't forget the flag. You know that George Washington had or has a birthday this month. Personally, I like George. He had something dynamic about him, and I was always one for dynamite. Calm attracts me now. It takes energy to be dynamic. It requires a lot of agility to deal with dynamite. But whatever it is, my peaceful nature prevails. That is very good.

But, when the twenty-second of February rolls around, up goes the flag. On my flagpole, not fifty cubits but fifty feet into the air, and so I recognize a kindred spirit. On a white horse, riding Virginia's fabled paths. Nice thought, isn't it? So here's to Valley Forge and greatness that is forever. Don't forget the flag. George had to have one for his Revolution. He got it. And, glory be, it's still floating—"o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

THE END

Look for this brand name when you buy cream cheese

For a topping that doesn't go phoof!



With a spoon, whip a little milk into this soft snowy-white cream cheese. Just that easily you have a topping to turn an ordinary dessert into "something special." A topping that's rich and delicately fresh in flavor—and one that *stands up.* Be sure you get genuine Philadelphia Brand; it's *always* fresh.

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ONLY Sunshine Bakers know the deep, deep secret of making Hydrox cookies so deliciously different. The secret is in knowing just how to make two chocolate cookies stay CRISP with cream filling in between. No wonder they're the finest ever made . . . beloved by young and old with desserts and between meals. For a delightful family treat, order HYDROX from your grocer today . . . in the pantry package or the handy cellophane bag.

Sunshine Biscuits INC.

From the Thousand Window Bakeries of

DEATH BE NOT PROUD

(Continued from Page 39)

chemicals and read the manuscript of the ly chapters of Inside U.S.A., which was just n getting under way. I thought he seemed ed, but I did not take this seriously.

He had his usual check with Traeger, our nily physician, who pronounced him per- tly all right. Also he had a check with an e doctor. This was important. Johnny had fered some eyestrain the summer before d was taking exercises to improve his vis- acuity. The eye doctor found nothing ong; in fact, the eyes had improved to a siderable degree. The day after the exam- tion by Traeger, Johnny complained sud- lly of a slightly stiff neck. If this had hap- ed before Traeger saw him, I would have n more concerned, but since he had just n given a clean bill of health, we did not e anything so minor as a stiff neck seri- ly. Indeed, it disappeared after a day, and nny went back to school.

Deerfield had an infantile-paralysis case t spring, and all parents were notified. In third week of April I had a wire from the ool doctor, Johnson, saying that Johnny s in the infirmary but, though he had a f neck, there was no indication of polio. ctor Johnson said he was informing us only ause, knowing of the polio scare and hear- that he was in the infirmary, we might nk that he did have polio, which he didn't.

lled Johnny up, d we talked efly. He was ly, and fretful nissing a week of swork, but oth- vise nothing ned to be amiss. was going into near-by town next day to have asal-metabolism . and Doctor nson asked me find out when had last had a al, and what it I reported all to Frances, and ught little more

t about three in afternoon on rsday, April twenty-fifth, the telephone in our New York apartment. Just at moment I had finished the California pter of my book, and I had intended call- Johnny that night to tell him.

Without hesitation or warning Doctor nson said, "We've had a doctor in from ngfield to see your son—Doctor Hahn, a rologist. Here he is."

octor Hahn said, "I think your child has ain tumor."

was too stunned to make sense. "But 's very serious, isn't it?" I exclaimed.

octor Hahn said, "I should say it *is* seri- His disks are completely choked."

"His what?"

"Ask any doctor what that means—choked s!"

proceeded to describe other symptoms, implored me with the utmost urgency to n touch with Dr. Tracy Putnam, the best for this kind of thing anywhere within e; in fact, even before talking to me, he Johnson had put in a call for Putnam. next half hour passed in a grinding criss- s of calls. I talked to Traeger, I called Deerfield back, I got in touch with Frances, was out in Madison, I reached Putnam, sulted Traeger once more, and by half four I was at 168th Street, waiting in nam's office. We picked Frances up in Haven and, driving hard through greasy on an ugly, gritty night, reached Deer- at about ten. Putnam said little as we e, with our hearts dropping out of us. minutes after I got there I knew Johnny going to die.

cannot explain this except by saying that it on the faces of the three doctors, par- ticularly Hahn's: I never met this doctor again, but I will never forget the way he kept his face averted while he talked, then an- other glimpse of his blank averted face as he said good-by, dark with all that he was spar- ing us, all that he knew would happen to Johnny, and that I didn't know and Frances didn't know and that neither of us should know for as long as possible.

Johnny himself was cheerful. They hadn't told him that we were en route; he jumped up in bed as we came in and murmured, "Well, for goodness' sake!" I saw that his right eye hung down slightly on his cheek.

Johnny thought that he had polio. He tried to grin.

FRANCES stayed with him; I talked to the doctors, and later we told her that Johnny had some sort of "pressure" (that was the euphemism the doctors chose to employ at this time) within his skull, and must be oper- ated upon as soon as possible. She took this without flinching, and returned to Johnny to make him comfortable. I could not bear to look at his eye, limp on the cheek that way. Then I got a more or less consecutive account of what had happened.

Doctor Johnson, suspecting nothing so grave as this, had sent Johnny into Green- field that morning—luckily with a nurse—for a metabolism test. Johnny talked of playing hooky and going to the mov- ies. The nurse no- ticed that he seemed to be stumbling ever so slightly and that when he walked down a corridor or through a door, he brushed the wall on the left side. On closer examination she saw that his eyes were not co-ordi- nating; he had a squint. This scared her, she reported the matter to John- son, Johnson made an optical check and at once called Hahn in, and Hahn took a spinal tap which showed an almost unbelievably heavy pressure in the fluid encasing the brain; also, choked op- tic disks indicated fierce pressure behind the optic nerve.

That first spinal tap!—the first of many, and spinal taps can be frightening as well as painful. For fourteen months hardly a week passed that Johnny did not have some kind of examination; for month after agonizing month there were the bandages and dressings to be changed every day. Yet I give my word on it, no whimper ever came out of Johnny after the first operation. He got angry some- times, but he never blubbered.

And the doctors! So many doctors! We had thirty-two, thirty-three—maybe more, including some of the most famous special- ists in the world. But soon we discovered several things about doctors. One is that they seldom, if ever, tell you everything. An- other is that there is much, even within the confines of a splinter-thin specialty, that they themselves do not know. Let me salute all those doctors. They had the best will in the world, and nothing in the entire province of modern knowledge which applied to this particular ailment was left unsearched; indeed, we tried some things that had never been tried before, but the frontiers of medicine are in some fields astonishingly limited—not to say unknown—and there are still mysteries in Johnny's case that no medical man can al- together account for.

Of all the doctors, the chief was this gentle and sensitive man whom we drove to Deer- field that first evening, Tracy Putnam. I had no idea then of his eminence. As of that time—he has since moved to California—he was Professor of Neurology and Neurosurgery

NEXT MONTH

ALLIE sat in her father's chair, at the desk of his small-town paper, and watched a series of strange happenings cloud the quiet waters of life in Tressady—until a man appeared who led her slowly, surely back into the swift current of life she had avoided for so many years. Read

UNDER THE QUIET WATER

BY FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

Complete in the March JOURNAL

Florida's Fruit of Youth

BRINGS OUT THE "KID" IN EVERY ONE!



SUCH FUN TO PEEL!
They have "zipper skins" that peel off a mile a minute. Anyone with an ounce of fun in him gets a kick out of tangerines!

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Leave a bowl of them on the table—for after-school and before-bed snacks. So much better than rich sweets. And *packed* with Florida health!

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BRIGHTEN UP DOZENS OF DISHES!
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at Columbia University and Director of Neurology and Neurosurgery at the Neurological Institute of Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital, commonly known in New York as the Medical Center.

Putnam ordered Johnny to be brought into New York by ambulance; we made the arrangements, and set out early the next morning. To keep Johnny warm as we lifted him into the ambulance, the nurse pulled a gray blanket over his face. Frances helped her. I did not want to watch. It was a long ride in the cold, sullen, slippery rain. Frances held Johnny's hand while he dozed.

The Neurological Institute rises stiff and tawny near the Hudson just below the silvery spindles of the George Washington Bridge. That building became the citadel of all our hopes and fears for more than a year, the prison of all our dreams. A comfortable room with a view of the river was ready, Johnny was transferred gently to a bed, and we found ourselves sucked at once into the vast mechanism of a modern hospital.

The next morning Johnny was well enough to ask me how much the ambulance had cost.

I told him, and he replied, "A gyp."

His eye looked better. It did not have that dreadful droop. But later that day he developed an excruciating headache, the only intense pain he suffered during the whole course of his illness—a small mercy, perhaps, but one to be grateful for. The brain controls pain in other parts of the body, but there are no sensory nerves in brain tissue itself; you could cut a person's brain apart bit by bit, and there would be no pain. What causes headache is swelling or inflammation of the membranes surrounding the brain, or pressure on the tissue from a foreign mass; this is what happened that day. The usual painkillers were forbidden, because they might interfere with the tests going on. Finally, an injection of caffeine relieved him somewhat, and he had some medicaments by mouth.

A great number of intricate tests were necessary, including X rays, an electroencephalogram and visual-field tests, all exhausting in the extreme, but necessary so that the tumor might be located as accurately as possible. The surgeon, when he went through the bowl of the skull, wanted to hit the exact right spot. One of these tests actually entails drilling holes through the skull—of course it can take place only on the operating table before the actual operation.

MEANTIME at least five doctors, all neurosurgeons, asked us questions. Any record of a blow? Any projectile vomiting? Any chills or tremors? Any double vision, headaches, abnormal involuntary movements, dizziness, or disturbances in gait, taste, smell or hearing? We answered, horrified, "No . . . no."

Johnny's operation—this first operation—took place on Monday, April 29, 1946. He went upstairs at 11:10 A.M. and came down at 5:20 P.M. Brain operations take an eternity because of the laborious procedure necessary. One of the doctors told me that its effect on Johnny would be approximately that of the explosion of a .45-caliber bullet against the head. Those six hours were the longest Frances and I ever spent.

Between the Friday and the Monday I tried to find out something about brain tumors. A tumor is a growth. What I asked about first was whether or not Johnny had cancer. All cancers are tumors, but not all tumors are cancers. By one definition, Johnny did have cancer; by another, he did not. That is, a brain tumor (though it may strike the spinal cord in some rare cases) never metastasizes; that is, spreads through the body to attack liver or bones or what not. It is not like a tumor of the breast that may beco a tumor of the lung. But if malignant, it spread within the cranium itself like a spo an apple until the brain is destroyed. The fore, it must be removed at once. Also, asmuch as the brain rests within the h shell of skull, there is no room for expans if a foreign growth is present, the skull i must be opened or death will be caused pressure. The only other accepted mean therapy for brain tumors are X ray a rarely, radium. To open the skull and extr all or part of a brain tumor is a refinem of surgery of the most elaborate kind.

THE technique (of course I am oversim fying vastly) is to locate the tumor with actness, open the skull and remove as mu of the tumor as possible by suction and ot devices, meantime preventing hemorrha by various means and so keeping the patie alive. In blunt fact the operation, thou prolonged, may not be violently dangero Everything depends on the type of tumor t surgeon may discover, and there are hal hundred different kinds. The location of t tumor is also of prime importance. Obviou a tumor close to the surface, in a so-called lent area of the brain, will be easier to extra than one deep down.

Johnny's tumor turned out to be near surface and in the right occipital parie lobe, which made the procedure somew less formidable, though, God knows, midable enough. other differen among tumors is t some have a gre velocity of gro than others and tendency to recur. was a bad sign t Johnny's had app ently developed wi such speed. Anoth difference is th some are encaps lated, and so can lifted out in a pie like a marble stu in jelly. These a comparatively ea to remove. But othe are of an infiltratin spidery type th creep and burro along the minu crevasses of the brai slowly but inevitably destroying functio and almost impossible to remove. If the su geon goes too deep, the patient dies of loss blood; or, worse, so much healthy brain tiss has to be destroyed that he will be bet dead.

At about 4:30 that afternoon, while Pu nam was still washing, Traeger came do and found us in the solarium near Johnn room. I took him aside and asked just o question: "Was it encapsulated?" He a swered, "No."

Putnam came down a few minutes lat He walked me down the hall after a word encouragement to Frances. "It was abo the size of an orange. I got half of it."

What, in all sanity and conscience, is brain? How could an evil thing the size of a orange have existed in Johnny's head wit out making him sicker? The answer is, dare say, suggested by the fact that immed ately after the operation, he became tolerabl well, even though half the tumor was st there. Part of the brain is nonsensitive tissu and Johnny's tumor lay in a comparativel inactive region.

There was a bustle at the elevator an Johnny's bed was wheeled in. Frances, wh was magnificently composed, took a bri walk. I was sick with fright when I saw t oxygen and all the paraphernalia for tran fusion. Already Johnny had had a couple pints of blood. But this was routine, more less. The doctors said that he would be u conscious at least till the next morning, an that we might as well go home. I elected stay. Soon I got my first look at Johnny face, sideways on the pillow with a hug turban of bandage marked THIS SIDE UP.

(Continued on Page 90)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Meeting

By Julia Collins Ardayne

Will you meet me at the time
When song sinks into silence, and the rain,
Soft and gray as wings of moths,
Throbs upon the pane?
Though your step fall oh, so softly,
I shall feel you near.
Though your voice be but a memory,
I shall hear.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ☆

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Betty Crocker Fresh Orange Chiffon

Preheat oven (see pan sizes and temperatures below). SIFT an ample amount of SOFTASILK Cake Flour onto a square of paper. Don't risk disappointment by using any other flour with this recipe!

LARGE CAKE Makes 16 to 20 Servings	SMALL CAKE Makes 8 to 10 Servings
STEP 1 ... MEASURE (level measurements throughout) and SIFT together into mixing bowl:	
2¼ cups sifted Softasilk Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)	1⅛ cups (1 cup plus 2 tbsp.) *sifted* Softasilk Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)
1½ cups sugar	¾ cup sugar
3 tsp. baking powder	1½ tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt	½ tsp. salt
MAKE a well and add in order:	
½ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola	¼ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola
5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)	2 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)
juice of 2 medium-sized Sunkist oranges plus water to make ¾ cup	juice of 1 medium-sized Sunkist orange plus water to make ⅜ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.)
grated rind of 2 oranges (about 2 tbsp.)	grated rind of 1 orange (about 1 tbsp.)
BEAT with spoon until *smooth*.	
STEP 2 ..... MEASURE into *large* mixing bowl:	
1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)	½ cup egg whites (4 whites)
½ tsp. cream of tartar	¼ tsp. cream of tartar

WHIP until whites form *very stiff* peaks. They should be much stiffer than for angel food or meringue. Do NOT UNDERBEAT.

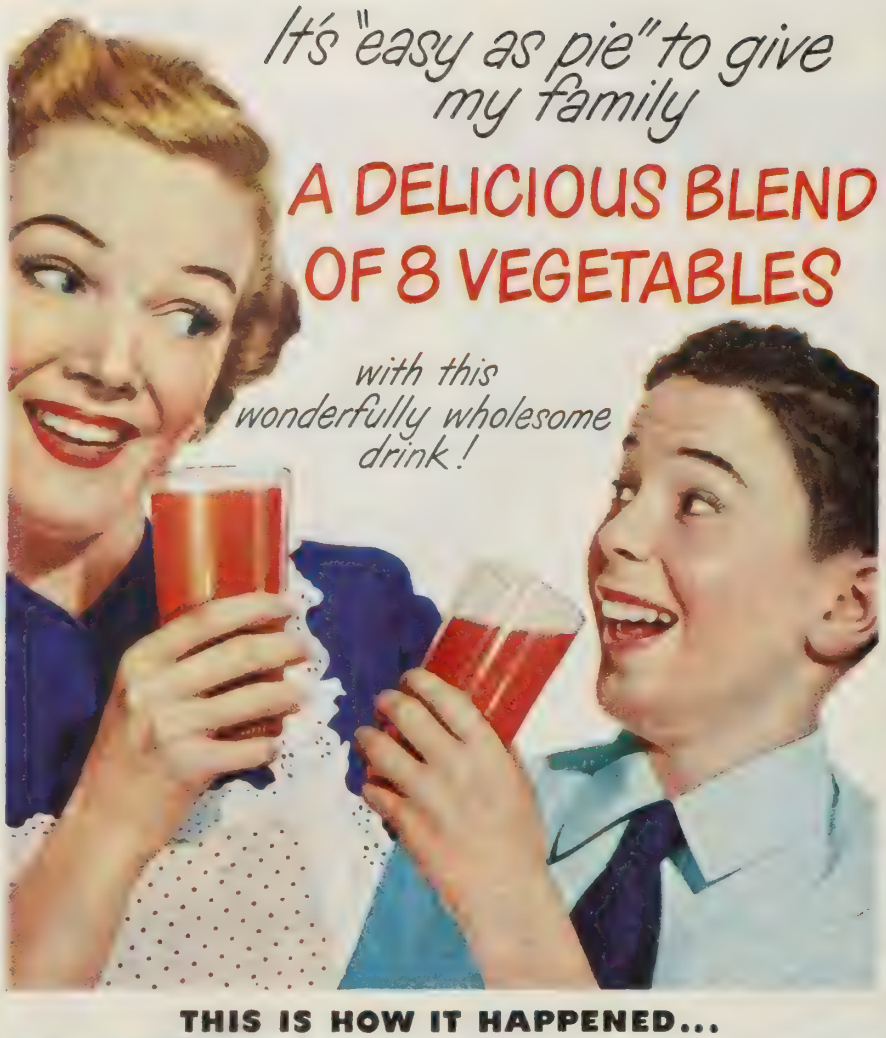
STEP 3 ... POUR egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended. Do NOT STIR. Pour into *ungreased* pan immediately. Bake in:

10-in. tube, 4-in. deep— 325°—65 to 70 min.	8x8x2-in. or 9x9x2-in. square— 350°—30 to 35 min.
9x13x2-in. oblong— 350°—45 to 50 min.	5x10x3-in. loaf— 325°—50 to 55 min.
	9-in. tube, 3½-in. deep— 325°—50 to 55 min.

... or until top springs back when *lightly* touched.

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of square, oblong, or loaf pans on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.

ORANGE CREAM ICING. Melt in saucepan *½ cup shortening* (part butter adds flavor). Remove from heat. Blend in *4 tbsp. SOFTASILK Cake Flour, ¼ tsp. salt.* Stir in slowly *½ cup orange juice.* Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute. (If mixture curdles, do not be alarmed.) Remove from heat. Stir in *3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar.* Set saucepan in bowl of cold water. Beat until consistency to spread. Stir in *1 tbsp. grated orange rind. Makes icing for Large Chiffon Cake; for Small Chiffon Cake, use half the amounts of ingredients.*

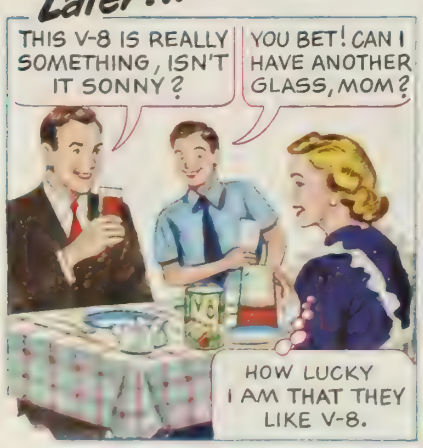


THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED...

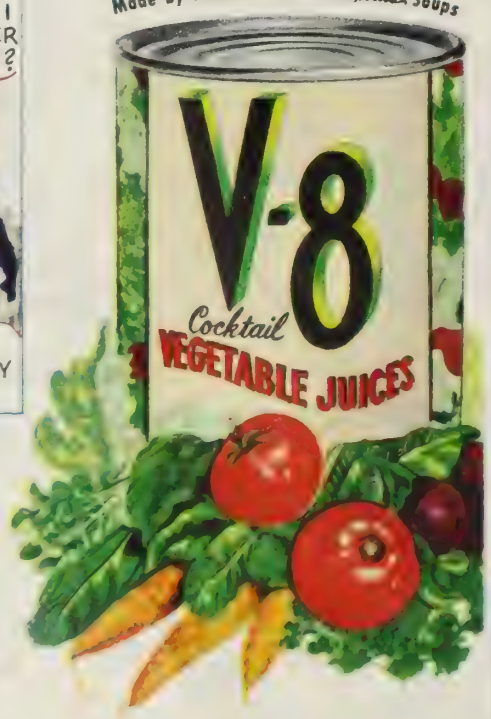




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PARSLEY CARROTS
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BEETS WATERCRESS

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(Continued from Page 88)

retreated in dumb shock. Both his eyes were stuck closed and he looked as if he had two enormous shiners; his whole face was the size and almost the color of a football. But this was nothing to worry about, since it was the result of edema, swelling, following the shock of operation—so I was told. Then I noticed the emergency instruments on the bed table and learned that a needle (it stayed there for some days) was actually taped into the vein in his arm, in case an emergency transfusion should be necessary. This, too, was routine—or so I heard.

At about nine that evening, only a few hours after the operation, Johnny gasped and stirred, making a weak groping gesture with his enormously swollen mouth.

"Spit it out," the nurse said.

He replied in perfectly understandable words, "You know I can't spit. I'm completely dehydrated."

The nurse stared at him dumfounded.

Johnny recognized me after a while and whispered, "Hello, pop." Pause. "Are there going to be any more tests?"

"Good Lord, no! You're all through with tests. Don't you realize you've had quite a serious operation?"

"Of course," Johnny answered.

I slept sitting up in the visitors' room. I kept remembering the way he had looked when we hoisted him into the ambulance at Deerfield, with the gray blanket across his face.

Johnny made a very good recovery. Six days after the operation he ate a beefsteak, sitting up; on the eighth day he was busy drawing a series of parabolas and on the eleventh day he walked the length of the corridor alone. But do not think he didn't suffer.

His eyes were stuck absolutely shut the first day or two; and he spent forty-eight hours fearing that he was blind. The very day after the operation he asked me to bring his physics text to the hospital, and then demanded that we read him the questions at the chapter ends. Thank goodness, he knew the answers!

Of course Johnny did not know the full seriousness of his illness. Above all we had to shield him from definite knowledge, since his greatest asset—his only asset aside from his youth—was his will to live.

Immediately Putnam had broken to him what he had, Johnny did two things. First he called an adult friend, Lewis Gannett, and told him almost proudly, "They drilled three holes right through my head." Second, he telephoned a schoolmate, Edgar Brenner, "Guess what! That pressure I had was a brain *tumor!*"

HE announced one afternoon when I came in, croaking, "Wonderful news—I've had another spinal tap!" Almost always when I called him early in the morning to ask how he was feeling, he would answer, no matter how feeble his voice was, "Simply marvelous!" When he learned that what he had was more serious even than polio, he was impressed and pleased. He would laugh and say, "Nothing can hurt *my* old brains!"

We were crazily optimistic for a week or two; we even made plans for Johnny to recuperate down at Virginia Hot Springs. The preliminary diagnosis was of astrocytoma. This is a type of tumor comparatively benign, and even if Putnam didn't get it all, there was a fair chance that X-ray therapy might knock out the rest. It takes some weeks to prepare the slides of tissue that confirm the type of tumor; the procedure is extraordinarily involved. Not only do tumors grow; they may change from one type to another. A doctor told me in the corridor one day that the slides were ready; I saw something in his eyes and could not bear to ask what they indicated. I walked right by him,

Years ago the householder covered his floor with straws, or rushes, and though these were renewed when they became dirty, the prevailing standard of cleanliness was not a very high one. Accordingly, when visitors were expected, the etiquette of the time required that the old rushes be swept out and clean ones spread over the floor. The medieval host who refused to observe this amenity had a very small opinion of his guest, for he didn't bother to clean even the floor for him, or, in other words, didn't *care a straw.*

refusing to talk, and he must have thou was crazy.

The next day Putnam called me int office, with Lester Mount, his associate, st ing by. What Johnny had was somet much worse than they had feared; it wa an astrocytoma but an astroblastoma un going transformation. Putnam expla why he had not closed the skull but had open, covered only by a flap of scalp, an in the head about as big as my hand. was to provide "decompression"; that i allow the tumor, if it continued, to gro bulge outward, instead of inward, which w destroy the brain. If Putnam had seale the skull with bone or a plate, Johnny w have been dead in a month. Also to the skull open (except for this flap of s allowed easier access to X ray. But the skull produced disadvantages, too, in Johnny had to be very careful not to f otherwise injure the soft spot.

I WENT to the library to do some more r ing. There I discovered that any type o mor bearing the prefix "glio" (glue) i most invariably fatal. I rushed to several tors, appealing to them to say that su surely, Johnny's tumor could not be of deadly type. "Of course it isn't," they rep

Johnny continued to recover nicely. eye didn't droop any more and, except slight weakness i left leg, he seeme be quite well. and over we Johnny, lying, tha tumor was dead, Putnam *had* got i What was affec him, we said, was ply the aftereffect terrific operation.

What really i ested him was get back to school. He terrified to think what classwork he missed, and how he going to manage catch up. School! did not dare tell that it would be a miracle if he could go to school again.

He began to show great curiosity a what caused the tumor. Patiently Do Mount and the others traced back thr Johnny's history for any evidence of a s or blow, or for any other clue. Once Joh said triumphantly, "I know what caused "If you do, you'll have revolutionized m cine," Mount replied. Johnny's theory that he had been sitting far back in a c playing chess and then slipped and bange head on the iron radiator. But this blow not even left a bump or bruise, and not so slight could possibly have put into m any growth so deadly. The plain fact is nobody knows what causes a malignan mor. The causation of cancer is the gre and most formidable of all the unknow modern science.

One grayish afternoon Johnny showed prayer to Frances:

> Almighty God,
> forgive me for my agnosticism;
> For I shall try to keep it gentle, not cyn
> nor a bad influence.
> And O! If thou art truly in the heave
> accept my gratitude
> for all Thy gifts,
> and I shall try
> to fight the good fight. Amen.

The story behind the prayer is this called it an "Unbeliever's Prayer." Joh had never prayed; perhaps this was a r tion from his dislike of chapel and his res ment at having been obliged to spend a g deal of time listening to organized relig exhortation. To counteract this tende Frances began to read him prayers of var kinds—Hindu, Chinese, and so on, as we Jewish and Christian. He was intereste all this. Then she started him on Aldous H ley's anthology of prayer, The Perenn Philosophy, and told him how intimate very personal prayer could be.

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At about this time he became fascinated by the Book of Job. He asked Frances to read it to him several times. "It will teach me patience," Johnny said.

On May twenty-eighth we had more bad news: Johnny fainted going to the bathroom, and the pathologist's report was worse. Putnam said little, telling us to put our trust in the X-ray therapy now beginning. One afternoon we walked in the garden, and a hundred yards away in a doorway I saw a young man, apparently a spastic case, writhing, twisting, being held tight by a male nurse. I turned Johnny around sharply. I do not know whether he saw or not.

Later I peeped at the sheet on the technician's desk in the X-ray room. There it was as clear as daylight—Johnny's tumor was "undergoing glioblastomatous transformation." That prefix "glio"! No doctor had quite dared to tell us.

Johnny was discharged from Neurological on June first, and moved to our apartment. But he had to return to the hospital every morning for X rays until June twentieth, when he was cleared to go to Frances' house in Connecticut, for what we hoped would be an uninterrupted quiet summer. The radiologist would not allow more X rays after June twentieth, though it was too early to tell whether the tumor was diminishing or not. Too much X ray will kill any tissue, as surely as will a tumor. Also it can have a vicious deteriorative effect on the white blood cells, the bone marrow and, as everybody knows, the skin. The radiologists had to estimate exactly how far they could go before the beneficial effects of X ray might be outmatched by its destructive force.

THE first minute Johnny was home he did what we had anticipated—dived for the Britannica to look up brain tumors. We had taken the precaution to hide this particular volume because, among much else, the article said that almost all brain tumors end with blindness. I cannot recall now how we explained its absence. Johnny fumed for a while and then resigned himself to the mysterious ways of parents. That evening we discussed plans for the country. Indeed, he had talked them out with Putnam. Swimming, diving, boating were forbidden—this last a cruel blow—because of the flap, the soft spot, in the skull. Johnny could still have had no real perception of the seriousness of his illness, because he had asked Putnam, "But can I go rock climbing?"

We were told that he must rest above all, take short walks, read in moderation, and exercise the left fingers and left toes. The weakness here was gradually becoming more pronounced, but we did not know, nor did the doctors, whether the tumor was responsible, or, as may have been the case, whether it was a temporary setback caused by the shock of the X rays. Probably it was at this juncture that we first became seriously impressed with what little doctors do know. To question after question the answers, despite the utmost good will, were confused and contradictory, simply because the course of any brain tumor in a child is unpredictable. Of course we expected too much. But it was our worst burden that we were never sure about anything, not merely from one day to another, but from one moment to the next.

That whole summer of 1946 is a spotty haze in my memory. Mostly we were moving Johnny in and out, because he had to return to New York every ten days or so for check-ups.

The house at Madison was, from almost every point of view, perfect for a convalescence. It faces the Sound, with a broad scallop of private beach. Johnny's room was upstairs and, until the end of the summer, he did not have too much difficulty getting up and down. Here were his most precious books, his specimens, his phonograph records, all the paraphernalia for his studies. Downstairs he could loaf on the long balcony, potter about in the sand, lie in the sun, wade, and even play a little with his boat. His workshop and laboratory were in the garage a hundred yards away. He loved every minute of that summer. Frances was with him all the time and I came




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out week ends if I could. Our friends dropped in and Frances' brother and my sister were steady visitors.

Particularly I remember Johnny's considerateness, even when he got sicker. He was worried that his illness might upset our plans and about how much it was costing and about Frances' work and my book. I was less than halfway through Inside U. S. A. and hopelessly behind. Johnny knew that the dead line for delivering the ms. was October first, and he knew perfectly well that I could never make it. His first question when I came out was usually, "Well, how many chapters did you write yesterday?" Then: "You'd better hurry!"

A major problem continued to be what to tell him. If the tumor was indeed mostly gone, how explain the continued bulging?

The flap, which we called the Bulge or the Bump, got slowly, mercilessly bigger, until it was almost the size of a tennis ball sticking out of his head. "Oh—it's the way those things go after X ray," we tried to explain. He accepted this—perhaps—and was cheerful and determined.

Meantime we came to learn a new medical word that pursued and haunted us for almost a year—papilledema. This means, to put it roughly, a swelling of the head of the optic nerve where it enters the eye. When pressure exists inside the skull, causing papilledema, or "choked optic disk," the optic nerve may be injured. When the eyes are normal, the papilledema is zero. Then the amount of papilledema is measured in an ascending scale to 10 diopters. The higher the papilledema, the worse the situation.

Before the operation Johnny's papilledema was a full 10; when he left the hospital, it had dropped to 2. Now it hovered between 4, 3½, and 4 again. Always the first thing a doctor did was to measure this wretched papilledema. Another frightening factor was that though most of the cranial nerves were still normal, there had come a slight lag on the left side of the mouth. Also Johnny had lost a shocking amount of vision. His eyes were more or less all right when he looked straight ahead, but he could not see well to the side. It was as if he had an invisible blinker on the side of each eye.

Nobody should get sick in or near New York in July or August. Putnam and Mount were both on holiday. On July twelfth I brought Johnny in to Traeger for a check. Traeger did not like the look of the bump and sent us to Masson, who had taken Putnam's place at Neurological. Masson would not see Johnny that day, which meant that he had to undergo the exhausting business of a hundred-mile drive back to the country, then into town again, and then back once more. Then Masson took one look and said flatly that Johnny could not live more than a couple of months. That ugly analogy came up again—his brain was like an apple with a spot in it.

On Wednesday, July seventeenth, back in town. At about midnight F called. The bump had opened and was ing pus.

From that day until a month bef died, there was never a single day in Johnny did not have to go through the rious nuisance and ordeal of having his dressed and bandaged.

This leak in the bump was not in serious; it was a "stitch abscess" caus a couple of tiny stitches left in the or incision. But it worried our local doc Madison, and Johnny began to take p lin to avert infection in case the should widen where the bulging scal stretched thin and taut, or in case should be another ulceration. We p that this would not happen. It happ though. The bump burst open in an place. I got another hurry call at no the twenty-fourth, drove out at once Johnny was back in Neurological tha ning.

We had heard, meantime, about a cian named Wilder Penfield in Mon Traeger tracked him down, and he agr come to New York. Putnam interrupt holiday, and he, Traeger and another spent the morning in consultation.

Penfield spent an hour on the slid ways, in a thing of this kind, the poss exists of mistaken diagnosis, and the might have changed for the better or We waited, and then with everybody ing Penfield cut through all the euphe and said directly, "Your child has a nant glioma, and it will kill him."

He wrote in longhand on Johnny's

The neoplasm is obviously a maligna oma. The removal and decompression ha him some longer lease of life, and it has happy interval. . . .

I would recommend healing the area sible in a few weeks. Further X-ray trea only when radiotherapist decides the sk brain will not suffer from it.

If operation is decided upon, occipita amputation might be carried out with so of skull closure. This would not prolo much if at all. It might make him able t and active over a greater portion of the l

I can see nothing that could have bee up to date that has not been done. This tragedy of such cases.

Of course no one told us that comple cipital-lobe amputation would mean ness.

Now we struck out hard on new paths rest of the summer is the story of pill a search. There might be some ray of somewhere despite Penfield's death tence. But we must act quickly. Fr thought that physicists or atomic scie who worked in the medical field durin war might have discovered somethin about brain tumors unknown to the

(Continued on Page 94)

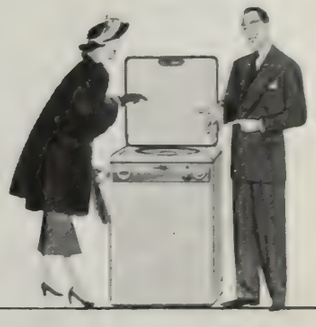


"Your gown is perfectly lovely, dear! It always has been, hasn't it?"



Want to know how to get clothes really clean automatically?

Ask your Frigidaire Dealer to show you how the only Automatic Washer with Live-Water action gets clothes far cleaner—spins them drier, too!





See how much drier, lighter, it spins your clothes!

Your Frigidaire Dealer has something to show you that's really different—*Live-Water washing!* It isn't just a different name—it's an entirely different principle of washing clothes bright-clean automatically. And you can't find Live-Water action like this except in the Frigidaire Automatic Washer!

Rhythmic as the tide, sudsy water surges through and through every inch of your clothes. Rolling currents of water carry the clothes from top to bottom of the tub—without any pulling or rubbing against metal to cause undue wear.

That's how Live-Water washing gets clothes cleaner, cleaner, *clean!* It's thorough action—yet soap-bubble gentle with fragile fabrics. And that's true, too, of Live-Water rinsing, Live-Water re-rinsing! All of this happens—automatically—at the touch of a dial. Your hands need never touch water—not even when you lift out the clean, bright clothes. The Rapidry-Spin gets them *really* damp-dry, lighter to lift—it spins more water out of clothes than most other washers, far more! When the laundry's done the washer cleans itself and turns itself off—automatically.

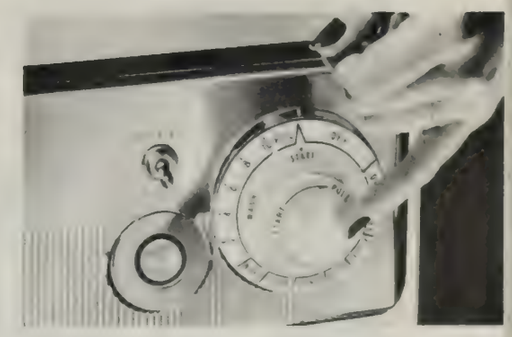
Visit your Frigidaire Dealer today to learn about the only really different Automatic Washer. And ask to see all the new models of the Frigidaire Refrigerator, the different Frigidaire Electric Ranges and all the other Frigidaire appliances for pleasanter living.

Look up name of your Frigidaire Dealer—in Classified Phone Directory; or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside 12, Ontario.

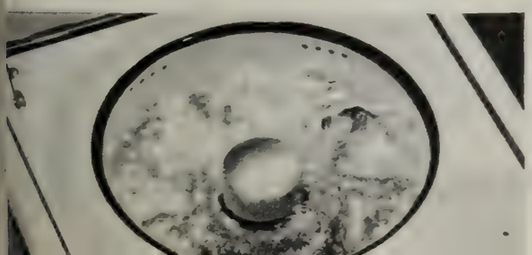
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FRIGIDAIRE
Automatic Washer

Wash with your little finger—just touch this dial and your Frigidaire Automatic Washer does the rest! Or, for special jobs, you can hand-control the laundering cycle — lengthen, shorten, repeat, skip any operation as you wish.



Live-Water Washing is safest—keeps clothes rising and falling freely through sudsy water, allowing minimum contact with even the tub itself. That's why you'll find it so easy on clothes—no pulling or yanking by metal parts to cause undue wear.



Some clothes are dry enough to iron — the minute you lift them out of the Frigidaire Automatic Washer. That's because of Rapidry-Spinning! And by the time you've ironed those pieces, chances are that the rest of the laundry's plenty dry enough for ironing, too!



Porcelain finish wipes clean — just a damp rag cleans the exterior easily. The beautiful rustproof finish resists scratching, grease and dirt. And, of course, the interior is porcelain, too—self-cleaning, needs no attention at all!



"Our latch-string's out for Sunday Supper!"

Tomato bouillon — Stuffed olives in bacon — RITZ CRACKERS
Mushroom caps with shrimps — Frankfurters with cheddar cheese

Gather your friends around the fireside for "something new" in *supper!* Serve soup in *mugs* and let them help themselves to hearty hot hors d'oeuvres and RITZ CRACKERS. Here's a sophisticated idea for a meal—and crisp, tangy RITZ CRACKERS make it click! Because no other crackers make soup or shrimp taste so zesty—are so delicious that folks eat 'em by *handfuls!* For hospitality with *cordiality*, serve RITZ CRACKERS *whenever* "your latchstring's out"!

NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS RITZ—BUT RITZ!



(Continued from Page 92)

at large, and I wrote or telephoned to doctors all over the country to investigate this possibility.

I wrote to Hutchins at the University of Chicago, to both Lawrences at the University of California, to the head of the tumor clinic at Michael Reese in Chicago, to a splendid physician in Boston who had just come back from Russia, to one specialist who was experimenting with radioactive phosphorus, to the head of Massachusetts General, and to our friend Prof. Francis Bitter. We asked one and all the same question—did they know anything new? Was there any hope?—particularly in developments in medical physics. One and all made the same reply, in painstaking and courteous terms, that nothing at all was new, that Johnny was having the best and most expert medical care the world of science could provide.

One morning Frances found an item in the Sunday Times, describing some remarkable ameliorations of tumors—not brain tumors, but just tumors—caused by intravenous dosages of mustard gas.

This is, of course, a deadly poison. Scientists had come across it as a possible treatment of cancer directly out of military experiments. Mustard gas kills by attacking certain cells with abnormally fast growth. What is a tumor if not something in the body growing fast? Hence the transposition was easy to the hypothesis that nitrogen mustard, or HN_2 as the doctors called it, might conceivably pick out and attack tumor cells, while not harming appreciably other cells, if administered in tiny doses with great care.

Frances, through friends in New Haven, set out on the trail of this mustard. We chased it to the University of Utah, to an experimental station in Maine, and to the offices of the American Cancer Society. After a week we tracked it down finally at Memorial Hospital, New York City—ten minutes' walk from our apartment. What decided us to use it was the word over the telephone of one of the most celebrated physicians in the United States: "If it were my son, I'd try it."

Traeger got in touch with Rhoads, the head of Memorial, and I went to see Craver, the medical director there, who put at our disposal Dr. Joseph Burchenal, a young scientist with a fine war record who was in charge of the HN_2 experiments. He drove out to Neurological with me, and we put it up to Mount. Now it is a ticklish business to mix up hospitals. It is a very rare thing for a doctor affixed to one hospital, like Burchenal at Memorial, to do work at another like Medical Center. Let me thank everybody who generously helped waive the rules. Within twenty-four hours of first talking to Craver at Memorial, I saw the first injection of nitrogen mustard ever given at Medical Center administered to Johnny. It was all so impromptu and urgent that I myself carried the precious, frightfully poisonous stuff from one hospital to the other.

DURING all of this Johnny was reasonably confident. At I do not know what cost to his inner resources, he maintained the boldest kind of front. Once Bill Shirer and the late John T. Whitaker dropped in; each had just had a serious hospital experience. "What did you talk about?" I asked Johnny. Reply: "We discussed our operations."

He could not have survived this summer had it not been for his mother's brave and understanding spirit. So that he would not be frightened she talked to him as if casually about the narrow escapes she and other people had had from Death, and it relieved him greatly to learn that several of those whom he loved had *almost* died. She read him poetry on meditative and religious themes, and he made his own anthology of poems he liked by reciting them into a transcribing apparatus, and then playing them back when the mood was on him.

Johnny got his first doses of mustard between August first and fifth. It had never been tried on a brain case before. mustard makes a patient very sick Also there was considerable local pain the veins in his arms were difficult and the injections produced painful b There had to be a close watch on afte since one of the results of mustard is the white blood count down. The blood corpuscles serve an importan tion in combating infection, so it wa sary to keep dosing Johnny wit amounts of penicillin, as compensa the temporarily lost white cells. W drove up to the country we filled a bag with dry ice and chucked the p in it, and for over a month Johnny have a blood count every day.

THE first series of mustard shots did great benefit. Of this there is no rea doubt, I believe. They stepped up his and made him fresher, stronger. As to ond series I am not so sure. For we dec an additional course of mustard, and had these further shots late in Augu

Johnny checked out of this visit to logical and he was well enough, tha afternoon, to see the movie Henry Frances and my sister Jean and to few blocks. But there was somethi donic in his last word to his favorit when she said good-by. "Oh," he w her, "I'll be back."

Out in the country he picked up He did schoolwork and for relaxation out mathematically all the odds po poker, among many other things. O cinated like most by the mysteriou of the family, he his family tree wit elaborateness. On ing in New York I letter:

Sat

Dear Pap, Here is the list of chemic
1 lb. acetone
4 oz. ammonium chloride
1 oz. sodium hydride
U-tube (with arms)
2 ft. thick-walled rubber tubing to U-tube
2 rubber stoppers to fit U-tube
2 ft. glass tubing to fit *inside* rubbe
1-hole rubber stopper into which glas will fit.
Any test tube into which stopper wil
love, Jo

I scurried around to pick up all this addition to find a cargo of dry ice he With it he was going to perform an ment he had been working on, in the summer—the liquefaction of ammon quite new process.

One of Johnny's great friends neighbor Mr. Weaver, who taught ch at Andover. For summer after summ good and generous man had been J best adult friend. Mr. Weaver came o helped him when his own weakenec and failing co-ordination were not q to the mechanical tasks involved. insulated a big can with rock wo pumped the gas as he made it throu other receptacle filled with the dry ic experiment worked, praise be.

Once Mr. Boyden, principal of De and Mr. Hayden, one of his favorite te drove down from Deerfield to have a d him. This was a red-letter occasion and Johnny talked soberly about sch next term. Of course it had occurred that he *might* be unable to get back to but the idea was so unthinkable that most part he suppressed it.

He was busy, impatient and irritat not discouraged at not being fully w often joked about his illness. "I bet mustard has knocked the tumor out!

But on August thirty-first there wa a new leak in the bump, and the whit count was below 1000. The papilleden high again.

Meantime we were working on a tack. Early in the summer Raymond told me astonishing stories about a

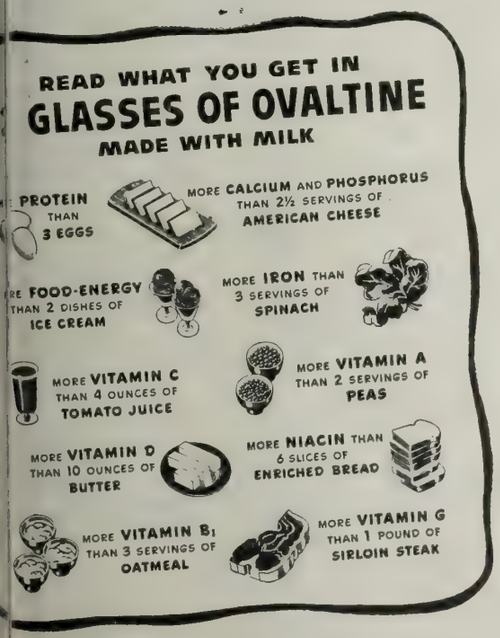
(Continued on Page 96)

Wise men, though all laws were abolished, would lead the same life. —ARISTOPHANES.



His little life is in your hands

If he's thin and nervous there's one important thing you can do about it right now!



When we say, "His little life is in your hands", we mean all those things that the heart and mind of a mother can put into the bringing up of a child. But here, in particular, we emphasize the part played by proper nutrition.

If a child is thin and frail or nervous, it may be due to a number of things. But the most common *correctable* cause is faulty nutrition. And this cause is one which you, the mother, can do something about.

In situations like this, many mothers are now turning to Ovaltine. Because Ovaltine contains a very wide variety and scope of food elements, both common and rare. Particularly those elements that are most apt to be lacking in the daily diet.

For Ovaltine, mixed with milk, is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes of an otherwise "good" diet. It contains, in addition to essential high-quality proteins and quick-energy foods, the important vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G, Niacin, and the valuable minerals Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

It is also important to know that Ovaltine is specially processed to make it very easy to digest. A child with a "delicate" stomach will usually digest and absorb Ovaltine very readily. Ovaltine even makes milk more easy to digest.

So when you give two to three glasses of Ovaltine a day, plus normal meals, you can be certain that you have done just about everything *you* can do to improve your child's nutrition.

A New Flavor

Ovaltine is available in plain and in an improved, sweet chocolate flavor which children *really like*—an important consideration in getting children to take the nourishment they need.

So, why not give your child Ovaltine every day for 30 or 60 days and carefully note the results. When you consider all the food values which Ovaltine supplies, you will find it economical.

OVALTINE

SWEET CHOCOLATE FLAVORED AND PLAIN



Sunny Peach Pie

Ann Pillsbury's Pastry

1 cup sifted Pillsbury's Best Flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
2 to 3 tablespoons cold water

Sift together flour and salt. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or 2 knives until particles are size of small peas. Add water until dough is moist enough to hold together. Roll on floured board or pastry cloth to about ⅛-inch thickness. Fit loosely in 9-inch pan; gently pat out air pockets. Trim pastry 1 inch beyond rim of pan. Fold to form standing rim; flute edge. Prick pastry with fork. Bake in very hot oven (450 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes one 9-inch pie shell.

Sunny Peach Filling

1 #2½ can sliced cling peaches, drained
1 baked 9-inch pastry shell
¼ cup granulated sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup syrup from peaches
¼ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
⅛ teaspoon salt

Arrange drained peaches in baked pastry shell. Combine sugar and cornstarch. Add to peach syrup and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in orange juice, rind, butter and salt. Pour over peaches in shell. Chill. Serves 6.

California Canned Cling Peaches have a true peach flavor. They're yellow as the sun that ripens them! Packed orchard fresh! Instantly ready to use! Best peaches for pies, cakes, salads, desserts! Priced right!

Check the label—Choose your favorite brand of

Canned Cling Peaches from California

Canned Halves · Canned Slices · Canned Fruit Cocktail · in tin or glass



(Continued from Page 94)

named Max Gerson who had achieved remarkable arrestations of cancer and other illnesses by a therapy based on diet. Gerson was, and is, a perfectly authentic M.D., but unorthodox. He had been attacked by the Journal of the American Medical Association; Swing himself had been under bitter criticism for a broadcast describing and praising Gerson's philosophy and methods of dietary cure. My own first reaction was skeptical, and Frances was dubious too. Then I learned that Gerson had long experience actually in brain-tumor cases, having been associated for years with a famous German neurosurgeon, Foerster, in a tumor clinic at Breslau before the war. I went to see Gerson. He showed me his records of tumors—even gliomas—apparently cured. But I was still doubtful because it seemed to me inconceivable that anything so serious as a glioma could be cleared up by anything so simple as a diet. He impressed me greatly as a human being, however. Frances and I had a long talk with Traeger. At first he violently opposed the Gerson claims, but then he swung over on the ground that, after all, Johnny was deteriorating very fast and in any case the diet could do no harm. I stayed at Madison one week end and Frances went into New York, visited Gerson and looked over his nursing home. She was impressed too. We made a sudden decision over the telephone. We had tried orthodoxy, both static and advanced, and now we would give heterodoxy a chance. If only we could stave off Death a little longer! And—once more—there was absolutely nothing to lose.

I took Johnny out to dinner in Madison and broke it to him that we would be going into town the next day for new and further treatment. This was a grievous shock. It was the first time that I saw him seriously upset. He struggled to keep from tears. But by the next morning he was buoyant again—so much so that I dreaded more than I could tell what would have to be the next bad news broken to him, that he could not go back to school. "I'm sorry I bawled last night, father," he said. Then, limping slightly, he pushed off to his laboratory for a morning's work. School—and the science work he was doing—was practically all he talked about.

Frances came out, and on September seventh we drove to Doctor Gerson's nursing home.

THOSE September days were grim at first. Johnny lay there pale and panting with misery. His blood count slipped lower and lower and great bruises appeared on his arms and chest, caused by breakdown of the capillaries. We had been warned that the blood would go very low, and perhaps we were needlessly alarmed—it might well have come back of itself. But anyway we were worried. One doctor told us that the reason he had seemed so casual when Johnny entered the Gerson nursing home was his conviction that he couldn't possibly outlast the week anyway.

Within a week Johnny was feeling, not worse, but much better! The blood count rose steadily, the bruises were absorbed, the wound in the bulge healed, and the bump on the skull was going down!

Traeger had walked down the street with me to meet Gerson. He was deeply pessimistic. He said, "We'll move Johnny to a hospital and try massive transfusions—nothing else can save him." The two doctors retired into the kitchen, and came out after half an hour. Then Traeger looked Johnn slowly and said, "Never mind ab transfusions. Let's do it Gerson's another twenty-four hours."

First, Gerson took Johnny off pe This we thought to be a very grave ri he insisted, penicillin could irritate a Second, he refused to permit any trans or other emergency measures. What rible chance we thought he was Third, he demanded that for some least Johnny should have rest, absolu nothing but rest, rest, rest.

THE Gerson diet is saltless and fatle for a long time proteins are excluded to an extreme minimum. The theory this is simple enough. Give Nature tunity, and Nature herself will heal. silliest thing in the world to attempt rest cancer of the tongue, say, by cut the tongue. What the physician shoul for, if he gets a case in time, is to cha metabolism of the body so that the (or other affliction) dies of itself. Th theory is erected on the basis that th istry of the body can be so altere eliminate disease. Perhaps this may far-fetched. B diet, any spec can markedl ence bodily b is, of cours known.

Gerson to line that th spends an a disproport share of its getting rid o and that t when the bo it will be mu to combat illn build healthy the amount o is drastical down. Hence, tient enters u Gerson diet. does he subsist on specially p fruit juices an vegetables th down to the mi of ash, but he ema after ene the beginn many as four or five a day, till the is totally washed out and cleansed.

Gerson's sanitarium, operated daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Seeley, with the utmost loving care; I cann sibly pay tribute enough to Mrs. S to Miss Gerson for what they did fo

The regime was certainly onerous. said wearily after the first week, "I time by enemas."

This is what Johnny had to eat du next months. For breakfast, a pint juice, oatmeal, an apple-carrot mas special soup made of fresh vegetable ley root, celery knob, leek, tomato soup he continued to take at interva the day, until he had a quart or a qu a half. For lunch, heaping portions of vegetables, a salad, fresh fruit, the s mash, and a baked potato. For din same. Later he was permitted pot skim milk, and dry pumpernickel. N canned. Nothing seasoned, smoked or Above all nothing salted. No meat, fish. No cream, butter or other fats, N except honey and maple sugar. No sausages, ice cream, pickles, spices, p foods, white flour, condiments, cakes of the multitude of small things a ch Very little water. All the vegetables be cooked with no added water or stu being washed, not scraped.

Do not think this was starvation patients gain rather than lose on the diet. The meals are enormous in siz Mrs. Seeley prepared them, exquisit posed. Then to compensate for the minerals there are injections of cru extract every day, and multitudino These were assembled in a glass di

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Old Woman

By Edwin Martenet

There was an old woman who lived in an attic
All by herself, which was very erratic.
She never went out and she never came in
And declared she disliked everywhere she had been.
She talked to herself but said with a leer,
"I never believe a word that I hear."
She wrote her own books and cooked her own food
And claimed she was very much misunderstood.

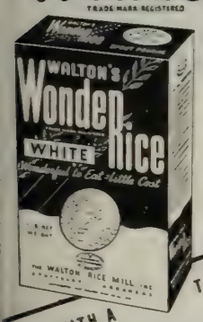
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TRADE MARK REGISTERED



REGULAR GRAIN in the blue and yellow package

LONG GRAIN in the green and yellow package

THRIFTY ANGLE

ECIPE WITH A

Tested by
FLORA ADAMS
Home Economics Director

WondeRice with Chicken

cups diced left- er chicken
chicken broth
ion, chopped

1½ tablespoons chicken fat
½ cup raw WondeRice
½ cup grated cheese

k onion in fat for 5 minutes and add the rt of liquid. When liquid boils, sprinkle ndeRice in slowly. Cover pan and let ndeRice simmer slowly for 25 minutes, ring with fork from time to time to pre- sticking. Add chopped chicken and more if needed. Turn on hot platter and nkle grated cheese over all. Serves 4.

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He Prefers It
On Steak
Goodness Sake



A-1

uce—the dash
at makes the dish

EE—"Cooking for a Man"
e G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.,
Dept. LHJ, Hartford, Conn.

morning, in various colors to denote what minerals and vitamins they contained—thirty or more in all. Johnny took niacin, liver powder, lubile (dried powdered bile), vitamins A and D, iron, dicalcium phosphate with viosterol, and Lugol's solution. Iodine—in a precisely calculated amount—is essential to the cure.

Johnny's attitude to all this—he was a youngster with a vigorous, healthy appetite—can readily be imagined. He loathed the diet, but he held on to it with scrupulous fidelity. Carefully he checked off in his notebook the pills he took each day.

But he was getting better. This, overwhelmingly, was all that counted. The papilledema dropped sharply, and by the end of September the pupils were almost normal—this was an almost unbelievable demonstration of recovery. Moreover, the blood count was up to normal, and, incontestably, the bump was smaller. I left one evening and walked to the corner and had a cup of coffee, almost insane with sudden hope. I was beside myself with a violent and incredulous joy. Johnny was going to recover after all! He'd show the surgeons how a boy with a real will to live could live!

For these extravagant hopes I had, I must say, a certain medical backing for a time. One of our doctors was very optimistic and all were co-operating well. We had feared that, once we delivered Johnny over to Gerson, the more strait-laced physicians might refuse to see him in this so-called black sheep's den. One doctor, out of the whole lot, was in fact angry and did wash his hands of us—temporarily; he said we had spoiled the "controls," as if Johnny were a rabbit. But Traeger came over to have a consultation with Gerson every Saturday for months; Putnam had no hesitation in visiting him and later Gerson several times visited Neurological (which we had been told would be utterly impossible), and Lester Mount, who as time wore on became the closest of all the doctors to Johnny except Traeger, and who loved Johnny as Johnny loved him, came to see him regularly.

Our routine was now established. Mrs. Seeley's nursing home was only a few minutes' walk from my flat. Johnny telephoned us the first thing in the morning, and again just before lights-out at night. He was frightfully depressed sometimes, and he hungered for contact with us the first and last minutes of the day. But he would always say, even if his voice was quavering, "I feel *wonderful!*" As a rule I dropped in to see him at noon, and again briefly in the late afternoon or evening; Frances came at lunch and stayed with him until he went to sleep. Soon, we thought, we would move him home—though this would entail a difficult lot of routine because all his food would have to be cooked specially with special paraphernalia. Frances worked on this and got the apartment ready. But as it worked out it was several months before Johnny was able to come home.

I read him the typescript of the Montana chapter of Inside U.S.A. "Father," he grinned, "it'll sell a million copies." That week, too, I took him for a brief ride. He said, "Ah! I feel alive again!"

I asked him what he wanted most to eat when the diet should be over.

"A glass of full milk, an artichoke with hollandaise sauce, spaghetti and meat balls, and a chocolate ice-cream soda."

Frances was lifting his morale all the time. She bought bright-colored scarfs which he wound around his bandage, and this amused

(Continued on Page 99)

21 PLUS AND MINUS

Answers to questions on Page 31

1—b	6—b	11—b	16—b
2—b	7—a	12—b	17—b
3—a	8—a	13—a	18—c
4—a	9—b	14—b	19—a
5—a	10—a	15—c	20—b

Delicious Hot Rolls the very

First Time



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Pillsbury HOT ROLL MIX *(with Yeast)*

YEAST INCLUDED



Now—with the greatest of confidence—you turn out beautiful plump raised rolls, sweet rolls—and coffee cakes, too! Tender, light as a breeze, with the new Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. Yeast included. You just add water to the yeast, then add mix. Ann Pillsbury's directions on the package.

You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new hot roll mix in *her* kitchen to save you time in *your* kitchen, and give you perfect results every time.

Pillsbury BEST Mixes

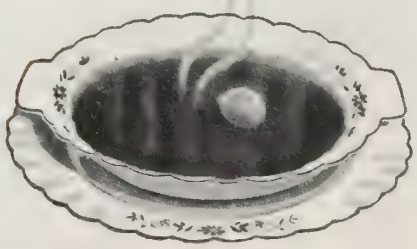
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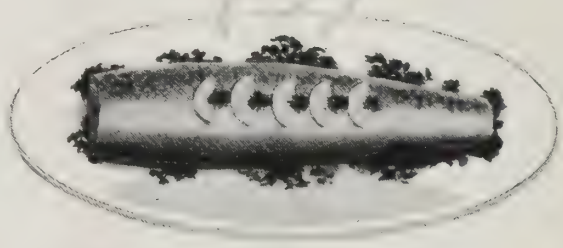
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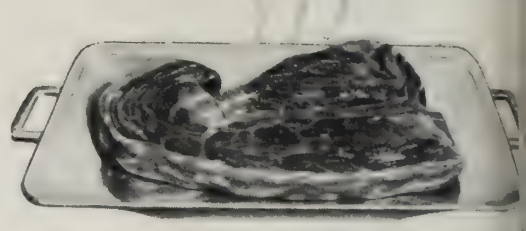
Everything from soup to nuts



EVERYTHING IS FASTER...
in the wonderful new automatic Gas ranges built to "CP" standards! You get high-heat, low-heat – any exact heat – *instantly!*



EVERYTHING COOKS AUTOMATICALLY...
in the clock controlled Gas oven. Gas turns on and off–cooks a complete oven meal–and turns itself off–while you're busy elsewhere!



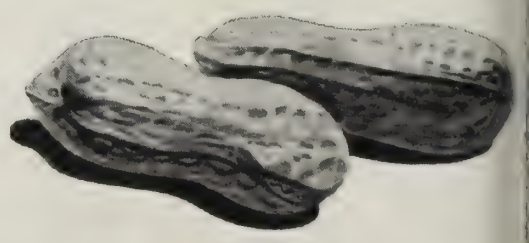
EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN BROILING...
from rare-and-juicy to "done through." And these new flame-flavorful Gas broilers need NO pre-heating . . . are *really* smokeless!



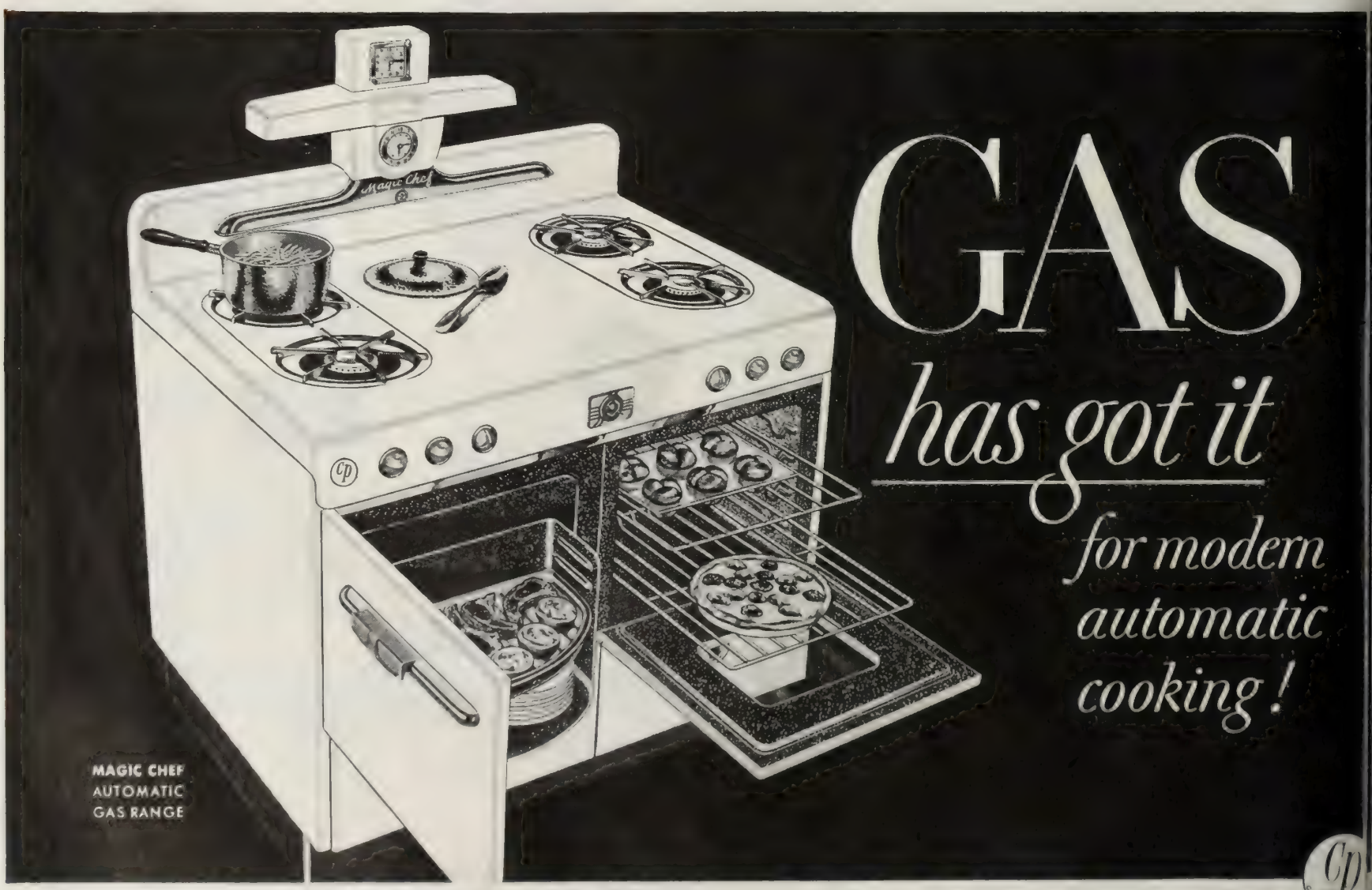
EVERYTHING BAKES BEAUTIFULLY...
Only a new Gas oven has automatic heat control *plus* constant even heat circulation. Gives you the same perfect texture all over!



EVERYTHING FOR EXTRA COOLNESS...
Gas burners are *out* the second you turn them *off* – leave no waste heat to warm up kitchen! New heavy insulation means cooler cooking!



EVERYTHING IS ECONOMICAL...
No other automatic ranges cost so little to buy – so little to maintain. As for the cost of running a new Gas range–*it's just peanuts!*



Only Gas gives you everything you want in one magnificent range! That's why 95 out of 100 homes, in city after city, cook with it. That's why you'll want to see this MAGIC CHEF "CP" Gas range and all the other "makes" built to "CP" standards. Choose one that's best for your family. Then for the best in *food preservation* – get a new Servel Gas refrigerator! They're both "musts" for your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen!"*

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 97)

She read him biographies of great scien-
ınd all manner of news items and stories
. science. Another thing that helped his
le was, if I may say so, my book. He
assionately interested in it—almost as
sted as I. He knew what a race I was
ng, against time and circumstance. He
very chapter in manuscript.
m Frances' diary:

lay Johnny said, "Oh, mother—I've been
g for you—I have a confession to make.
ere right—as usual—about the dancing.
end of this term, you know, they have
nior prom. When I get back to school,
I I do? . . . I'll *have* to dance! Oh, mother,
een so depressed." He was cheerful, con-
. . . : Now he said would I practice with
ıd I said I'd love to. I was surprised. But
njections interrupted and dinner. After
he asked again, and I pushed back the
and rug. And we danced!

x Kopf came in one day with his cheer-
Hello, Chonnie" and played him a game
ss. He played well for an hour, and
got tired; Max eased off, to try to let
vin. Then I discovered that Johnny's
of vision was so limited by this time
ıe could no longer see the entire board
glance, and hence had to memorize
the whole game the position in the
iles. Other friends dropped in during
ıfternoons. Clare Luce organized
rs for Johnny—if that is the proper
o express it—and she offered us her
ecticut house for his convalescence.
ovember fourth, his seventeenth birth-
ve had a party, and
Seeley made a kind
ıitation ice cream.
y adored parties,
hat he should have
vell enough to receive
s on this his own
l day was a happy

course he was fret-
metimes. Once he
nodest amount of complaining and then
ed mood and exclaimed, "Father, you
to slap me down when I talk like that!"
he was getting more easily tired and
f-dozed a good deal. Once after he tried
some card tricks and couldn't hold the
—they cascaded to the floor as he stood
okedly—he said in a measured, quiet
"I dare say my left hand will always
ttle clumsy." It was very rare for him
ake such an admission. He fiercely
up the exercise balls which were sup-
to strengthen the left fingers, and
never did.

his time a perplexing concrete situa-
as building up. On one level, the gen-
vel, he continued to improve. He was
er and got dressed in the morning and
out for occasional brief walks. On a
c level, that of the status of the bump,
s not improving. The bump looked
now, and had become two bumps.
er and Mount came to see him to-
. Traeger thought that he might get
elief if the protuberance were drained;
was fearful of doing this because,
no matter what scrupulous conditions,
always exists of carrying an infection
l. But he agreed to try. Gerson op-
the idea, and we had a long and pain-
gument. Gerson felt that any anes-
no matter how mild, was likely to kill a
t on his diet, since the bodily system
ecome so purified that narcotics acted
t poisons. But he agreed finally to per-
modicum of Novocain and Mount
the puncture. The bump had been
ant, which was a good sign, but today
harder than a rock, and he was able
act only a few drops of fluid. Glumly,
d to conceal from Johnny the way our
ooked.
next time Mount came he made an
stive test, and I watched it from begin-
o end. What the neurologist seeks to
f possible, is where the damage to the
is leading. One test always fascinated
y. Mount would ask him to close his
then he would put a coin or a safety pin or a button or something similar in his left palm and ask him to identify it. By working the law of averages, Johnny tried to guess what the object would be, when he could not tell by feeling it, and thus outsmart the doctor. Always, too, the doctor tested his grip, examined all his reflexes, made him try to touch his nose with his fingers with his eyes closed, and asked him a series of standard questions—any tremors, any nausea, any chills? So far, thank goodness, the replies were always negative.

It may seem an odd thing to write, but by this time we knew something of how lucky Johnny was, granted that he had to have a brain tumor at all. The tumor was, God knows, murderous enough; but if it had been in another place in the brain it could have produced even more terrible disasters. Some people with brain injuries twitch incessantly; some cannot walk or talk; some can pronounce only *parts* of each successive word; many lose their memory. Above all, Johnny was lucky in that he had no serious pain and was right-handed. Little by little, his left hand was giving way; if it had been the right, his tortures would have been increased manifold. Johnny's injury was on the right side of the brain, and therefore it was only the left side of the body that felt sympoms.

MOUNT came again, during a period when everything was very good except the bump. Gerson said, "Your son is saved!" Mount said the exact opposite.

Now occurred the most remarkable of all remarkable things in the story of this struggle. Johnny accepted with disappointment but good spirit that he could not return to Deerfield—I broke the news to him—and he set out diligently to make up his lost school hours by tutoring. He could hardly walk without swaying; he could scarcely move his left fingers; he had lost half the sight of each eye; he was dazed with the poison from the bump; and yet he worked.

We should have much peace if we would not busy ourselves with the sayings and doings of others.

—THOMAS À. KEMPIS: De Imitatione Christi.

Frances found him two tutors and set them into their routine smoothly, while Johnny himself planned his daily endeavor like a general directing a battle. He helped map out the lessons and knew just what he wanted each tutor to cover in every session.

Here is a letter he wrote to the headmaster of Deerfield, as dictated to his mother:

November 4, 1946

Dear Mr. Boyden: I am desperately worried about my work. Of last year's physics experiments I did exactly five out of thirty experiments due. Already I am far behind in chem lab. I've forgotten every bit of French I ever knew, and there is this year's work too.

I don't see how I can ever catch up. My English marks were so terrible last year too. It seems I'm going to stay in this hellish place forever. It's my birthday today (I'm seventeen). I'm going to Harvard next year (I hope) and there will be college boards—and final exams, this year's and last. It's absolutely a hopeless situation. I must implore you to persuade Mr. Haynes to forget about my physics lab, and Mrs. Boyden to excuse me of the chem lab that the other boys will have completed.

My English and French notes are lost, and I am desperate.

Please forgive me for unburdening myself in this way, and give my best to all the boys.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN GUNTHER, JR.

P.S. You may tell Mr. Haynes that I did finally write up two experiments.

Mr. Boyden not only replied cordially, but sent Mr. Haynes all the way into New York to give Johnny direct encouragement. The visit helped his morale immensely.

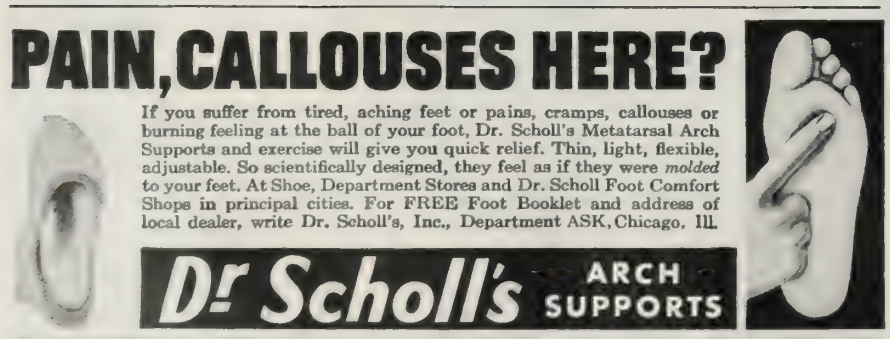
Then Johnny wrote:

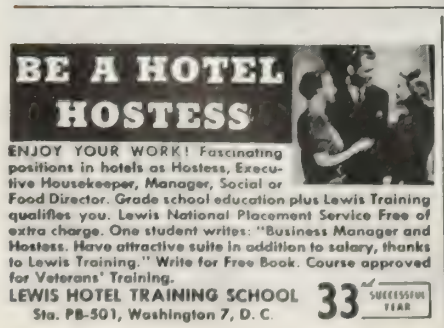
Dear Mr. Bill: I would like very much to make an initial attempt at passing last year's final algebra exam. During the last month or two of vacation I was tutored in intermediate algebra by Mr. Elbert Weaver of Andover. We covered the whole year's work, especially what I was weak in—logarithms and trig. I am afraid that unless I take the exam very soon I will, for the second time, forget all the algebra I ever knew.













Therefore, I wish you would send an adequate examination to my father, so he may give it to me, under regular exam conditions, in the time limits you may set.

I understand there will be no analytical geometry on the exam, but there will be the binomial theorem and factoring of cubes, all of which I have covered. We will send it back to you for correction, and I hope, if I don't do well on it, I may have another chance when I get back to school.

Please give my best to Mr. Boyden.

Came the great day when, under honor conditions, Johnny took a preliminary exam to see how well he would do. One of his tutors thought he ought to wait, but there was no holding him. Johnny exclaimed, "Oh, mother, tell him I want to get that test off my mind—and do the other things—my chemistry and physics—please *tell* him!" Finally the test was set for the next day, and he passed it satisfactorily. He commented then to Frances, "Sometimes in life you have to take a chance."

So he wrote:

Dec. 3, 1946

Dear Mr. Haynes: All my thanks for the things you sent. Against my tutor's advice, I took a three-hour trial exam (a N. Y. Regents examination) in two hours, getting 77%. Consequently I don't think I will have any trouble with the one you sent.

The other day I listed forty-six chemical experiments that I have done in the last five or six years. I will write them up briefly in the hope that they will take care of my chemistry lab for some time to come.

Best wishes to all.

Then he worsened sharply. The bump looked like two tomatoes and he became very tired and feverish, with the fever climbing uncomfortably high. Of course he had had some fever right along. Smears showed that staphylococci were present now, and this seemed to confirm Mount's worst fear, that infection of the meninges might result. Putnam came back from California and paid a call. He was amazed that Johnny was still alive—let alone that he was well enough to take and pass examinations on schoolwork. Putnam, Traeger and Gerson talked most of an evening, behind closed doors, while Frances and I waited nervously upstairs, and Johnny dozed.

Everybody—except Gerson—thought that we must have a prompt minor operation to avert a wide infection. That bump had become very dangerous, exuding large amounts of pus every day. Also the adjacent skin was beginning to break down, which would in time mean more ulceration. Again, though the bump was bigger, it was very soft now, and drainage might be possible. But Gerson fought like a tiger against this view. His theory was that the tumor was now *dead*, killed by the diet, and that the suppuration consisted of nothing but dead matter; the tumor was, as it were, sloughing itself sl out of Johnny's head. Also he resolutely posed an operation on the ground that esthesia would be fatal.

So began a battle of the doctors tha but destroyed us. I have never known strain as during that December week. ultimate decision and responsibility re of course, on Frances and me. The do could only explain and suggest; what did was, in the final analysis, up to us nally we compromised. Traeger suggest freezing agent instead of an injectable esthetic; Gerson agreed to this finally, M agreed to operate, and everybody else ag that even while Johnny was in Neurolo he would remain on the Gerson diet.

Johnny's own comment after Putn visit was revealing. "Of course operate. bump is poisoning my nerves." He went "The bump will open twice more." And turned out he was dead right.

So I drove him to Neurological again what we thought would be a stay of a da two. He stayed five weeks.

The operation was scheduled for the a noon. Early that morning the bump s taneously opened of itself, as Gerson stubbornly predicted it would. Mount c me at about eleven in the morning, his fairly choked with joy, saying that he successfully drained an abscess that went centimeters into the brain beyond the of the skull, and had got out a full cup c and fluid.

Now Johnny recovered with great l He regained his confidence about chess, ied hard, greeted friends, loafed, tease nurses and laughed. He passed an exam, which was a real one and which to be done in a stipulated time.

He was massively bandaged and e few hours, under the most elaborate p dure, he had to have a penicillin drip a pear-shaped sac in the brain slowly c with healthy granulation tissue, but o wise he was more comfortable than at other period during his illness. That horr ferocious bump was altogether gone. John skull would be as smooth and norma mine, except for the scars of the ori incision which the hair would cover. next year—so we thought—when any ther last remnants of the dead tumor gone, we would put in a plate and all w be well forevermore.

Doctor after doctor came in to see Joh and expressed his free amazement. M one of our old friends, told us that whe heard that Johnny was in hospital again first thought was of complete surprise he was still living, second that he must coma and had been brought in for final liative measures. And there Johnny wa

(Continued on Page 102)



"This is the best moment of all—just before I open them and find I don't like them as much as I did in the store."

DuBarry Success Course News

PUBLISHED BY THE RICHARD HUDNUT SALON, HEADQUARTERS OF THE FIT AND FAIR, DEPT. S, 693 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

s Course Has Brought Supreme Happiness



it a confes- if you will, have had a amazing ex- ıce," writes Phyllis Bou- f Denver, ado. "All ife, I had ed from a of inferi- —because I was overweight. At 16, old me I was just a big girl and al- would be. But at 24, eternally tired itable, I could stand it no longer. I d for the DuBarry Success Course. six weeks, I learned how to live— be the attractive person that nature ed me to be. It was not long before I own from 171 to 121. I now wear a instead of an 18 or 20. The fatigue ne like magic—and with it that feel- inferiority. My skin glows with For the first time, I know the secret ful make-up.

deepest sincerity, I can say thanks to Barry Success Course for all it has to me—a new outward poise and alm—a supreme happiness."

s "Middle-aged" Look omes a Slim Beauty!



ore

After

ell you look! How *young* you look! ave you been doing to yourself?" wonder compliments like these l sweet to Mrs. Helen Schmidt of , Missouri. Only a few months be- e had been a tired, overweight wife ther, settling into middle age. Then ng happened in Helen Schmidt's was the exciting adventure of taking Barry Success Course right in her me. And the result?

ok off 46 pounds," she says, "went ze 40 to 16, reduced my waist, ab- and hips 7 inches. I learned so had never known about care of my l hair. I cannot tell you how grate- for the Success Course."

Thousands Find DuBarry Success Course Easy Way to Slender Loveliness at Home

"Don't wait till you're a heavyweight!"

"Let the DuBarry Success Course show you, as it did me, how to get slim and stay slim."

—says Inga Merriman, of Portland, Maine

"I had always been slim until my baby was born," says Mrs. Inga Merriman. "Then I began to put on weight, and friends began to remark about it. I had a closet full of clothes I couldn't wear and had to start buying larger sizes. That was a real warning to me and I decided not to delay until I got to be a real heavyweight. I started the DuBarry Success Course. In just six weeks I was down from 120 to 105, had reduced my waist 5 inches, my abdomen 7½, and was back to an almost perfect size 10.

"I never saw anything work so like magic. I had plenty to eat and the exercises were easy because so many of them could be done as I did my housework—sweeping, making beds, picking up the baby's things. My skin glows like satin, my hair is soft and lustrous. I feel like a new person inside and out, and I'm especially happy because my husband is so proud of me. My advice to every woman who has put on even a few extra pounds is—don't wait until you're a heavyweight. Let the Success Course show you how to get slim and stay slim."



Before

After

Mrs. Merriman's Measurements

	Before	*After*	*Change*
Height	5'1"	5'1½"	+½"
Weight	120	105	−15
Bust	34	33	− 1
Waist	29	24	− 5
Abdomen	34½	27	− 7½
Hips	36	33¼	− 2¾



Yours with the New DuBarry Success Course

All these luxurious DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and Richard Hudnut Hair Preparations are included with your Course. They come to you with an entirely new Portable Beauty Tray, an appropriate setting for the many cosmetics that are to play an important part in your exciting beauty adventure.

New short-cuts—new methods bring quick results—prove safe way to make yourself over.

All over America women and girls are making a thrilling discovery. The NEW DuBarry Success Course is the quick, safe, easy way to achieve a more slender, well-proportioned figure, to look better, live a happier life. And the Course soon saves its small cost.

There's a reason why the DuBarry Success Course is such a sensational success—why more than a third of a million women and girls have found it the way to loveliness at home. It's because this Course brings you an individual beauty plan for you. You get an analysis of your needs—skin, hair, figure, posture, weight. You get an individual goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. In a few exciting weeks you learn not only how to make yourself over in face, figure and fascination, but how to be your own beauty expert the rest of your life.

Yes, when you enroll for the DuBarry Success Course, the very methods taught by beauty-maker Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon come to you in your home. You are shown the new short-cuts, the faster ways to figure improvement. You eat tempting, delicious foods while pounds fade away. You use professional secrets to make your skin softer and lovelier, your eyes more sparkling, your hair more beautiful.

And the Course saves you money. Saves on beauty shop bills. Saves on clothes alterations. Saves because you can wear those smarter, less expensive junior-miss styles.

Make this your resolution for 1949—"I'm going to be the more attractive woman I want to be. I'm going to start the Success Course right now!"

The New DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON, New York, N. Y.

w You Can Start Success Course AT ONCE!

w plan you can enroll for the Suc- Curse in ten minutes, right now, to- nply fill out and mail the special on at right. You'll be thrilled with omes hurrying back to you, all g prepaid—your first lessons, your l Success-O-Scope, making possi- analysis of your individual needs, ortable DuBarry Beauty Tray, a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and, in addition, four Richard Hudnut Hair Preparations. Don't miss this chance to get started on your beauty program without delay.

If you want more information before enrolling, check only the bottom line in coupon, or send post card or letter for booklet telling all about the New DuBarry Success Course.

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Please enroll me in the *New* DuBarry Success Course on the plan which I have marked X.

☐ I enclose $28.50 as payment in full.

☐ I enclose $7.50 and will send $7.50 each month for three additional months.

(Send all payments by check or money order payable to Richard Hudnut Salon. Do not send currency.)

Miss
Mrs. _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

(If under 21, consult parent or guardian and have their consent before taking this Course.)

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Please let us have the following important information so that we may send you DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

Color of Hair _____
Eyes _____ Lashes _____
Skin: Dry ☐ Oily ☐
Height _____ Weight _____
Skin Color: Cream ☐ Fair ☐ Med. ☐ Dark ☐

If you want more information before enrolling, fill in only name and address and mark an x here ☐



(Continued from Page 100)

ting up in bed and arguing about the possibility of ionizing lithium hydride!

Then, after some days, the pathologist's report came in and we learned that the discharged matter showed no infection—the pus was sterile. The cultures showed no growth at all. Of course sterile abscesses are not unknown by any means; the tumor might have been cut off from its blood supply and the resulting necrotic tissue would be sterile. Even so, the sterility of the abscess seemed to be a tremendous confirmation of the Gerson theory that the tumor was, at least in part, indeed dead, and was emptying itself out as liquid. Finally came the day when Mount announced that Johnny's eyes were normal—with no papilledema at all—and that he considered the tumor to have been "arrested."

My sister was with Johnny and me when he got this news. I never knew till this moment just how anguishing was the strain that he strove so hard to conceal. He jumped bolt upright; then slowly, very slowly and proudly, he relaxed downward to the pillow, while across his face spread the most beatifically happy expression, and his eyes—normal eyes now—filled just to the brim with tears, but did not spill over, as he smiled with relief, pride, and the exhaustion that comes with release from intolerable strain.

In a second he had recovered, and was telephoning his mother.

But there were still plenty of confusions and disappointments too. One doctor would contradict another and then himself—because, in truth, the circumstances were so unprecedented. They were terrifically impressed at what had happened, but they could not explain it or vouch for the future. They soberly could not believe that the Gerson regime alone had produced this effect. But when we asked, "Would you yourself take the responsibility for taking Johnny *off* that diet, *now?*" they all said "No."

If there were but one royal road to success it would have been under government control long ago.

—MAURICE SWITZER: Meditations of Marcus O'Ralius (Kelly-Springfield).

We found out more and more how sickness makes a world of its own. Johnny came to feel that people not in hospital were representatives practically of a different race, from another planet. But how he envied the healthy outlanders! What Frances did was to give him an efficient balance between the one world and the other. She taught him to adjust himself to the life of the hospital while still maintaining active touch with what went on outside. It was I who was the epitome of the external world breaking in. Sometimes I was too exuberant; the contrast was too acute, and though Johnny loved my visit every evening and looked forward to it, the letdown after I left was sometimes sharp.

He still felt very strongly that he was actively participating in Inside U.S.A. Late in December the Book-of-the-Month Club accepted it, though I still had a good deal of writing to do. Johnny sighed. "Well, that solves the financial problem."

A little later something gave him great happiness. He had sent a question in to "Information Please," and it was used on the program one night when I was a guest. I had asked him to listen in, but he had no idea that his question was going to be used, and he went wild with excitement when he heard his name on the air. The question asked us to tell what the symbols K 2, K_2, and K.2 signified. Johnny stumped us handsomely, and immediately made plans for use of the Encyclopaedia Britannica he had won.

He was gay and confident. He murmured to a visitor, "The doctors are fighting among themselves now as to who cured me."

Mount let him come home for thirty-six hours over Christmas, penicillin drip and all, and we had a small party and a happy time. But then he had to return to the hospital because it took time for the abscess cavity to fill. This was Christmas night.

He was not discharged till January twelfth. He wanted urgently to go home, but we decided to fill a small additional inter Mrs. Seeley's; of course we were still ing the diet adhesively. Frances drov up to the hospital for a series of last ings, and finally he was in his own fortable small room at home again. H been away since August, and this was ary sixth. Mount came up a few day and, venturing beyond anything he ha said before, expressed the opinion th tumor was "quiescent." The miracl happened. We were wild with hope.

To this day, what caused Johnny's tacular improvement during the win unknown. Anybody may have his gues plain fact is that we simply do not The recovery may have been due t X rays, the effect of which is often de and cumulative; to the mustard, whic do unpredictable things to a body; t fact of his youth and the growth of he cells despite the tumor; to mysteries human spirit; to the Gerson diet; or to binations and permutations among all Similarly, we do not know—nobody kn what caused the severe deterioration came next. All we know is that for months Johnny was miraculously bette then very suddenly and sorely worse

February, 1947, started well. Three n before, Johnny had scarcely been a walk. Now, though it would be an exa tion to say that he romped all over the he was capable of walking half a mile He veered a little right, his left foo wobbly, and he nee modicum of guidance the improvement w contestable. Even h hand could not have very bad at this tim cause one evening, insistence, I watche give himself a hypod injection of liver on the side above the hip, an awkward to reach. I could not possibly have on anybody, let alone myself, what Jo did so skillfully.

Frances had rehearsed this with him eral times, though she had a horror of the actual injection herself. In fact, one reasons he did it alone was to spare her. called it "bayonet practice."

Steadily, too, she helped him in ph activity. She taught him to be delib about almost every physical movemer that he picked his stance carefully and exactly what he was going to do next b doing it. She showed him how his right could unobtrusively assist the left. In a two mentors were of assistance—Bu with his lesson Be Aware, and, of a similar personalities, Mr. LaGuardia a slogan Patience and Fortitude.

Years before, at Lincoln, Johnny ha and liked a girl named Mary. Often Fr talked to him about falling in love and m ing someday; once he smiled in reply, well, just throw a chemist across my p Mary came back to his mind. Johnny very casual about it. "Oh, by the way he began with Frances, and then re Mary to her attention. Frances calle mother, and then Johnny talked to herself on the telephone, and they arra to meet. Johnny felt very proud and g up.

Everything seemed better day by But by the end of February it seemed after six weeks of being contained, the b was ever so slightly beginning to bulge again.

On February eighteenth, Gerson he demonstration. This was against our wi But inasmuch as we thought he had largely instrumental in saving Johnny's we could not refuse permission. Gerson solutely sure that Johnny was saved very proud, invited some prominent York officials and physicians to see him six or seven other patients. He had t color photographs of Johnny's head du the preceding autumn; we saw to it

(Continued on Page 104)



Darling, you don't need pull to be an important figure

You'll feel as lovely as you look in Warner's 3-Way-Sizes . . .

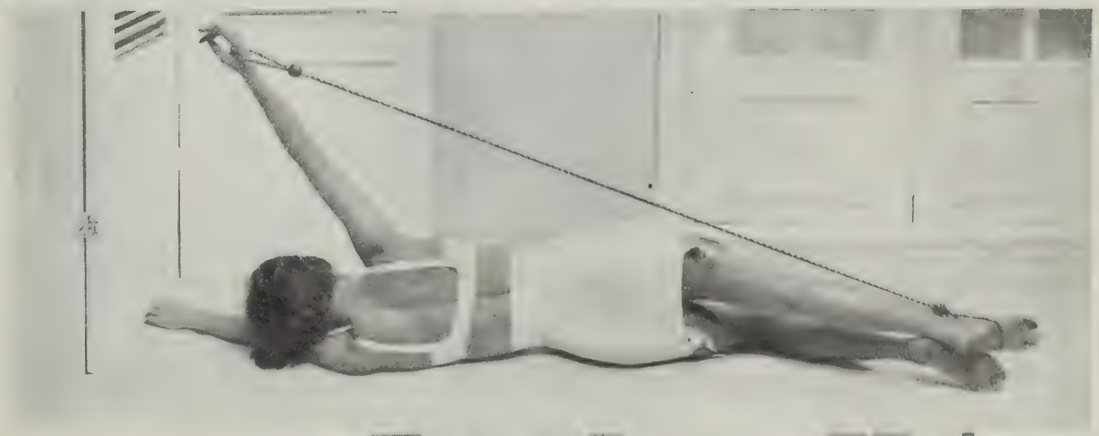
Mind your P's and "cues" when you buy a girdle.

- Avoid those P's of old-fashioned, standard sizes . . . *pulling, pinching* and *poking*. Your cue to comfort is a Warner's 3-Way-Sized girdle that is *yours alone*.
- From your exact size, you can pick your own *length, hip size*, and just the *control* you want. You can pick the price to please your purse, too. Warner's girdles begin at $3.50.
- You'll find a lavish array of over 300 styles and sizes to select from.
- Give your new Spring wardrobe a lovelier outlook on you by beginning with a Warner's.

In your size..... *your correct length*

You can't be bewitching if you're always hitching at a *too long* girdle that keeps riding up. Or fussing at a *too short* girdle that pulls runs in your stockings. Warner's come in four lengths; *short, medium, long* and *extra long*. The Sta-Up-Top Le Gant shown here features Warner's patented waist minimizer that won't roll over.

Among Warner's 300 styles is the Sta-Up-Top Le Gant #640, pink, white, $16.50. ABC Bra #20-44, pink, white, $3.50.



"Lithe Line" exerciser by Helena Rubinstein



.... your correct hip size

You'll never feel lovely in a girdle that's *too wide* at the hips and gives you permanent waves. Or one that's *too small* and binds uncomfortably at your thighs. You'll find a Warner's that's *yours* alone. They're hip-sized for *straight, average* and *full* hips.

your choice of control

You'll have perfect sylph control in a Warner's whether you choose the gentle hug of light, mesh elastics or the stronger control of tightly woven elastics. Warner's girdles love to be matched up with beautiful Warner's bras, too. They're 3-Way-Sized in *cup, band* and *uplift*. At finer stores.

Girdles · Corselettes
Pantie Girdles · Bras

WARNER'S*

WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT* • WARNERETTE* • STA-UP-TOP* • ABC* ALPHABET* • A'LURE* "FREE-LIFT"* • REDFERN* *Reg. U.S. Pat.Off., The Warner Brothers Co., New York 16, Chicago 6, San Francisco 8

Count your COMFORTS

These Greyhound features add up to the smoothest and most relaxed ride on American highways



One of the prime reasons why Greyhound offers the most restful ride on the world's highways is the skillfully designed, body-contoured easy chair, now standard equipment on thousands of SuperCoaches. This, plus a hundred other features of skilled engineering, make an hour's trip or a cross-continental tour an adventure in relaxation. ● But SuperCoach comfort doesn't mean super prices! Greyhound travel to all 48 states, Canada, Mexico, costs far less per mile than any other type of transportation—*a fraction as much as driving your own car.*

1 Roomy inside rack for packages, wraps, light luggage needed on trip.

2 Through thousands of tiny perforations flows draftless ventilation—pleasantly warm on cold days. Hundreds of coaches fully air conditioned.

3 Solex safety-glass windows, on all the newer buses, allow perfect observation, while filtering out harsh sun rays.

4 Clean white covers, changed frequently, are placed over the cushioned headrests.

5 Comfortable arm rests are provided—on the aisle, and next the windows.

6 Press this little lever and the seat back reclines to any desired position.

7 Deep cushions of foam rubber, covered with soft fabric, are contoured to your body for easy riding.

8 The convenient foot rest is quickly adjustable for big folks, little folks.

9 Weather-tight locked compartments, reached from outside, are provided for all your heavier luggage.

10 In the SuperCoach aluminum alloys are used for strength and lightness—long wheel base and perfected springing, for a smooth, restful ride.



GREYHOUND

(Continued from Page 102)

Johnny would not have opportunity to see these, which might well have frightened him. The assembled doctors looked over his chart and all his records back to the original operation, and then examined his skull which was beautifully healed, watched him walk, tested his grip, and asked a few questions. All went smoothly and swiftly. Yet I am convinced that this event—perhaps the half-hour wait with the other Gerson patients—upset Johnny gravely. He seemed indifferent, however. Frances and I walked him home, and he stopped at my hotel for tea.

The next day, February nineteenth, at breakfast, he had a sharp attack of trembling, together with amnesia. He talked to Frances more or less like this:

"Is it eight o'clock in the morning or the evening? . . . Where am I? . . . What happened yesterday? . . . I can't remember. . . . Oh, yes, of course . . . . It's the queerest thing—I can't remember!"

The most remarkable thing about this was that Johnny had completely forgotten the exhibition with Gerson the day before. Of course he was subconsciously blotting out from himself and obliterating what must have been a frightening experience. Absolutely all memory of the preceding day had vanished. But none of our doctors seemed much troubled by this amnesia, terrifying as it was to us. I talked to Putnam on the telephone and he said that it might well occur, as the result of temporary blood displacement, even if the tumor *were* actually dead. Mount came and made a thorough examination on February twenty-second. The head still looked wonderfully better, though a small odd blister had developed, and, despite the amnesia, Mount was as optimistic as I ever saw him.

But the next day, though he loved Mount and had been with him for a full hour, Johnny could not remember his visit until we jogged his memory. A day or two later, feeling his head (he never looked at it), he himself could see that the bulge, though closed—we never had any leakage trouble again—was ever so slightly bigger. He turned to me with a grim voice. "Father, if it comes out again, will it be *for the last time?*"

Several times subsequently Johnny had these amnesia attacks. Usually the attacks came if Johnny thought that a *doctor* was worried about him. He sought to believe in each of his doctors implicitly—more than we did, perhaps. He had to, to survive.

During the next days he talked incessantly of schoolwork and the Harvard entrance examinations. He wanted to know why, if he *had* to stay on the diet, he could not go back to Deerfield, live on the diet in the infirmary there, and resume his classes. The diet was certainly a major worry and preoccupation. Yet we could not dare to stop it. No doctor, even the most orthodox, would let us even consider taking him off the diet now. We had comforted Johnny by saying that he could quit the diet in June, and day after day he would count the remaining weeks. Gerson, of course, thought he might have to remain on the diet at least for a year and maybe for several years.

Medically, the situation became more puzzling all the time. During March, Johnny was in good shape, though the bulge continued to grow very slowly and he had interm periods of seeming dazed and dopey ar hand and foot became somewhat wors the lag in the mouth deepened. Also h apt to drop things if he didn't watch h hand. But the eyes were better. Ther no recurrence of papilledema. How, we dered, could he get better in one directio worse in another, at one and the same

Straight through March and April, d everything, Johnny worked on. He w terly obsessed about getting into Harv the fall. But to achieve this he had to plete making up his work at Deerfiel graduate as well as pass the college-ent exams, a double task that seemed impo Then on March eighteenth we learne he had caught up with his history cou Deerfield—though he hadn't been the eleven months—and on April seventh h a letter from Mr. Boyden that gave hi ant happiness: He had passed his Engli amination satisfactorily. I took him science room in the Public Library, wh did some adv work, and he ceeded to wri no fewer than four chemistr periments. Fr found out abo New York Tu School, and w rolled him Johnny's mark six weeks were English, 95 i tory, 95 in trig in a boy with brain!

We made application for enter Harvard in his own han ing, now wretc uneven, he wro following para to answer the tion, "What ar reasons for goi college and wh you wish partic to come to Harv

I wish to go lege primarily t plete a sound g education and t pare myself f years to come. wish to prepar self for research in physical che I have chosen Harvard to atain [*sic*] the because I have been advised that it is th tution where I may most fruitfully attai aims.

On April twelfth he took the college exams. It had been arranged, throu courtesy of Dean Gummere of Harvar he split these into two sessions, taki Aptitude tests at this time and the A ment tests later. Johnny said he pr to do both together, and who were we no to him? He announced, "I never fe ter in my life." But it was a grueling d drove him down to a school near Gr Park early in the morning, and he wait almost an hour, standing mostl huge milling crowd of husky young many of them G. I.'s who had seen c abroad—and then squeeze his wa elevators packed and jammed, and ru confusing corridors. Johnny looked p frail. His gait was lopsided, and his b made his pallor even more striking t would have been otherwise. France close by. The exams lasted six and hours. We didn't get home till dinn and Johnny flung himself on the cou claiming, "Boy, *am* I tired!" Then he snapped to the phone to compare not other boys who had taken the same

There were other activities too. T he enrolled at the Tutoring School him to The Best Years of Our Lives as of celebration. My sister took him t

(Continued on Page 106)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Chez Alison

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

The walls are pink with roses—
A special kind of bloom
That holds the breath of summer-time
In Alison's room;

And the windows looking outward
Where the chips and squirrels run
Are framed in clouds of organdy
Chez Alison.

There's an armchair striped like candy,
And a tiny white bed
With a rabbit-bordered pillow
For a small, small head. . . .

Oh, it's absolutely certain,
And it's positively clear—
Why, you'd know it quick as anything:
A little girl lives here.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PROVE CAMEL MILDNESS IN YOUR "T-ZONE"!

MAKE THE CAMEL 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST in your "T-Zone." Smoke Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days. Let YOUR OWN TASTE be the judge of the rich, full-bodied flavor you get from Camels. Let YOUR OWN THROAT report to you on just how *mild* Camels are!

IN A RECENT TEST, hundreds of men and women, from coast to coast, smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days—an average of 1 to 2 packs a day. Each week, their throats were examined by noted throat specialists. After a total of 2470 thorough examinations, these doctors reported

NO THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!





Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.

✓ *Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!*

✓ *Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!*

✓ *Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!*

✓ *Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!*



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

(Continued from Page 104)

adoon, and with Frances and me he saw matinees of Joan of Lorraine and Finian's Rainbow. He kept up his acute interest in politics and he still read the news of the day with great care. We shopped for a lot of clothes—he had grown at least three inches during all this time—and our friends dropped in and once or twice we played chess and of course he beat me.

He was very pleased and proud when, in the middle of March, I finally finished Inside U.S.A. Later I read him a fine puff that Bill Shirer wrote. Johnny winked at me cynically. "It's swell—sure you didn't write that yourself?" He was delighted, but skeptical, about my plans for Inside Washington, the sequel I was outlining. I had insisted that I was never again going to produce such a monster as Inside U.S.A., and that this successor would be much shorter. "Each chapter will end up two," he smiled. "I know you."

The continuing diet gave him moments of real desperation. Once he pleaded with us to invent or concoct somehow *some* sort of soft drink. We appealed to Mrs. Seeley, and she sent over a kind of sugarless raspberry juice out of which Frances made a kind of lemonade. He sipped it greedily.

Meantime our assault on what seemed to be the entire medical profession of New York City was continuing. There was no doubt—brutally, inexorably, that murderous bump was getting bigger, which meant that the tumor had started to grow again.

It seemed that another operation would be necessary very soon, or the skin around the bump would break down again, this time beyond repair.

Finally Mount decided to make an exploration, and I took Johnny up to Neurological for a two-day visit. He was annoyed as usual at this interruption to his studies. Mount and Miller slipped into Johnny's room and remained there two and a quarter hours, while other doctors and nurses constantly went in and out. I knew it could not be dangerous because I had not been asked to sign the usual waiver of responsibility, yet I paced the corridor for those two and a quarter hours with extreme uneasiness. Mount hoped that, as in December, he could go in and release a lot of fluid. Anyway, he was going to take a sample of what he found and the pathologist was waiting. The job was finished finally and then I knew it was very bad, because both Mount and Miller backed away from me in the corridor and would not talk. I went inside.

With an infinitely slow, hopeful, almost caressing gesture Johnny put his hand up to his head. "I wonder how the bump is," he murmured. A desperate charging hope shone in his eyes. Very slowly the hand went up. He felt his head tentatively, felt it again with full palm, and then, limply, helplessly, the hand fell down. This was the only time I ever saw his eyes actually spill over with tears. He lay there silent for a long moment. Then he sighed, with his eyes closed. "I dare say it will take a little time to deflate."

The bump was like a stone again, and Mount had scarcely been able to evacuate a drop.

THE next day Johnny telephoned us early.

I left the hospital at 4:35 that afternoon and went to work; I had been asked to review Ernie Pyle's last book for the Herald Tribune and was very late with it. I called Johnny at 7:30 to tell him, rather boastfully, I fear, that I had read the book and done a short review. Johnny: "Oh, father, how could you possibly read a book in that time? What if someone reviews Inside U.S.A. after reading it that way?"

He asked Mount the next morning, "Did you go deep enough so that you could make me twitch?" He tried to sound cheerful, but his voice was weak and quavering. Then asked why he had to continue on the die it were not doing what it was supposed to He added quickly, "But don't let anyb know that I'm impatient."

I TOOK him home after a brief talk w Mount. It was all hopeless now. W Johnny had now, the pathologist said, one of the worst of all forms of tumor, oblastoma multiforme; moreover, the sp men Mount got showed many mitotic figu that is, the production of malignant cells rapidly increasing. All neurologists are pe mists. I tried to argue with the diagnosis pointing out how generally well Johnny was. And indeed the doctors were astonis to the point of stupefaction that he had b able to take those college-entrance exa But Mount, so kind and decent, could o no hope at all when we asked him what t next. He said, "Let Johnny do exactly w he wants to do. Let him die happy."

April twenty-fifth was a tremendous d Penfield telephoned from Montreal to that he would be in New York and would l to see Johnny. The appointment was set midmorning.

Then—some modicum of hope again! P field, with his immense authority, was gre impressed at how comparatively well Joh still was, and seemed to think that all not yet lost. I showed him what he had w ten on the chart the year before; he repl "Well, the best of us be mistaken." He the impression that Jo ny *might* still be sa he urged giving up diet, trying the mus again, and above all, i ing a second operati He thought that the mor *might* conceiva have a frontier and *m* be removable at this sta Tumors in children a he said, unpredictable, a this one seemed to "weeping itself out" fluid and it might not "so frightfully big." T was the best moment for an operation, t since the ulcer had healed and the risk of fection was at a minimum. He urged Mount do a "whopping big job" and to risk eve thing by the most drastic possible operat procedure.

A young woman working for a degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia married a professor in the middle of her second year.

"But, Edith," protested one of her friends, when she announced her engagement, "I thought you came here to get your Ph.D.?"

"So I did," replied Edith, "but I had no idea I would get him so soon."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

Steadfastly, all these months, we had h to the diet, but now there seemed no po in going on. Not only, despite the diet, w the tumor growing again; it was grow faster.

It would have been heartless to have c tinued to impose on Johnny, for no g end, a regime of such severity. He had b on the diet seven and a half months—yet tumor was bigger now than ever bef Nevertheless, we were grateful to this spl did human being, Max Gerson, for all he for Johnny—and what he did was a lot—a we always will be. There were long consu tions with Traeger and Gerson and finally told Johnny the great news one morning a he asked suspiciously, "What strings are tached?" Only, we replied, that there ou to be a few intervening days, for weaning, to speak, when he would still avoid salt a fat.

Frances and I had lunch out that day, a then we rushed to a butcher shop and bou a steak. We got home—and Johnny was there! He had slipped out of the apartme unnoticed by anyone and had walked himself to a near-by Translux to take in newsreel. This was the first time he ever this. Of course it was a symbol of relea That evening he ate the steak and more less anything he liked. He kept grippin huge piece of hard cheese in his good ha and nibbling at it hungrily.

We had a stiff fight about his going alone. Frances usually took him to the T toring School, luckily not far away, a sometimes I called for him. He resented l terly being accompanied, but we did

(Continued on Page 108)

began to inquire with great earnest-
hy a plate had not been inserted,
must have meant that, finally, he had
up hope that the bone would grow
f itself. He said indignantly to one
"If only they'd put in a plate, one of
v types of plate made of tantalum, at
d be able to swim and sail."

was cleared to go home on May fif-
only two weeks after the operation.
the last time Johnny checked out of
ogical. He ended the experience with
risecrack. We marched out and I said
spital knew us so well by this time
ey sent the bill by mail. Johnny gibed:
nean by parcel post."

emained pretty well, but now it be-
ncreasingly difficult for him to fix his
shoelaces. He was too proud to admit
d Marie, our housekeeper, helped him
on his shoes one morning. Johnny
I'm only giving way to your maternal
." Carl, our old elevator man, wept
hen he saw how warped his face was
w difficult it was for him to walk.
said to him, "I haven't had any
to exercise, and so my foot is tired."
effort to pretend that the tumor was
cost him dearly; the price of his in-
fight was great fatigue. The faraway
s in his eyes more often now. But it
possible for us not to support his op-
because any discouragement would
en a crushing blow.

phone rang on May twenty-fifth and
yden's cheerful, assured voice came
. "I've gone through Johnny's pa-
d examina-
" he said.
know he did
work in his
m year and
me surplus
. He has
up to his
everything
one exami-
and we are going to give him a di-
This isn't a favor. It is Johnny's
ome up next week, and he will gradu-
n his class."

NATIONAL HEART WEEK FEBRUARY 14-21, 1949
OPEN YOUR HEART GIVE FIGHT HEART DISEASE
American Heart Association 1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 19

rove to Deerfield on May twenty-
, and Johnny graduated on June
though he had not been to school for
n months. The days passed in a
procession, and I think probably it
happiest week of his life.

out the slightest self-consciousness
his place in his class. He sat between
nds in the dining hall (the instruc-
d warned them) and Frances whis-
hat they should inconspicuously cut
t if necessary. The boys stared at
a second as if he were a ghost—of
is hair had not grown back fully af-
last operation and he wore a white
—and then accepted his appearance
question.

evening after dinner an informal
y takes place at Deerfield which is
he distinguishing marks of this school:
y from freshman to senior meets with
yden, and the roll of the entire school
.. The boys are heaped together on the
sually there is a casualty or two—
ungster hurt in a football game—for
here are big leather chairs. Johnny
imself into one of these and his name
ed in the roll exactly as if he had never
sent. Then he limped slowly and
to the Senior Dorm, where he would
en living this past year, and looked at
hould have been his room yearningly.
ere moving back and forth in the or-
ustle that precedes commencement.
had the attitude of one who is both
cipant in and a spectator of a great
t.

us decided that he should sleep in the
ry—a building he knew only too well.
xt morning we came to pick him up
t we thought was a reasonable hour.
had left the building before eight,
nd was at that moment taking the
kam in chemistry! He passed it B
Minus—though he had never taken a regular chemistry course in his life.

Later that day I bumped into him accidentally on the bright sunlit grass as he dragged himself from behind a hedge in shadow. His left shoulder sagged; his arm hung almost useless; his mouth was twisted with effort; the left side of his lip sank down; his eyes were filmy; he was happy. "Oh, pardon me, sir," Johnny said. He had not recognized me, and thought that I was some master he did not know.

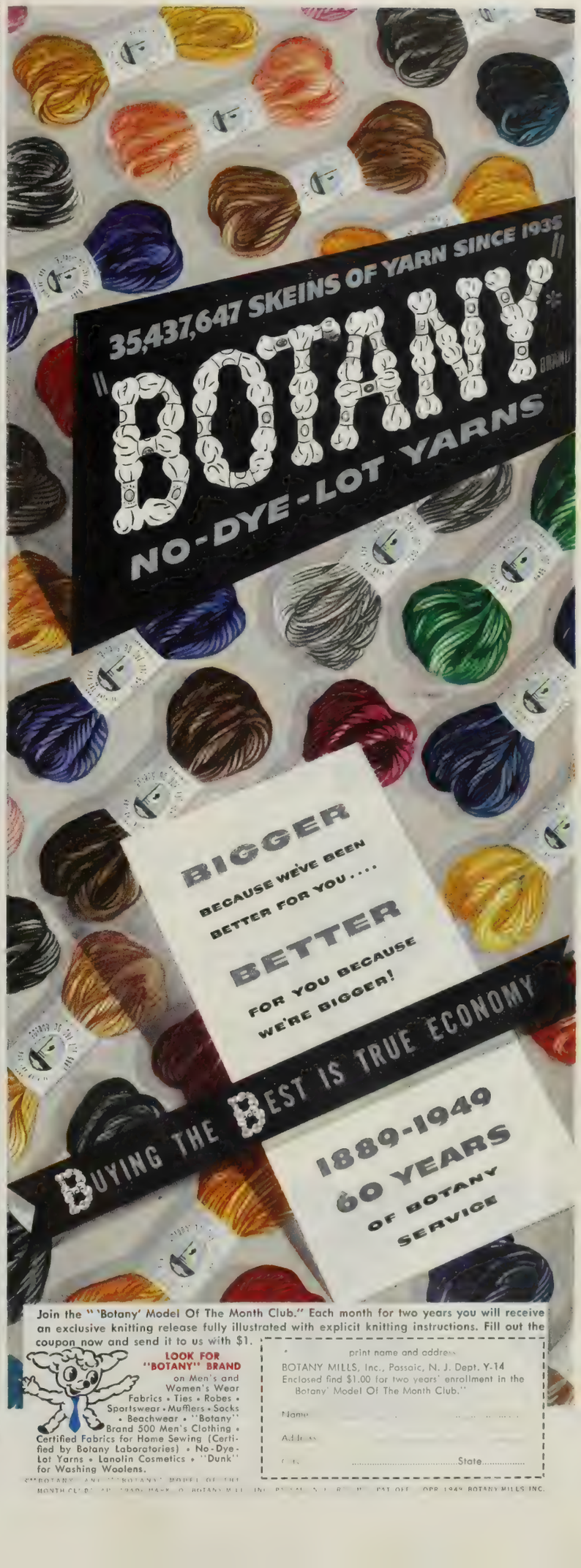
Everybody tried hard to keep him from being too active. But he said, "Walking around this way helps the wound heal." Frances told him to sit around in the sun—how they both loved the sun!—and get brown and he answered, "All you are interested in, mother, is my color!"

THE day before graduation was strenuous, with a lunch for the parents at noon and then a baseball game, which Johnny watched for about four innings. The dress-up banquet that night, to celebrate among other things Mr. Boyden's forty-fifth year as headmaster, lasted three hours; Johnny did not miss a minute of it. He tramped across the lawn afterward, with his classmate Henry Eisner holding his hand, for the off-the-record talk Mr. Boyden gives each graduating class. Then the class, standing under the trees in a night grown chilly, serenaded the Boydens on the front porch. Johnny, on the outskirts of the massed pack of boys, looked suddenly exhausted, and I slipped away from the adults to join him inconspicuously, standing just behind him. I was afraid he might fall. Then I heard his light, silvery tenor chime in with the other voices. The song floated across the lawn and echoed back. We hiked to the infirmary and Johnny ran into a classmate who had won an award. "Congratulations!" Johnny snapped briskly.

The next morning the boys assembled early for the quarter-mile walk to the white-frame Deerfield church, arranging themselves four abreast in order of their height. I did not think Johnny could manage such a march. He shook us off and disappeared. The procedure is that the boys, reaching the church, line up behind the pews, and then walk one by one down the center aisle, as each name is called. Mr. Flynt, the president of the board of trustees, then shakes hands with each boy, giving him his diploma in the left hand. We explained that Johnny might not be able to grasp the smooth roll of diploma with his left fingers, and asked Mr. Flynt to try to slip it into the right hand instead. One by one the names were called out, and each boy marched forward alone. The call was alphabetical, and by the time the G's were reached we were limp with suspense, since we did not know for sure that Johnny had even got into the church. As each boy passed down the aisle, there was applause, perfunctory for some, pronounced for others. Gaines, Gillespie, Goodwin, Griffin, Gunther. Slowly, Johnny stepped out of the mass of his fellows and trod by us, carefully keeping in the exact center of the long aisle, looking neither to the left nor the right, but straight ahead, fixedly, with the white bandage flashing in the light through the high windows, his chin up, carefully, not faltering, steady, but slowly, so very slowly. The applause began and then rose as every person in that old church became whipped up, tight and tense, to see if he would make it. The applause became a thunder when Johnny finally reached the pulpit. Mr. Flynt tried to put the diploma in his right hand, as planned. Firmly Johnny took it from right hand to left, as was proper, and while the whole audience rocked now with release from tension, and was still applauding, he passed around to the side and, not seeing us, reached his place among his friends.

That evening we talked of Harvard. Some of the boys were getting their admission no-

(Continued on Page 111)





Mrs. Eugenia Roberts of Atlanta had a dry skin problem. "Now," says this lovely young mother, "I use Noxzema as my all-purpose cream, my night cream and powder base. It certainly helps keep my complexion looking soft and smooth."



"I apply Noxzema before putting on make-up and use it before retiring after a day outdoors," states this charming Baltimore sports enthusiast, Jean Patchett of Preston. "I also use Noxzema to help protect my hands against chapping."

Which of these 6 American Women is the

MOST LIKE YOU?

If you have some little thing wrong with your skin—and who doesn't—be sure to read these exclusive interviews.



"About ten years ago I had an annoying case of externally-caused blemishes," says Mrs. Eileen M. Meyer, Detroit housewife and vocalist. "Noxzema helped heal them so quickly I've used it ever since. It's a *real* all-purpose skin cream!"

See how *their* Beauty Problems compare to *your own!*

• For the past few months interviewers have been calling on women throughout the country, asking about their beauty problems. They called on hundreds. Here are the views of six typical women. These six, like thousands of others, are using a new idea in beauty—*Medicated Skin Care.*

New Beauty Routine

It's a simple home treatment developed by a doctor. It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women—of all ages—picked at random from all walks of life—took part in this skin improvement test under the supervision of 3 noted doctors—skin specialists. On examination each woman showed some little thing wrong with her skin.

Based on Scientific Tests

Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine developed by a skin specialist. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens by these doctors. Here are the astonishing and gratifying results:

Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks! Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled to see the marked improvement that Noxzema helped bring to their skin!

For Externally-Caused Skin Troubles

So if you want an aid to a softer, smoother-looking skin, if you suffer the embarrassment of externally-caused blemishes, rough, dry skin or other similar skin troubles—try *medicated* Noxzema.

4-Step Beauty Routine!

1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. Before retiring, repeat morning cleansing.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes, if you have any.

Try it yourself. Follow Noxzema's NEW 4-Step Beauty Routine faithfully morning and night. See if you aren't amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. Available at all drug and cosmetic counters. **40¢, 60¢ and $1.00 plus tax —Trial Size, also now on sale.**



"My hands were dreadfully chapped. A friend recommended Noxzema and to-day I use it for everything"—says Shirley O'Hara of Los Angeles. "It's my complexion and hand cream—all in one."



Cute blonde Mrs. Sonia Dorsey of Cambridge, Mass., uses Noxzema as her all purpose cream. She says, "I have unusually dry skin. I've found Noxzema helps keep my skin soft and lovely."



"I put a wonderful-feeling 'mask' of Noxzema on my face before retiring. It's done so much for my skin, I've been recommending it to my friends," says glamorous Ian Barker of Cleveland.

(Continued from Page 109)

ces, and Johnny, now that he had actually en graduated, wondered when his would me. He was impatient.

Everything that Johnny suffered was in a nse repaid by the few heroic moments of at walk down the center aisle of that urch. This was his triumph and indomi- ble summation. Nobody who saw it will er forget it.

Back in New York we pressed on cease- sly with medical affairs. The bump, that iminal marauder, was growing again, not th so much pace as before, but it was rder and more tense. We had long ago ased to think of expense; I was very heav- in debt, but my book would make it up, I ped. We gathered ourselves for a final as- ult. Mrs. Albert D. Lasker gave me some ecial leads, particularly in regard to the e of hormones. Traeger went to a conven- n at Atlantic City, and there talked with ery brain man he could find. A chase be- n like that of the year before, with calls to ecialists in semi-known procedures in Los ngeles, Chicago, San Francisco and the iversity of Michigan. Then I went out to ontefiore for a long conversation with vidoff, a celebrated neurosurgeon to whom ried to outline the entire case. I asked him he had *ever* known a glioblastoma multi- me to be cured. He hesitantly adduced re- sions, but not cures. How long, I wanted know, had the longest case in his experience *ted*. Four years, he replied. Then he talked sely about the mysteries of the body, "mir- es" such as those at Lourdes, and the in- utable quality of some diseases, and sug- ted that, since diagnosis was so important, should send Johnny's les to two supreme hologists, one in Illi- s, one in Connecticut, a final verdict. I asked to what he attributed improvement Johnny indubitably shown ing the spring. He was convinced that the t could have had nothing whatever to do h it, and that almost certainly—this was surprise—the amelioration had been the sequence of last year's X rays. Yet I conferred with the radiologist at Neu- gical when Johnny was better and the iologist had disclaimed any credit for improvement. Now, Davidoff said, there e million-volt machines that, so to ak, skipped the scalp. He didn't give us hope, but he suggested that we have y.

I make mistakes, of course, but I do not respond to encores. —ELBERT HUBBARD.

People may ask if it would not have been ter if we had had fewer doctors and less tment. Perhaps we tried to do too much. Johnny loved life desperately and we ed him desperately and it was our duty to absolutely everything and keep him alive ng as possible. Might he have had a bet- chance to live with less attention? No. t tumor, untended and unchecked, would ply have eaten away all his brain.

JOHNNY was steadily becoming more aware ow sick he was. Did he know he was go- to die? I leave it to the evidence of his conversation. He was lethargic and etimes testy during these last declining ks. He demanded several times to know result of Mount's last laboratory report; had to equivocate, of course.

e decided finally to repeat each factor might have led to the improvement er in the year—X ray, mustard, diet, conceivably, another operation if he d stand it. We chose to begin with the tard, largely on Penfield's urging.

urchenal wanted to hospitalize Johnny time, and so on June twelfth he went to morial. He swam through this experience, h was short, quite easily. There were no ll fects. But so far as we know, no good ef- either.

e came home, and again Johnny was nctly better; he had two or three splen- hearty days. The doctors thought it d be safe for him to go to the country, Frances went up to Madison to get the e ready; I spent most of the last ten days with him alone. We knew he would not be able to manage any stairs, and so Frances converted a downstairs room to his use, painting it a bright robin's-egg blue, hanging cheery curtains and putting in order his books and chemicals. I tried, at her suggestion, to work out some plausible arrangement with Dean Gummere whereby we could tell Johnny he had been admitted to Harvard even if he could not go. This good and decent man co-operated beautifully but, as it worked out, too late.

Johnny was busy meantime in several fields. Mrs. Luce sent him du Noüy's book, Human Destiny, and he read it with close interest. Then she gave him another book, the name of which I have forgotten, an outright tract. Johnny said:

"It says just what du Noüy says, but not so well. You distrust it because it's propagandistic."

PUTNAM returned to town, and he came to see Johnny, with Traeger in consultation, on Monday, June twenty-third. Finally, like Davidoff, Putnam strongly urged more X-ray treatments as soon as Johnny was strong enough to take them. "But why," I protested, "didn't you insist on X rays before?" Because, he explained, the broken-down skin of the scalp, which could never have withstood X rays, had been removed by Mount's operation; now, because Mount had pulled the flap together, there was tougher, healthy skin to deal with. Traeger listened closely and said little. A fleeting idea crossed my mind: that the sturdiness of this new scalp might be forcing the tumor inward, which would account for the recent accentuation of the paralysis. Still, despite everything, Johnny's condition was pretty good. Putnam's last word was "Let's keep on struggling."

Came an awful morning, on June twenty-seventh, when Johnny turned to me across the breakfast table and spoke as if very casually:

"Where's mother keeping herself these days?"

Then he felt the bump. He wasn't bandaged now. His hand played on it, shocked. "What on earth is that?" I stared at him. Then:

"How long has this been going on? . . . What year was I at Deerfield? . . . What day is this? . . . What are these pills for? . . . Where was I last week?"

Then he had a short, sharp attack of shivers.

He hated to be helped. That evening at dinner, when his memory was quite right again, he tried out a system whereby he would stick his fork up the sleeve of his jacket, pinning it that way with the elbow bent, so that with his whole arm he could hold the tines straight. "I *will* learn to manage this!" he ground out between his teeth.

We were very relaxed later. But he was chilly. For some time now it had been obvious that the temperature-regulating mechanism in his brain was deranged slightly. He talked vividly about Harvard, and then about getting a plate for his skull. "By that time my hair will have grown back too."

He was very drowsy the next day. His grip on life was lessening, though I did not yet think in terms of emergency. On the twenty-eighth he slept most of the afternoon, but he had been taking naps during most of the course of his illness, and I was not alarmed.

I called Frances in Madison and told her I thought she ought to come in, though there seemed no real reason for her to make a troublesome trip inasmuch as I would be driving him out in a day or two. This was a Saturday night and we planned to go to Madison on Tuesday. Frances said she would wait to hear from me Sunday at noon. I felt a persistent apprehension now, very deep and pervasive, though there seemed to be no valid reason for it. Johnny was much better on Sunday, but even so I called Frances again and insisted that she return, and she arrived that evening.

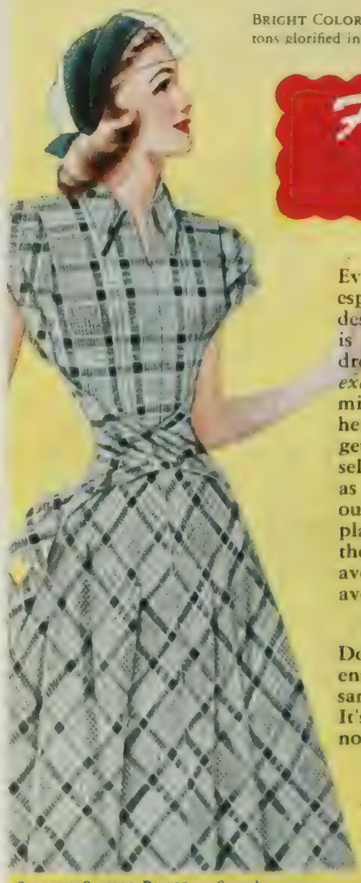
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Just think what you could do with an extra $18, $20, or $25 a week! And think of getting your own lovely Spring dresses *without a penny of cost!* That's the wonderful chance we offer you, just for taking orders for Fashion Frocks in your spare hours. When friends see these flattering styles of finest fabrics and workmanship, they'll rub their eyes at the astonishing low prices. *Imagine* — some are as low as $3.98! And, they can't be bought in stores *anywhere!* Women must come to *you* for these gorgeous dresses at bargain prices. Each dress carries the famous Good Housekeeping Seal and is sold on a Money Back Guarantee. Your friends will flock to order these Fashion Frocks from you. You're paid in cash, *right then and there,* for every order! Besides that, you're given an *additional bonus* of smart Spring dresses for your own personal wardrobe!

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WHEN A SLIP RECORDS A SOCIAL ERROR . . . SWITCH TO
MARY BARRON



This advertisement is based on the actual embarrassing episode of Miss Paula Reinle of West New Brighton, New York, to whom we have sent a check for $50.

What a show! Broken straps and a fallen slip! Comedy for onlookers! Embarrassing near-tragedy for her! Foolish for her to risk a slip with a speculator's ticket for a label. A Mary Barron slip never tugs and snaps straps —never rides up—nor twists maddeningly around the hips. Dressmaker created, "biastrait" design assures perfect behavior and full freedom in action or repose.



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CLAIRANESE* RAYON TAFFETA SLIP. Launders like a handkerchief and will not split or crack. Ruffle designed for easy shortening by snipping at either tuck. Colors: black, navy, brown, verity blue, kelly green, frost pink, white, red. Sizes 32 to 44. Buy your Mary Barron in the same size as your brassiere. $3.50

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Mary Barron Slips are sold at leading stores in U. S. A. and Canada.

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WIN $50.00 *for your most embarrassing slip moment. If we use it in our advertising. Send to Mary Barron, c/o The Davidson Bros. Corp., 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Expires June 30, 1949)*

In actual fact this Sunday was one of the best days he had had since he first became ill. He was exhilarated and very close to me. Johnny talked about many things. We discussed Sinclair Lewis and I told him about the ups and downs in the life of an artist, of the deep, perplexing downdrafts a writer may have. He read in A Subtreasury of American Humor, chuckling. Then he said, "Inasmuch as we'll go to the country Tuesday, I think I'll pack."

But steadily he kept returning to me, as if he wanted to be particularly intimate and affectionate. All his sweetness, his remarkable goodness seemed to be bursting out of him all this day. By midevening, not at all tired, he had finished a neat job of packing his books and things for the summer. Here is what he chose:

Atomic Physics, by the physics staff of the University of Pittsburgh
Einstein's Theory of Relativity, by the Liebers, and their book on the theory of groups
A Poet in the Making, by Laurence Housman, clipped by Frances out of the Atlantic Monthly
Some lab manuals, folders, a dictionary, the Deerfield Roster
Outline of First Year College Chemistry and another chemistry text
Beginning German
Sprague's Plane Trigonometry
What is Life? by Schroedinger

Frances arrived; they had not seen each other for ten days. I had already put him to bed, but he was not asleep. "Hello, mother, I'm so glad you've come back!" he all but shouted. They talked and laughed about everything. He woke once during the night and again they talked and he whistled one lullaby.

The next morning, Monday, June thirtieth, she gave him a bath and washed his hair. He seemed too tired to get out of the tub. I called for him early and took him to Memorial for a blood test and a last clearance before his trip to the country. Nobody there saw anything amiss, though over the phone during the week end I had talked to Burchenal, and he was worried that Johnny's fatigue might be caused by mounting intercranial pressure. Most of the Memorial doctors are scientists rather than physicians as such. Nobody saw any marked change or reason for alarm; there was certainly no intimation of impending disaster. But Johnny could hardly drag his left foot out of the car. Normally he would have scorned a wheel chair, but today he welcomed it when I had the sudden idea to get one for the long trip down the corridor. In the car, returning home, Johnny seemed hazy, and asked whether or not Mary had come to lunch, and how his pet turtles were, one of which had died recently. But back home he was all right again, though tired.

Some things I do not understand. Traeger, it happened, was spending a brief holiday with Sinclair Lewis at Williamstown. He got on a plane suddenly and returned to New York, explaining to Lewis, as I heard it from Lewis himself later, "I have a feeling that Johnny Gunther will die this week end."

I had a luncheon engagement at the Alrae with Walter Duranty and I walked over there. We were ordering coffee when I was called to the phone.

Frances said, "Johnny has a headache. Here, talk to him. He wants to talk to you."

I asked, "Have you much of a headache, Johnny?"

"And how! I've just called Connie to send over some morphine."

Frances was very much alarmed, but she did not want to alarm me; she said there was no need to hurry over, but that I might call Traeger to see if the morphine was on the way. I told Walter that if he would excuse me I would run along without coffee, since Johnny wasn't so well. This was the first time since the period before the first operation, fourteen months before, that he had had severe pain. I called Traeger, and a drug for arresting pain, not morphine but a caffeine

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derivative, was indeed en route. Then I hiked back to our apartment. Johnny had taken a caffeine pill and then vomited propulsively, something we had always been told to watch for and which had never occurred before. I gave him another pill and this one stayed down.

Still I was not really worried. We had gone through so many crises seemingly much worse. I had an appointment with my dentist at four, and had no thought of calling it off; I told Frances that I'd be back at five or so. Then I went in to say "So long" to Johnny and I did not like the way he looked. He was very pale and the skin was cold and moist. I called Traeger at once, but even then it did not occur to me that the end had come. In fact, Traeger had stepped out and when his nurse asked me if he should be located and should come over right away, I said that I didn't think this was necessary but that I hoped he would drop in late in the afternoon, perhaps at six when he finished work. Then I went back and looked at Johnny again. He said to Frances something she could not quite make out and then something about Mr. Haynes at Deerfield. I walked to the phone and called off my appointment with my dentist and the next second Traeger called back and I said, "Come right over—hurry!"

He stayed with Johnny a brief moment and took me aside, pale and with a stern expression. "He's dying. Shall we do anything or not?"

Apparently Johnny had had a cerebral hemorrhage. That tumor had eroded a blood vessel. Of all the doctors who sketched to us so many times how the end might come, none had ever suggested that it might be this.

The rest of the afternoon is full of harsh, conflicting lines and shadows. Traeger called Mount and another doctor and Mount arrived. Johnny recognized him, which was remarkable. But once more, and for the last time, I knew everything from a doctor's face. Mount went absolutely black and white, in blotches like a woodcut on soft paper.

He took Frances across the room and whispered, "I'm afraid Johnny's condition has become very much worse since Doctor Traeger telephoned."

The ambulance men came and we moved Johnny to a near-by hospital, since Mount did not think that he could survive more than a very brief trip.

Johnny went under oxygen, he was given every known medicament that could possibly help, and a youthful doctor explored, as always with difficulty, the veins in his leg for the glucose infusion and transfusion. We got to the hospital at a little after six. It was a very hot, clear, dark night. Johnny slept on his side, restfully. He never regained consciousness. He died absolutely without fear, and without pain, and without knowing that he was going to die.

At a few minutes to eleven we thought we ought to go into his room; we had stepped out on the balcony for a brief second, and presently, with infinite depth, very slowly and at spaced intervals, three great quivering gasps came out of him. He had regained color just before; he had some final essential spark of animation; he was still fighting. But now these shatteringly deep breaths, arising from something so deep down that his whole body shook and trembled, told us their irrevocable message.

Johnny died at 11:02 P.M.

AFTERMATH

All that is left of a life! There Johnny was, so pale, so slim and handsome, in the tweed suit with a spot on the lapel—he always had a spot on his lapel—and a bright striped necktie—with what valor he struggled to tie that necktie in the last hopeless weeks—here he lay placidly in the small chapel full of flowers, with his face sweet and composed and without a trace of struggle or pain, and we said good-by to him, Frances and I and a clustering group of friends.

People tell us that that brief noontime service was something they will never forget. Frances is Jewish, and at her suggestion we had a double ceremony; her friend Rabbi Newman and Mr. Neale of the Unitarian church joined to conduct the service, and in his magnificent voice Rabbi Newman read Johnny's own short "Unbeliever's Prayer." Most of our close friends had scattered for the summer; their telegrams and letters poured in, but they could not get back in time.

Of these hundreds of communications I will give only three, all from doctors.

Dear John: Word has just reached me of poor Johnny's death—"He hath outsoared the shadow of our night"—what a gallant soul, and what an unfulfilled promise! The fact that this was to be expected makes it no easier to bear, and I hope that you and Mrs. Gunther know that you have all my deepest sympathy. Now I suppose we shall never know whether lithium anhydride will ionize in liquid ammonia—nor what ecstasies and sorrows might have befallen Johnny had he lived.

I wish I might have been of more help.

Sincerely and cordially,
TRACY PUTNAM

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gunther: What a heroic battle Johnny fought! A gallant spirit like his cannot be destroyed by a mechanical defect in the body which was given him.

Knowing him and thinking of his stubborn refusal to accept defeat makes me believe that that spirit will live on. For such there must be an immortality which we who tinker at the body may guess at but not understand.

You two, by your restless effort, kept him alive a year longer than should be expected. You could have done no more. It was worth while. Sincerely,
WILDER PENFIELD

Give me the benefit of your convictions, if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourself, for I have enough of my own.
—GOETHE.

LIKE EVERYONE WHO KNEW JOHNNY I HAD A SPECIAL PLACE IN MY HEART FOR HIM. HE WAS THE MOST GALLANT AND SOULFUL CHILD I EVER MET
DAVID M. LEVY, M.D.

Traeger came over a few evenings after the funeral. He had the preliminary autopsy report and he told us that slides from Johnny's brain would in time be in every important neurological institute in the world, because it was unique that a child with such an affliction should have remained so comparatively well right to the end. So perhaps Johnny will have aided science after all. Small comfort! It was his courage—the indomitable quality of his simple and forthright courage—that I hope people will remember him for—that and perhaps for his sweetness too. But what Traeger told us made us glad that he died when he did, so resolutely and peacefully, if he had to die at all, because he would probably have become blind in a short time, and perhaps he would have lost his ability to associate. Even Johnny's gallantry could not have stood up under that.

A WORD FROM FRANCES

Death always brings one suddenly face to face with life. Nothing, not even the birth of one's child, brings one so close to life as his death.

Johnny lay dying of a brain tumor for fifteen months. He was in his seventeenth year. I never kissed him good night without wondering whether I should see him alive in the morning. I greeted him each morning as though he were newly born to me, a re-gift of God. Each day he lived was a blessed day of grace.

The impending death of one's child raises many questions in one's mind and heart and soul. It raises all the infinite questions, each answer ending in another question. What is the meaning of life? What are the relations between things: life and death? the individual and the family? the family and society? marriage and divorce? the individual and the state? medicine and research? science and politics and religion? man, men and God?

All these questions came up in one way or another, and Johnny and I talked about them, in one way or another, as he was dying for fifteen months. He wasn't just dying, of

(Continued on Page 115)



Beauty is my business—

SAYS GEORGIA HAMILTON, STUNNING COVER GIRL

And SWEETHEART Beauty Care Makes My Skin Sparkle with a Fresh, Soft, Young Look— HELPS PREVENT CHAPPING, TOO!

• "A model with rough, chapped skin would sit home, waiting for the phone to ring! That's why I was so thrilled to discover gentle SweetHeart Soap that helps prevent chapping. No more hit-or-miss skin care for me! I started to use only SweetHeart for daily baths and complexion care. In seven short days my skin felt velvety soft—and looked far smoother and younger."

You can expect the same glorious results! Yes, *this time next week you can have a lovelier complexion.* Simply start SweetHeart Beauty Care today.

Each night . . . each morning, massage your face with SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather. Rinse with warm . . . then cold water. One week from today you'll see an amazing difference! Your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger.

Beauty is my business, too!

• At 10 months, Nadine Koehne is already a model! And she has always been bathed with pure, mild, fragrant SweetHeart Soap.

For baby's bath—for your family's tubs and showers—you can now also get SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.

THE REMARKABLE ACTION OF SWEETHEART'S EXTRA LATHER

• That soft, billowing SweetHeart lather has a Floating Lift. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift off, float away* dirt and rough skin flakes. This heavenly gentle action is wonderfully kind to delicate skin.



SWEETHEART
The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

THIS MONTH

CONTAGIOUS SICKNESS* will strike many thousands of U.S. homes



MOTHER, guard *your* home now against infection! NOW especially—when contagious diseases are going the rounds—diseases whose germs can live in house dust and be stirred up by sweeping.

Disinfect daily with potent, economical "Lysol" brand disinfectant *as you clean.* You need only 2½ tablespoons of "Lysol" to each gallon of cleaning water to disinfect walls, floors, kitchen, bathroom . . . your whole house. If someone is already sick at your house, don't let germs spread! Keep the sickroom "hospital clean"... with "Lysol." Have *all* basic sickroom needs on hand. Check these with your druggist today!

*Statistics show widespread increase in contagious diseases at this season . . . diseases whose germs are dust-borne . . . with tests showing dust a great reservoir of infection.



America's Largest Selling Disinfectant

A concentrated germ-killer, used by leading hospitals, recommended by many doctors.

Every Day...Keep your Home Hospital Clean with Germ-Killing . . . "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

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YOUR DOCTOR AND DRUGGIST WORK TIRELESSLY TO PROTECT YOU





Your health and happiness . . . and that of your family . . . may so often owe so much to the knowledge, skill and unfailing dependability of your doctor and your druggist.

Right now your druggist is featuring Sickroom Needs—the items your doctor is most likely to call for, in the event of sickness in your home. Check your needs today! Be prepared!

(Continued from Page 113)

course. He was living and dying and being reborn all at the same time each day. How we loved each day. "It's been another wonderful day, mother!" he'd say, as I knelt to kiss him good night.

There are many complex and erudite answers to all these questions, which men have thought about for many thousands of years, and about which they have written many thousands of books.

Yet at the end of them all, when one has put away all the books, and all the words, when one is alone with oneself, when one is alone with God, what is left in one's heart? Just this:

I wish we had loved Johnny more.

Since Johnny's death, we have received many letters from many kind friends from all parts of the world, each expressing his condolence in his own way. But through most of them has run a single theme: sympathy with us in facing a mysterious stroke of God's will that seemed inexplicable, unjustifiable and yet, being God's will, must also be part of some great plan beyond our mortal ken, perhaps sparing him or us greater pain or loss.

Actually, in the experience of losing one's child in death, I have found that other factors were involved.

I did not, for one thing, feel that God had personally singled out either him or us for any special act, either of animosity or generosity. In a way I did not feel that God was personally involved at all. I have all my life had a spontaneous, instinctive sense of the reality of God, in faith, beyond ordinary belief. I have always prayed to God and talked things over with Him, in church and out of church, when perplexed, or very sad, or also very happy. During Johnny's long illness, I prayed continually to God, naturally. God was always there. He sat beside us during the doctors' consultations, as we waited the long vigils outside the operating room, as we rejoiced in the miracle of a brief recovery, as we agonized when hope ebbed away, and the doctors confessed there was no longer anything they could do. They were helpless, and we were helpless, and in His way, God, standing by us in our hour of need, God in His infinite wisdom and mercy and loving-kindness, God in all His omnipotence, was helpless too.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Waking

By Patrick MacDonogh

Peace, there is peace in this awakening.
Slowly, silently the warm sun
Enters my being, waves are breaking
Unseen as time, one after one
Endlessly breaking. A sea gull crying
Voices eternity. There stirs
A wind among the grass and, sighing,
Carries my spirit to hers.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Life is a myriad series of mutations, chemical, physical, spiritual. The same infinitely intricate, yet profoundly simple, law of life that produced Johnny—his rare and precious soul, his sweetness, his gaiety, his gallantry, his courage: For it was only after his death, from his brief simple diaries, written as directly as he wrote out his beloved chemical experiments, that we learned he had known all along how grave was his illness, and that even as we had gaily pretended with him that all was well and he was completely recovering, he was pretending with us, and bearing our burden with the spirit, the élan, of a singing soldier or a laughing saint—that law of life which out of infinite mutation had produced Johnny, that law, still mutating, destroyed him. God Himself, no less than we, is part of that law. Johnny was an extraordinary lovable and alive human being. There seemed to be no evil, only an illuminating good, in him. Everybody who knew him—his friends and teachers at Lincoln, Riverdale and Deerfield, our neighbors in the country at Madison—felt the warmth of his goodness and its great vitality in him. Yet a single cell, mutating experimentally, killed him. But the law of mutation, in its various forms, is the law of the universe. God Himself, no less than we, is part of that law. It is impersonal, inevitable. Grief cannot be concerned with it. At least, mine could not.

My grief, I find, is not desolation or rebellion at universal law or deity. I find grief to be much simpler and sadder. Contemplating the Eternal Deity and His Universal Laws leaves me grave but dry-eyed. But a sunny fast wind along the Sound, good sailing weather, a new light boat, will shake me to tears: How Johnny would have loved this boat, this wind, this sunny day!

All the things he loved tear at my heart because he is no longer here on earth to enjoy them. An open fire with a broiling steak, a pancake tossed in the air, fresh nectarines, black-red cherries—the science columns in the papers and magazines, the fascinating new technical developments, so complex to me, so simple to him. The Berkshire music festival coming in over the air, as we lay in the moonlight on our wide open beach, listening—how he loved all this! For like many children of our contemporary renaissance, he was many-sided too, with many loves. Chemistry and math were his particular passion, but as a younger child at school he had painted gay spirited pictures of sailing boats and circuses, had sculpted some lovable figures—two bears dancing, a cellist playing—and had played some musical instruments himself—piano, violin and his beloved recorder. He collected stamps, of course, and also rocks; he really loved and knew his rocks, classified them, also cut and polished them in his workshop, and dug lovely bits of garnet from the Connecticut hillsides.

But the thing closest to his heart was his chem lab, which he cherished passionately. It grew and expanded in town and country. He wanted to try experiments that had not been done before. He liked to consider abstract principles of the sciences, searched intuitively for unifying theories.

He had many worthy ambitions which he did not live long enough to achieve. But one he did achieve: to graduate with his class at Deerfield. Despite the long illness that kept him out of school a year and a half, he insisted on being tutored in the hospital and at home, taking his class exams, and the college-board exams for Harvard, and then returning to Deerfield for commencement week.

The boys cheered him as he walked down the aisle to receive his diploma, his head bandaged but unbowed, held high, his young face pale, his dark blue eyes shining with the joy of achievement. A fortnight later, he died.

What is the grief that tears me now?

No fear of death or any hereafter. During our last summer at Madison, I wrote about death in my diary when I couldn't sleep: "Look Death in the face. To look Death in the face, and not be afraid. To be friendly to Death as to Life. Death is part of Life, like Birth. Not the final part. I have no sense of finality about Death. Only the final scene in a single act of a play that goes on forever. Look Death in the face: It's a friendly face, a kindly face, sad, reluctant, knowing it is not welcome but having to play its part when its cue is called, perhaps trying to say, 'Come, it won't be too bad, don't be afraid, I understand how you feel, but come—there may be other miracles!' No fear of Death, no fight against Death, no enmity toward Death, friendship with Death as with Life—that is Death for myself, but not for Johnny, God, not yet. He's too young to miss all the other parts of Life, all the other lovely living parts of Life. All the wonderful, miraculous things to do, to feel, to see, to hear, to touch, to





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smell, to taste, to experience, to enjoy. What a joy Life is. Why does no one talk of the joy of Life? shout, sing, write of the joy of Life? Looking for books to read with Johnny, and all of them sad, bitter, full of fear, hate, death, destruction, damnation, or at best resignation! No great books of enjoyment, no sense of great utter simple delight, pleasure, fun, sport, joy of Life."

All the things Johnny enjoyed in Life. All the things he did and enjoyed at home and at school, with his friends, with me. All the simple things, the eating, drinking, sleeping, waking up.

We cooked, we experimented with variations on pancakes, stews, steaks. We gardened, we fished, we sailed. We danced, sang, played. We repaired things: electric wires, garden tools; chopped wood, made fires. We equipped the chem lab workshop, in the made-over old boathouse, with wonderful gadgets, and tried out experiments, both simple and fantastic.

All the books we read. All the lovely old children's books, and boys' books, and then the older ones. We read Shaw aloud—how G.B.S. would have enjoyed hearing the delighted laughter of the boys reading parts in Man and Superman in the kitchen while I washed up the supper dishes—and Plato's Republic in Richards' Basic English, and Russell, and St. Exupéry. On Sundays, we would have church at home: We'd sit outdoors on the beach and read from The Bible of the World, the Old Testament and the New, the Prophets and Jesus, also Buddha, Confucius and Mahomet. Also Spinoza, Einstein, Whitehead, Jeans, Schroedinger and Maugham.

We sailed, and got becalmed, and got tossed out to sea, and had to be rescued. And we planned sailing trips.

All the things we planned! College, and work, and love and marriage, and a good life in a good society.

We always discussed things a little ahead. In a way I was experimenting with Johnny as he dreamed of doing with his elements, as artists do with their natural materials. I was trying to create of him a newer kind of human being: an aware person, without fear, and with love; a sound individual, adequate to life anywhere on earth, and loving life everywhere and always.

We would talk about all this as our experiment together.

He did his part in making our experiment a success. Missing him now, I am haunted by my own shortcomings, how often I failed him. I think every parent must have a sense of failure, even of sin merely in remaining alive after the death of a child. One feels that it is not right to live when one's child has died, that one should somehow have found the way to give one's life to save his life. Failing there, one's failures during his too brief life seem all the harder to bear and forgive. How often I wish I had not sent him away to school when he was still so young that he wanted to remain at home in his own room, with his own things and his own parents. How I wish we had maintained the marriage that created the home he loved so much. How I wish we had been able before he died to fulfill his last heart's desires: the talk with Professor Einstein, the visit to Harvard Yard, the dance with his friend Mary.

These desires seem so simple. How wonderful they would have been to him. All the wonderful things in life are so simple that one is not aware of their wonder until they are beyond touch. Never have I felt the wonder and beauty and joy of life so keenly as now in my grief that Johnny is not here to enjoy them.

Today, when I see parents impatient or tired or bored with their children, I wish I could say to them, "But they are alive, think of the wonder of that! They may be a care and a burden, but think, they are alive! You can touch them—what a miracle! You don't have to hold back sudden tears when you see just a headline about the Yale-Harvard game because you know your boy will never see the Yale-Harvard game, never see the house in Paris he was born in, never bring home his girl, and you will not hand down your jewels to his bride and will have no grandchildren to play with and spoil. Your sons and daughters are alive. Think of that—not dead but alive! Exult and sing."

All parents who have lost a child will feel what I mean. Others, luckily, cannot. But I hope they will embrace them with a little added rapture and a keener awareness of joy.

I wish we had loved Johnny more when he was alive. Of course we loved Johnny very much. Johnny knew that. Everybody knew it. Loving Johnny more. What does it mean? What can it mean, now?

It means loving life more, being more aware, of life, of one's fellow human beings, of the earth.

It means obliterating, in a curious but real way, the ideas of evil and hate and the enemy, and transmuting them, with the alchemy of suffering, into ideas of clarity and charity.

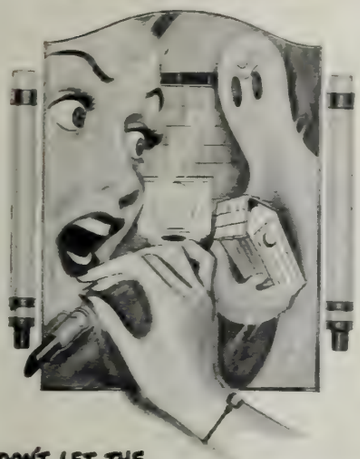
It means caring more and more about other people, at home and abroad, all over the earth. It means caring more about God.

I hope we can love Johnny more and more till we too die, and leave behind us, as he did, the love of love, the love of life. **THE END**



"Today he learned how to open the garbage can."

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WE CAN MAKE CHILDBIRTH SAFER

Continued from Page 34

was necessary to feed her by vein. The physician, an elderly man with a fine shock of white hair, continues:

"Labor was induced by puncturing the membrane. An uneventful delivery followed, a five pound live baby resulting. Five days after delivery, vomiting started again. The woman's abdomen was distended. Bowel activity ceased and her temperature rose to 102° F. X-ray examination disclosed an intestinal obstruction. This was corrected in the course of a one-hour operation. The patient died the following day."

No one asks for the floor to comment. The chairman speaks: "Although this is classed as a maternal death, the fatal condition is in no way associated with pregnancy. This was a surgical, rather than an obstetrical problem. If we can criticize here, it is only on the ground that surgical consultation was asked for too late."

The next case presented a sharp contrast to this one. It was a case where the obstetrician was clearly at fault. The physician assigned to it reports. As he speaks, there is a marked trace of anger in his voice:

"The patient, 24 years old, had a normal baby in 1944. In 1945, she had a breech delivery and stillbirth. With the present pregnancy, she went to her physician in the sixth week. At that time her blood pressure was normal; she was in excellent health.

"At term, mild pains began at midnight. By 3:30 A.M., the pains were severe enough for the patient to go to the hospital. Her husband drove her into New York from the suburb where they lived.

"By 8 A.M., contractions were strong. At this time, the patient was given 4½ grains of seconal, 1/100th grain of scopolamine and 100 milligrams of demerol. This medication gave little relief and at 11 A.M. the patient got an additional 100 milligrams of demerol and 1/150th grain of scopolamine.

"She was then given gas-oxygen-ether anesthesia. The obstetrician did a manual rotation and a low forceps delivery of a seven pound three ounce living child. While under anesthesia, the woman vomited, a certain amount of the material entering her lungs. As everyone here is well aware, hydrochloric acid from digestive juices has exactly the same destructive effect on lung tissue as the chlorine gas used in the First World War. It later developed that the patient had consumed a Martini cocktail while waiting to go to the delivery room. This certainly contributed to her nausea under ether.

"While the obstetrician was completing his work, the patient became cyanotic. The marked blueness of her skin certainly traced, at least in part, to the fact that her damaged lungs could not properly absorb oxygen. It was apparent that the patient was going into shock, so the anesthetist started giving her straight oxygen. She was also given neosynephrin to elevate her falling blood pressure. Plasma was administered by vein, since whole blood was not available.

"By 5 P.M., the uterus, which had been well contracted, began to soften. Hemorrhage followed. By this time, blood had been procured from another hospital and transfusion got under way. The patient also got ergot to contract her uterus.

"Severe bleeding continued, and at 8 P.M., the physician decided to remove the uterus in order to control this bleeding. This surgery was completed at 8:50 with the patient in severe shock. She had lost an estimated 3000 c.c.'s of blood. At 9:17 she died."

The man who read this report sits down and the chairman of the meeting asks: "Are there any criticisms of the manner in which this case was handled?" Half a dozen physicians start to rise at once. The chairman recognizes one of them.

"I find it abolutely inexcusable," he says, with anger in his voice, "that the patient was left in a labor room without a nurse in

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attendance, and that she was able to procure and drink a cocktail at such a critical moment. If I am not mistaken, a case exactly like this, which also ended fatally, occurred in this same hospital within the last twelve months. If this woman's physician had so much as suspected anything of the sort, he should have taken the precautionary measure of washing out her stomach."

Another physician asks for the floor. "May I add something to this?" he asks. "Once the patient had been ill on the delivery table, why wasn't anesthesia stopped immediately? To give her more ether only served to make her position more perilous."

A third critic rises: "The physician found he was getting good results with ergot—it apparently contracted the uterus and stopped bleeding—why didn't he resort to this drug a second time? Had he done this, there is a good chance that surgical intervention would not have been necessary. There is also a good chance that a second dose of this drug might have saved this woman's life."

Another doctor wishes to speak. "The protocols of this case," he says, "indicate that there was a two-hour delay in giving this patient blood. We all know that this is the only really effective agent in treating hemorrhage and combating shock. In this case, the two-hour delay was fatal. The fact that blood wasn't available is an indictment of the hospital—which has no blood bank. For this condition to exist in a large hospital today is unpardonable."

There are other comments, all highly critical. The chairman speaks. "I am afraid that this is a clear case of bungling all along the line; on the part of the physician, on the part of the anesthetist, on the part of the patient, on the part of the hospital."

It has taken over an hour to present the three cases which we have summarized here. The dinner hour is approaching, but no one makes a move to leave the auditorium. The fourth case is particularly interesting, because of its rarity

A boy becomes a man when he walks around a puddle of water instead of through it.

THE victim this time is a 24-year-old woman who had borne two previous children. In the confinement under scrutiny, her labor was hard, fast, marked by the strongest contractions. In every respect, the delivery appeared to be completely normal. The patient was about to be moved to her room when she suddenly became breathless. Within a few minutes she was dead, before any restorative steps could be taken.

This case was completely baffling. The woman was young, healthy. She had an excellent heart and all other organs were sound. Why had she died? The autopsy told a grim story. Her contractions had been strong enough to force amniotic fluid from the uterus into veins which are exposed with the birth of a baby. This fluid causes blood to clot, and thousands of these tiny clots were found in the lungs—choking off the blood vessels which supply oxygen to the body. Even hair from the baby was found in the victim's lungs! Any doctor is powerless to combat this fatal sequence of events. There is no means for him to guess that such a thing will happen—no way for him to combat it afterward. In this instance, the physician could not have done anything to prevent death.

Case No. 5 was similar in many respects—in that death was traceable to an abnormality within the patient. In nearly all cases, the placenta—the structure which supplies nourishment to the baby—is attached to the upper portion of the uterus. When the placenta separates from the uterus after birth, a network of blood vessels is exposed. A small hemorrhage results, which is controlled quickly and naturally. The upper portion of the uterus contracts to shut off the blood flow.

But when the placenta is attached to the lower portion of the uterus, the organ can't contract sufficiently to stop the blood. Hemorrhage results. This is what happened in Case No. 5—a 28-year-old woman.

An episode of bleeding just before the patient entered the delivery room warned the physician that he might be dealing with a case of *placenta previa*—the condition in which the placenta is attached to the lower uterus. The reporting physician continues:

"Under the circumstances, the physician decided that the safest means of controlling the hemorrhage was to perform a low flap Caesarean with longitudinal incision. The placenta was found to be strongly adherent to the uterus. To have forced a separation would have opened the way for severe hemorrhage.

"Under the circumstances, the physician decided to remove the uterus. While this was under way, the patient was transfused with whole blood to a total of 4000 c.c.'s. After the wound was closed, she came out of shock. Blood pressure rose and she appeared to be making good headway.

"WITHIN a few minutes, severe hemorrhage started again, blood pressure falling rapidly. It was apparent that the rise in blood pressure following the transfusions had caused this hemorrhage—either because of failure to tie off a blood vessel, or because of slippage of a ligature. The patient was dead before any steps could be taken."

There are several comments on this case. The chairman notes:

"I had exactly this same thing happen to me once. Working in an extremely bloody field, it is often difficult to find and tie off all blood vessels. In my own case, I guessed what had happened and opened the patient a second time. Fortunately, I was able to find the untied blood vessel in time.

"I know the doctor involved in this case and have a great deal of respect for him. I am not going to be too critical. I believe that this is the type of thing that is apt to happen to any of us."

In the final case discussed at the meeting, the physician put up a valiant—and losing—battle for a woman's life. The 27-year-old victim made her first visit to the doctor in the sixteenth week of pregnancy. She was admitted to the hospital immediately after spontaneous rupture of the membranes. She was suffering from secondary anemia, her blood pressure was high—170 systolic. She was bleeding profusely when taken to the delivery room. Well in advance the physician in this case knew that he would have to perform a Caesarean operation. The patient's condition would not permit a normal labor and delivery. The patient died less than an hour after this surgery. There is no comment on this case. Everything that could have been done was done.

This completes the discussion of one month's toll of maternal deaths on Manhattan Island—other deaths in the city being discussed at meetings in other boroughs. If you live in a progressive community, it is likely that exactly the same type meetings are held in your own town or city.

Such meetings have exerted a tremendous influence in making America one of the safest places in the world to have a baby—rather than one of the most dangerous. In the early '30's, the U. S. was the shame of the civilized world. A woman here was twice as apt to die in childbirth as a woman in Italy, France, Austria, Sweden, Denmark. The delivery room was claiming a grisly toll: 14,000 lives a year.

A number of surveys pointed up our sad record. One of the most notable was conducted by the New York Academy of Medicine. This three-year survey, completed in 1933, covered 2041 maternal deaths. Each case was studied meticulously. Why had the woman died and was her death preventable? If it was preventable, who was at fault?

Credit to them, the investigators made no effort to hide findings. In a major portion of cases they blamed doctors for "lack of judgment, lack of skill, or careless inattention to the demands of the case." The survey's conclusions shocked a city. *At least two thirds*

(Continued on Page 121)

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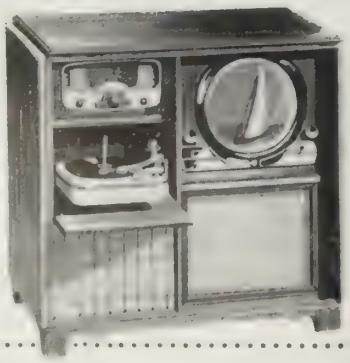
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(Continued from Page 118)

of all deaths might have been prevented. In a relatively short period of time, 1360 women had died needlessly.

Other cities—notably San Francisco and Philadelphia—conducted similar surveys. So did the Children's Bureau. All of them turned up much the same set of facts as the New York study—indicating that the sorry situation wasn't confined to a single city.

Magazines played a prominent part in passing these grim facts along to the public. In a noteworthy series of articles by Paul de Kruif, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in 1936 told the whole story of what had to be done to make childbearing safer.

Instead of being filed away and forgotten, the facts dredged up by the surveys acted as goads to the medical conscience. Something had to be done, and was done—largely by the medical profession itself. Medical schools overhauled the teaching of obstetrics. What had been a minor branch of medicine—often referred to as "male midwifery"—became a major specialty. Hospitals adopted more rigid standards. The whole question of obstetrical anesthesia was brought up to date. Highly trained anesthetists took the place of nurses who could do little more than drip ether on a gauze cone. (One survey discovered that a telephone girl served as anesthetist in one hospital!)

Maternal-mortality review boards—perhaps the greatest force of all in improving the situation—sprang into existence in a dozen localities. Because such boards were set up quietly, no one—not even the American Medical Association—knows which one was founded first. But Chicago was certainly among the pioneers. Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, the able and aggressive head of Chicago's Board of Health, required that *every* maternal death be investigated.

In other cities—Cleveland and Cincinnati are notable examples—the physicians themselves undertook the job done by the public-health agency in Chicago. In other communities, county medical societies assumed responsibility. Superimposed on all this activity, nearly all good hospitals hold regular staff meetings to study every maternal death that takes place in their jurisdiction.

The result of this concentrated effort on half a dozen fronts? America, instead of being the shame of the civilized world, became the best and safest place on earth in which to have a baby.

One fact will point this up. In the year the New York Academy report was published, 61 out of every 10,000 women in the city who bore babies died in the process. The report suggested—hopefully—that this might be cut two thirds. Actually, it has been cut far more! Last year, only 10 out of every 10,000 died in the delivery room. Nationally, the picture is similarly heartening. Deaths dropped from 61 to 16 per 10,000 births in the same period.

Although advances made so far are admittedly great, the fact remains that 5000 women still die each year in childbirth. Is there more to be done? A recent one-year study of every maternal death in Minnesota answers with an emphatic "Yes." The report concluded with the statement that three fourths of deaths happening today are *still* preventable. On a national basis, this means that 3750 women still die unnecessarily each year.

Alert review boards, such as the one we have seen, can be an enormously potent force in eliminating this unnecessary death. They represent one of the finest examples of a profession policing itself—and thereby protecting the public.

The ultimate goal of this unpublicized effort is clear: to make childbearing as safe as science can make it—and as safe as Nature intended it should be all along.

FUN FOR DEFENSE FORCES

(Continued from Page 23)

The G. I.'s through the years have invariably made the same comment about the Community Center. Settling down in one of the comfortable chairs drawn before the big fireplace in the lounge, you would hear one say, "Gee, this place sure feels like home." Or: "I've been in Bragg, and Blanding (or Scott or Devens or Indiantown) and I never saw a place like this." They went for the steaming-hot cups of coffee and platters full of home-baked cookies, always available at the snack bar.

The Center functioned so well during World War I that it was one of the first to be reactivated when America's vast program of preparedness got under way in 1940. Mrs. Grobler was called back to serve again too.

A grandmother by this time, she was as keenly interested in making the Center work as she had been twenty-three years before. She felt she was really a part of Dix—from the early days when the fort was plain Camp Dix, training ground for thousands of Eastern Seaboard soldiers who later made up the vanguard of our first A.E.F., to the time when Camp Dix became Fort Dix, and New Jersey's national guard was activated as the 44th Division, U. S. Army.

Then, as now, Dix stood on the edge of the Jersey pine barrens in Burlington County, approximately halfway between New York and Philadelphia. Trenton is about 20 miles away, too far for off-hour relaxation. Near-by Wrightstown was limited, to say the least, in recreational facilities. Mrs. Grobler was not the only one who felt that the old adage, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," might be applicable here.

Mrs. Grobler's recipe for the Center in 1917 consisted of gathering her friends and their friends about her in a nucleus of workers. She followed the same pattern in 1940. There were among others Alice Richie of Moorestown and Gertrude Brick of Crosswicks, Kay Roberts of Jenkintown, Julia Eisley of Germantown, Betty Werner of Riverton and Elizabeth Black of Palmyra. These women all lived within a 30-mile radius of Dix, in Burlington County or across the Delaware in the Philadelphia suburbs. Each belonged to some group—the Woman's Club, the Garden Club, the P.T.A., the Women's Republican Club, the Philadelphia Club of Advertising Women, the Methodist Ladies' Aid, to mention a few. Several were Red Cross Grey Ladies. Each formed, from among members of her own organization, a nucleus of workers who assumed responsibilities for the activities of the Center, a whole or half day each week. When the closing day came in April, 1946, one thousand and five volunteers had earned the Fort Dix Community Citation for meritorious service, some from as far away as Newark and Atlantic City.

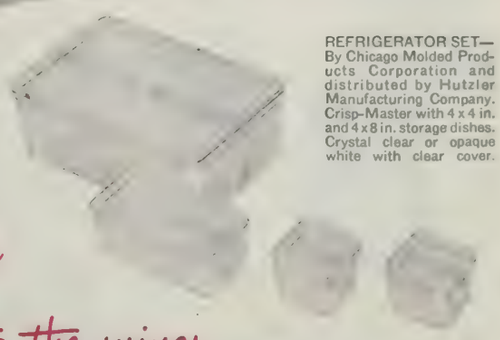
> **If you lose your temper it is a sign that you have wrong on your side.**
> —CHINESE PROVERB.

At first their activities centered around the recreation hall of the Pointville Methodist Church, where the Community Service came into being, back in '17. Later, as the USO program got under way, a handsome building, identical to the USO building in Wrightstown, and built by the Federal Security Agency, was erected and turned over to Community Service. Just in time, too, for with the expansion of Fort Dix, the entire hamlet of Pointville, with the exception of the church and burying ground, disappeared.

Mrs. Grobler and her co-workers wanted the G. I.'s to keep on thinking that the Community Center "feels like home." That was the basis of every activity, the responsibility of every volunteer worker. Tennis tables were there, and quoit courts; space for a game of softball was available; inside was a well-stocked library with comfortable chairs for reading; card tables and just about every

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type of parlor game you could think of; phonograph and records ranging from boogie-woogie to Bach; a writing room with plenty of paper, and pens that really worked. Later, in the new building, there were an auditorium for dancing and stage and movie shows; a handicraft shop, art studio and instructors. Volunteers who had specialized skills and time to teach young men who needed something to do were rallied. Members of the staff of the Tyler School of Fine Arts of Temple University lent their talents every Wednesday.

Most important of all were the good hot coffee, the cakes baked in neighborhood kitchens, the thick, nourishing sandwiches and the crisp cookies—always prepared by the women themselves. Not once did the volunteers at Community Center let down the tradition of home-prepared food. They knew that eating is mighty important to young men and that a steaming cup of coffee does a lot to make a trainee lose his feeling of homesickness.

The average G.I. coming in for his first visit to the Center took a little time to become oriented. The doors opened into a vast living room, simply but tastefully furnished, with comfortable chairs facing a gigantic fireplace. Doors at either side of the fireplace led to the auditorium. The new trainee would finger the change in his pocket, sidle over to the counter and ask, "How much is coffee?" When assured it was free, he would add, "How much for a piece of cake?" "Everything is free here," he was told. Some soldiers retorted, "I've been in eight camps before coming to Dix, and this is the first time I've seen anything free yet."

There was the boy who sat off to himself, impervious to friendly overtures made by other servicemen or hostesses. Finally he walked over to gray-haired Myrtle Henderson, who was setting out plates of cake and cookies and pie, ready for the evening rush. "Lady," he pleaded shyly, "will you talk to me a minute? You look just like my mother." And the women who ran Community Center always had time to talk to homesick boys.

Husbands were welcome as volunteers too. They usually provided transportation for the women and helped carry the trays of food. They took charge of the soldiers' coats and caps, and were ready to provide a fourth hand at bridge. One of the husbands, Jack Werner, was drawn into a group of Iowa farm boys, members o the 1st Armored Division. They were outward bound and knew it. They were scared too. Not of the *Luftwaffe*, or the U-boats, but of the sea.

"What's it like?" one towheaded youngster asked Werner. "Did you ever get seasick?"

A Navy veteran of World War I, Jack Werner was able to reassure them. He told them exactly what they had to face, what his own reactions had been twenty-odd years before. They went back to barracks comforted.

Volunteers loved their work at Community Center, but it was no "snap." Betty Werner, for instance, had charge of the 5 to 11 P.M. shift, Saturdays. Actually, her job began on Tuesday or Wednesday, when she spent a good part of the day on the telephone, reminding friends in Riverton and Palmyra of their duties. "Don't forget that Saturday's our day at Dix," she'd tell them. "Can you make another of those burnt-sugar cakes you do so well?" (Or a Dutch apple pie, or lemon tarts, or a batch of fudge—whatever was the specialty of the phonee.) She listed all the promised contributions carefully and made another list of the workers.

At 2 P.M. Saturday afternoon, her husband, Jack, took over. First he collected the food, not forgetting to stop at a near-by farm on the pike for a basket of fresh-picked peaches or apples, depending on the season. With his car trunk filled, he started picking up the workers, for Dix was a good hour's drive away. (Remember the 35 mph wartime driving speed?)

The 9 to 5 P.M. group would be just going off duty when Jack's carload, and another from the Jenkintown Women's Republican Club, arrived. Quickly the new workers would take over—Frank Jacobson and Jack in the checkroom, where as many as 2400 coats and caps were counted in one evening; the ladies in hour-on, hour-off shifts, in the kitchen and at the coffee bar. The hour off would be spent just wandering around, talking to any boy who looked as if he needed a friendly chat, or sewing on buttons and insignia. Sometime during the evening the loud-speaker would issue a summons for a "fourth at bridge," or "a couple of guys for pinochle." Then the men in the checkroom would yell for relief and take a hand.

And what does it all add up to? Nothing more—and surely nothing less—than a place that truly "feels like home." A place that was needed in 1917, in 1940, and is needed again today. And it can be provided at any Army post in the country, by following this simple pattern. **THE END**



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penetrates deeper into pore openings

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Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream — Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.



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Her trousseau carried through
the streets for all to see.



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The bride was borne in arms
across the door of home.



The Pilgrim prized his pretty bride—
and dowry too—
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PHOTOS BY HAROLD POWELL



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For brides in fairest white—
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Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

To decorate a room around the bridal quilt, match its blues and use country-style furniture or your treasured antiques. Sheer curtains are nylon; the braided rug is machine-sewed.



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From SEWING FOR EVERYONE
BY MARY BROOKS PICKEN

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Clauss

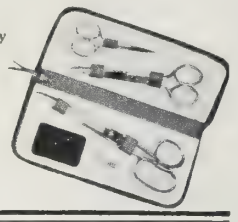
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FIRST DANCE

(Continued from Page 35)

Eileen," she heard him cry, "I never dreamed you could look like that! You're *terrific!*"

A stub of wicker cutting into her flesh was a sharp reminder of reality that made her shift uncomfortably. "I wish," she said, "that he really wanted to take me. He only asked me because his mother and father made him."

"Now I don't believe that for a minute," said Mrs. Mathews. "He seemed to like you a lot that night he came over for dinner."

Eileen wanted to believe her grandmother's words, but her honesty pushed the facts in front of her, blunt and uncompromising. Under the glaring light of truth, they were not to be ignored.

"No, he didn't," she said. "He was just being polite."

But hope flickered in her mind, took fire and burst into flame. This time—yes, this time it was going to be different; there would be the stimulus of soft music, dancing close together. . . . She closed her eyes and leaned back with a sigh of utter felicity. It was wonderful enough that Bill had asked her, that she was actually going to the dance.

Bill's parents and Eileen's mother and father had been close friends before Eileen lost her parents in an automobile accident five years ago. Since then, Mr. and Mrs. Severn had never forgotten her at birthdays or at Christmastime, and they had promised that when Bill came north to State College he would take her to her first dance. And this was it.

It might be Bill's first college dance, but it was the first dance of any kind for Eileen—the first date, really, in her sixteen years, because you couldn't count that one awful evening at the movies with the pimply-faced Jergens boy. But Bill . . . Bill Severn was tall and big-shouldered and attractive. He had a deep voice and a rather faint, cool smile and there was about him an air of disenchantment that awed Eileen and thrilled her.

Wait until I tell the girls at school tomorrow, she thought. *They will simply die.*

During the next three weeks, Eileen went on a beauty regimen, fiercely resolved to improve her appearance. She stuffed herself with such nauseating amounts of food that her every movement was accompanied by a slight feeling of queasiness. Each night in her room she stood in profile before the mirror, frowning anxiously as her appraising eyes traveled over the flat young breasts. Was there—perhaps—just the hint of a richer curve there . . . a swelling? She could not be sure, but as she bounded into bed, her face liberally smeared with her grandmother's nourishing cream, she knew a gathering hope.

She brushed her hair grimly night and morning and her face was a matter for grave concern. But the rich sprinkling of freckles across her nose remained undimmed by any cream, and her hair continued to straggle dispiritedly over her shoulders.

Her flashes of gloom, however, were always dispelled by anticipation. There was a misty idea in the back of her mind that somehow, on the night of the dance, the bloom of glamour would be hers, sheathing her in sudden loveliness.

The dress was bought a week before the dance and it was an exhausting business. The stores seemed to feature off-the-shoulder models and these, Eileen realized glumly, were not for her, but for those girls more richly endowed by Nature. There was an invariable pang of disappointment when she tried on each dress.

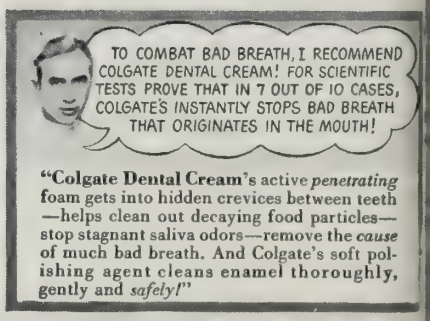
Her lower lip trembled when she and her grandmother entered the third store. "Maybe they have a department for undeveloped girls," she said with bitterness.

But in this store, to her deep relief, they found two dresses which seemed to be, in comparison with the others she had tried on, almost entirely right. One was white net with a little collar, a tight basque and a billowing skirt; the other was pale pink taffeta with a sweetheart neckline.

She suffered agonies of indecision in choosing between them. Which one . . . which







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LATER–Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before every date

ne did more for her, which one would Bill ke the best? At last, wearing the pink, she ecided.

This one, she thought; *it's more sophisti-ated.*

Every day she practiced dancing at the d of gym class, and as she swayed dreamily her grubby navy shorts and lisle shirt she eard the swell of a sixteen-piece orchestra, lt the swish of pink silk around her legs d Bill's firm arm about her waist. She was good dancer.

Thank heaven, she reflected, *at least I don't ave to worry about that.*

Appearance, dancing—she checked them f on her fingers. There remained only con-ersation, and this, too, offered no terrors. he listened to the radio programs and jotted own those jokes and smart sayings that ight add flavor to her conversational offer-gs on the night of the twenty-seventh.

On one humorous program she heard an terchange between a boy and girl during hich he asked caressingly, "Do your eyes ther you?" "No," the girl said in surprise. he punch line was the boy's: "They bother e!" Eileen rushed to put this down on her t, although she was dubious as to whether e girl could, with propriety, say this to the y. Still, if the occasion arose, it would und funny and so-isticated. There was nother line, too, hich she read in a ok; the girl saying, I may not have a ace that has unched a thousand ips, but I've sent f a canoe or two in y time." She was termined to use this e if she got the ance.

Two days before e dance, a para-aph in a newspaper ught her eyes:

The freshman class State College has ted Lynne Tremaine, n star, as their "Girl Would Most Like to Shanghaied With." Miss Tremaine, who is aking a personal-appearance tour, appearing the stage show at the Bijou Theater, will tend the Freshman Prom on the twenty-venth.

To Eileen, this item gave the final and per-ct fillip to an evening already abounding in amour and excitement.

"Good publicity," said her grandfather in matter-of-fact voice. But the light in leen's eyes remained undimmed.

The twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth be-me memories and suddenly it was the enty-sixth and the night before the dance. leen ate very little dinner and went to her om, planning to get to sleep early in order be rested and fresh the next day. But she as too keyed up to get into bed. Instead, e prowled about the room for a while and en went into the bathroom, where she ured moodily at her face in the mirror. Her es assessed her complexion, wandered over r features. At her chin they stopped in dden horror. That pink spot—that almost perceptible swelling —— She bent closer d a cold terror squeezed at her heart. She was getting a pimple on her chin.

Her eyes were stricken as she hunted on e medicine shelf for the jar of ointment. it when she dabbed a blob of white over e offending spot, she took heart. Maybe by norrow ——

She covered her face thickly with nourish-g cream, turned out the light and hopped o bed. For a long time she lay motionless. en her lips began to move.

Let it be wonderful, she prayed. *Dear God, the pimple go away, let me look beautiful, Bill like me a lot. Please let ——*

WHEN she awoke the next morning, it was th the nebulous feeling of something won-rful forming, gathering, swelling like an descent bubble about to burst. And then r eyes cleared with realization.

This was the day.

To Eileen, the very air around her had a shimmering, golden quality, and as she got out of bed and walked toward the mirror she could almost feel it with her fingers, gossamer-light and magical.

But as she faced her reflection she knew a sickening dip of despair, for the bright pink spot of inflammation on her chin seemed to leap at her eyes.

It was a wonderful, terrible day. She went to the beauty parlor for the first time and gave the young operator a picture she had cut out of a glamour magazine. "I want my hair like this," she said. But when the girl had finished, she was filled with panic as she gazed at the stiff, set fabrication on her head. *It's horrible,* she thought. *I hate it.* She slunk furtively through the streets until she reached home, where she immediately plunged her head into a basin of hot water.

THE little box of flowers arrived at three and she was conscious of an inward swelling of pure bliss as she lifted out two gardenias. "Bill," the card read simply.

She had eaten very little lunch and discovered that dinner was a physical impossibility. Her stomach seemed to jump uncontrollably every few minutes and her eyes became feverishly bright. She had vowed that she would not start to get dressed until half past seven, but at twenty-five minutes past the hour she could not stand it any longer and started up the stairs.

It's beginning, she thought, her eyes radiant, *it's beginning now.*

She took a hot, scented bubble bath, manicured her nails. Carefully she went through the long ritual she had mentally rehearsed for weeks—the slow application of cosmetics, the putting on of her best underthings, the removal of the metal curlers from her hair and the painstaking combing. One curl persisted in going exactly the wrong way, exasperating her to such a point that she began to perspire in her nervousness.

At last she took the dress from the closet, removed the enveloping sheet and gazed at it with quiet passion. The folds of the wide skirt were gathered reverently and dropped over her head. She moved toward the mirror with a heavily pounding heart, and her sudden reflection made her stand motionless.

Oh, my, she thought incoherently, *oh, my.* Her eyes glowed and she began to whirl in a little circle, hearing the luxuriant swish of the dress, feeling its softness surrounding her like a pink cloud.

Holding her skirts carefully in the air, she went down the steps. When she appeared at the doorway of the living room, her cheeks were flushed. She was suddenly shy.

"Well," she said, "here I am."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Mathews tremulously. "Dear me, you look beautiful, simply beautiful. Come over here and let me see. Doesn't she look beautiful, Henry?"

Mr. Mathews' eyes were soft as he gazed at her. "She'll be the prettiest girl there."

"Oh, not really pretty, grandpa!" said Eileen. But she was thrilled. Yes, perhaps she was actually pretty tonight. The dress, the excitement had done something for her.

The corsage was pinned to her shoulder after much deliberation as to the right spot, and then she went upstairs to her room again, where she sat stiffly on the edge of her chair for a long time, rigid with expectation. At last she heard the sound of a car drawing up at the curb outside, followed by Bill's deep voice in the hall downstairs a moment later. She gathered up her belongings with feverish haste and, at the last moment, tried to coax the recalcitrant curl in the right direction. She made it worse and spent an agonizing

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Coasting Hills

By Helen Howland Prommel

Hills in every country town
All were meant for coasting down
When the snow is packed and tight,
Bright and sparkling in the light.

Soon each hill is sprouting sleds,
Waving legs and bobbing heads,
Whizzing swift as steel can fly
Over snow, hard-packed and dry.

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Have you seen what your neighbor's knitting with MINERVA NYLON yarn?



Everybody, but *everybody's* got Minerva Nylon on their needles! And small wonder. It's made of *100% staple nylon*—and it's a marvel in the washtub! It never shrinks, sags or stretches—and dries like a breeze without any fuss or blocking. It's light, fluffy and heavenly soft—yet it's a miracle for wear. Minerva Nylon comes in colors sweet enough to eat—and glory be—*it's moth-proof!*

CABLE-STITCH SLIPOVERS for father, mother, and son with matching socks, and anklets. You can make all three for very little money from Minerva Nylon Sweater and Sock Yarn.



Write for the Minerva Nylon Instruction Book

Please send 35¢ (no stamps, please) to James Lees and Sons Company, Dept. MN-3, Bridgeport, Pa. with your name and address for Minerva Nylon Instruction Book No. 77 and a list of Minerva dealers in your community.

ANOTHER FAMOUS PRODUCT . . . *LEES* CARPETS

minute trying to fix it while her grandmother called from downstairs.

"I'm *coming*," she cried.

At last she composed her face and went downstairs. They were all in the living room, Bill tall and handsome in his dinner jacket. She was suddenly overcome with nervousness, although she smiled brightly as she greeted him and thanked him for the flowers. After that, things were a vague blur and she was conscious of a confusion of impressions as she went out into the night, got into the car and was introduced to the two other couples. Vi and Roy, Norma and Red—they were all meaningless names and she could see them only dimly. But their voices and the things they said impressed her deeply.

They're all so smooth, she thought in wonder.

The two girls talked in cool, bored tones and even their laughter had a languid quality. As for the boys, they were like no other boys she had ever known. Their phrasing, their handling of a cigarette, their every movement stamped them as men of the world.

By the time they arrived at the hotel, Eileen had been reduced to a state of awed speechlessness. When she followed the two girls into the ladies' room she saw that Vi and Norma, although not actually pretty, looked very different from the way she did.

Vi was a tall brunette with gaminlike features and her dress—a concoction of brilliantly striped silk skirt and tight off-the-shoulder blouse—was both daring and arresting.

Norma was tiny, blond and fragile. She was something to quicken the pulse in flame-colored satin that revealed every curve of her figure.

EILEEN became uneasy as she gazed at herself in the mirror. Somehow, the glory of the pink taffeta had faded.

"Have you ever dated Bill before?" Vi asked her.

"No, this is the first time," she said.

After that the girls seemed to lose interest in her. Eileen followed them into the softly lit foyer. Her heart swelled when she heard the music which flowed from the other room, soft and rich as cream. A moment later she was with Bill at the threshold of the huge ballroom.

"Dance?" he asked.

She nodded and stumbled a little as she slipped into his arms. Bill was a beautiful, tricky dancer, she discovered, but her tenseness made her unconsciously push and strain against his steps.

Oh, what's wrong? she thought in a panic. *What's the matter with me?*

After a few moments he slowed his steps and began to lead her patiently into a simple routine, steering her across the floor as if she were a dowager.

But I can dance, she wanted to protest. *I'm good, really I am!*

When the music paused between sessions, she surreptitiously took out her handkerchief and mopped at her hands, but her heart dipped when she saw Bill do the same thing. With an effort, she cleared her throat and arranged her face in an animated smile.

"Isn't the music terrific?" she asked gaily.

"I would say just fair," he said. "The brass isn't bad, though."

"No, it's quite good."

Her mind strained feverishly for something clever to say and she tried to recall some of the humorous lines she had written down on her list. She could think of nothing.

The music began again. Still stiff and awkward from nervousness, she followed his lead, hating his careful pace, knowing that he was gauging his steps to the pitiful measure of her dancing.

It had never occurred to her, during these past few weeks, that she would not have a good time tonight. But now uncertainty had pierced through her assurance.

She gazed around her at the other girls and was filled with a passionate envy. They were brilliant butterflies that flitted gaily about the room, striking and individual in their colorful [illegible]. The dress that had looked so beautiful at home now seemed without style or flavor.



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She danced with Roy, with Red and then with Bill again, and although she saw Norma and Vi drifting by in the arms of other boys, there were no other dances arranged for her. All three boys were the same in her presence, treating her kindly and with a terrible politeness that filled her with a sick despair. It was all wrong. She knew it was all wrong.

While dancing with Bill, she stumbled and he stopped suddenly. "Perhaps you're tired. Shall we take time out for some punch?"

She nodded and they weaved their way through the dancers to the table against the wall. Bill found two chairs in a corner and brought over two brimming glasses.

For the first time since the evening had begun, reality and Eileen's former dreams seemed to fuse for a fleeting moment, and when Bill looked at her in the half-darkness with what appeared to be expectancy, she strained desperately for something to say, anything that would stamp her as an entity, a personality to be recognized and respected.

A line from her list flashed into her mind and before she thought, she blurted out, "Do your eyes bother you?"

"Eyes?" He frowned. "Why, do they look bad? I've been meaning to go to an eye doctor, but ——"

"Oh, no, no," she said faintly. "You don't understand, I ——" But to her vast relief, a gathering buzz of excitement announced the Grand March and the arrival of Miss Lynne Tremaine. "Oh, isn't she gorgeous!"

She was a truly beautiful woman, her features finished and perfect, her hair a striking shade of copper that was dramatic with the stark white of her clinging chiffon dress. Applause rippled through the room and Eileen found that she and Bill had become part of the throng that marched in lines of four.

If it's very painful for you to criticize your friends—you're safe in doing it. But if you take the slightest pleasure in it—that's the time to hold your tongue.

—ALICE DUER MILLER.

A speech from the class president followed, and then Bill mumbled something in her ear and disappeared. The music began again, and as couples drifted to the floor Eileen stood still in a kind of panic.

"Excuse me," they said as they brushed past her to the dance floor. "Pardon me, may we get through?"

She kept moving back and forth to give them room, a terrible little smile pasted across her face. Finally she turned and walked toward the foyer and it was then that she saw Bill in the far corner, dancing with a willowy blond girl in pale green.

Her steps became heavy and she was suddenly very tired. *I'm having a rotten time,* she thought bitterly, *rotten, rotten, rotten.* She felt betrayed by everything that had happened, as if the golden quality of her dreams had given her the right to expect something better than the dross she had received.

For a long time she sat in the almost empty ladies' room, opening and closing her compact, running a comb through her hair when someone looked her way. With all her heart, she longed to be home again.

The room filled suddenly with girls and smoke, indicating that a dance group had ended, and she shrank back in her corner, catching a glimpse of flame-colored satin three dressing tables away. She knew that Norma and Vi were there, but she could not face talking to them and was grateful that she was shielded from their view.

In the corner of her mirror, she suddenly sighted Norma's face as she gazed critically at herself. And in a sudden lull of sound, she saw and heard the few disjointed words forming on her lips: "Eileen" and "Corn-fed? Oh, brother!" and then one whole sentence: "She looks as if she's waiting to catch the bride's bouquet."

EILEEN'S body stiffened. *Why, they're talking about me,* she thought. Humiliation, as hot and thick as lava, poured through her until she felt choked and suffocated.

She turned her head blindly and willed with all her being that she would not be seen. Not until the room had emptied at the sound of drifting music did she move again. Then she rose and walked over to the long mirror.

For a long moment she stared at herself, and her mouth took on a pinched look. *They were right,* she thought, *I look just like a bridesmaid.* This was a bridesmaid's dress that she had chosen, and neither she nor her grandmother had known it. She looked all wrong in it, it was a fitting complement for her bony, flat-chested figure and her undistinguished features. No wonder Bill hadn't attempted to arrange other dances for her—she was considered corn-fed, impossible, a dud.

Her mind darted back to the days before the dance, and the dreams she had had were now soft and painful spots that the probing finger of her memory touched again and again. She saw herself in gym class, confidently leading her classmates to the drone of the scratchy dance record; she felt again the wild enthusiasm she had known for the dress; watched herself go through the long ritual of getting ready for the dance, so certain in the end that she was lovely, that she was going to have a wonderful time.

SHE turned from the mirror, her mouth curved in a bitter little smile of disillusionment, her throat tight. She wondered how she could go outside again, how she could face the music and the laughter. Then she swallowed painfully. *I've got to go through with it,* she thought, *I've just got to.*

There was a little click in the far corner of the room and a door she had not noticed before opened, revealing the uniformed attendant. For a moment she peered inside, then turned to someone in back of her.

"It's all right now, Miss Tremaine," she said. "The place is almost empty—I knew it would be during the Lucky Number Dance. No one will bother you here."

There was the swish of silk and the murmur of a voice saying "Thank you" and then Lynne Tremaine was in the room, her lovely face a smooth porcelain oval against the coppery tones of her hair. For a moment they stared at each other, the beautiful actress and the thin, trembling girl.

The woman smiled. "Hello," she said. "It's a lovely dance, isn't it? Having a good time?"

"I—I——" Eileen swallowed. "All right, I guess," she said thickly. *How beautiful she is,* she thought humbly. *I wonder what it must feel like to be as beautiful as that.* Sudden tears stung at her eyes.

The actress gave her a darting look that seemed to encompass everything—the undeveloped figure in the ill-fitting dress, the freckles that stood out against the white skin, the curve of suffering about the childish mouth. Then she bent quickly toward the mirror and smoothed an eyebrow with apparent absorption.

"How a dance like this brings back things to me," she said. "I can remember the first dance I ever went to and what an awful time I had—the worst in my whole life."

Eileen's mouth dropped a little. "Y-you did?" she said.

"My brother had to take me," the actress said, taking out her compact, "and what a mess I was, fat and with braces on my teeth—brother! He could hardly get anyone to dance with me, and I had made my own dress and it came apart at the waistline." She shuddered a little and then laughed. "I suffered terribly," she said, smiling at Eileen in the mirror, "but of course it all seems funny now—just one of those evenings in your youth that you always remember. It seemed so important to me then, every awful minute of it. But now"—she snapped her compact shut—"now it's just something that I laugh about with my husband sometimes."

Eileen found her voice at last. "I—I can't believe it," she said. "I just can't picture you not being beautiful."

Lynne Tremaine laughed. "Well, *thank you!*" she said. "But believe me, I didn't

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begin to get pretty until I was about seventeen or eighteen. Before that, like every other girl, I went through the awkward age when you're just beginning to develop."

Eileen gazed at herself in the mirror and there was something in her eyes that made the other woman say suddenly:

"Now take a girl like yourself. You're going to be very pretty, I can see that. And when your figure matures a little, you'll wear clothes like a dream."

"*I* will?" Eileen's mouth dropped again.

Lynne Tremaine gazed at her critically, and when she spoke her voice was strong with decision. "Yes, you will. I can always tell." She picked up her little purse and turned toward the other door. "Well, good-by," she said, and then she paused, her eyes soft. "What's your name?"

"Eileen—Eileen Mathews."

"Well, so long, Eileen. And have a good time."

"I—I will." She watched the door close and then turned toward the mirror again, her eyes filled with wonder.

I'm going to be pretty, she thought; *I'm going to wear clothes like a dream.* It was already an accepted fact because Lynne Tremaine had said so. *She knew,* she thought in awe, *she could tell.*

A little flow of confidence began to trickle slowly through her veins, bringing with it a fortifying warmth. To think that Lynne Tremaine had once been unattractive, had suffered through an evening worse than this one! And now she could laugh about it, look back upon it as something funny, pathetically funny, to remember.

In a sudden reshifting of values, Eileen was able to see her own evening. It was as if for a long time her gaze had been thrust close to the fabric of her life and one glaringly ugly design had filled her eyes, blotting out everything else. But now the cloth had receded—farther and farther away it went until she saw with a sense of shock that the all-over pattern was tremendous and varied and that what she had considered huge and hideous was now only a tiny little mark tucked away in the corner.

Why, it's only one evening out of my life, she thought. *It's something I'll laugh about later on too. It will all seem funny then.*

For a flashing moment, she projected herself into the future and saw herself, pretty and wearing her clothes like a dream. She was seated at the dinner table in a charmingly appointed room and her four beautiful children watched her admiringly as she laughed with her husband, a tall, handsome man who was a graduate of Harvard. "You should have *seen* me that night!" she heard herself cry. "I was a mess—simply a mess!"

With a start, she returned to the present as two chattering girls entered the room. But her spirit was refreshed by what she had seen, and a sense of peace enveloped her. *I might as well go back to the lions' den,* she thought as she picked up her purse.

The music had stopped, and when she went outside to the foyer she found it crowded with buzzing groups of boys and girls. As she weaved her way across the room, she held her head at a charming angle, her steps were light and graceful and she seemed to walk in the beauty which she knew would someday be hers.

At the threshold of the ballroom, she saw Bill and the others leaning against a wall. A pall of boredom seemed to hang over them. The group no longer struck her as being glamorous and superior; they seemed like stale French pastries, the icing a little hardened, the filling spoiled. She realized, too, that she didn't like them very much. They were too knowing, too world-weary; they lacked the freshness and enthusiasm that were a part of youth.

Why, she thought, *in a couple of years they'll be all burned out and I'll be just beginning to have fun.*

Bill's face lit up with relief when he saw her. "Well," he said, "where have you been? We've been looking all over for you."

She smiled easily and leaned back against the wall, completely relaxed. "Oh," she said, "I got into a conversation with Lynne Tremaine in the ladies' room and I couldn't tear myself away. She's simply fascinating."

They gazed at her doubtfully, but a flurry of sound on the other side of the room pulled their heads in that direction. The mink-jacketed figure of Lynne Tremaine was on its way to the elevator, a swarm of young people surrounding it.

The actress caught Eileen's eye and waved her hand. "So long, Eileen," she called out. "Come and see me at the theater!"

Eileen waved back. "I will," she said. But she had not moved from her position, nor did her triumph reveal itself in her eyes.

"Well!" said Vi in sudden respect. "What did you talk about with her?"

"Oh," Eileen said, "just chitchat."

The music had begun again.

"Let's dance," said Bill quickly, grabbing her arm and steering her into the ballroom.

Eileen, with a body suddenly relaxed and free from strain, drifted off in his arms. He looked down at her in surprise and took two quick, experimental steps. She followed him easily.

"Hey!" he said. "You can really dance!"

She nodded, but didn't bother to answer, knowing that he was gazing down admiringly at her. *I don't care a bit,* she thought coolly, *if you think I can dance or not—you're just an incident in my life, that's all.*

"Freckles," he said in a teasing voice, his tones low and caressing, "I think I'll call you 'Freckle-face.'"

She looked up at him, her eyes faintly amused. "I may not have a face that has launched a thousand ships," she said, "but I've sent off a canoe or two in my time."

For a moment his face seemed locked in astonishment, then he threw back his head and whooped with laughter. "You're cute," he said. "Hey, you're cute!" He gripped her waist firmly and his feet moved quickly in an intricate series of steps. She followed him effortlessly, her eyes filled with a gathering wonder.

Why, it's all so easy, she thought; *it's all so very easy.*

Gliding, dipping, spinning in unison, they swirled toward the center of the floor and were lost in the sea of dancers. THE END



"Go ahead and say it! It tasted better the way your father made it."

Meet a Steelworker's Family



The Homestead works of Carnegie-Illinois Steel: 430 acres of furnaces and factories, smokestacks and railroad yards sprawl across the Monongahela Valley.

Arthur and Anne Crouse and seven lively reasons why their life is never dull.

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

THE phonograph in the cozy living room at 822 Johnston Avenue, Pittsburgh, was blaring out "*Hair of gold—eyes of blue—lips like cherry wi-i-ne.*" Steelworker Art Crouse, who had been cleaning up the second and final batch of family supper dishes, came in from the kitchen with a towel in his hand and a big grin on his face. His wife Anne jumped up from beside a pile of records on the floor and went to meet him. They clasped right hands and twirled back to back in 1949 jitterbug style, then went into a bunny-hug clinch that was reminiscent of the late 1920's.

All around the room their sons and daughters clapped hands and shouted approval. From the stairs, where they had halted on their way to bed at least fifteen minutes before, Kenny, aged 11, and Tubby, 9, chanted the words of the cowboy ballad in a high-pitched duet. Dolores, 19, peeked in from the little side parlor where she was ironing some of her cotton dresses. Janie, 7, who was sprawled out on the davenport in her bathrobe, supposedly recuperating from a cold, bounced up and down like a blue-eyed rubber doll. Gerald, aged 17, leaned back in Art's big easy chair and inspected his parents' steps with the critical eye



In Homestead's smoky, flame-lit Open Hearth No. 5, Art earns $138 every two weeks as a motor repairman. Once a track laborer, he learned his present skilled job by watching and helping the plant's electricians.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



"Something's always doing." Even though home's small (6 rooms for 9), it's where everyone has the most fun. Evenings, while the kids give comic books a workout, Art and Anne roll back the rug to try the latest in jive. "We couldn't sleep without dancing," says Anne, but adds that family living takes a firm hand as well as a pair of light feet. Neatness rules are enforced: "The first time one of them leaves something around, I tell them to pick it up. The second time I throw it out on the doorstep. The third time, it goes out the second-story window—there isn't any fourth."

10 Years Ago, Steelworker Arthur Cro

INDUSTRY PAYS

Have bigger pay envelopes matched rising prices? Ten years ago the average manufacturing worker made $23.86 a week. Today, he makes $52.95. His over-all cost of living has risen 76 per cent, with food climbing 128 per cent, clothing 99 per cent and furnishings for his home 94 per cent. The Bureau of Labor Statistics table below shows how wages have changed in some industries since 1939.

Occupation	Average Weekly Wage	
	1939	1948
Steelworkers	$27.52	$57.7
Auto workers	32.91	61.2
Shipbuilders	31.91	59.7
Building-construction workers	31.70	70.5
Chemical workers	25.59	56.7
Textile workers	18.17	37.6

"We know we're living from p

of a connoisseur. The half-smile on his handsome blond features seemed to say, "Not bad—not bad at all!"

Art and Anne danced to the end of the record, and then danced through two more for good measure. "That's the way it always is with us," said Anne, flouncing into a chair after the third number. "We dance at home every day. Why, we couldn't sleep without dancing."

The dancing and "growing up with the kids" have kept the Crouses young in spirit and looks through twenty rather hectic years of married life. Arthur Roy Crouse, aged 39, is a tall, dark-complexioned, athletic type who could almost pass for a teen-ager when he goes out on the front lawn to throw a football, or give his sons some pointers in boxing. (Boxing is a special family tradition with the Crouses; Art's Uncle Albert "Buck" Crouse was once a top boxer in the middleweight class.) Anne Delegowski Crouse is 38, but hardly looks it. She has red-blond hair, bright blue eyes, a wonderful flair for telling funny family stories, and a



It's competitive over the crossword: Jeff Gerald, 17, and Ken, 14, nicely equable. A champion boxer, baseball and basketball player, Gerald has won a scholarship at the Hunt Armory, home of Cornell's Navy-Tech sports



Big ideas for the future: Jerome, 13, wants to be a cartoonist; Tubby, 9, a "special kind of doctor." But they'll be home week ends when mum and dad have the door on the latch and serve ice cream to all comer



"Wash behind your ears," Doll, 19, tells Janie, 7. A though she's her mother's best second-in-comma when king-size family needs managing, she plans t to marry, likes her job as waitress in a delicatesse

ned $37 a Week. Today He Earns $69.

How the Crouses Spend Their Money Each Month

Food	$160.00
Clothing	30.00
Utilities and Rent	43.82
Insurance	10.80
Phone	5.18
Medical	25.00
Recreation and Miscellaneous	9.00
Total	$283.80

Irs. Crouse explains that she does not keep monthly accounts but has figured his average budget from last year's total expenditures. High dental bills account for the gap between income and outgo, with Art making up the difference oing outside mechanical jobs. Utilities are usually included with the rent; last ear, however, the Glen Hazel community used more than its quota. Thus the rouses paid about $2.45 every three months for fuel, cooking gas and electricity.



"He'll make some girl a good wife." Anne teases Arthur Francis, 16, about his many dates and his talent for baking cakes and pies. She'll admit, however, that this knack for K.P. is handy in a family where all meals must be served in two shifts.

pay—but worrying won't help."

youthful voice that is constantly bubbling up into laughter or song. Art thinks quite frankly that she is the most interesting and delightful woman he has ever met.

"I never introduced her to a friend of mine who didn't idolize her," he says. "She's true blue—and original all the way through."

These sentiments are fully reciprocated by Anne, who says there never was a better husband in the world than Art. "He's everything you could want in a man," she says. "A good provider, a perfect lover, and he can do anything around the house. And I mean anything. Every time I had to go to the hospital for another baby, he took care of the whole family."

The Crouses, on the whole, are a happy bunch of extroverts; their living room is constantly spilling with their own and their neighbors' families; youthful visitors rarely bother to ring the bell, but just open the door, shout and come in. Almost every Saturday night the youngsters have a phonograph and dancing party, with pop and ice cream for



pajama present from Doll sends Tubby and Janie urrying to the iron so they'll look "just right." ouses don't attempt to budget clothing expenses. f we can't raise the money, we all wait a while."

Busiest appliance in the Crouse household, the telephone: kids have worn out two sets of dials. Ken likes to serenade his girl by wire, a hobby that's still second to patching the family britches or baby sitting for the neighbors.





Perched two flights of steps above the street, the Crouse home is part of a Govt. housing pro

"Have your kids early and grow up with 'em— that's the way to be happy."

refreshments. Art and Anne take a leading part in all such festivities and are accepted without restraint. Their recipe for married happiness, as expressed in their own vernacular, is:

"Have your kids early and grow up with 'em!"

That they have followed their own advice is amply proved by a quick run-down of the seven—count them, seven—young Crouses. First there is Dolores ("Doll"), the oldest, a good-looking girl who inherited her mother's reddish hair and her father's dark eyes. She is the quietest member of the whole family; she says she is more interested in earning her own living than in getting married right now, and she has been working as a waitress since she left high school in 1947. Next comes Gerald, a typical 17-year-old, with blond curly hair and a dimpled grin that most girls his age find irresistible. He is much interested in dates, dancing and every kind of sport, and expects to join the Navy this year if the Army doesn't draft him first. Arthur Francis, 16, is even blonder than his older brother, with a pink complexion that always looks as though he had just emerged from a scrubbing. He likes to bake cakes and make fudge, and his mother says he will "make some girl a good wife." Jerome, 13, is another dark-haired one; he draws cartoons and sketches of his schoolmates, and does very well at it. Kenneth, 11, is the family's hard-luck kid; he lost a year at school because of sickness, and is now in the same grade with his younger brother. But he has the broadest, most infectious smile in the family, and is lively as a cricket. His hobbies are sewing and taking care of babies. Alvin ("Tubby"), aged 9, is definitely a glamour child, with dark blue eyes and long dark lashes; he likes to sing and tell stories, and recently informed his mother he is going to be a "special kind of doctor" when he grows up. Alvira Jane, the baby of the family, is a gay, giggly, curly-haired tomboy, who is currently not at all worried because a few of her front teeth are missing.

By far the busiest appliance in the Crouses' home is the telephone; they have worn the numbers off two sets of dials, and are now on their third. A large share of the incoming calls are from girls trying to get in touch with Gerald or Arthur Francis, whom Anne happily calls "my two little wolves." One day when the phone rang again after a particularly long siege of calls Anne picked up the receiver and shouted, "Grand Central Station. Mrs. Crouse speaking." . . . "Oh, I'm sorry," gasped a schoolgirl voice at the other end. "I didn't know I had New York!"

All this dating very naturally reminds Anne of the day when Art first stepped into her life. It happened on the Sunday after Easter in 1928, when she was walking from her home to her job as a telephone operator. She was wearing a new Easter outfit, all vivid red from head to toe, with her golden-red hair massed appetizingly under a pretty red hat. She must have made a pleasing picture, for presently a roadster full of laughing young folks drew alongside, and a boy's voice called out: "Boy, do I go for red!"

Anne kept on walking, but the boy got out and caught up with her.

"Come on," he said, "we just need one girl for a three-couple date, and you're elected."

Anne brushed him off—"I'm on my way to work," she told him.

"Well, let's us take you there," begged the boy. "Come on, get in the rumble seat." And almost before she realized it, she was sitting in back with Art and another girl.

"I started to cry a little because I was really scared," she says, "so they stopped the car and let me ride in front. But Art made me tell him what time I was through work that night. I tried to fool him by telling him an hour late, but he was there anyway, with a big bunch of flowers. He had gone and called up the company to find out when I was through.

"Now here's the really funny part of the story. Art had his regular girl with him that day, his fiancée. He even had her picture and her initials tattooed on his right arm, near the elbow. He broke up with her and became engaged to me right after that, but he couldn't get rid of the tattoo. I used to wonder why he never wore short-sleeved shirts on the hot summer days in



"It was love right off for us, and we've never split up." Anne first met Art on her way to work and came off the switchboard shift to find him waiting around with flowers. They were married three months later—ages 17 and 19.



"The boys could box when they could stand." Their current ambition is to follow the footwork of a great-uncle who was a top-flight boxer.

"We've taught the kids to work hard and fight square—they'll do all right."

July just before we were married. And then one day I caught him, when he rolled up his sleeves to help do the dishes at our house. I saw that picture in blue ink and I said, 'Oh-oh, so that's your real girl after all!' He still has her there, don't you, Art?"

"Never mind about that," grumbles Art. "I was just a crazy kid in those days—I didn't have enough sense to come in out of the rain."

"In those days," mimicks Anne. "Just what do you think you are now?"

The place where Art works is the biggest steel mill in the whole Pittsburgh district—the gigantic Homestead works of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, principal subsidiary of U. S. Steel. To the beholder, looking down from the crest of a near-by hill, the Homestead works is a vast and awe-inspiring cluster of furnaces, factories, smokestacks and railroad yards covering 430 acres in the narrow Monongahela River valley. Corporation statistics tell you that Homestead's furnaces devour 300 carloads of raw materials a day, and turn out 3,800,000 tons of steel a year; that the electric power which they consume would service the homes of more than a million people; that there are 450 separate buildings in the plant, linked by 150 miles of railroad track.

Art is just one of 14,000 people employed at Homestead, but that does not mean he is a mere industrial automaton. His job as motor repairman in the open-hearth-furnace department requires plenty of skill and individual initiative. Essentially he is a trouble shooter; the whole plant runs on electric power, and Art's job is to go wherever there is an electrical breakdown or delay, and get things rolling again. The job takes him up into the highest girders and down into every nook and corner of the huge, smoky, flame-lit building which is known as Open Hearth No. 5.

Art is proud of his job, and takes his responsibilities seriously. Thirteen years ago, when he got his first job at Homestead, he was a "second helper" on a furnace—practically a day laborer. He had quit school in the seventh grade (very foolishly, he admits now) and he was not equipped for any trade. But he learned the electrical work by watching and helping other men, and today he is one of the best. Lately he has been "doing turns" for foremen on vacation, and sooner or later he will rate a foreman's job himself.

His work is dangerous; in 1944 a high-voltage switchbox he was repairing blew up in his face, blinded him, and seared his skin from his chest to the roots of his hair. After seven harrowing days in the hospital he regained his sight, but the burns laid him up for nearly six months, during which he received only $18 a week in *(Continued on Page 195)*

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

"I'd rather be here with my gang than alone in the biggest palace on earth." But when kids are grown, Anne wants to try an outdoor life in the Far West.



Safe! easy! fast!

CLEANS KITCHEN SINKS

No scratchy grit to dull shiny surfaces.
No hard scrubbing. No rough hands.



Compare Bon Ami with any other cleanser!

You can't *help* but notice the difference. It's so smooth. So safe. Not a particle of grit to leave dirt-catching scratches. Not a trace of harsh caustics to make your hands red or rough. Yet fine, white Bon Ami gets even stubborn kitchen grease. Gets it *fast.* And actually *polishes as it cleans.* Use Bon Ami in your kitchen. Use it in your bathroom, too. You'll find you save work—save time—with the fast, easy, safe cleanser that "hasn't scratched yet!"

FOR SPARKLING WINDOWS USE BON AMI *CAKE*

No streaks. No oily dust-catching film. Polishes as it cleans. Thrifty, too—cleans 10 windows, inside and out, for a penny.



Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"

"My ironing is 3 times easier with Satina in my starch!"

WRITES MRS. GERARD SULLIVAN, ROSEDALE, L. I.

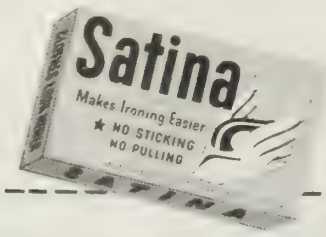


"SATINA GETS MY VOTE as an A-1 helper," writes Mrs. Sullivan. "It makes starched ironing 3 times easier, to say the very least. There's never any sticking."

Satina is a wonderful ironing aid that you use with boiled or unboiled starch. It dissolves easily in boiling water or the boiling starch solution.

It not only makes ironing lots easier, it makes clothes *smell fresher, look newer,* and stay *clean longer,* too!

FREE FULL-SIZE PACKAGE



WE'RE SO SURE you'll love Satina, if we can just get you to try it once, that we're sending you a full-size package—I enclose 10¢ for handling and postage! Just you try it and judge Satina for yourself!

SATINA, Dept. 79, Battle Creek, Michigan

Dear Sirs: Satina sounds good to me. Now I'd like a free full-size package to see how much easier it makes *my* starched ironing.

NAME _____

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A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

Women say: "Put SATINA in your starch! It makes starched ironing 3 times easier!"

What Makes a Child Unsociable?

By GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

"SOCIABLE" is the word for the Crouse family, if you take it as a whole. "I hope I can die dancing," says Anne Crouse, mother of seven. She and Art, her husband, enjoy people, and take in as many parties as their domestic burdens permit. There is a steady stream of youngsters trooping in and out; often you may find a chattering group in every room of the little house.

Only nineteen-year-old Dolores, the eldest, seems to take little or no part in the social life abounding in the community. In contrast to the friendly, extroverted manner of the other Crouses, she is tight-lipped and unsmiling. She never goes to a party unless someone practically drags her there; she doesn't care for boy friends and insists she won't get married, though she is devoted to her little sister and younger brothers, and fond of children in general. She has worked fantastically long hours at her restaurant job, and loved every minute. She does her home tasks diligently and well. But when it comes to parties and fun and gaiety, she wants no part of it.

All that might be understandable if Dolores were unattractive, but she isn't. This dark, silent girl has a lovely figure and good features. Her face lights up with sweetness on the rare occasions when she smiles. Once one penetrates the hard, protective shell Dolores has drawn about her, one finds that she is intelligent, gentle, a pleasant and considerate companion. If Dolores would smile more often, if she would cultivate the approachable, outgoing manner which characterizes the other Crouses, the little world of Hazel Housing plainly could be hers.

Yet Dolores not only refuses to make the small effort it would take to open the door to the things most girls yearn for; she brushes aside the opportunities that come her way for companionship with boys, and for fun with people her own age.

ANNE CROUSE shrugs her shoulders when her daughter's withdrawal from the life flowing so richly about her is mentioned. "She's always been like that, ever since she was a little girl. We just let her go her own way. It's all you can do."

Perhaps parents can't be blamed too much for annoyance with teen-agers who cut themselves off deliberately from the good times, the social approval folk their age are supposed to want, and which are an important part of their development.

And Dolores Crouse is by no means alone in this type of behavior. In many families where there are several children, one is inclined to be shy and withdrawn. It happens with only children too. We hear so much about the boy-crazy and party-mad teen-agers that we are inclined to overlook the ones who decline dancing lessons, stay away from parties, won't go even to a friend's house if they know members of the opposite sex will be there.

(And there are countless grownups, too, who fail to get what they might out of life because they don't know how to use the really excellent qualities for friendliness that they possess. Witness the popularity of the Dale Carnegie books!)

Perhaps no type of behavior is more baffling to a parent. We could understand and sympathize if a youngster were ugly or deformed, or barred by cruel and unjust prejudice from social participation. But what do you *do* with offspring whose only barriers to the full enjoyment of life and youth are self-raised, and seemingly willfully at that?

True, such an attitude during adolescence doesn't necessarily mean a youngster may not pull out of it later on, marry, perhaps become very well adjusted socially. But the beautiful years of youth are lost, in one important sense. Those who have missed the gaiety that should be part of the teen-age period always feel a lack. Sometimes they try to make up for it later, when that type of gaiety is not very becoming.

And another thing must be taken into account. Every girl wants a good time, attention from boys; in her heart she dreams of marriage. When a nineteen-year-old with all the potentialities for gaining these things persists in turning her back on them, something is wrong.

WHAT would make a normal, intelligent, attractive girl deliberately unsociable? Dolores mentions several items in her own case: a missing tooth or two, of which she is morbidly conscious; lack of dancing skill; sensitiveness to the opinion of others. "I don't like to go to parties or be in any kind of crowd because I imagine people are looking at me, and I don't like to be looked at."

Possibly reasons such as this play some part with every withdrawn, introverted adolescent. Teen-agers are often agonizingly aware of physical blemishes; nearly all feel inept in social skills when they make their first excursions out into the world of mixed parties and of friendships with the opposite sex. But the majority do not let their fears and shortcomings stand in the way of having as good a time as it is possible to have.

If they do, we must realize that in some way self-esteem, confidence in the power to hold one's own in the society of others, has been undermined. The girl who is sure of herself doesn't mind being looked at—far from it. Those who expect to have a good time at parties can't be kept away from them. It takes a deep and painful feeling of inadequacy indeed to cause a girl in her late teens to absent herself from all situations where she might get to meet and know congenial young men.

Sometimes timidity in social participation arises from nothing more complicated than the fact that, for one reason or another, a youngster has had not much opportunity to form friendships. Too careful parents, overcritical of playmates, fearful of relationships with the opposite sex, may bring this about. So can living in remote places, where social contacts are few; or going to schools where chances to know the opposite sex are limited.

But this has not been the case with Dolores, nor with a great many others who suffer from unsociable attitudes. To find the cause here, we must dig more deeply.

Stern, repressive discipline, the reason for which is not understood by a child, can destroy the feeling that he or she is wanted and secure. Hard spankings (a form of discipline on which many parents preen themselves) which seemed to "cure" a minor fault, or entirely natural child behavior, thus may have an aftermath in sullenness, withdrawal, general unsociability.

Where there is antagonism between mother and daughter, a phenomenon not uncommonly seen, it often happens that the more social and outgoing the mother, the more the daughter draws into herself. A very brusque, ungracious, indrawn college freshman, who never mentioned her mother and displayed no picture of her, brought the following comment from her roommate: "I deduce that Alice's mother is either dead or a demon clubwoman." The second guess proved to be correct.

Sometimes it's an attractive, extroverted brother or sister—or perhaps several of them—who makes a timid, sensitive one feel that to try to compete socially is hopeless. This can happen even when no antagonism is present. Or the eldest of a

brood, particularly when responsibility is taken seriously, may find it hard to play. ("Oh, yes!" says Dolores Crouse, in one of her rare displays of feeling. "I feel so old, so very serious!")

Perhaps the roots of the trouble go back to early childhood, when the love and attention of the parents were centered on a new arrival. Favoritism of the parents for another child, or seeming favoritism for a frail brother or sister who needs special care, may give a feeling of having been rejected to a child too young to understand.

In fact, there are many possible reasons for unsociability, but in effect they boil down to this: Somewhere along the line, the indrawn adolescent has received a hurt. Not stubbornness, but a desire not to repeat the hurt, underlies the refusal to enter situations where there might be further rejection.

"I get hurt very easily," says Dolores, "and I don't like to be hurt." Who does?

So let's not shrug off the unsociable adolescent as a bad job, for whom nothing can be done. Let's recognize that a girl locked tightly within herself, as Dolores is, in reality often is far more in need of help than the young extrovert who worries her parents by dating too much, staying out too late and betraying rather too much interest in the opposite sex. Dolores and girls like her have all the qualities it takes to permit them to have a fine, happy youth. The emotional blocks that stand in the way can be removed if the parental approach is sympathetic and loving.

All our progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason. —EMERSON.

First of all, remediable physical blemishes should be corrected. In Dolores' case, the teeth that cause her so much distress need to be taken care of for the sake of her morale, as well as for health reasons. Many teen-agers hide away because of pimply skins, so often suffered at this time, and usually curable. Whatever the blemish that is bothering our sensitive adolescent, let's see that it is removed, if it is possible to do so.

Second, let's do something about a lack of social skills. For instance, what could be simpler than for Art Crouse, or one of the older boys, to put records on the phonograph and insist that Dolores dance with him? This is exactly what one father did when his daughter confessed that she stayed away from parties because she didn't dance well. This girl was enough like Dolores to be her twin, though she lived in a mansion, had gone to private schools and had received all the "advantages" she would permit her parents to give her. In her case, natural sensitiveness had been intensified by a scandal in which her mother had figured. The father could not wipe out the scandal, but he could help his daughter to attain a skill that would build confidence in herself. Aided by the oldest son, he soon had the girl tripping lightly and expertly. Big brother then escorted her to several dances, to make sure that she got partners. Thus that particular obstacle to social participation was pushed out of the way.

It seems reasonable that Dolores Crouse, too, would enjoy both boys and parties more if the two main reasons she gives for her withdrawal from social life were removed.

There are other things parents might well do when an adolescent "stubbornly" refuses to take part in recreations, to be gracious and pleasant, to make herself inviting to the other sex:

1. Let's examine carefully our own attitudes toward this child. Have we allowed hostility and antagonism to arise in ourselves as a result of personality clashes? If so, we must replace these with sympathy and a genuine desire to help.

2. Do we nag and criticize the youngster about unsociable behavior? Then let's stop it immediately. Instead, let's try to find out why the child is unsociable, and see if we can correct the cause.

3. Do we build up the child's self-esteem by praising good traits and calling attention to attractive features? A host of homely, awkward people go about the world having a wonderful time, because somebody, through valuing their excellent qualities, has taught them to make use of these, rather than to brood over charms they don't happen to possess. If we parents have been lacking in calling attention to desirable traits, let's substitute for nagging and criticism an appreciation of every good quality exhibited. See if the introvert doesn't begin to emerge from the shell.

4. Do we provide natural, easy, pleasant ways for our adolescent to mingle socially?

So many youngsters seem to manage this with no help at all, it may not occur to us that a timid one requires some diplomatic backstage manipulation to become a part of a social group. The earlier one attacks this problem, to be sure, the easier it is to solve. But taken together with the loving—and sincerely meant—build-up of confidence previously mentioned, it should be possible to make headway at any age.

Perhaps the parents have not been very friendly, sociable people. The place to start, then, would be by taking more part in neighborly exchanges. It isn't hard to arrange family outings which include boys and girls of an appropriate age. On one pretext or another, it should be possible to inveigle small groups of young people to the house.

Some parents have gone to the length of turning their homes into recreation centers, where adolescents are always welcome, and where there is a place to dance and phonograph records to dance to, perhaps other things as well that young people love to do. Indeed, the parents of one boy-shy girl installed, with Machiavellian cunning, a billiard table and shooting range in their basement, and made it available to the neighborhood. Before long the boys were flocking there, and the daughter of the family found it quite easy and natural to make friends with them under such circumstances.

This last, of course, is impossible for many families—it certainly is for the Crouses, and their home as it stands is already a recreation center to all intents and purposes. In such a case, it is for parents to give real thought to means of bringing the perpetual onlooker among their offspring into active participation.

Perhaps the timid youngster needs some indulgences not required by the more extroverted ones, such as a remission of household tasks. Youngsters should do their share. But the boy or girl who works continually, at the expense of all outside interests, must be looked upon as a special case, requiring special treatment.

Or suppose parents manage in such a way that the timid one is given responsibility for the entertainment of guests. It might not be done so gracefully as the heads of the house would do it, but responsibility of this kind is often a help in overcoming self-consciousness. Many a reserved, retiring girl blossoms out when she is away from a mother who takes charge of the conversation, tells the daughter continually what to do, perhaps calls attention to her shortcomings in her presence. It would be interesting, in any event, to learn the reaction when the indrawn girl is given a social situation to handle by herself.

It is not our purpose to make every girl a party habitué or a belle. But let's realize that every young person has an inalienable right, as well as a strong instinct, to be able to enjoy a congenial group, to have friends of both sexes, to learn to be at ease and happy in ordinary social exchanges. Let's recognize that repression of this instinct is a sign of inner turmoil. Then, activated by love and a desire to help, we'll find the way to turn our indrawn adolescent into a sociable being. THE END



To My Favorite Blonde

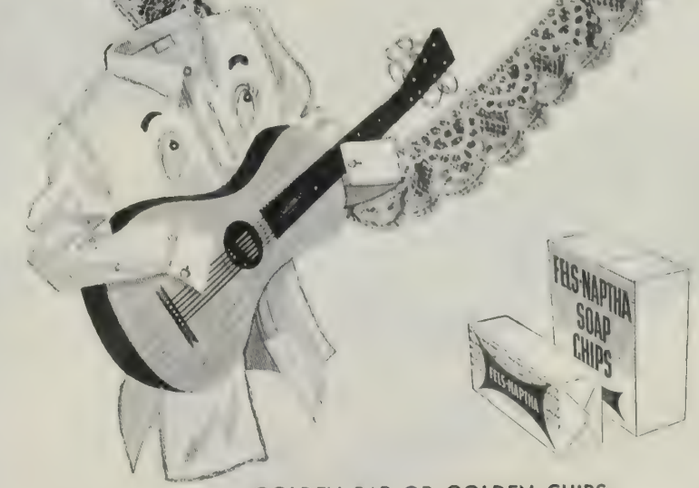
Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,
Your *tender, golden* charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,
Your *perfume* heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your *swift* and *gentle* care,
I shun all washday *wear* and *tear*.

And when with me you've had your way,
I'm cleansed of *'Tattle-Tale-ish'* Gray.

All *substitutes* I now decline,
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Very personally yours

Greater freedom than you've ever enjoyed! For all your days are active, unhampered, since you've learned the new secret of comfort:

Softness . . . such as the new Kotex* gives. Softness that lasts, that's dependably safe, because it holds its shape. You have faith in this napkin made to stay soft while you wear it. Equally important . . .

With those flat pressed ends of Kotex you fear no telltale outlines. You feel secure, with the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. Indeed . . .

Safety is among your many wise reasons for choosing the new, softer Kotex; for selecting the absorbency that best suits your needs. Regular, Junior or Super gives you a new definition of confidence . . . very personally yours.





more women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Side Interest. ***Part hair on one side. Then, to make equal sections of hair, continue the part diagonally from crown to nape. Comb each section of hair forward and up toward ears. With three bobby pins for each side, secure close to the head, allowing curled ends to dangle. Then comb the fluffy ends into pretty waves.***

PERSONALITY BRUSH-UP . . . *in three acts*

These pictures of pretty Dolores Crouse show one girl in three moods—all through the courtesy of pin curls, comb and brush! You can learn, through patience and practice, to persuade your hair into new lines—to interpret a hair-do to suit yourself. If you think a pageboy is too severe, try waving it on the sides, softening with pretty bangs. If you love upsweeps "on everyone else," experiment until you find one singularly becoming to you. Hair-do's have lots of possibilities—and personalities! Take time to experiment with some tricks of the topknot—and you can be a new woman several times a week! ★ By Dawn Crowell Norman

Beauty Editor of the Journal



Pretty Pageboy. ***When hair is damp, use a comb to form waved bangs. (Don't use pin curls.) Then comb the rest of your hair smoothly down to the ends. Make two rows of curls with hair turned under on curlers about the size of a quarter. When hair is dry, remove the curlers and brush and comb into this pageboy.***



Softly Feminine. ***Part hair on side, section off bangs and comb all hair smoothly. For straight bangs with fullness, roll a piece of cotton (about an inch in diameter) and put underneath damp bangs. Roll ends of bangs under cotton and pin in place with one bobby pin on each side. Hold in place with a hair net. Set the rest of your hair in two rows of pin curls all the way around your head. When hair is dry, brush into this hair-do.***

"Save on Desserts with Carnation Milk"



Says

MRS. HARRY E. DOTSON

Los Angeles Home Economist

It *looks* expensive—it *tastes* expensive! But thanks to Carnation Milk, Mrs. Dotson's recipe is "easy as pie" on your budget—costs less than 10c a serving!

Try this delicious Garden of Eden temptation—but follow the recipe exactly. Its success depends on using Carnation Milk.

In dozens of other dishes, Carnation saves you time, trouble, failures, and money. You can even *whip* Carnation, or *sour* it! Get several cans of Carnation. Discover its superiority and economy in *all* milk uses!



She Was a "Carnation Baby"

Mrs. Dotson, Home Economist, Child Nutritionist—and a "Carnation Mother"—is one of the millions of grown-ups who were raised on Carnation Milk. According to nation-wide surveys, more babies are fed on Carnation than on any other brand of evaporated milk. Ask your *doctor* about Carnation for baby. It's the milk every doctor knows.

LISTEN to Buddy Clark on Carnation's "Contented Hour" every Monday evening on your N. B. C. Station.

Enjoy COFFEE more—with Carnation

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★



Mrs. Crouse preparing deviled Swiss steak according to a JOURNAL recipe. Pounding the beef before cooking, plus low moist heat, helps to tenderize this economy cut.

A Dollar A Week Per Person for Meat

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

MEAT is still one of the big-money items on everyone's food bill. When Mrs. Crouse does her weekly shopping, $7.00 a week is her limit for meat. Rarely does she manage more than three dinners a week with meat. There are usually eight at the table. Dolores eats most of her meals at the delicatessen where she works. Fortunately, the family is fond of hearty main-dish soups and meatless dishes featuring eggs, cheese, rice, macaroni and vegetables. The children eat quantities of bread and milk with their meals. Four loaves of bread and four quarts of milk are regular daily orders.

How you spend your meat money is up to you, but all meat, regardless of price, contains essential proteins, vitamins and minerals. There are always some cuts and kinds that are less expensive than others, and the more of the thrifty cuts you use, the more meat main dishes you can have in your week's menus. As a guide to your meal-planning, we have worked out three combinations, providing five meat main dishes a week for six. The meat bills for these weekly menus were under $1.00 per person in mid-December. These same meat combinations may cost more or less by late winter. However, they will guide you in your planning. The recipes will add interest to your regular weekly specials.

COMBINATION 1

Sunday, roast pork; Monday, cheese fondue; Tuesday, *pork pie; Wednesday, *Bobatee; Thursday, *braised oxtails; Friday, spinach and eggs au gratin; Saturday, *lamb-and-carrot balls.

Meat order (5 meals with meat main dishes—for 6): 5-pound pork roast; (shoulder end,) 1½ pounds hamburger; 3 pounds oxtail joints, 1½ pounds shoulder of lamb. Approximate cost $4.94.

Pork Pie

Dice enough cold cooked leftover pork roast to make 2 cups. Cook 1 medium head cauliflower in boiling salted water. Drain and divide into small flowerets. Mince 2 small onions and brown with 1 clove garlic, minced, in 1 tablespoon salad oil. Add 3½ cups canned tomatoes, a pinch of thyme, ¾ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Simmer 10 minutes. Put through sieve. Thicken with 3 tablespoons flour blended to smooth paste with a little cold water, cooking until smooth, stirring constantly. Place pork and cauliflower in baking dish. Pour the tomato sauce over it. Cover top with pastry or biscuit crust. Gash and bake in hot oven, 450° F., about 20 minutes until crust is golden brown and thoroughly done. This dish has many variations. If you have leftover roast pork gravy, so much the better. Substitute it

or part of canned tomatoes called for. f you have any leftover bits of vege- ables—Lima beans, green beans or car- ots—add these to pork and cauliflower. f you like individual pies, the above uantities will make 6.

Bobatee

Chop 1 onion and sauté in 3 tablespoons utter or margarine until brown. Add ½ cups milk and 1½ cups bread crumbs. et soak 10 minutes. Beat 3 eggs light nd add to the above ingredients and ombine with 1½ pounds hamburger. eason with 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ tea- oon pepper and 1½ teaspoons curry owder. Lastly, stir in ⅓ cup chopped uts. Mix well. Grease inside of a loaf an. Rub all over with a slice of lemon. ack mixture in the pan and bake 1¼ ours in moderate oven, 350° F. This ay sound like just another meat loaf you, but the curry flavor and texture the nuts lift it out of the ordinary. If ere's any left, it's very good sliced cold. erves 6.

Braised Oxtails

ave your butcher joint 3 oxtails, or ough to make 3 pounds. Frozen oxtail ints now come packed in 2-pound ackages—but it takes 3 pounds for 6 od servings, as this is a bony cut. redge the joints with salt, pepper and our. Brown well on all sides in bacon ippings. When well browned, drain off e fat and add 6 cups stock made from ouillon cubes or meat paste and water liquid saved from cooking vegetables. you're a saver of vegetable liquid, you n always be sure of having good- vored soups and gravies. Keep a jar in e refrigerator and add to it from time time. Now sprinkle a few celery leaves d parsley sprigs, chopped, over the eat. Crush a bay leaf. This goes in next. over and simmer over low heat 2–3 urs. This dish takes long cooking, but s worth it. Stir occasionally during oking and add water from time to time stock cooks down too much. When the eat is almost tender, add 6 carrots, cut to pieces, 1 dozen small white onions, up canned tomato sauce and 1½ table- oons paprika, adding additional water this point if there doesn't seem to be ough sauce for the vegetables. Simmer til meat and vegetables are both ten- r. Skim fat and thicken the liquid in n with a little flour. Serves 6.

This dish may be done in a covered aster in the oven, as well as on top the range. Brown meat in skillet first, wever, before putting in the roaster.

Lamb-and-Carrot Balls

ve 1½ pounds lamb shoulder ground our butcher will do this and there will about 1 pound when ground) and mix h 1½ cups ground raw carrots (it es about 5). Season with 1½ teaspoons t, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 1½ table- oons minced onions. Mix in 2 eggs. ape into small balls 1 inch in diameter. lt enough shortening to cover gener- dly the bottom of a large skillet. Fry meat balls in the hot shortening, ring now and then so that they will wn evenly. Cover pan and cook slowly minutes. Remove to hot platter and ke gravy from the pan drippings. in off all but 3 tablespoons fat. Blend ablespoons flour into the fat and add cups diluted canned consommé or ck made from bouillon cubes or meat te and water or vegetable stock. Pour vy over meat balls. Serves 6.

COMBINATION II

day, *deviled Swiss steak; Monday, caroni and cheese; Tuesday, boneless oked pork butt cooked with vegetables; dnesday, *special bean soup made from over stock in which pork tenderloin cooked; Thursday, *liver terrapin; day, vegetable omelet; Saturday, *spicy nkfurters with rice.

at order (5 meals with meat main ies—for 6): 2½ pounds boneless smoked butt; 2 pounds round steak; 1 pound liver, 1 pound frankfurters. Approxi- e cost: $5.03.

Deviled Swiss Steak

1 tablespoon dry mustard with ½ flour. Pound into a thick 2-pound e of top round steak. It takes punish- nt and rewards you with tenderness! There are gadgets on the market for pounding tough cuts of meat. If you haven't one, use the edge of a saucer. When all the flour and mustard is pounded into the meat, heat 2 table- spoons shortening or salad oil in a skillet. Brown meat in the fat. Season well on both sides with 1½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Put in small roaster. Pour 1 cup sliced onions, 2 carrots, sliced, 2½ cups canned tomatoes, 2 table- spoons Worcestershire sauce and 1 table- spoon brown sugar over the meat. Cover and bake in moderately slow oven, 325° F., about 1½–2 hours or until meat is tender when pierced with a fork. Serves 6.

Special Bean Soup

Put 1½ cups dried pea beans in a bowl. Cover with boiling water and let soak for ½ hour. Drain; discard soaking water. Put beans in a deep kettle. Add 1½ quarts broth left from cooking smoked pork tenderloin, 1 large onion, chopped, 3 pieces celery, chopped (or ¾ teaspoon celery seed), ¾ teaspoon marjoram, ¼ teaspoon basil, small bay leaf, crushed, 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce and 1 clove garlic, finely minced. Cook until beans are tender. You can do this much more speedily in a pressure saucepan if you have one. Drain beans. Mash with a potato masher or put the beans through a coarse sieve, whichever you prefer. Add beans to broth.

Now for the something special which makes this soup more delicious than any bean soup you've ever tasted. Put 2 cups water, ¾ cup sour cream, 3 tablespoons flour and 2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar in a quart jar. Put on lid and shake vig- orously until all ingredients are well blended. Stir this into the soup, and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Taste for seasoning. It may or may not need a little salt. Serve garnished with chopped parsley and paprika. Serves 6. This soup is very good reheated a second day, but if you're serving this as the main dish with bread and butter, there won't be any to reheat.

Liver Terrapin

Simmer 1 pound beef liver in salted wa- ter until cooked through. Discard the liquid. Dice liver, removing membrane. There should be about 2 cups. Hard-cook 2 eggs. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and blend in 2 tablespoons flour. Add 1½ cups diluted canned con- sommé or stock made from bouillon cubes or meat paste and water. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add ¼ teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons finely minced onion and 1 teaspoon Worcester- shire sauce. Shell the hard-cooked eggs. Chop whites and mash the yolks. Add the mashed egg yolks and the chopped liver to the sauce. Blend in 1 teaspoon lemon juice and add ½ cup chopped stuffed olives. Season to taste with salt and pep- per. Pour into 6 individual casseroles. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moder- ately hot oven, 275° F., 25 minutes or un- til bubbly. Garnish with the chopped egg whites and parsley. Serves 6.

Spicy Frankfurters

Add 2 onions, chopped, and 1 green pepper, chopped, to 2 cups canned tomato sauce. Slice 1 pound frankfurters into circles and simmer them 20 minutes in the sauce. If sauce thickens too much as the frankfurters cook, add a little water (½ cup). You may use 2 cans of frankfurters in barbecue sauce—adding enough canned tomato sauce to make up the total quantity of liquid. Serve on freshly boiled rice, macaroni or noodles.

COMBINATION III

Sunday, *Hungarian beef pot roast; Mon- day, curried eggs on hot biscuits; Tuesday, shepherd's pie made from pot-roast left- overs; Wednesday, *sweet-and-sour veal; Thursday, *Danish veal soup; Friday, cheese tart; Saturday, *Oriental stew.

Meat order (5 meals with meat main dishes—serves 6): 3 pounds cross-rib pot roast; 2 pounds boneless veal; 2 veal knuckles—these are usually for free if your butcher had them; 1½ pounds blade pork chops. Approximate cost, $4.30.

Hungarian Pot Roast

Brown a 3-pound cross-rib beef pot roast on all sides in a heavy pot or Dutch oven, using a little suet for fat. This cut is all

Tender golden kernels in their own rich cream



IT'S DEL MAIZ BRAND - THE CREAM STYLE CORN WITH THE GREEN GIANT ON THE LABEL



If you like summer-fresh corn—and like to get all the sweet corn cream along with the tender kernels —this is your dish. Each gold-and-cream forkful is rich in the goodness grown into our special breed of corn by "flavor farming." You'll find Del Maiz Brand Cream Style Corn at your grocer's—with your old friend, the Green Giant, on the label.

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Del Maiz BRAND CREAM STYLE Corn

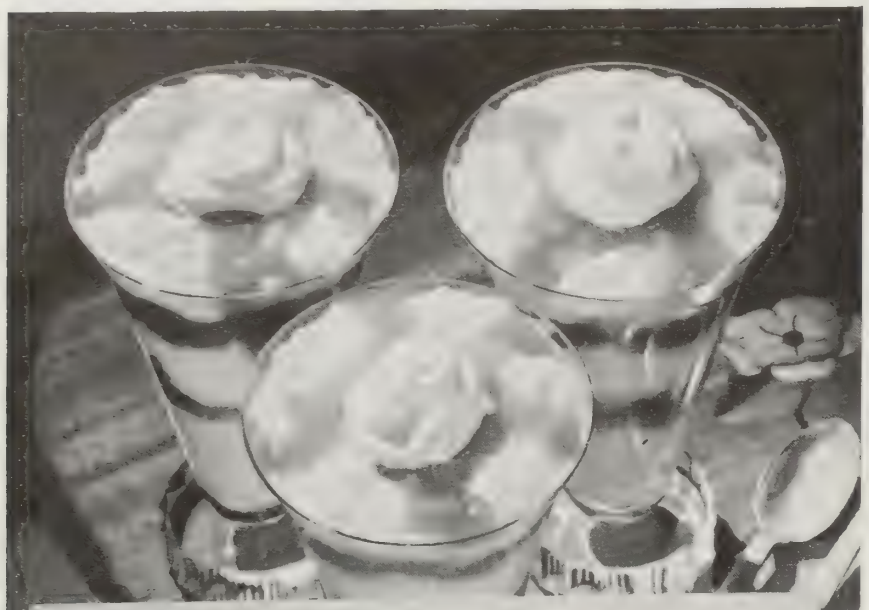
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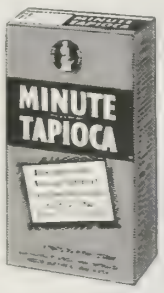


Perfect Parfait — APRICOT TAPIOCA CREAM!

1 egg yolk
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups cooked apricot purée

Mix egg yolk with a small amount of the milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, salt, and Minute Tapioca. Place over medium heat. Cook until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly—this takes 5 to 8 minutes. (Do not overcook . . . mixture thickens as it cools.) Remove from heat.

Beat egg white until foamy throughout; add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time. Continue beating with rotary egg beater until mixture will stand in soft peaks. Add hot tapioca mixture, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Cool, stirring after 15 to 20 minutes. Chill. Turn into parfait glasses, alternating tapioca cream with apricot purée. Garnish with whipped cream. An elegant dessert for 6 people! So lavishly luscious—so full of homemade goodness—no one would ever dream it's so quick and easy to fix. And thrifty, too.



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GRAVY MASTER
easy thrifty
makes gravy taste and look good too!
EVERY BOTTLE SHOWS HOW—TRY IT

meat, you know—no bone—slices well and is not so fatty as some cuts of chuck. Dice 2 medium-sized onions, 2 stalks celery, 1 tomato, 2 carrots and ¼ green pepper. Add to browned roast. Mix 2 teaspoons salt, ¾ teaspoon herb seasoning for meats, 1 tablespoon liquid gravy seasoning. Spread over top of meat. Cover and bring to boil. Simmer 2 hours. Turn roast and cook 1½ hours longer or until tender. Do not add water unless it cooks dry; and if you have the Dutch-oven type of pot, it won't, as all the juices are kept in. When meat is tender, skim off fat and thicken with flour and cold water, blended to smooth paste. To serve, slice meat; pour gravy and vegetables over it. There should be a piece left to dice, combine with cooked vegetables and gravy, and bake in a casserole with a topping of mashed potatoes for Tuesday's shepherd's pie.

Sweet-and-Sour Veal

Bring 2 quarts water to a boil in a fairly large soup kettle. Add 3 medium onions, sliced, and the leaves from a large bunch of celery. Add 1 or 2 veal knuckles, cracked—2 is better if your butcher has them—and 2 pounds boneless stewing veal cut into stew-size pieces. Add 3 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer slowly 1½–2 hours. Strain stock. Remove meat—discard the bones and vegetables. Put meat in saucepan with 2 cups of the veal stock. Cool and refrigerate the rest of the stock for next day's soup. Add 2 tablespoons flour blended to smooth paste with 3 tablespoons vinegar. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add 1 teaspoon sugar; salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg to taste. Just before serving, beat 1 egg slightly and stir into the creamed veal. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Serve over boiled potatoes. Sprinkle with parsley.

Danish Veal Soup

Remove fat from the cold veal stock, which will be almost jellied. Heat and add 6 ounces noodles, freshly cooked in boiling salted water. Season to taste with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Heat to boiling. Stir in 1 beaten egg. Heat until the egg curdles. It really should curdle this time so there will be bits of cooked egg through the soup. Serve as the main dish with bread and cheese. Serves 6.

Oriental Stew

Dice 1½ pounds blade pork shoulder chops in small pieces, removing bone. Fry in 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil until well browned. Push meat to side of pan. Stir in ¼ cup flour. Blend smooth. Add 2 cups strained canned chicken soup or broth or stock made from water and chicken bouillon cubes. Cook until gravy is thickened. Then add ¼ cup soy sauce and ⅓ cup tomato paste, 1 cup canned mushrooms and liquid, 1 cup sliced onions, 1 clove garlic, minced, and 2 cups finely diced celery and leaves. Simmer 15 minutes or until pork is tender. Celery should still have crisp texture. Serve on rice or Chinese noodles. Serves 6.

THE BARBARISM OF DIVORCE LAWS

(Continued from Page 12)

"unnamed" woman is as innocent of the adultery as a baby sitter. But like a professional baby sitter, she is also financially rewarded, and considerably better than her less adventurous colleague.

This procedure is what the district attorney "exposed" in December. It is not pretty. It rewards lawyers who don't mind circumventing the law; it creates a profession certainly undignified and distasteful to anybody but a coarse woman; it is a fine racket for private detectives. But the law itself is to blame! The fact that the procedure is professionalized at least makes it certain the case will hold up in court.

Many years ago, I had among my acquaintances a rather distinguished man and woman, whom I shall call Arnold and Marian. The man had married, very young, a woman so hysterical that she was close to insanity. His life with her was a hell on earth, and he separated from her very soon, while supporting her well, as he could afford to do. Several years after the separation he met a charming and talented woman, and they came greatly to love each other. He now pressed his wife for a divorce, but she, in her hysteria and vindictiveness, absolutely refused it. He offered her a handsome settlement, but that was not what she wanted. She knew perfectly well that he would never leave her penniless anyhow, because he was sorry for her—he regarded her nature as something she could not help—and because he had a reputation to consider.

After playing hide-and-seek for two years, Marian simply decided that it was far less sordid to live openly as her lover's mistress than go on lying. They took a house together, entertained their friends there, and made no bones about their relationship. It was hard on Marian, but she loved this man with complete devotion, and if I have ever seen a real marriage, it was theirs. Only one thing made both of them unhappy—neither felt they could bring into the world a nameless child.

This open relationship went on for another five years—the couple had actually been "married" in everything but law for seven years—when the wife, in a sudden whim as inexplicable as her previous conduct, offered the husband a divorce in exchange for a considerable settlement. This he immediately agreed to. Money was no object if he could legitimize his relationship with his real wife.

Now this occurred, not in the United States, but in another country with a law as that time just like that of New York—and with, as a result, the same rackets that District Attorney Hogan has recently "exposed." Marian would have none of it. For one thing, her sense of humor was too strong.

"The whole world knows that Arnold and I have been living together," she said, "and I intend that for once there should be some honesty and truth in this ridiculous procedure. I *am* the corespondent, and I shall be it."

Her lover finally consented, but insisted that they should not be found together in their own home. He didn't want the address in the papers, for obvious reasons. So after consultation with his lawyer and his wife it was arranged that they should go to another city, rent a room, and at ten P.M. ring for the bellboy and order something. This did; the bellboy appeared; they engaged him in conversation long enough to be sure that he would recognize them again, and gave him a generous tip. The lawyers or their representatives, waiting downstairs, cornered the bellboy, and asked him if he had been in Room 500, showing him a tempting bill. The bellboy obliged after he was assured that nothing unpleasant would happen to him.

(Continued on Page 149)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Home-Coming

By Dan G. Hoffman

Your hair is a sea net aglimmer with stars,
And your eyes—oh, your eyes are not moonlight but mortal
With earth shine. You stand in the dimway, the portal.
To the swell of your breathing night startles with warmth,
Vibrant, slow-rising. Oh, flaming the night!
Through long misty lashes the earth shine is bright,
And I stand in your doorway as Paris at Troy
Laid down hateful arms and drew to him his joy.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Lamb Stew — Hunt Style

2 lbs. lamb shanks, cut in small pieces — 2 tbsp. flour
1 tsp. salt — ¼ tsp. chili powder, if desired — ⅛ tsp. pepper
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce — 2 cups water — 1 bay leaf
½ tsp. salt — 4 carrots cut in pieces — 8 small onions
½ lb. string beans, cut in pieces — Mashed potatoes

Wipe meat with damp cloth. Mix flour, salt, chili powder, and pepper. Roll meat in seasoned flour. Brown on both sides in fat. Drain off excess fat. Then add thin, kettle-simmered Hunt's Tomato Sauce — and the water, bay leaf, and salt. Simmer for 1¼ hours or until meat is tender. Add vegetables and cook for 35 minutes more or until tender. Place mixture into greased casserole. Place potatoes around outside rim. Bake in 375°F. oven 15 minutes or until potatoes are lightly browned. Makes 4 generous servings. Hunt's is the quality tomato sauce for a few cents a can!

How to make low-cost meats delicious



The low-cost way to buy tomatoes for cooking

HERE'S AN AMAZING Hunt cooking secret:

When you include a can of *this* tomato sauce in a recipe — you are really adding the best part of *more than four* plump, vine-ripened tomatoes!

We slowly *kettle-simmer* these tomatoes for you — with delicious seasonings and spices. M-m-m! *You just can't beat Hunt's for flavor . . . for richness . . . for velvety smoothness!*

That's why Hunt's Tomato Sauce transforms low-cost meats into dishes your family will rave about. And look! . . .

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"Here comes the Bride"



She's Katherine Ellison. He's George J. Yundt, Jr. Both of Atlanta, Georgia. "Kappy's my dream-girl come true," says George. She's a peaches 'n' cream girl—so-o-o Woodbury lovely!



Beauty queen and queenly bride—that's Kappy. Admiring attendants arrange her soft, white veil . . . her soft, white skin has been cared for with mild Woodbury since Kappy's kindergarten days.



Bridesmaids beg for Kappy's bouquet. Flower-fresh skin like hers is theirs for the asking! "I keep my skin soft the Woodbury way," says Kappy. The beauty-cream ingredient in Woodbury is a "skin-smoother."



Partners on the Piedmont Driving Club court. "Woodbury 'n' me, in this case," laughs Kappy. "A girl's skin has to look smooth under the sun as well as the stars." Yes, Woodbury helps you *score,* girls.

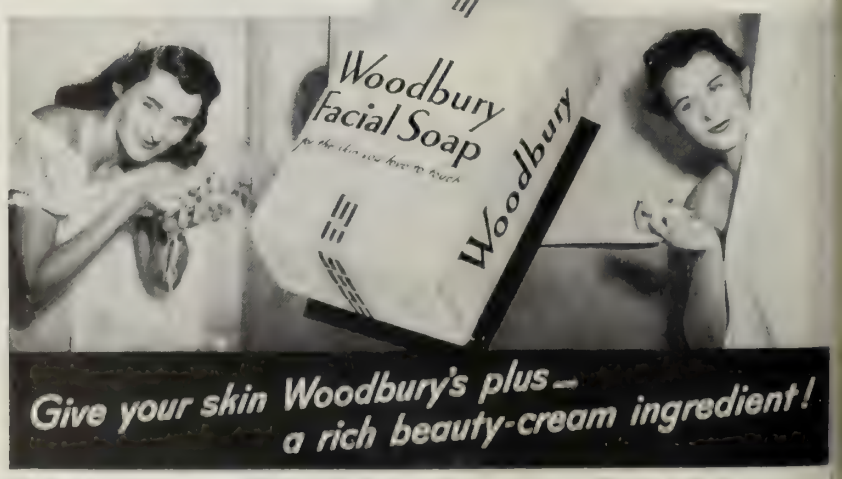
Another Woodbury Deb Marries



"Wot'll it be," asks the little waiter at Aunt Jane's Cabin. "Just more time to spend with the [illegible] girl in the world," George counters. Kappy keeps her skin bewitching with Woodbury.



"M-m-m looks good!" "M-m-m looks better," answers George. And with all that Woodbury *delicious* sweetness beside him—he doesn't mean food.



"My facial cocktail—to tone up skin," says Kappy. "First, a lather massage—then, rinse warm, rinse cold. Skin's satiny!"

Now! Woodbury comes in two sizes! Bath-size and facial! Big new Woodbury's bath-perfection.

"Take a bath-size cake o Woodbury to the tub. Woodbury's beauty-cream ingredient is a 'skin-smoother'.

(Continued from Page 146)

but that, on the contrary, there would be more money coming his way for a deposition. They took it next morning.

But when the boy appeared on the stand during the divorce trial, his conscience smote him. Asked to identify the couple, who were in court, he lied his head off, and said they were not the people he had seen; asked if he had gone to Room 500, he faltered and said he had thought so, but he must have been mistaken. The whole case collapsed, and Marian and Arnold were as far from marriage as ever.

When they got hold of him later, in a fine fury, and asked him why he had lied, he said, "You are such charming, nice people, I couldn't bear to verify the nasty things you were charged with. I thought I was doing you a favor!"

So, to complete this bedroom comedy, Arnold finally went through the customary "mill," and got his divorce without a hitch.

Divorce is a bitter thing—often a real tragedy for at least one of the people involved, and almost always a source of misery to children, if any are involved. Many a couple, furthermore, could be kept together by proper counsel. Many a pastor and priest have reknit marriages that seemed ready to fall apart, and many a physician. Some cities have marriage counselors, sympathetic and trained psychologists who prevent divorces by leading the partners into knowledge of how to give their marriages a real chance.

But if two people find that a marriage is intolerable to either, and their religion permits them to sever their relationship, nothing whatever is served by laws that compel them to act in as uncivilized a manner as possible. That, it seems to me, is all that the district attorney's "exposé" can teach us—and the legislators who make the laws.

POINT OF NO RETURN

(Continued from Page 43)

she'll never have anything to do with you. . . . What are you laughing at?"

"She never had anything to do with me anyway," Charles said.

"But she might have," Jack said. "She's going to be here all the time now and you've lost your chance of ever seeing anything of Jessica Lovell."

Those remarks of Jack Mason's came as a great relief because they showed that perhaps after all everyone in Clyde did not know everything immediately, but someone would have seen Jessica's new phaeton, with its top down, as it crossed the intersection of Dock and Johnson streets on Sunday afternoon. There was no way of escaping facts in Clyde, and, indeed, he did not care much what anyone would say. He only felt concerned that the offices at Wright-Sherwin where he was earning his twenty-five dollars a week already seemed smaller since the firemen's muster and he was beginning to realize that it would take years for him to get anywhere in Wright-Sherwin—years and years.

Before long it began to be recognized that he was seeing a good deal of Jessica Lovell, but on the whole it was an acceptable fact. The Grays did not live on Johnson Street, but his father was the son of old Judge Gray and had married Doctor Marchby's daughter, so it was not markedly unusual for Charles Gray to go around with Jessica Lovell.

To write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written. —ROUSSEAU.

"Going around" was the expression which was used in Clyde when a boy and a girl saw a good deal of each other. It was not the same as the more vulgar expression "going with" or "keeping company" which was employed when speaking of River Street couples. It was not even the same as saying that Charles was "attentive" to Jessica Lovell, which was more serious.

She was seen with Charles, but she was also seen with Hewitt Thomas, when Hewitt was not busy somewhere else. She was occasionally seen with Lester Gow, who was studying at the Harvard Law School, and now and then with Jackie Mason. Jessica also had young men from Boston as guests sometimes for the week end. Thus if she was seen with Charles it did not mean that they were going around together.

When Jessica joined the Clyde Players, it was natural for Charles to take her home, because the other members of the theater group were married, except Jackie Mason, who was the property man and who had to stay after the others. There was no reason for anyone to know that Charles had joined the Clyde Players only because Jessica had asked him to.

It must have been an evening early in December when Jessica called Charles up, something which she did very seldom in those days. When the telephone in the hall rang, his father was reading by the fire and Dorothea and Elbridge Sterne were playing backgammon.

"Answer it, Charley," Dorothea said.

The telephone was under the stairs in front of a line of coat hooks and it was necessary to bend one's head when one took the receiver off the hook.

"Is that you, Charley?" It was Jessica's voice. "Would you mind coming over for a few minutes?"

It was only a step to Johnson Street. It was the most natural thing in the world, he was telling himself, for Jessica suddenly to ask him to come to see her at nine o'clock. It seemed peculiar only when he came back into the parlor with his overcoat to say he was going out.

"But why are you going out?" Dorothea asked. "Who called you up?"

"It was Jessica Lovell. She wants me to come over for a few minutes."

"Now?" Dorothea said. "At nine o'clock? I didn't know that you knew Jessica Lovell as well as that, Charles."

"I don't see why it shows that I know her very well."

"Oh, doesn't it?" Dorothea said.

When Charles walked up Spruce Street, the clear coldness of the December night air reminded him of new dark ice on a pond, frozen just thick enough to bear one's weight. His pulses danced with a strange elation, not because Jessica Lovell had called him up, certainly not because of that, but because of the beauty of the evening.

Jessica must have been waiting for him because she opened the front door herself. "We'll have to go in the wallpaper room," she said, as Charles was taking off his overcoat. "The library's the only comfortable place, but father's asleep in it. We'll have to sit and look at the Chinese junks."

She asked Charles to put a new log on the dying embers of the fire and then curled up on a corner of the Hepplewhite sofa. She was wearing a very simple, purplish woolen dress that fell just below her knees. She gave it a careless pull over her silk stockings and then she pushed her dark hair away from her forehead. She had none of the self-consciousness of other girls he knew, no fear that her hair looked untidy, and she made no fluttering efforts to conceal her knees.

"Charley," she began, "the most awful thing has happened. I've got to join the Clyde Players. Father says I have to."

"Oh," Charles said, "has Mrs. Smythe Leigh been to see you?"

"She just went away. Who is she?"

"She's pretty energetic," Charles told her. "She likes art and she's one of those people who like to run things."

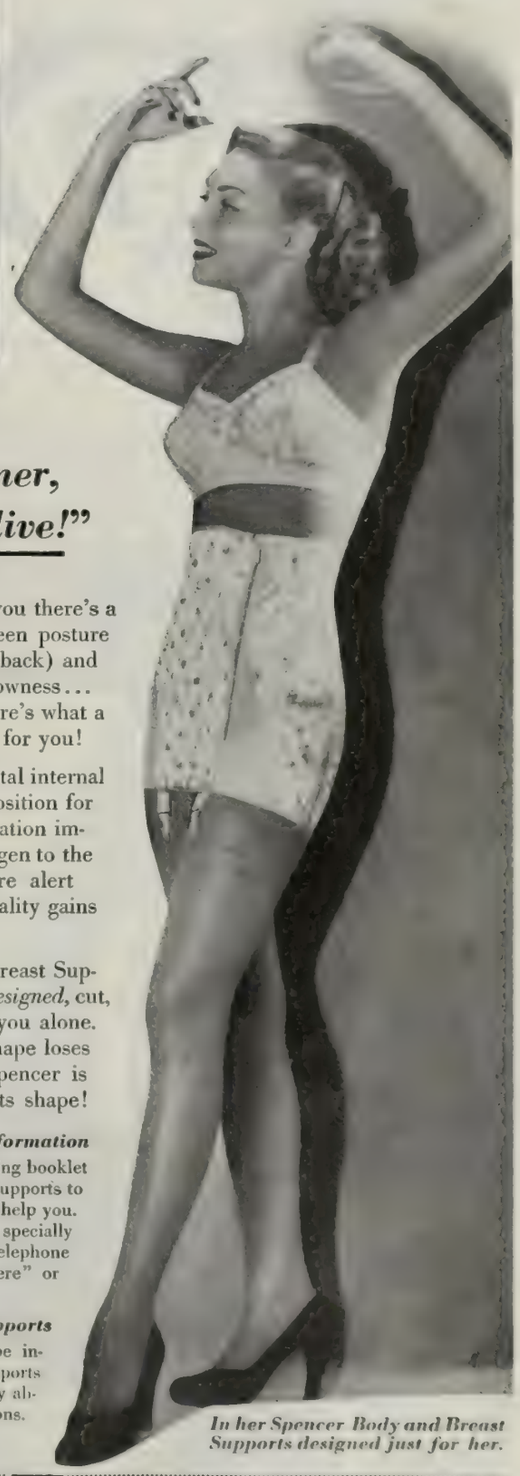
He told Jessica about Mrs. Smythe Leigh. She coached dramatics at the high school. She had also organized the Clyde Players. It was not strange that Mrs. Smythe Leigh

(Continued on Page 151)

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I look trimmer, feel more alive!"

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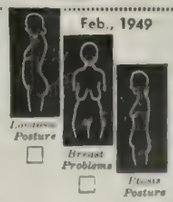
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- **Subtle flavoring!** Nothing loud or synthetic-tasting. A pure, delicate homey fragrance in every crumb!



Swans Down Instant Cake Mix

A product of General Foods

(Continued from Page 149)

had asked Jessica to take part in a play. She was always asking everybody. All you had to do was to say that you could not do it and then she would ask someone else.

"But father says I ought to do it," Jessica said. "I know it's silly, but things like that make me sick." She was serious about it—the whole idea really frightened her. "Father's making such a point of it," Jessica said. She was wretchedly unhappy.

"Why don't you tell him you really don't want to?"

"Oh, Charley, I can't do that. I simply can't." She passed the back of her hand across her forehead and looked as though she were about to cry. "I don't know what you'll think of me," she said. "I haven't any right to ask you, but if I have to be in this thing, will you be in it too?"

He had never until that moment thought that Jessica Lovell might need him for anything. "All right," Charles said, "if you want me to, Jessica."

"Thanks ever so much." Suddenly everything was settled, and he was saying that it was about time to be getting back home.

When he was in the front hall, getting into his overcoat, and he saw Jessica glance behind her, toward the closed door of Mr. Lovell's library, his call suddenly became a clandestine meeting. Her voice had dropped almost to a whisper and he was sure that she was anxious to have him on the other side of the great front door, walking down the path. When he put his hand on the heavy bronze latch and turned to say good night, she pulled his hand away.

"Let me do it," she whispered. "Don't wake up father," and she opened the front door very gently. It was clear to him that she did not want Mr. Lovell to know that she had asked him to be in the Clyde Players.

When the first meeting was over and Charles took Jessica home, this was something everyone understood, including Mr. Lovell. In fact, when Jessica asked him in, Mr. Lovell seemed pleased to see him. As they stood in the front hall, they could hear voices from the library, and Jessica put her hand on his arm.

"Wait," she whispered. "Let's see who it is." Then she recognized the Midwestern voice. "It's Malcolm Bryant," she whispered. "He keeps dropping in. Oh, dear, father's telling him about the family again."

THE Lovell library was a large, paneled room, with mahogany bookshelves all around it. A celestial and a terrestrial globe stood on each side of the fireplace and above the books were more Lovell portraits and two pictures of Lovell ships. There was a comfortable sofa and there were some reasonably modern leather armchairs. Mr. Lovell was seated in one and Malcolm Bryant was seated opposite him with a notebook on his knee.

"Hello, Jessie," Mr. Lovell said. "Back so soon? Why, hello, Charles."

"Charley took me home," she said. "Charley's in the Players." She gave a little exasperated laugh as though she were telling her father that there was no reason for her to explain everything.

"Why, of course, Jessie," Mr. Lovell said. "I told you you'd find friends there. You know Mr. Malcolm Bryant, don't you, Charles? Jessie, why don't you bring us some milk or some crackers and cheese?"

"Oh, not for me, thanks," Malcolm Bryant said. "Please don't bother."

"No, please don't bother," Charles said. "I've got to be going home."

It seemed to him that Mr. Lovell looked relieved, although he said that it would be no trouble at all and that Jessica would love to get them something. Malcolm Bryant rose. It was time to be going.

"Good night," Mr. Lovell said, "and good night, Charles. It's good news you're in the play. I'm glad there's someone to take Jessica home."

By the time Charles and Malcolm Bryant left the Lovells' house that evening, the other houses on Johnson Street were dark except for an occasional light in their upper windows.

Malcolm Bryant said, "This is a wonderful town! It all fits together without a blur in the pattern. I was lucky to discover it. How well do you know the Lovells, Charley?" It was an impertinent question and Charles felt annoyed.

"Not very well," he answered.

"Oh, I thought you did. You seem to be great friends with Jessica."

Charles caught his breath in astonishment, and then he was angry. "Suppose you mind your own business," he said.

MALCOLM Bryant's voice was placating. "That's just the right thing for you to say. I had it coming to me. I'm sorry."

"All right." Charles could not understand why his resentment was ebbing, but there was a disarming quality in Malcolm Bryant's voice.

"It was rotten investigative technique," Malcolm Bryant was saying. "If one of my team had done that, I'd have fired him. It wasn't a personal question. I was just thinking about your groups, and the Lovells aren't quite in your group—are they?"

"No, I don't suppose they are."

"Now, Charley"—Malcolm Bryant put a hand on his shoulder—"this is scientific—none of it is personal. Look at me as a father confessor—just an old man you can talk to. It won't go any further. You're not mad any more, are you?" Malcolm asked.

"No," Charles said, "that's all right. Good night."

Malcolm Bryant held out his hand. "Well, that's fine. We'll be seeing a lot of each other, Charley."

Don't stay away from church because there are so many hypocrites. There's always room for one more.

—A. R. ADAMS.

The Confessional Club, the men's club to which Charles' father belonged, met at the Grays' house that year in January. Charles remembered the occasion especially because Malcolm Bryant had been invited.

He had not known that his father knew Malcolm Bryant until a week before the meeting and already the house was in a turmoil, because John Gray always wanted to entertain the club properly. Until it was his turn to receive them, he was apt to make fun of the Confessional Club. Nevertheless, whenever it was John Gray's turn to entertain the club, he appeared to forget the bitter things he had previously said.

Malcolm Bryant arrived at Spruce Street early, while John Gray was still arranging glasses. Malcolm stood by the open fire examining the room and stealing glances into the dining room, where everything was on the table except the hot dishes.

John Gray poured the contents of a bottle into the cocktail shaker and gave it a few brisk shakes. "Try some of this, will you," he said, "and tell me how it tastes."

"There should either be liquor at a social function," Malcolm Bryant said, "or a few men beating drums. You'd be surprised—good drumming has nearly the same effect. A year or two ago I happened to be out with the Ojibways in the lake region of Ontario. It was a very unspoiled tribe. One evening they began beating a drum—four or five delightful old gentlemen around a big drum, beating with a quick syncopation that was more subtle than the African. Just after sundown all of us began dancing in a circle, men, women and children, quite slowly. There was a compulsion in that drumming, a mass, hysterical compulsion. It was a wonderful group. I've seen the same thing in Africa, but not so well expressed. We danced until two in the morning. We all loved each other at two in the morning."

"Really," John Gray said, "it must have been a delightful party. I wish you'd brought a drum."

The paper that evening was read by Mr. Virgil Mason, and Charles knew from Jackie that Mr. Mason had been working on it for weeks. It was entitled "Old Streetcar Lines in Clyde." Mr. Mason read it haltingly. He

(Continued on Page 153)

The "Me's that love these



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Furniture for casual living—featured by stores from coast to coast

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DAYSTROM
AN ASSOCIATE

(Continued from Page 151)

dealt with the river line that used to run up Johnson Street and with the Dock Street line that used to go to the beach. Instead of listening attentively, Charles found himself glancing at Malcolm Bryant, wondering what he might be thinking.

When the paper was over, Mr. Blashfield said it was a delightful paper, but he was sure that Moses Wilkins had never been a motorman on the old beach line. On the other hand, Doctor Marchby was sure that he had been, and when Mr. Crewe said he was sure he had not been, everyone said that Mr. Crewe had not been in Clyde long enough to remember. The argument became more heated, but every member had said his say by ten-fifteen and it was time to be going home.

"Charley," Malcolm Bryant said, "why don't you walk back with me? It's still pretty early."

There had been a heavy snowfall two days before and Charles could remember the walls of snow on either side of the cleared path as they walked up Dock Street and the penetrating chill that came from the ground.

"I'm trying to get it straight in my mind," Malcolm Bryant said, after Charles asked him what he thought of the evening. "These male groups are always the same. They are simply the projection of the old men's council. They have the same taboos and the same drawing-together habits. Now out there with the headhunters there were three councils. They discussed tribal exploits, just like the streetcars—exactly like the streetcars."

"I don't see how the headhunters in Borneo have anything to do with the Confessional Club."

"They have everything to do with it, but you're too involved with this locale to understand."

"Are you really going to the Orinoco?" Charles asked.

"Oh, I suppose so. There's never been any first-class work in the area. There's a rumor that they have a very interesting way of getting rid of old people there; but not a line of documented investigation. These explorers are all exhibitionists. Thank God, I'm not an explorer." Malcolm Bryant was walking more rapidly. "Now the women were hidden tonight, weren't they? It's a characteristic pattern, that hiding of the women."

"What women?" Charles asked.

"Your mother and your sister. I saw them flitting about but they didn't dare to show their faces. And they ate in the women's hut."

"It wasn't a hut," Charles said, and laughed. "They were eating in the kitchen. Where else would they eat?"

"Nowhere else. It was absolutely perfect."

They did not speak again until they came to the rooms Malcolm Bryant had rented on Fanning Street, a bedroom and sitting room on the second floor of Mrs. Mooney's house. The rooms were plainly furnished and Malcolm Bryant had done little to improve them. He had brought in only a draftsman's trestle table and two battered trunks. When he turned on the light, Charles saw that a blueprint map of Clyde, marked with colored crayons, was tacked on the drafting table and that there was a pile of yellow paper beside the blueprint.

"Just a few notes," Malcolm Bryant said as he took off his coat. "All the real work is in the Boston office."

Charles sat down in a rickety rocking chair.

"You know, I'm just beginning to get this town straight," Malcolm said. "I'm just beginning to get a pattern. That's the first thing you have to do on a job like this."

"I don't exactly know what you're talking about."

"Of course you don't. There are only a very few people who can understand what I'm talking about."

"Then why did you ask me up here?"

"Because you interest me, Charley. You have the greatest happiness vouchsafed any human being; you're an integrated, contented part of a group. You don't know how I envy you. You see—I'm personally not contented."

"Why aren't you? You can go anywhere you want, and you must like what you're doing."

"That's the trouble. I'm tired of moving."

Charles had not been sure of Malcolm Bryant's seriousness before, but now he was obviously saying that he was lonely and that he wanted friends. Charles heard the bell of the Baptist church striking.

"Well," Charles said, "I guess I'd better be going. It's getting pretty late." It occurred to him that this was what he was always saying in Clyde. Malcolm was standing up in his shirt sleeves and open vest and he looked uncertain.

"Wait a minute, Charley," he said. "There's something I want to say to you. As a human being, not as a social entity . . . frankly, just how interested are you in Jessica Lovell?"

Charles felt his back stiffen and his face grow red. "I don't know," he said. "I've told you that I don't really know Jessica Lovell very well."

"You don't?" Malcolm Bryant repeated. "Well, that's fine. It makes everything easier. This is a sort of hard thing for me to say, but I believe in being honest. Frankly, I've fallen in love with Jessica Lovell." Malcolm looked at Charles questioningly and for a moment Charles' mind was as vacant as his face must have been.

"Why did you think you ought to tell me?" he asked.

"Because I thought it was the honest thing to do. I know it sounds silly, and of course you're in no position to marry her.

(Continued on Page 155)



"The world is nothing but a big sandbox."



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Two Complete Sealed-Heat Ovens—available in the Doubl Oven Model—allow simultaneous baking and broilin Provide oven space for any cooking needs.



(Continued from Page 153)

You're just a kid, but I thought you had a right to know."

It sounded silly and yet at the same time Charles, in spite of a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach, realized that not everyone would have been so honest. "Whoever said I wanted to marry her?" he asked. "I've never thought of marrying her."

It was true. He had never thought until that moment of marrying Jessica Lovell.

The worried look had gone from Malcolm's face. "Well, that's fine," he said. "Of course, I haven't much to offer her, but there's some talk about something in the museum at Harvard or there might be a permanent fellowship on the Sykes Foundation. You know, I think I might make her quite happy."

Charles found himself standing up without ever remembering that he had risen from the rocking chair. He knew that he was smiling, because his face felt stiff and contorted. "Of course, she may throw you down."

"Oh, yes," Malcolm Bryant said, "she may."

"And of course"—his voice sounded louder—"I'll go on seeing her if I want to. Well, good night."

It did not definitely dawn on Charles until the spring of 1928 that he was in love with Jessica Lovell. Then suddenly he was so much in love that nothing else seemed to matter and everything seemed possible. When all those reticences of caution or barriers of common sense, or whatever you cared to call them, broke, it was plain that this situation must have been developing for a long while without either of them having consciously perceived it. Yet it was possible that he would never have fallen in love with Jessica or she with him if it had not been for the irritating stimulus of Malcolm Bryant.

> **What humbugs we are, who pretend to live for beauty, and never see the dawn.**
> —LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: All Trivia (Harcourt, Brace).

Charles met Jessica in the Dock Street Savings Bank unexpectedly one Saturday morning near the middle of April. He had asked Mr. Howell for permission to go there before the bank closed in order to cash his pay check and deposit a part of it, and Mr. Howell had told him that it would be all right if he would hurry. Charles had cashed his check and had given Mr. Gregg five dollars and his deposit book when Jessica Lovell came in. Jessica, too, was holding her savings book. Her cheeks were red and fresh from the April wind and she was wearing a short coat of gray fur, and one of her tight felt hats was pulled down close over her unruly hair.

"Hello, Charley," she said. "I'll be through with this in a minute. It's my Wright-Sherwin check. Father likes to have me bring it in myself." She was entirely at home, friendly and confiding. "Where are you going?"

He told her he was going back to the office.

"But it's Saturday," Jessica said. "What are you doing this afternoon? Suppose we go for a drive?" She asked the question as though she were sure he would have nothing else to do and he understood, when she asked him where they would meet, that it would be better to have it seem like an accidental meeting. "How about the courthouse at half past two?" she said.

It was much easier than meeting at the Lovells' front door and going through explanations. It meant there would be nothing underlined or portentous about it. They had simply met at the bank.

Charles arrived in front of the courthouse at half past two. When he saw Jessica's black phaeton glide around the curve of Johnson Street, it seemed like an accident that Jessica should see him and slow down and wave.

"Why, hello," Jessica said. "Can't I give you a lift?"

"Are you sure it won't be too much trouble?" Charles asked.

"Oh, no. Not a bit of trouble."

Neither of them laughed until the car was moving again and then they both laughed at once. The sun kept trying to come out from behind the scudding clouds and it was still like winter as they drove through town, but when they were on the edge of town the sun was brighter and the brown fields seemed warmer. Jessica turned to the right at the common and they crossed the river at the third bridge and drove over the hilly road that led to Walton Spring. He and Jessica were talking as though they had not seen each other for a long while and when they were silent they still seemed to be talking.

She was wearing the same gray suit and the same red hat that she had worn at the firemen's muster and though her eyes were on the road she would glance at him now and then in a quick, amused way. She asked what he had been doing since she had seen him last, and she was thankful that the winter was over. It was the longest winter she had ever spent. Granted she had been to New York and she had been in Boston quite often for the symphony, still it had been a long winter. It had been a long winter for Charles, too, though he had been working. He could tell her a good deal about brass and precision instruments, but he was not going to tell her.

"No," Jessica said, "don't. Let's not talk about anything constructive. I'm tired of being constructive. I'm tired of sitting around and being nice too. I wonder how nice anyone is, really."

"Everyone has to pretend," Charles said.

"That's the trouble. So you never know what anyone is really like."

He never could remember how Malcolm Bryant's name came up, but it must have been Jessica who spoke of him first. She was saying that Malcolm Bryant was always dropping in and giving travel talks about Central African beads and life in beehive huts. She always felt as though she were sitting in a lecture hall.

"But he's interesting sometimes," Charles said. "He's been around a lot."

"Everybody acts as though I ought to like him. Charley, did you think I liked him?"

It was the most beautiful question that anyone had ever asked him. They were crossing a culvert, over a piece of swampy land, and there was a row of old willows on either side of the road.

"Did you really?" she asked again, and then before he could answer she slowed down the car and asked him what that singing noise was.

"It's the peepers," he said, "the frogs. Sam used to take me out to catch them, but they were pretty hard to catch."

If you came near where they were they always stopped their singing, but if you stood still long enough you could see them, sometimes. They blew their throats up like balloons. You had to wait a long while, absolutely still, before they began to sing again.

"Sam could make the best willow whistles," he said.

This was just the time for whistles, now that the sap was running in the willows and the branches were growing yellow. You could always tell by looking at the willows when spring was coming.

"Can you make a whistle?" she asked.

But he was not good at making whistles. He never could carve boats or do any of those things in the American Boy's Handy Book.

Once long ago, she said, one spring in Clyde, she had gone out picking wild flowers in a place called the High Woods. She had always wanted to go again, but somehow there had never been a chance.

"Do you suppose there are any flowers yet?" she asked.

It was just the time of year when you thought of such things, whether you cared for flowers or not. He told her that the grape hyacinths were out by the front door at Spruce Street and this meant that there might be hepaticas in the woods.

"Do you suppose there are any in those woods?"

She had stopped the car and pointed to the woods on a hill above a pasture, and when he said there might be, she said they might walk up and see. There were bars in a

(Continued on Page 157)

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First, be sure you do get DEL MONTE Corn for this recipe. You need such rich flavor and tender kernels. For two Pattycakes (each serves 3) prepare **1 pkg. hot roll mix** according to maker's directions, mixing *thoroughly* and letting rise once in covered bowl.



Pat, pull dough into two 11" rounds with ½"-thick rims. Place on oiled cooky sheets; spread with mixture of **1 No. 2 can DEL MONTE Tomatoes,** drained and chopped; **1 clove garlic,** minced; **1 tbsp. olive oil; ½ tsp. oregano or marjoram; salt** and **pepper** to taste.



Top with **thin slices of American cheese** and **salami or ham,** as shown. Sprinkle with **grated Parmesan cheese** and **olive oil.** Bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 min. or till browned. Heat and season **12-oz. can DEL MONTE Golden Whole Kernel Corn.**



Spoon hot corn on baked Pattycakes.* (See what nice, bright kernels—that's DEL MONTE for you!) Serve at once. Cut a wedge and taste the amazingly sweet, hearty flavor of that corn! That's why you want DEL MONTE in this dish—or any way you serve corn.

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*Illustration shows only one of the two Pattycakes



This is DEL MONTE *Golden Whole Kernel Corn. Be sure to try* DEL MONTE *Golden Cream Style, too!*

(Continued from Page 155)

gap in the stone wall and he pulled the bars down carefully so that she could step over them. They walked quickly up the rocky, grassy slope and he held up a strand of a barbed-wire fence so that she could crawl under. There was a stand of oak and hickory on top of the hill and when their feet rustled through the dead, sodden leaves there was a musty smell, half of winter and half of spring, but there was not a single hepatica.

The buds on the branches above them were as tight as though it were still winter. There was not a sign of life in those woods, not even a trace of green, except for some rock ferns growing in a crevice of a granite ledge. Nevertheless, they kept on walking. The hill was higher than it looked, and when they reached the crest and turned around they could see a wide expanse of country below them through the bare branches of the trees. They could see the curve of the river and, farther off, the roofs of Clyde.

They were both a little out of breath, and they both must have turned toward each other at the same moment. He stared straight at her and she had a grave, startled look and her eyes were opened very wide.

"Oh," she said, in a dry, matter-of-fact sort of voice, and then the next moment they were in each other's arms. "Oh," she said again, and he kissed her and they clung to each other, eyes closed, not speaking. When she turned her head away and let it rest a second on his shoulder he dropped his arms, but suddenly she pulled him close to her again and they stood side by side, looking into the half-defined distance. "Well," she said, "there's Clyde." It was just as though nothing had happened.

"Yes," he answered, "there it is."

The sun had broken through the clouds again, the slanting sun of late afternoon. It was just as though nothing had happened when Jessica and he walked down the hill, as though they had never stood locked in each other's arms and had never kissed, except that she put her arm through his while they were still in the woods.

WHEN they were in the car, she pulled a gold compact from her pocket, opened it, stared at herself in its little mirror, put a dab of powder on her nose, and snapped the compact shut. Then she pulled down her hat.

"I wish my hair didn't always blow," she said.

"I like it when it blows," he told her. It was almost as though it had never happened, but he never would have said such a thing before they walked up the hill.

"Do you? I'm glad somebody does."

The truth was that so much had happened that it was better not to talk about it. It was better to sit quietly as they were driving home, conscious that they were near each other and thinking of what had happened.

"I might as well get out here," he said, when they came near the courthouse.

"Well, all right," she said, "I suppose it's better." Everything was in its place and there was a place for everything.

"Thanks ever so much," Charles said when the car stopped. "I had a wonderful time."

"So did I," she said, and then she smiled. "I loved every minute of it."

"Did you?" Charles asked.

"Yes, every minute of it. If it's a good day, let's do it again next Saturday."

Charles used occasionally to see himself through the perspective of elapsed time. His mind still worked in much the same way as that of the Charles Gray who must have exulted that spring in Clyde. He still had a desire to accept what was around him and to develop according to established rules. He had never been a revolutionary, but still that spring he could perceive undercurrents of discontent. He was acutely conscious of his own deficiencies and of his inexperience. He wanted, of course, to be more like Jessica.

Charles could see that though Jessica Lovell was touchable she was still unattainable, because they had different positions in the plan of Clyde. Though their clandestine meetings that spring had occurred in fact, they still held elements of the unreal and consequently their moments together were the more vivid. He also knew that this situation was bound to change and that the reticences between them would have to break.

THIS happened on a warm day in May when the trees were all a soft green. They had driven along the Spring Road again to the same pasture and they had left the car and had walked up the same hill. They had spoken much as they had before as they walked across the pasture, shyly and uncertainly as though neither of them could be sure of what would happen when they reached the woods.

"It's been such a late spring, hasn't it?" Jessica said. "I was afraid it was going to rain today."

"So was I," Charles said.

"But if it had, we could have driven in the rain."

"Yes, of course we could have driven in the rain."

That meaningless conversation carried them across the pasture and into the woods.

"I like that coat of yours," she said. "It's old but it looks nice." It was the tweed coat he had worn at the firemen's muster. "You always look so nice, so self-possessed."

"So do you. You always do."

It did not seem possible that the same thing might happen again that had now happened several times before. It did not seem possible that he had ever touched her, because she was unattainable.

"I'm getting pretty good at walking up this hill," she said.

"Yes, but it's good exercise."

And then the same thing happened, the same impossible thing.

"Darling," she whispered, when he held her in his arms, "darling," and then he told her that he loved her. He could not have said it if she had not spoken first. "Yes," she said, "I know."

It was still too immense to talk about intelligently, but suddenly it was fact, now that they had put it into words.

"Oh, Charley," she said, "what are we going to do?"

"I don't know, but I don't mind right now."

"I always wondered what would happen if we said it," she said. "Do you still love me?"

"Yes."

"Darling, everybody's going to find out."

"Yes, I suppose they will."

"I wish they'd let us alone." She stopped and rested her head on his shoulders. "Charley, are you happy?"

Yes, he had never been so happy.

"I don't think father will mind so much," she said, "if he gets to know it gradually and not all at once."

"You mean your father won't like it," he said. "I don't suppose he will."

"I wish he could just see more of you without its disturbing him. You're not cross, are you, Charley?"

"No, I'm not cross."

"Charley, don't look so unhappy." She took his arm and pressed it tight against her. "If we had only met each other somewhere else. Do you see what I mean?"

She was saying, of course, that everything would have been all right if he had only lived on Johnson Street. She was saying, without saying it, that everything would have been

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How the Heart Dies

By G. M. White

This is the way the heart dies:
Like a dove with a broken wing,
Drawn in itself, unable to fly,
Too miserable to sing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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RADIOS—TELEVISION
REFRIGERATORS—RANGES

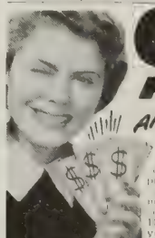
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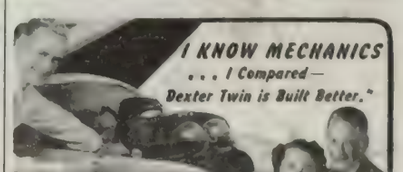
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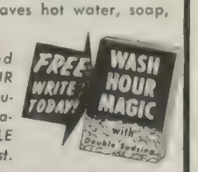




"that's why we both chose a DEXTER TWIN TUB

The *only* washer with *two* washing tubs. *Only* Dexter Twin does your entire week's washing best in one *hour* or *less*—turns out a tub of spotlessly clean clothes every four minutes. EXCLUSIVE DEXTER DOUBLE SUDSING does a perfect washing every *time*. Without hand rubbing, soaking, or pre-treating—and it saves hot water, soap, and electricity.

Write for illustrated booklet "WASH HOUR MAGIC." Gives valuable washing information—tells why DOUBLE SUDSING washes best.



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WASHES CLEANER • QUICKER • EASIER

A LITTLE MEAT GOES A LONG, LONG WAY WITH THIS

Eat Better - Spend Less - with this delicious HEINZ RECIPE

OLD HOME MEAT LOAF



Combine ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 1 cup dry bread crumbs, 1 cup milk. Let stand 5 min. Add 2 lbs. ground beef, 2 eggs, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 Tbs. salt. Bake in flat pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hr. Serves 6 to 8.

Give your thrifty dishes a taste-thrill by adding Heinz Tomato Ketchup! This luscious blend of "Aristocrat" tomatoes and spice makes stews, casseroles, low-cost meats *delectable!* Just a little does a *lot* for your cooking!

Heinz Ketchup 57

all right if the Grays had been better off or even if he had not been a Clyde boy, and it made him angry. It might have been better if he had been a Marchby, but at the same time he was Judge Gray's grandson. He was thinking that if Jessica had been Priscilla Meader or one of the Latham girls everything would have been all right.

"Oh, Charley," she was saying. "Charley, please."

He had forgotten until she spoke that she was still close beside him.

"Oh, Charley, I don't care what anyone's going to say."

"If you think I'm as bad as all that, why did you ever have anything to do with me?" he asked.

"Oh, Charley," she said, and they stood there in the pasture and she began to cry. It made him feel hopeless and desperate, but there was nothing he could do about it. "I only said I didn't care."

"Then don't say it again."

They stood there without speaking, and Jessica Lovell was still crying.

"Lend me your handkerchief," she said.

"All right," Charles said. "Just stop crying, Jessica. It's going to be all right."

It was then that the idea came to him that changed so much of his life. It came to him suddenly, but perhaps it had been in the back of his mind for a long while.

"Jessica," he said, "I guess I'd better make some money."

When Charles arrived at Spruce Street, his mother was in the dining room in her oldest gingham apron, polishing the flat silver. "Hello, dear," she said. "What have you been doing with yourself all afternoon?"

"Oh, I've been for a walk in the country. Where's father?"

His father was upstairs working on the paper which he was to read at the next meeting of the Confessional Club. Though he knew his father disliked being interrupted, Charles went upstairs to see him. John Gray was sitting in shirt sleeves and suspenders, writing with a pencil on sheets of yellow paper.

"Well," he said, "what's the matter? Are you lonely, Charley?"

His dropping in was so unusual that Charley realized how seldom there had been anything he had wanted from his father.

"No," Charles said. "It's just a question about something I'm thinking of doing."

His father tilted back in his chair and stroked his closely clipped mustache.

"I was thinking of getting a job somewhere in Boston," Charles went on. "I don't believe I'm going to get anywhere if I stay at Wright-Sherwin."

"You mean," John Gray asked softly, "that there isn't enough hay in the bundle?"

"The truth is, I'd like a chance to make some money."

John Gray said nothing for a moment. "You couldn't be thinking of a brokerage office or a bond house, could you?"

"As a matter of fact, I was just thinking that if you know anyone—if you wouldn't mind speaking to someone ——"

"Why, Charley," his father said, and Charles had never seen him look so pleased. "I never thought our minds could ever work in the same way. It's about time you realized you can't get anywhere without money. Do you mind if I ask you a question? How did this idea ever get into your head?"

CHARLES looked at his father and tried to speak casually. "It just came over me."

"It couldn't have anything to do with Jessica Lovell, could it?"

"How did you know?" Charles asked. "Yes, I've been seeing quite a lot of Jessica."

"And you're in love with her?"

"Yes."

John Gray pushed his chair back from the table. "This really does me a lot of good. I wonder what Laurence Lovell will say. You and I have certainly got to do something about this, Charley. We had certainly better go up to Boston on Monday."

"Not Monday," Charles said. "I'd better tell them I'm through at Wright-Sherwin on Monday, but I guess they'll let me take the day off Tuesday."

"Do you want to do that before you get another job? I never thought you'd do a thing like that."

"I'll find something else," Charles said.

He was through with Wright-Sherwin, but he had no way of knowing that the whole course of his life was changing, and his father's too.

"Charley," John Gray said, and put his hand on his shoulder, "if you want her, I'll see you get her." John Gray walked to the sofa and picked up his coat. "And now I think I'll go downtown and get the Transcript. It ought to be in now."

"Charley!" He heard his mother's voice calling from downstairs. "Where are you?"

John Gray opened the door.

"It's that Mr. Bryant, Charley. He wants you on the telephone."

MALCOLM wanted him to come over at eight o'clock that night. "I wish you'd come as a special favor," Malcolm said. "I want you to meet the team."

"What team?"

"My team." Malcolm's voice sounded sharper. "My investigatory team. They're starting in on Clyde on Monday. We're just talking over the field and I'd like to show them one firsthand exhibit. You don't mind co-operating, do you, Charley?"

It was a relief that Malcolm did not want to talk about Jessica Lovell, such a relief that he was glad to go; and besides, he was curious to see Malcolm in his own environment, surrounded by his own kind.

I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight. But I do believe in taking a second look.

—H. VINCENT.

There were in Malcolm's room that night eight or ten people who all looked somewhat like Malcolm. Their faces were sharp with eager perspicacity and at the same time complacent with hidden knowledge. It was the peculiar look of the professional investigator which, he often thought later, was worn by everybody trained to interfere in other people's business, whether they were social workers, bank examiners or income-tax examiners.

Malcolm Bryant's team sat on the couch and on Malcolm's trunk and on chairs which must have been brought from Mrs. Mooney's kitchen. Malcolm himself was perched on the drawing table with two glass gallon jugs of wine beside him.

"Well, here he is," Malcolm said. "This is Charley Gray, everybody, and I think Charley will be as much of a help to you tonight as he's been to me. This is Evangeline Scroll. Evangeline's back from Yucatan. And here's Bill Horsley. You've heard me talk about Bill."

As Malcolm mentioned the names he waved his arm at each one, but Charles did not remember them distinctly. Malcolm and all the rest of them, he imagined, were trying to put their subject at ease. They made him feel as a Polynesian on an atoll must have felt when he suddenly encountered a boatload of strangers from a whaling ship.

"Sit down in the rocking chair," Malcolm said, "where everyone can see you, and have a drink. Now, my idea is for you and me to talk as though no one else were here. Let's think of Clyde as a big aquarium—and it's a wonderful aquarium—and I scooped you out and put you in a globe to show the team."

"I hope the team likes it," Charles said. And everyone laughed.

"Now, Charley here lives on Spruce Street. Spruce Street runs into Johnson Street and yet Charley is not a side streeter, in the broader sense of the term. He has an upward and downward mobility that is very interesting. He is able to touch, without belonging to, the cliques on Johnson Street, and yet at the same time he can move downward. The first time I laid eyes on him I knew he was a beautifully conditioned type."

Malcolm Bryant paused and Charles sat there staring blankly at the team.

(Continued on Page 161)



So easy to give everyday meals a festive touch! Add cherries to muffins, or to biscuits cut in holiday shapes. And vary your menus with delicious kinds of breads from the stores.

What nutritionists say about the 6-way nourishment of ENRICHED BREAD and FLOUR

ERVE PLENTY OF BREAD EVERY DAY. t's so economical, and delicious so nany ways. Look for the panel that ays "Enriched" on the wrappers of he white bread that you buy.



UCH DELICIOUS VARIETY at your aker's. Mouth-watering rolls, breads. ookies. Ask whether they're enriched hen you buy . . . it's important to get his added 6-way nourishment.



RIGHT OUT OF THE OVEN" . . . those eather-light biscuits, muffins, cookies, akes and pies that win cheers from our family and friends. Be sure you uy flour labeled "Enriched" for its dded nourishment.



Nutrition authorities give a prominent place in the all-round balanced diet to enriched breads and other baked foods. These scientists, whose job it is to show us how to eat well to keep well, say over and over that bread is a most economical source of food energy. They call enriched bread "an important carrier of nutrients" . . . they say "it contributes to better nutrition." See those flags up there? Read what these contributions actually are . . . 6-way nourishment for you and your family at meal-time and between-time!

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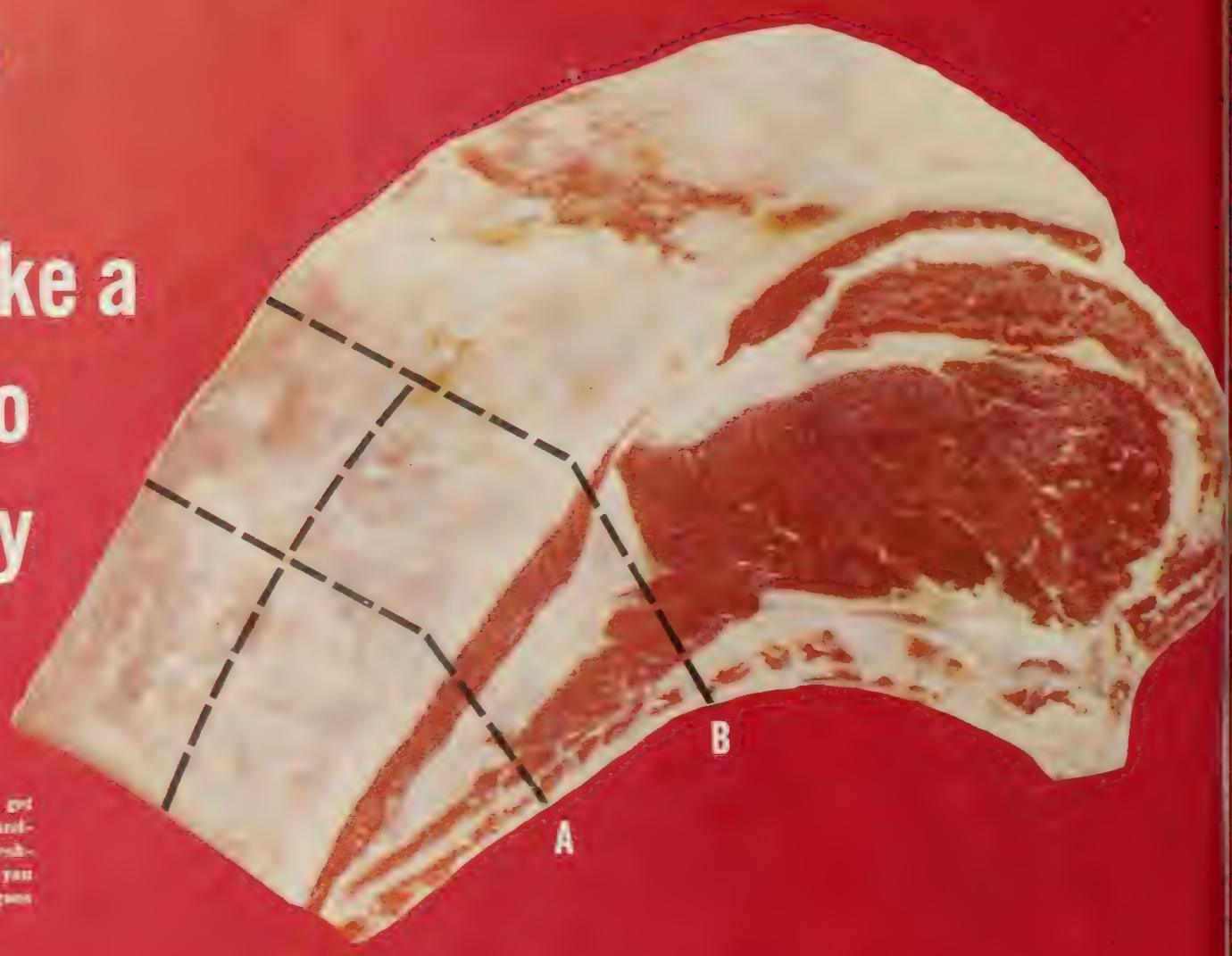
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the Meat page

how to make a rib roast do double duty



Lady, here's a thrifty trick that lets you get not only a fine party dinner from that handsome beef rib roast, but also another fresh-cooked meal of braised short ribs. And you can depend on it, that man in your life goes for short ribs.

Here's what you do: Have your meat-man saw through the bones at A and B as in this picture. You can then cut between the ribs to make individual servings of short ribs. Braise them slowly with vegetables or noodles to stretch their good meat flavor further in the meal.

Now, for your roast, you have just the tenderest "heart" of the piece you bought. To make it juicier—and to get more servings from it, too—keep oven heat at 325 degrees to cut shrinkage to a minimum. When nearly done, put whole peeled potatoes in the pan to brown in the drippings.

1. Braised Short Ribs



2. Juicy Roast Beef



Only a knife cut separates meat that is best for braising and meat that is best for roasting. But which is better for good nutrition? The answer is that all meat and all cuts of meat supply the kind of protein that everyone, from growing child to grownup, needs every day. Careful buying and knowledge of thrifty ways to use meat are both big helps in keeping meat with its nourishment in more of the week's meals.

P.S.—Illustrated booklet, showing six "thrifty meat" ideas like this, yours for 5¢ in coin sent to Box 1123, Chicago 77, Illinois.

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(Continued from Page 158)

"I think Mr. Gray is a very nice type," Miss Scroll said. "Don't let Malc disturb you, Mr. Gray."

Charles' face flushed and he looked around him uneasily. "Well," he said, "what do you want me to do for you—sing a song?"

"Nothing," Malcolm said. "That's the beauty of it, Charley. I just want the team to see you react. You're being a great help, Charley."

"Give him another drink," Miss Scroll said. "I think Charley's wonderful. You don't mind if I call you Charley, do you, Mr. Gray?"

"No," Charles said, "not if it makes you feel any better." It may have been the second glass of wine he drank that made him want to speak. "All right," he said, "I'll tell you something about Clyde. I'm pretty tired of all this talk about classes and about Johnson Street and Spruce Street. It doesn't matter. Nobody thinks about classes because everyone in Clyde knows he's as good as everyone else. This is a free country and Clyde's a free town." He was surprised at himself for having said so much.

"Listen to him," he heard Malcolm say. "You see he has great mobility."

He did not care what Malcolm Bryant said. He could see all of Clyde in one piece. Johnson Street, Spruce Street, Dock Street, River Street, the North End, the South End. You could pull it apart and classify it, as these preposterous strangers would try to do, but all of it fitted together and there was no reason to disturb it. He forgot about Wright-Sherwin and the Lovells and Johnson Street. "You ought to be here," he said, "for Decoration Day. And for the Fourth of July. That's when you'll see what I mean. Everyone's as good as everyone else."

That evening in Malcolm's room was a most peculiar ending for a peculiar day. Charles had never thought of himself as convertible into diagrams and geometric curves and a mass of static, regimented fact. What was the social position of the Grays—in Clyde in the eighteenth century? In the nineteenth century? How often did he go to church? Were there cliques in the Clyde High School, and to what extent did the cliques mingle?

As time went on the team began dividing into groups and cliques, arguing about charts and graphs and methods of cataloguing.

It was after eleven when Charles left, but it was a beautiful night and he did not want to go home at once. Nearly all of Clyde was sound asleep. There was a faint smell of lilacs in the air, although the lilacs were not in bloom. When he walked up Dock Street and turned left to Johnson Street there was no sound except his own footsteps on the brick sidewalk. Johnson Street was sleeping in the starlight. The trees made black patches on the Lovells' lawn which hardly could be called shadows, but the fence and the house itself looked very white as he stood there for a minute looking at them. The night light was burning in his Aunt Jane's room on Gow Street. He had never felt the unity of Clyde as he felt it then. It all belonged to him that night, because he was in love with Jessica Lovell.

CHARLES had often heard his father speak at length on the old days of downtown Boston. Those were the days, he used to say, when Boston's alleys all led to dignified bars and secluded restaurants which served the best food in the world. In those days, Boston had respect for the male, particularly in the State Street district, and Boston was a comfortable, civilized town.

John Gray repeated all this to Charles on that Tuesday morning in 1928, but Charles was too concerned with the future to bother with the past.

"Did you say this place is on Congress Street?" Charles asked.

"Yes, Congress Street, and on a third floor. Old E. P., the father of the present Mr. Rush, said an upstairs office stopped the riffraff from dropping in."

"Don't you think, if you're going to introduce me to Mr. Rush, you'd better tell me a little more about him?"

"I'm not introducing you to E. P. Rush. E. P. Rush is dead and perhaps it's just as well because I'm afraid he didn't approve of me. It's his son whom I met during my brief sojourn at Harvard University. We played poker and did other things together."

"I know, you've told me that. But you haven't told me what he's like."

"IT doesn't matter," John Gray said, "because he'll probably make a different impression on you from any he has made on me. I wonder how the market's opening."

E. P. Rush & Co. occupied half of the third floor of a building on Congress Street. It was a curiously planned office which seemed to have grown like a living organism, producing small clusters of desks and typewriters, throwing out new railed enclosures and rearing new counters and pieces of grillwork and acquiring, as an afterthought, a few leather armchairs grouped in front of a board on which were listed in abbreviations some but not all of the stocks on the New York exchange. Two tickers near the board stamped quotations upon reels of tape which poured into tall wicker baskets. The exchange had not opened yet so the tickers were almost silent. The bookkeepers were already at work and the young men in the bond department were reading prospectuses and making their morning telephone calls. Charles did not know then that the studied, dusty carelessness of E. P. Rush & Co. was an effect which was deliberately cultivated to create a sound atmosphere.

Adam and Eve had many advantages, but the principal one was that they escaped teething. —MARK TWAIN.

Behind this outer office was a railing guarding the ground-glass doors of the partners' rooms. A switchboard operator guarded the railing gate. John Gray, with Charles following, walked across the room and bowed to her and she said that Mr. Gray was quite a stranger lately.

"Yes," John Gray said, "lately, but my thoughts are often here, Miss Swift. Is Mr. Rush in yet?"

"Oh, yes," Miss Swift said. "I know he'll be glad to see you."

Mr. Rush sat at a shabby roll-top desk. The morning mail, opened and in a neat pile before him, was weighted down by an Indian hatchet head. In the corner behind him, like a leafless tree, stood a mahogany hatrack on which hung Mr. Rush's leghorn hat. The lenses of his horn-rimmed spectacles gave his light blue eyes a surprised look which did not fit with his mouth.

"Hello," he said. "Where did you drop from?"

"Don't let me interrupt your train of thought, Moulton," John Gray answered. "This is my son Charles."

"He looks the way you used to."

"But he isn't like me," John Gray said. "Charley wants to get on."

"What class were you in?" Mr. Rush asked Charles.

John Gray sighed and spoke before Charles could answer. "My sister Jane wanted him to go to Dartmouth. Don't hold it against him, Moulton."

"Does he want a job?"

"Why, Moulton," John Gray answered, "why do you think we're here?"

Mr. Rush pulled a thick gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. "It's five minutes after ten. Why don't you go out and see the opening, Johnny?" After John Gray had left, Mr. Rush looked at Charles for a moment. "Your father is a remarkable man."

"Yes, sir. I suppose he is."

Mr. Rush stood up. "Well, I suppose I'd better introduce you to Mr. Stoker. He runs our bond department."

They walked down the partners' row to Mr. Stoker's office. Mr. Stoker was younger, a man who looked like a football coach. In fact, Charles learned later that Lawrence Stoker had once been a line coach for Harvard.

"Lawrence," Mr. Rush said, "this is Charles Gray. He comes from Dartmouth,



Ambrosia. Cold [illegible] to eat—so [illegible] Just swirl luscious, tropic-fresh Baker's Coconut into a bowlful of [illegible] and grapes if you like. Other wonderful Ambrosia variations . . . combine Baker's Coconut with pineapple, peaches, or bananas.

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WANT HIM to kiss you at the dinner table on Valentine's Day? Bake him this romantic Sweetheart Cake—and drift it high with luscious, snowy Baker's Coconut!

For it's ten to one he *loves* coconut cake! Specially when the coconut's tender n'moist—*Baker's* Coconut!

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Cherry Coconut Pie. Drain 2 cups quick-frozen or canned red cherries, reserving juice. Dissolve 1 package Cherry Jell-O in 2 cups hot cherry juice and water. Chill 1½ cups Jell-O until slightly thickened. Then whip as directed on package. Fold in ¾ cup Baker's Coconut and turn into baked 9-inch pie shell. Chill until firm. Add cherries to remaining Jell-O. Chill until slightly thickened. Pour over whipped Jell-O and chill until almost firm. Sprinkle with ¾ cup coconut. Chill until firm.

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but I'd like you to find something for him to do."

It astonished Charles that Mr. Rush had not asked him a single question, but later when he knew the office better he approved of that method. Mr. Rush knew who he was and had passed on his personal appearance and this was about all that was necessary. As in Victorian England younger sons once rushed to join the church and the army, so in those days on America's Eastern seaboard they crowded into reputable investment houses. Not one in twenty of these young men ever developed a permanent value. It was not the policy of Rush & Co. to expend much time on their education. It was a matter of sink or swim, and there were always lots more waiting.

That was how he started with E. P. Rush & Co. He was entering the finest investment house in Boston, a firm whose backing meant that any issue in which it participated was as sound as a nut. It was like being in a club to be in Mr. Stoker's crowd. E. P. Rush & Co. was a gentlemen's firm, with gentlemen's ethics. There was money enough to build an office that would look like an Italian palace, but E. P. Rush did not want the type of customer who was attracted by upholstery.

When Charles returned to Clyde at six o'clock, his manner was already changing. He was in the old-line house of E. P. Rush & Co. and someday he would be a partner. The prospect was a long way off, but already its charm was working. If he had not been in E. P. Rush he would not have called up Jessica Lovell that evening after supper.

"Why, Charley," Jessica said over the telephone. "Of course I'm not doing anything. We'd love to see you."

It was eight o'clock, but it was still light, and all Johnson Street was bathed in a misty, mysterious afterglow that gave the Lovells' house a remote look, but his sense of never having been there before vanished when Jessica opened the front door herself. Her silk afternoon dress was a grayish-green color very much like the color of the new leaves in the fading light. She clasped his hand very tightly, and her own hand felt cold.

"I've been wondering where you've been," she said. "We're all in the wallpaper room."

He walked slowly in behind her and shook hands with Miss Lovell and Mr. Lovell.

"Let me see." Mr. Lovell was speaking. "I don't think I've set eyes on you, Charles, since the Players were finished. How is everything going at Wright-Sherwin?"

"I'm leaving there at the end of next week, sir."

"Oh," Mr. Lovell said. "I'm sorry. Was anything the matter?"

"No, nothing was the matter. I'm starting work in Boston at E. P. Rush & Co."

A change had come over Mr. Lovell. "Why, Charles," he said, "how did you ever get into E. P. Rush?"

"Father knows Mr. Rush."

Mr. Lovell still looked at Charles as though he had heard something incredible. "Why, that's splendid. Congratulations."

Charles wanted to look again at Jessica, but he restrained himself, and then Miss Lovell spoke quickly. "Charley, I'm awfully glad for you," she said. He always liked Miss Lovell after that.

"E. P. Rush & Co." Mr. Lovell was speaking again. "If you hear of anything interesting in the way of securities, Charles, be sure you let me know."

"Jessica," Miss Lovell said, "why don't you show Charles the tulips in the garden? It's still light enough."

"It's getting damp tonight," Mr. Lovell said. "Jessica's the only girl I have and I don't want her catching cold. Well, just walk around the garden, Jessica, and then come back."

When they were opening the door at the end of the hall, Charles could still hear Miss Lovell's voice.

"Laurence," he heard her say, "try not to be so ridiculous."

The tulips made a beautiful show in the beds on the lower terrace and above them on the second terrace the petunias were just ready to bloom. Though there was no strong scent of flowers, the air was filled with that strange repressed vigor of a New England spring.

"I can't stay out long," Jessica said. "You understand, don't you, dear? Father hates seeing me grow up. He always has." She sounded as though she were talking to an imaginary person, much as Charles in his thoughts had often spoken to her. "I wish I weren't the only thing he had."

The third terrace, a level, close-cropped lawn called the bowling green, was shut off from all the rest of the garden by a high, carefully clipped spruce hedge and she seemed uncertain that he was beside her until they were in that dusky green enclosure.

"Oh, darling," she whispered, "I've missed you so."

"I've missed you too. We've got to see each other, Jessica."

"Yes," she said, "we've got to. Everything's going to be all right, isn't it?"

"Of course. Everything's all right."

"Darling, wasn't Aunt Georgianna sweet?"

"Have you told her anything?"

"Not exactly. I've talked about you. I have to talk about you, dear, and there's no one else."

"Have you told your father anything?"

"Of course not. That's a silly question. Darling, you can see, can't you? It's got to come over him by degrees. We'd better be going back now."

"Yes," Charles said, "I suppose we had."

Charles never believed that his or Jessica's manner, aside from all appearances, might



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indicate the probability of what had happened in the garden, because they took great pains to walk into the room decorously, far apart and entirely unconcerned with each other.

"Hello," Mr. Lovell said. "So you're back."

"You were right," Jessica said, and she bent down and kissed his forehead. "It was very cold out there. You're always right."

"Patrick's doing pretty well with the garden," Mr. Lovell said. "None of the boxwood winterkilled."

"I suppose it's pretty far north for box, sir," Charles said, and Mr. Lovell gave him a searching look.

"Virginia's the place for box, Virginia and England. Were you ever in Virginia?"

"No, sir."

"You must go someday. Jessie"—Mr. Lovell smiled at her—"I've just been thinking you and I might go abroad again this summer."

"This summer?" Jessica repeated.

"I was just speaking of it to Aunt Georgianna. Why, don't you like the idea, Jessica?"

"I thought you wanted me to get used to Clyde. Now I'm getting used to it you want to go away."

"Now, Jessie"—Mr. Lovell laughed—"Clyde's always an easy place to come back to, and don't look so upset. We couldn't possibly leave till toward the end of June. I think it would do us a lot of good to get a change."

"But you were just saying yesterday——" Jessica began, and she stopped.

"When we get back, Charles may be a partner at E. P. Rush; but I'm afraid it's dull for you, Charles, our talking over plans," Mr. Lovell said.

It was clearly time to be leaving, but he did not want it to look as though he were hurrying away. "I hope you have a good trip, sir," he said.

"Don't go, Charles." Mr. Lovell smiled, but Charles knew when it was time to go. He said good night to Miss Lovell and shook Mr. Lovell's hand.

"Good night, Jessica," he said.

"Oh, Charley," she said, quite loudly, "don't forget tomorrow night." And she turned away from him before she dropped his hand. "Charles is going to take me to the movies tomorrow night."

He certainly had not asked her, but she said it so convincingly that he almost thought he had.

"Why," Mr. Lovell said, "that's very nice of Charles to take you," and his words rang with complete conviction. "Good night, Charles, and come in any time."

"Yes," Miss Lovell said, "any time. Good night."

He must have been thinking more of how he had behaved than of anything else in the first few minutes after he left. He hoped he had shown no surprise; he had never asked her to the motion pictures and perhaps everyone had known it. Nothing had been as wonderful as the moment when Jessica had said, "Don't forget tomorrow night," for she might as well have said that she cared for him no matter what anyone thought. She might as well have stood beside him and have said that she would see him any time she pleased and that no one could prevent it.

"You're always on time, aren't you?" Jessica said when he called for her the next evening. "Do I look all right for the movies?"

Naturally he told her that she did, though it was obvious that she would not have been wearing a semi-evening dress and a short, dark velvet cloak if she had gone often to the movies in Clyde.

"I suppose you know that everyone will see us there," he said.

She moved closer to him. "You don't mind, do you?"

Of course, he said, he did not mind who saw them.

"It's been a dreadful day," she said. "It isn't anything father says. It's the way he looks. But he's really trying to be sweet. It isn't you, you know, it's me. Do you know what he said at supper?"

"No. What did he say?"



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"He said to be sure to ask you in when you took me home. He didn't want me to catch cold walking around outside. Oh, darling." He heard her catch her breath. "It has to be all right. As long as he sees there's nothing he can do."

Two years before, the only motion-picture house at Clyde had been called the Acme Theater. The Acme Theater was called the Savoy now and was equipped with new soft seats and Romanesque decorations and an electrically lit marquee which cast a harsh halo of bright light on the sidewalk. Lon Chaney in Laugh, Clown, Laugh was on that night. Though it was the Savoy and not the Acme, and though its lights were brighter, the whole scene reminded Charles of high-school days when he used to take Doris Wormser to the same late show. There were different faces but the same crowds of adolescent boys and girls, who must have been in grammar school when Charles had taken Doris there. There were all sorts of familiar faces too. First he saw Earl Wilkins, who had been tackle when he had been left end on the high-school team, and Earl was with Lizzie Jenkins, one of the Wright-Sherwin girls.

"Hi, Earl," he said.

"Hi, Charley." Earl looked at him as if he had not seen him for a long while.

Then he saw Doris Wormser with Willie Woodbury, who was working in the Clyde Grain and Implement Company. Both he and Doris must have looked startled, but they called out to each other, and then he saw Melville Meader and Jackie Mason and Priscilla Meader.

"There's Jackie Mason," Jessica said.

He did not want it to seem unusual for him to be there with Jessica Lovell. He told himself that it was only his imagination that made him feel that everyone was staring at them It was a relief when he was in the dark theater, holding Jessica's hand, until he saw that Priscilla Meader was beside him and then he dropped her hand hastily.

> **A woman unsatisfied must have luxuries. But a woman who loves a man would sleep on a board.** —D. H. LAWRENCE.

"I thought you never went to the movies any more, Charley," Priscilla said.

"I don't often," Charles answered. "You know Jessica Lovell, don't you, Priscilla?" It would have been much better if he had not asked, since it indicated that perhaps Priscilla did not know her.

Priscilla nodded. "Oh, yes," she said, and there was no need for Jessica's having been quite so cordial.

"I haven't seen you for a long while," Jessica said.

"It was when the gardens were open, wasn't it?" Priscilla said. "I don't see how you ever got Charley to the movies."

"I had to ask him. He wouldn't have thought of it," Jessica said.

Tomorrow everyone would know that he had taken her to the movies and that she had asked him.

"How about going to Walters' after the show?" Charles asked. "How about it, Jack?"

Everyone always went around to Walters' for ice cream after the pictures, but Jessica looked incongruous there in her velvet cape. They had divided decorously, like changing partners at a dance, so Charles looked across one of the little booths at Jessica sitting beside Jackie Mason. They were all speaking above the giggles and whistles of the high-school crowd.

"This place is dreadfully crowded, isn't it?" Priscilla said. "But at the same time, I can't count how often I've been here. Can you, Charley? Do you remember Saturday nights at high school?" She beamed across the table. "You ought to have been with our crowd at high school, Jessica. We used to have more fun."

Jessica said, "I wish I had gone to high school."

Priscilla said, "We had more fun in high school. We all paired off. There was Jackie and you know who——"

"There's Earl Wilkins over there now," Charles said.

"Oh, Earl," Priscilla said. "Just because Earl used to take me to the movies. . . . What about you and Doris Wormser, Charley?"

Charles laughed. He had almost forgotten Jessica. He was back with the old crowd again. "What about you and Wilkins in the physics laboratory?" he said, and then he remembered Jessica. "You ought to have been in high school, Jessica. If you'd been there, I wouldn't have worried about Doris Wormser."

"He never did worry about her much, and I ought to know," Jackie Mason said.

"You don't want to believe him," Priscilla said. "Jackie's always sticking up for Charley. I'm just being funny. I never meant it was anything serious at all. Why, Charley and I played post office. Do you want a letter, Charley?"

Charles wondered what it would have been like if Jessica had been there, playing tag in the Meaders' back yard. He felt almost sorry for her because he knew she had missed a lot.

"I wish Priscilla hadn't talked so much," Jackie murmured, after they had paid the check at the cigar counter. "I'm afraid she gave a wrong impression." Jackie always worried about impressions.

Priscilla and Jessica were waiting for them on the sidewalk.

"There's nobody like Charley," he heard Priscilla saying. "I've always been crazy about Charley, Jessica."

When he and Jessica were walking up Dock Street, he remembered thinking that he must not apologize for any of it—that she was the one who had asked to go.

"Priscilla Meader," she said, and obviously she had no previous recollection of Priscilla Meader at all. "Is her father the one who has the real-estate and insurance office?"

"Yes. That's the one," he told her.

Then they were silent again.

"I wish I'd been to high school," she said. "I wouldn't feel so far away and I wouldn't have worn this damn dress."

Charles at this time did not understand that there was a purpose behind many social gestures. As long as Mr. Lovell had especially asked that Jessica invite him in afterward, Charles believed that Mr. Lovell might end by liking him after all. As early as a year later, however, Charles was able to appreciate Mr. Lovell's motives.

It happened that Mr. Rush had called Charles into his office to explain some details concerning the bond issue of the King Wassoit Textile Company to a trustee named Mr Garvin, but when Charles entered they were talking about their children and especially about Mr. Rush's daughter Ruth, whom Charles had never met but whose picture in riding clothes stood on Mr. Rush's desk.

"She met him somewhere," Mr. Rush was saying. "I never saw him until she brought him out to Brookline for Sunday dinner. God knows where girls pick up men nowadays."

"It's a phase that girls go through," Mr. Garvin said. "Just don't let her see you don't like him, Moulton. That's the worst mistake you can make."

"Yes," Mr. Rush answered, "that's what Alice and everyone keep saying."

Charles never knew what happened to that boy of whom Ruth Rush had been fond, but he understood why Mr. Lovell had told Jessica to be sure to bring him home that night and why Mr. Lovell had asked him to drop in sometimes in the evening, in those few short weeks before he took Jessica abroad.

Everything had seemed possible that evening. He no longer worried about the creases in his trousers when he sat beside Jessica on the sofa. The Chinese junks and the pagodas on the wall and the studied elegance of that English furniture had a homelike, welcoming quality, as though it were natural and proper for him to be there with Jessica.

They talked for a while about those arid days when they had hardly known each

(Continued on Page 166)

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(Continued from Page 164)

other. He must have laid his whole life, such as it was, before Jessica Lovell in a magnificent, prodigal gesture, and Jessica did the same. There was nothing more lonely than being an only child, Jessica said, particularly in a place like Clyde. Her father had often said that he would have sent her to school in Clyde, at least for a year or two, if she had been a boy. He often said that he was disturbed at how the school system had changed. It was run now by politicians, and so many foreigners had entered Clyde that there was not the background of good Yankee stock in the schools that he had known. He had never wanted Jessica to learn the habits of some girls, particularly foreign girls, at grammar school.

It was not that he was snobbish in the least. If her mother had lived, instead of dying so suddenly when she was six, her father might not have wanted her to be so perfect. As it was, there had been a governess for her until she went to school in Boston and she never belonged anywhere at all. Her father always brought her home for week ends because he never wanted to be away from her too long. He had always given up so much for her. It was the same way at Westover and Smith. He was always at Northampton for week ends and they were always together at vacation time.

"I sound like Emily Dickinson," she said.

She did not mean that she had not seen other men, but there had always been something, something. It was just as though she had been asleep, or almost asleep, until that day she saw Charles at the firemen's muster.

"I don't know why it happened then," she said. "I don't see why you liked me."

"I guess it was your red hat and your hair," he told her.

They were sitting together on the sofa so close that her hair brushed his cheek. Then she drew away from him because Mr. Lovell was calling from the top of the stairs.

"Oh, Jessie."

At least they did not spring guiltily apart; her hand was still on his shoulder when she answered. "Yes, father."

"Is Charles there?"

"Yes, father."

"You'll excuse me for not coming down, won't you, Charles?" Mr. Lovell called. "What was the name of the picture you went to see?"

"It was Laugh, Clown, Laugh," Charles called back.

"Well, Jessie," Mr. Lovell said, "when Charles goes, don't forget to put out the lights."

Uncle Gerald Marchby had said as recently as the beginning of May that there was no reason to be concerned about Aunt Jane. Doctor Marchby had been practicing medicine in Clyde for years, as his father had before him, and Doctor Marchby had seen a lot of people live and die. There was no reason for Charles to feel that his uncle was wrong when he said that the Gray heart was only a cardiac condition common in older people and not serious in itself. Charles, as a layman, could see that his Aunt Jane was not so well as she had been six months ago. Still, Gerald Marchby said not to worry, that Jane was in fair physical condition.

Yet, in spite of reassurance, when Charles called on her the Sunday before he started to work at E. P. Rush & Co., he was disturbed by the thinness of her hands and by her general frailty.

"Charley," she said, as soon as he had kissed her, "are you going to remember those letters in the right-hand drawer of the desk, or had I better burn them now?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Prairie Born

By Viola Perry Wanger

Some folks like gray days,
Some the rain's beat;
I like bright days when winds
Run across wheat.

Some like the blue sea's surge,
Some the mountain pass;
I love the lift and fall
Of prairie grass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

She had often brought up the subject o letters lately, and once he had asked her wha was in them and she had told him they wer just old letters. She wanted them burned be cause she did not want parts of herself drift ing around after she was gone. She wanted t go, when she was gone, and not have the fam ily prying into everything.

"Why, no, Aunt Jane," he said, " wouldn't burn them now," and then she be gan again about the silver.

"I wish I could get the silver settled onc and for all," Aunt Jane said. "I can't eve seem to get it settled because everythin keeps changing."

"Why don't you just leave it? Everythin can't be exactly right."

"I don't know why everything shouldn' be. Everything used to be. Charley, tell m once and for all, is Dorothea going to marr that Elbridge Sterne or isn't she?"

"I guess she is, but you know Dorothea she never talks."

She sighed and put down the silver list She was sitting very straight in her stiff backed chair with her head half turne toward him. "Are you attentive to Jessic Lovell or aren't you?" The word "attentive as she spoke it had delicate, half archa sound.

"Yes," he said, " suppose I'm attentive.

"Well, I'm glad th someone tells me som thing, Charles."

"Yes."

"It isn't anything t be excited about. I'm not excited at all. I hop she is a nice girl, bu there's no reason to b excited, Charles." An she picked up the silve list from the table.

"Aunt Jane," Charle said, "don't bothe about the silver."

"I'm not botherin about anything. I wis you'd go to the kitche and call Mary. Sh never brings my medicine on time. And the you can read to me if you want to."

"All right," Charles said. "What do yo want me to read?"

"Why, anything, as long as it's reading.

She might have asked so many questior but that was all she ever said and somehow gave him a warm and pleasant feeling. Sh said it again before he left:

"You might have told me without my as ing, but I'm not excited at all."

What was it that he saw and thought i those last years of the twenties? He mu have been oblivious of nearly everything ou side himself, and Clyde had become a bac ground which he had no time to examin It was just as well that Jessica was abroa If she had been in Clyde that summer, h could never have concentrated so fully o E. P. Rush & Co.—and what he learned the was still valuable.

On his way home in the train Charles ofte reread Jessica's letters. She was in Londo darling, and she wished he were there i large, scrawling strokes. She was in Pari darling, and she had bought an old book fo him and she wished that he were there. Sh was in the châteaux country, darling, and i Rome, darling. She could not wait to ge home, but they were staying a little longe They were coming back in September—no, i October. Truthfully, there was not muc time to remember Jessica, but she was sa around the corner. There was so much el without Jessica that he sometimes wondere how things would have turned out if she ha come home later than she did.

His Aunt Jane died suddenly in her slee that summer. The Crawford Mill, where h father had worked so long, folded up, an John Gray was going into Boston every da when October came around. The house ha been painted and equipped with electri

(Continued on Page 168)

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"I don't like to talk to you this way," Charles said, and his father nodded.

"I know you don't," he said, "and, frankly, Charley, of course I'm going to do it. I wouldn't be able to help myself."

"You know it's everybody's business," Charles began. "I don't care about myself, but what about mother and Dorothea?"

He saw his father's face flush and then he saw him fold his hands. "Well, go ahead and tell me why I shouldn't. Do the best you can."

Charles could only say what anyone would have said. The market was like a wild river, that year, breaking through all the dams of prudence and common sense. It was time to invest in sound bonds, preferably Governments. There was bound to be a break. It was only a question of when.

"You put it very clearly, Charley," John Gray said. "Do you know what I begin to think? You may be a good investment man someday. You're dead right, but it's all a matter of self-restraint. I know when to stop—but you don't believe that, do you?"

Charles did not answer. There was no use saying aloud that he did not believe it.

"Let's leave it this way. You can watch me, and I'll be careful, Charley. How are you going to get anywhere if you never take a chance? What is life but a chance, Charley? After all, what is seventy-five thousand dollars? Do you expect me to live on the income, at four per cent?" John Gray shrugged his shoulders. He opened his hands and closed them. Did he really want his mother to live on three thousand dollars a year? And what was it Samuel Johnson said? "A man who both spends and saves money is the happiest man, because he has both enjoyments." That was what he was going to do, both spend and save. As soon as he made a profit—and any fool could make a profit in this bull market—he would put the original sum in a bank, he swore he would, and he would go on with the rest.

"When is Jessica coming back; in October? All right, we'll have a big car by October. Don't look as though I were hurting you, Charley. I'm going to spend and save and it's perfectly possible."

There was no use in being angry, there was no use in being hurt.

"Come to think of it," John Gray said, "I might as well go up to Boston tomorrow; and, Charley, I wonder whether you would do something for me now—that is, if you don't mind? Would you mind going downtown and seeing if the New York Times has come in yet, and would you please stop at Southern's and buy me a small account book? I'm the one who's going to do the worrying."

Charles must have known that morning that his aunt's legacy was as good as gone. He must have already acquired a capacity for balancing and cutting losses. There was no use in going to anyone for advice. It was pointless to tell his mother and Dorothea what he knew.

He walked out the front door and stared for a long while at Spruce Street. While he stood there at the front-yard gate, he conceived a fear and contempt for certain aspects of finance, but it was a respectful contempt. He was afraid of it and he never lost that fear, and it was not a bad attitude, either, if you had to deal with investments—caution and contempt held together by respect. He was thinking of his mother and Dorothea. He was trying, for the first time in his life, to cut a loss. He was thinking of the five thousand dollars his aunt had left him, an immense sum in one way and so insignificant in another, and someone had to do something. At least he was sure that he knew when to stop.

That was his only reason for playing the stock market that next year, a desperate and feeble reason. Circumstances forced him and he did it without satisfaction, as though he were engaged in a secret vice. It was interesting, sometimes, to imagine what would have happened to his mother and indirectly to Dorothea if he had not, or if he had not known when to stop, but it was hardly worth the time. Nothing could have changed what happened, though he did not know it then.

(To be Continued)

BETTER BETTER BETTER RICE



"Uncle Ben's" and "*Converted*" are trade-marks of Converted Rice, Inc.

New Uncle Ben's Rice Recipe

Uncle Ben's Spanish Rice

1 cup diced onions
3 tablespoons fat or bacon drippings
1¾ teaspoons salt
½ cup diced green pepper
2 cups cooked tomatoes
1 bay leaf
2 teaspoons sugar
3 cups hot cooked Uncle Ben's Rice
5 slices diced cooked bacon

Cook onions in fat 3 minutes, but do not brown. Add salt, green pepper, tomatoes, bay leaf and sugar; simmer 15 minutes. Remove bay leaf; add rice and diced bacon; cook 10 minutes. Serves 6.

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"Having tough sledding, Mom?"



BABY: Why the chilly looks, Mom? Folks will think you're not *enjoying* your chance to lead a baby's life for a day!

MOM: Folks will be *right!* After crawling around all morning, and now wriggling and twisting in this sleigh, my skin's so uncomfortable I could *shriek!*

BABY: Tut, tut, Mom! You don't like shrieking when *I'm* doing it. But maybe now you'll get the drift: *I* need Johnson's Baby Powder and Johnson's Baby Oil!

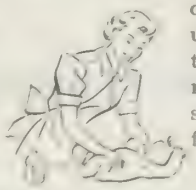
MOM: My little snowflake, *something* soothing is called for! But why *both?*

BABY: Babies *need* both, Mom. Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil after my bath, to help keep me smooth and satiny. More of it at diaper changes, to help chase what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

As for Johnson's Baby Powder—well, winter woolies *can* give a baby little chafes and prickles. Plenty of cool, soothing sprinkles, please!

MOM: Honey, I've really let things slide, haven't I?

BABY: You didn't know, Mom. You didn't mean to slip up. But let's go get the Johnson's right now—and life will be smoother sledding from now on!





MARGARET DU PIE



Children of three years and over will benefit most from a new, inexpensive, painless treatment which can reduce dental decay by 40 per cent.

Let's End Dental Crippling

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

ONE of my dentist friends has aptly called us "a nation of dental cripples." For public-health records show that ninety-eight out of one hundred Americans suffer some form of tooth decay. When decay (doctors and dentists call it "dental caries") rots away healthy tooth structures, infection is sure to follow sooner or later.

Moreover, from what we see in our offices and in schools, hospitals and clinics, we can estimate roughly that only about one person in four gets anything like adequate dental care, including some regular effort to keep teeth healthy and free of cavities. The other three see the dentist only in emergencies, when disease or decay has carried its destruction to the point of painful toothache.

Most adults suffering from neglected teeth have only their own carelessness, or sometimes lack of knowledge, to blame. When children have troublesome cavities, however, it is the parents' fault. I have seen many four- and five-year-olds with infected teeth that could easily have caused lymph-gland and kidney infections or other illnesses, possibly even affecting the heart. The mothers of some of these children have told me the reason they didn't do anything about it was that these baby teeth would come out pretty soon anyway—"So why bother?"

This is a common misunderstanding and a dangerous one. The fact is that decay in the first or deciduous teeth is harmful for exactly the same reasons that it is in the later, permanent teeth: It invites infection that may spread to adjacent tissues in the mouth, and to other parts of the body. Moreover, premature loss of the first teeth because of caries will mean that they cannot perform the important function of preparing the way for the permanent teeth. Decayed baby teeth keep the child from chewing his food properly; in addition to possible nutritional loss, this may mean that the whole jaw structure will not develop as it should, with consequent poor alignment of the permanent teeth.

The chief cause of dental decay is an acid that is released by bacteria present in the mouth. Their activity is apparently stimulated by the sugar in foods, this is why excessive amounts of candy or other sweets in the child's diet may in time lead to tooth decay.

Until quite recently, the only things parents could do to combat these dental problems were to see that the child had a well-balanced diet (milk, lean meat, fresh fruits and vegetables to build strong teeth; limited sweets to guard against decay), and to make regular trips—twice a year—to the dentist to make certain cavities were found early and repaired promptly. Now another weapon is available that helps to keep dental caries from occurring.

The new weapon is sodium fluoride, a chemical compound. Its relationship to tooth decay was discovered accidentally a few years ago when public-health doctors noticed a peculiar, gray mottling on the teeth of residents of certain areas in the Southwest part of the country. Investigation showed that residents of these same

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

areas were comparatively free of dental decay. Eventually, both circumstances were traced to sodium fluoride in the water supplying the area.

Large-scale experiments carried on during the next year or so demonstrated that if the amount of sodium fluoride in the water was reduced to just the right proportion, the mottling could be eliminated and the protection against dental caries retained.

Some towns now are adding sodium fluoride to their water as a public-health measure. If the resulting improvement in dental health lives up to expectations, this method will be adopted elsewhere, and eventually sodium-fluoride-in-water may become a routine community health safeguard. When that time comes, we may expect a substantial reduction in the $750,000,000 a year the nation pays for dental treatment today. Until then, parents who want to take advantage of this marvelous new way to insure better teeth should ask the dentist about individual treatment with sodium fluoride.

This method, which dentists are prepared to offer today, has reduced tooth decay 40 per cent in children receiving the treatment. In one interesting experiment, doctors treated all the teeth in the left side of the mouth in one large group of children, and left the teeth on the right side untreated. When the children were examined after several months, about 40 per cent fewer teeth were attacked by caries on the treated side than on the untreated side. No wonder the American Dental Association has referred to the sodium-fluoride treatment as one of the greatest discoveries of modern dentistry!

Mothers who have read or heard about sodium fluoride and what it can do for their children's teeth have asked me many questions about the treatment. Does it hurt? How long will it take? Is it expensive? How old should the child be? Would you recommend that I have my child treated right away?

Possibly the best answer I can give to the last question is this: I am now urging that every one of my own ten grandchildren who is over three years old have the sodium-fluoride treatment. (As a matter of fact, I am recommending it for the adult members of my family, too, and have had it myself.)

The procedure is simple. The teeth are first cleaned thoroughly by the dentist, who next inserts rubber or cotton packs into the mouth to keep moisture away from the teeth. Then he "paints" the teeth with a dilute solution of sodium fluoride and allows it to dry for about fifteen minutes. That's all there is to it. Simple, isn't it?

For best results, it is suggested that a series of four of these treatments should be given, about a week apart. It can be started when the child is three years old—or as soon as all the baby teeth have appeared. The second teeth should then be treated after most of them have erupted, at seven or eight; the series may be repeated again at ten or eleven and, later, at thirteen or fourteen, when all but the wisdom teeth have appeared.

The treatments are inexpensive, costing only what the dentist may charge for the small amount of his time that is required, plus a few cents for the fluoride itself. Contrasted with the hundreds of dollars most families eventually spend having teeth repaired or straightened because they were neglected or decayed, or both, the cost of the sodium-fluoride treatment is negligible.

By all means, have your children's teeth treated (and your own) at the first opportunity. Then talk the subject over with the interested groups in your community—parent-teachers, school and health officers, doctors and dentists. If we all do this, it won't be long before our reputation as "a nation of dental cripples" will be a thing of the past.

THE END

Friendship ought not to be unripped, but unstitched. —CATO.



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STEP 1—USE PIE CRUST MIX . . . or your favorite pastry recipe. Roll out dough. With a small biscuit cutter, the size of the bottom of your muffin pans, cut circles. Use 5 circles for each tart—one for the bottom, four for the "petals". Arrange in the muffin pans, prick with a fork and bake about twelve minutes at 450°. Cool.

STEP 2—USE PUDDING MIX FOR FILLING . . . quick-made vanilla or butterscotch pudding. Cool. Half fill the tarts.

STEP 3—USE THE DE LUXE FRUIT COCKTAIL. From a can of *Libby's* Fruit Cocktail drain off the rich syrup (to be used later in gelatin). Arrange the jewel-like fruits on each tart. They're truly *elegant*, cut from the same quality of whole, hand-picked fruits Libby packs individually. See them sparkle! You'll serve luscious Libby's Fruit Cocktail often in combinations and "as is". It's perfect—whether you use it for first course or jiffy-quick dessert.

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IN ALL CANNED FOODS LOOK TO Libby's FOR PERFECTION

Quick and Easys for Two

By LOUELLA GUNSHOUER

BARRING the birthdays of famous people and that special event on the fourteenth, February has its share of anonymous days—the usual Mondays and Tuesdays when you're neither dining out nor having company. You enjoy these week-night dinners alone. You're just a cub chef, but doing very well, thank you. You can't spend much money on groceries or time and skill in translating them into something good to set before your king. Meals with limited additions are what you need most, and you're most welcome to these little dinners for busy nights.

Shelf Analysis

Scalloped Shad Roe
Green Beans
Bing-Cherry-and-Pineapple Salad
Melba Toast
Coffee

How many meals do you keep on the shelf? At least one at a time, I hope. You don't need to buy out the grocery store to have a good-provider cupboard. Shop for combinations that go together, and keep them together to remind you of their meal possibilities. Replenish with new combinations on your next shopping trip. I do this myself and find it fun to cook off the shelf.

SCALLOPED SHAD ROE

Open 1 can shad roe. Drain. Cut into cubes. Thin 1 can condensed mushroom soup to sauce consistency with ¼ cup milk. Heat and add shad roe, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Season with salt and pepper and mix gently so as not to break up the roe. Pour into ramekins or a shallow glass casserole. Sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs. Bake in hot oven, 425° F., 10–15 minutes.

BING-CHERRY-AND-PINEAPPLE SALAD

Drain enough canned pitted bing cherries and canned pineapple slices for 2 salads. Arrange on bed of greens. Serve with French dressing and blue cheese.

What's Your Amateur Rating?

Liver Italienne
Noodles Florentine
Cucumber and Carrot Sticks
Hot Rolls **Strawberry Rhubarb**
Coffee

There are certain rules to learn about cooking, of course, but the priceless ingredient in any good dish is imagination. Once you have the performance of a basic recipe well in hand, experiment and make your own substitutions. Knowing how to fry liver so it stays juicy and tender, as well as how to make a rhubarb sauce so that the rhubarb stays in nice whole pieces, is important, but giving the two flavor changes will be your contribution to good cooking.

STRAWBERRY RHUBARB

Put one 12-ounce package frozen rhubarb or 2 cups diced fresh rhubarb in the top of double boiler. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup strawberry jam, ⅓ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons water. Cover and cook over hot water until rhubarb is tender. Stir only enough to blend after rhubarb is thawed (if you use frozen rhubarb). Cool in refrigerator while you prepare rest of dinner

LIVER ITALIENNE

Marinate slices of beef or calf's liver (½–¾ pound—as much as you usually buy for 2) in wine vinegar for flavor. Let stand about 20 minutes. This can marinate while you fix the noodles. Lift liver out of vinegar and dip in flour. Put 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil in skillet with 1 clove garlic, peeled. When fat is sputtery hot, remove garlic and put in liver. Season with salt and pepper. Turn down heat and brown liver on both sides just until done through. Too high heat and too long cooking will toughen liver.

NOODLES FLORENTINE

Cook half an 8-ounce package medium-wide noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Also cook 1 pound fresh or 1 package frozen spinach. Drain and chop. Or still quicker, use canned spinach, heated, drained and chopped. Mix with the noodles. Season with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, salt, pepper and a little nutmeg to taste. Serve with buttered bread crumbs sprinkled over the top.

A Man's Choice

Pork Tenderloins with Mushrooms
Cauliflower or Broccoli
with Mustard Sauce
Celery Curls **Corn Muffins**
Fig Gingerbread—Applesauce
Coffee

A dinner without meat is no meal at all to some men. And usually they want potatoes with it; but if you're battling bulges in a tactful way, you'll not serve them unless requested, as the dessert has a starchy finish.

FIG GINGERBREAD

To ½ package gingerbread mix, add ½ the quantity of water called for on the package and ½ cup dried figs cut into small pieces. (To prepare the figs, pour boiling water over figs and let stand 5 minutes. Drain. Cut off stems and cut figs into pieces with the scissors.) Mix according to package directions. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full—bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 minutes. Makes ½ dozen.

SLICED PORK TENDERLOIN WITH MUSHROOMS

Fresh pork tenderloins have often been hard to get. Some butchers carried them—some didn't. Now they are being packed sliced and frozen in 1-pound packages—ready to use—and will be generally available. Since fresh pork tenderloins are all solid meat—no bone—½ pound is ample for 2 if your butcher slices them fresh for you; or it is easy to divide a 1-pound package of frozen tenderloin, as the slices are separated with paper. Thaw before cooking. Season tenderloins with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Brown on both sides in 2 tablespoons hot melted shortening or salad oil. Add 1 onion, chopped, and one 3-ounce can mushrooms—use liquid and all. Simmer until pork is tender. Since they are thinly sliced, they take only about 20 minutes to cook.

CAULIFLOWER OR BROCCOLI WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

To 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, add 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Thin with 1 teaspoon vinegar. Mix well and serve over freshly cooked cauliflower or broccoli. If you can buy a mustard salad or meat dressing, you can use this just as it is without adding mayonnaise or vinegar.

One for the Money

Rice-Cheese Puff
Peas Creole
Rye wafers—Coleslaw
Cinnamon Apricots
Coffee

If you feel that you've been a bit spendthrifty this past week and want to reform, here's a meal to start on.

RICE-CHEESE PUFF

Cook ¼ cup rice in 1 pint boiling water to which ½ teaspoon salt has been added. If you have a package of quick-cooking rice on the shelf, use ¼ package and ½ cup water. It saves the time of boiling the water and cooking rice in the usual way. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening in a saucepan. Add 2 tablespoons flour. Blend smooth. Add 1 cup milk. Cook until thickened—stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in ¼ cup grated Cheddar cheese, the rice, ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of paprika and a pinch of dry mustard. Mix well. Separate 2 eggs. Beat yolks until thick and whites until stiff—fold both into rice mixture. Pour into greased 1-quart shallow casserole. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 minutes or until puffed, brown and firm to touch. Cut in squares or pie-shaped pieces.

PEAS CREOLE

Open 1 small can peas. Drain liquid into saucepan. Simmer until liquid is reduced to half. Add peas, ¼ green pepper. Cut fine 1 small onion, minced, and add with 3 tablespoons canned tomato sauce or soup. Season with salt and pepper. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Cook just 2 minutes.

CINNAMON APRICOTS

Cook ¼ pound dried apricots in 2 cups water. Add 3 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ½ cinnamon stick and simmer until apricots are tender.

Quick Change

Lamb Chops
Potatoes with Sauce Soubise
Beets and Cress **Bread Sticks**
Green Salad
Sliced Oranges and
Bananas with Coconut Cream
Coffee

You usually plan your meals by the week. Not being particularly inspired at the time, you planned tonight to have lamb chops and boiled potatoes; to open a can of beets; make a salad and have bananas and cream for dessert. On the way home, you got to thinking the meal was certainly uninspired and you hadn't put forth much effort the night before. Flavor is the handmaiden of variety, and with a few adroit changes in just the right places, your dinner is no longer a plain Jane.

SAUCE SOUBISE

Chop 2 onions and cook gently in 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine until tender. Do not let them brown. Blend in 1 tablespoon flour. Add ¾ cup milk gradually and stir until thickened. Season with salt and pepper and a pinch of marjoram. Serve over freshly boiled and drained potatoes.

BEETS AND CRESS

Heat half of a No. 2 can small whole or sliced beets in some of the beet liquor. Drain. Add ½ cup chopped water cress, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix well before serving. The rest of the can of beets not used can be chopped and added to your salad bowl another night.

SLICED BANANAS AND ORANGES WITH COCONUT CREAM

Whip ½ cup heavy cream. Sweeten with 1 tablespoon sugar and flavor with ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Fold in ½ cup canned moist coconut and serve on sliced oranges and bananas; or you might slice the banana (1 is enough) and section 1 orange. Fold the coconut cream into the fruit.

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Left: All wool navy diagonal weave with white pique collar and closing trim. Sizes 7-10. Size shown, under $15.

Right: (Shown on Margaret O'Brien) All wool crash coat tweed. Has comes in a four pocket. Sizes 7-14, and mid-teen 10-14. Size shown, under $40.

Matching Little Women Hat, about $4.50

SARAH AND THE SEAPLANE

(Continued from Page 40)

What did he think of, in this pensive attitude? In the air he was indivisible from the miracle of flight, cleansed of everything but the clean essentials of flight, more arrogant and more at ease than a god because he was master of space and took it for granted. But on the ground he was genial and undiscriminating, casually self-sufficient, and his requirements, Sarah deduced, were at best represented by such words as "coffee," "billfold," "gas" and "sleep." It was difficult for her to accept him as he was, and not endow him with splendor.

He raised his head and saw her. "Hey, kid," he said, breaking into his unconscious smile, and his candid blue eyes received her without qualification. It was not difficult for him to accept her as she was, and she was grateful for his good-natured, platonic regard; it saved the conspiracy from her romanticism and obviated her shyness. He was, in fact, the first comrade she had ever had. He rose, flipping away his cigarette. "You okay?"

"Oh, yes! And you?"

"Well, me, I'm tired." He scowled, smiling at the same time. "Up late."

She remembered. There had been a dance at the club last night. So he had dates, went to dances, kissed pretty girls. She remembered Gwen-Ellyn, with the speculative look on her beautiful face, saying she thought the new flight instructor was "rather attractive"; it meant she would take him into her group. Sarah had not gone to the dance because she wanted to be alert for her lesson and because, as usual, she had been asked by John Pease Whitefield III.

"I'm sorry," she murmured, unconsciously bowing her head. "I wish I didn't have to make it so early."

"Listen, I don't mind." In the Navy he had been tired all the time. He bumped her chin with his closed, golden fist. "Long as I get paid for it. Best time of day anyway. Listen, bring your ma down sometime—might soften her up a little."

She broke into laughter; that anyone could speak so of Mrs. Gillis! "She might ask you to give me lessons."

"Listen, she might ask me to give *her* lessons. Well, come on, let's get on with the business." He opened the cabin door for her.

She climbed up, putting in the wrong foot as usual in an attempt to show as little as possible of her long brown legs. She fastened her safety belt while Henry settled beside her; and with the gladness of being back in the familiar cabin, the wonderful nervousness commenced.

"Okay," he said, "it's all yours."

She set the altimeter, glanced up at the stabilizer, and set the throttle. "On left," she murmured, cautiously turning on the switch, and working the prop around with the starter. She pulled and nothing happened. Henry sat waiting in watchful silence. She tried again and the motor caught raucously and settled into a rhythmic whispering. She moved the switch to Both, and, pleased with herself, turned to smile at him. He signed to continue. He was chary with his praise.

She waited for a speedboat to pass, and eased in the throttle. She brought the ship around to the east and they rode out into the glistening bay.

"Wind?" she queried.

"What do you think?" he responded.

She peered back at the flag, hanging furled over the village square. "There isn't any," she said.

He nodded. "Okay, if you say so."

"Well, maybe there is. I'm just a beginner."

"If you find any let me know."

"I don't see any."

He snorted. "Okay, take off, then."

"Shall I test the mags?"

"That might be a good idea."

But she turned and smiled at him; his sarcasm didn't frighten her because they were comrades, and here she was free of herself and happy. "By the way, what *are* mags?"

He looked at her hopelessly through his olive-green sunglasses. His face was not more than a foot from hers. "Remind me to tell you."

"Well, the mags are okay," she told him. "Shall we go?"

"Any time you're ready."

She located the speedboat again and, satisfied, drove in the throttle. The motor roared out and the seaplane crouched and strained forward, and Sarah exulted silently with the momentous impulse. She was aware of Henry sitting beside her, alert and observant, like a passenger, with his hands on his knees.

"It takes longer on smooth water," he said. "Don't fight her. Let her fly herself off." He raised one hand and tenderly eased his own

(Continued on Page 176)

JENNIFER



"But that's what I like about it, mommy—it hides my age!"



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THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND
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MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT
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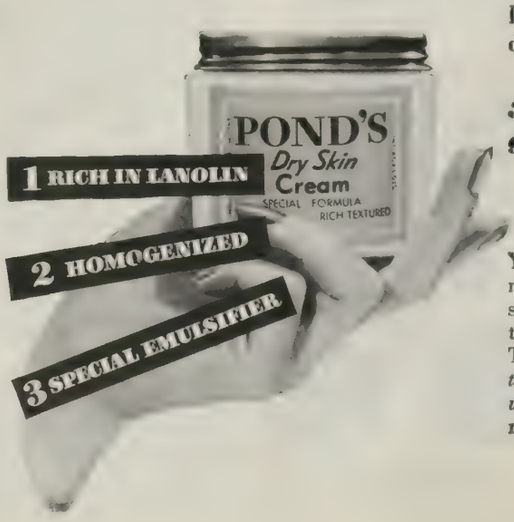
If you are over 25

Beware of Dry Skin

FROM ABOUT 25 ON many women find the natural oil that keeps skin soft and smooth, gradually decreases. Even before 40, a woman may lose *as much as 20%* of this skin oil.

Replacement help is right at your fingertips when you use Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This cream is *very* rich in *lanolin*—the oil that is most like your own skin oil. It is *homogenized*—to help it soak in better. And it has a *special emulsifier* for extra softening.

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Arrests Dry Skin 2 Ways

Lanolin-Softens by Night—after your regular bedtime cleansing, work plenty of rich-in-lanolin Pond's Dry Skin Cream over your face, and throat. Leave a few minutes—then wipe off lightly, so a soft film of cream is left to help your skin all night.

Feel how your dry skin seems to "drink up" this lanolin-rich cream. Feel how your skin softens. See how those tiny dry lines are smoothed so they don't show.

Lanolin-Protects by Day—for *extra* daytime softening, too, smooth on a very light touch of lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make-up. This soft, rich cream helps protect your skin against dryness all day. Keeps your skin soft and smooth looking.

3 Features give it Extra Softening

Get this truly remarkable dry skin corrector—today!

You'll find lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream never leaves your skin feeling sticky. Instead—it smooths on with a delicious *softening* feeling. Use this rich cream generously every day for a week. Then, look at your face *carefully*. See if this isn't *the finest help for correcting dry skin you've ever used*. Don't wait—get your jar of Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream *today*.

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"Stars of the Future"

Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow



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Still Less than 1¢ a Serving!



Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

QUAKER OATS

(Continued from Page 174)

wheel forward and at once the floats freed themselves, and he relaxed again.

She completed the field pattern and leveled off at 600 feet. She turned at last to the window. Now the august panorama, green and gold, the privileged revelation of fields and hills and mountains guarding incandescent water, the limitless and lovely world, expanded for them, the airborne. Sarah had come home again.

She clenched her fist and gently, wordlessly, pounded Henry's knee. He took her hand and gently replaced it on the throttle.

"You forgot something." He pulled up the water rudder. "Okay, you're sorry, but remember it next time. Let's go upstairs; we're going to do some stalls." After a moment he said quietly, "It *is* beautiful, isn't it?"

Mrs. Gillis was already seated in the dining room. It had no windows. It was paneled in black oak, with stained-glass panes extending along the top of one wall and beneath them a black Moorish lattice through which filtered the light of the sun porch. There was a white brick fireplace that had evidently been used, once.

Mrs. Gillis, wearing a white dress, loomed large and pear-shaped at the end of the Elizabethan refectory. "Good morning, Sarah," she said in her husky voice, pronouncing it Say-ra. "You were up early."

Intuitively Sarah recognized in her voice the expectation of an apology. "I'm sorry, mother." *For what?* the rebel in her demanded. *Oh, well*, she told it, *anything to keep peace.* She went to Mrs. Gillis and kissed the pendulous, gray and surprisingly soft cheek which was held at an angle for this obligation. Trembling still with tension, she seated herself, and Bridget brought her grapefruit and a finger bowl with a flower floating in it. Then Sarah noticed the extra place. "Oh, who's here?"

If Mrs. Gillis had done no more than bridle, Sarah would have guessed. "Doctor Frienze. Late for breakfast, naughty man." She said archly, as though it were a compliment to herself. "He has come for a week." She turned to Sarah, closing her eyes as she did so, and demanded, "Why didn't you hear him arrive last night?"

ANOTHER apology: "I went to bed early." In her dislocated state of excitement and secrecy, happiness and restraint, she was indifferent to the arrival of Doctor Frienze. He was some sort of distant cousin or nephew twice removed; all Mrs. Gillis' favorites were "connections." Even Sarah was related to her distantly. It seemed to Sarah sometimes that all Boston society consisted of the hinterland relationships of cousins, nieces and nephews. Doctor Frienze, with the double handicap of being both a foreigner and a scientist, invited before the war to Princeton, would never have made the grade if it had not been for his aunt's sister-in-law.

"I shall require you," Mrs. Gillis stated hoarsely, with her eyes closed, "to drive me to the village after breakfast. We will stop and leave flowers at the hospital. We will then drive to the club, where the Garden Club is meeting at eleven. We will lunch there, and after my rest we will take Doctor Frienze with us to tea at Mrs. Whitefield's. We will dine at home, and I am having a few couples in for bridge and so shan't need you."

"Yes, mother." And the rebel made her add, "And thank you, mother."

At once the bright gray eyes snapped open, the gray face assumed its terrible rigidity, the jawbones set and slightly protruding. "Are you being impertinent?"

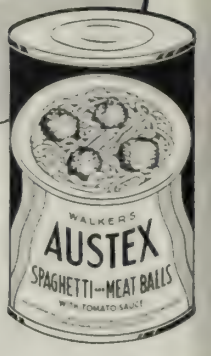
In the awful muffled voice Sarah heard herself mumble, "No, mother," and her heart thudded heavily. The sick pressure began its upward rise, and the rebel was reduced once more as it had been reduced for nineteen years.

Mrs. Gillis made a sound of satisfaction and then assumed a powerful silence, directed at Sarah, which except for exigencies would continue throughout the day, a monumental sulk that was at the same time a punishment.

And only Sarah knew how terrible a punishment it was. *Oh, Henry*, she cried, ashamed

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of her humility, despising her ignominy; *oh, my beautiful sun and sky.*

Her mother's voice was as caressing as silk: "*Good* morning, Doctor Frienze!"

"Madame!" Doctor Frienze went at once to Mrs. Gillis and kissed her hand with passionate, automatic tenderness. "Forgive me for being late," he implored. He glared at her. "But you shouldn't have left that book by my bed," he told her. "I sat up all night reading it!"

He was a slender, broad-shouldered man of about forty, with a thin, fine face burdened by European tortoise-shell glasses. In winter his skin was creamy white under his black hair; in summer, the color of waxed pine. He moved impetuously as though he were bad-tempered, but actually he had the simplicity of disposition which accompanies cosmic knowledge. He had been commensurately honored for his work so that now his name was familiar to growing American boys.

"I am a sucker," he told Mrs. Gillis, "for mysteries."

Mrs. Gillis made a sound of arch deprecation, for she did not permit slang and Doctor Frienze used it in her presence at every opportunity.

He strode abruptly around the table to Sarah, but she caught his hand and shook it, and he laughed, "Okay, have it your way."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Low Comedy

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

I might maintain some dignity
If love, in taking leave of me,
Should try to knife me in the side,
Or dose my tea with cyanide,
Or strangle me up some dark alley
To show we'd reached the grand finale.
Such gestures speak of high romance
And tragedy. But what's my chance
Of keeping pride and poise intact
When love concludes our little act
By taking aim and letting fly
A well-directed custard pie?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

And he shook her hand some more for good measure, enjoying it, while his great, black, ingenuous eyes smiled at her, and Mrs. Gillis made sounds suggesting they leave off.

He rushed about to his place. "It beats me," he said, and his grapefruit could just as well have been boiled turnips, "why the detective never looks for a plain old robber who wandered in to steal something. Good grief, no; what are interesting house guests for?" He gabbled on enthusiastically, and Sarah sat gazing into his face. She gazed so long and so blankly that she was not aware when his eyes rested on hers.

Mrs. Gillis managed to interrupt. "I must leave you, dear boy. Pray do exactly as you please, and ask for whatever you like." She closed her lids briefly and said to Sarah, "I shall be ready in ten minutes." She took her departure while they stood respectfully beside their chairs.

"Do sit down again," Doctor Frienze begged, and absent-mindedly Sarah obeyed. He smiled across the table at her. "At six-thirty this morning," he said, "I was awakened by an antique car leaving the drive. Ah," he cried, pushing back his chair, "forgive me, I didn't mean to intrude, I am very sorry ——"

She clasped her hands and leaned forward. "Please ——"

"No. I will tell no one." He regarded her gravely, and all at once, from his sobered voice and expression—a quietness of manner never disclosed in the presence of Mrs. Gillis—Sarah derived the curious sense of being as much an adult as he was. "Is there anyone in the

(Continued on Page 179)

Will You Let Baby Fears Cast Lifelong Shadows?



Literally millions of our most intelligent people have never risen to the success and happiness they might have achieved, simply because their spirits have been twisted and crushed by the fears and anxieties of childhood. Often these fears are deeply concealed in the child, and it takes a trained parent to detect them and to know what to do about them.

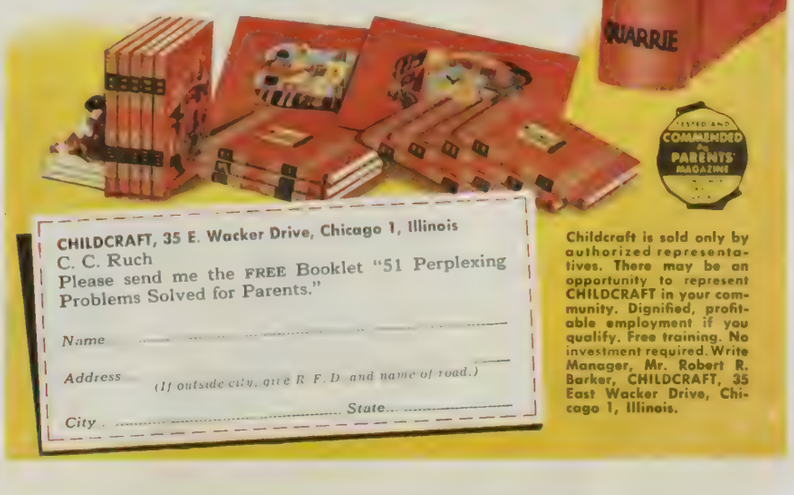
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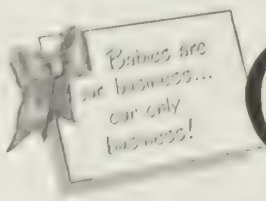
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(Continued from Page 177)

world," he asked her, "whom you can confide in?"

"No. But it doesn't matter. There isn't much to confide."

"Ah, no?" And his great, gentle eyes encompassed a Sarah she refused to credit. He looked almost as though he could weep. And he said softly, "My dear Sarah, every day, all the time, you are committing suicide. It is a greater crime than not pleasing others: not doing justice to yourself."

Shaking, she got up from her place. "Yes," she gasped, "and what of it?" And she went quickly away to get out the station wagon.

They sat in a circle on Mrs. Whitefield's large screened veranda, a rectangular wilderness of Chinese wicker chairs, Oriental rugs and tabourets. Mrs. Whitefield was a tall, white, gently eccentric woman with short red hair who wore silk draperies she had dyed herself, and her son had light red hair and a mouth that always looked sore. He passed cups and cucumber sandwiches, and with an exaggerated accent which was intended to convey the impression both of superior intellect and of Harvard University, questioned Doctor Frienze on the subject of nuclear physics. Doctor Frienze responded agreeably, volubly and incomprehensibly, while Mrs. Gillis, with her eyes closed, told Mrs. Whitefield how to make better tea, and Sarah, dressed becomingly in white, gazed at the mountains.

Into this genteel circle wandered Gwen-Ellyn, her beautiful brown legs and thighs spectacularly bare. Mrs. Gillis made an offended sound and closed her eyes again, but she did not turn her back because Gwen-Ellyn was Mrs. Whitefield's niece and formidably well connected with a good many sovereign old ladies in Boston. John Pease Whitefield III leaped to his feet, transformed from an intellectual to a nervous youth.

"H'lo," Gwen-Ellyn told them negligently. "*Tea?* No, thanks." She seated herself with the indifference of a pagan goddess, flung aside her long, pale hair, and seemed to go into a trance. After an interval during which everyone pretended her nearly naked presence was not disturbing and made anxious conversation (except Doctor Frienze, who frankly beamed at her legs), she suddenly rose and said, "Hey, Sal, c'mon out with me." It was well known that Mrs. Gillis did not permit Sarah to leave her side without an explanation, but Gwen-Ellyn disdained to offer one, and Mrs. Gillis for some reason hesitated to demand one of her. All at once Gwen-Ellyn smiled an enchanting, childlike smile. "G'by, Aunt Becky," she said, and without a word to anyone else she drifted away with Sarah.

They groped through the dark living room and came out on the drive. Thunderheads had mounted over the sun, and insects hummed moodily in the sultry, shadowless glare. (*Cumulo-nimbus*, Sarah observed conscientiously.)

"Say-ra," Gwen-Ellyn said, folding her arms, "what is this I find—you getting into an airplane at six-thirty in the morning?"

A coppery blush had begun to spread from the base of the cumulo-nimbus, and the afternoon suddenly quieted. "Who told you? Henry?"

"Hank? No, that great big beautiful blond, he never says anything interesting." Gwen-Ellyn relaxed her weight from one splendid hip and shifted it to the other, and her face all at once was not agreeable. "No, Say-ra, I saw you myself. Didn't you see me, Say-ra? I went by several times in my boat. Or were you too engrossed with Hank to notice?"

"I saw the boat."

"What are you up to, Say-ra? Taking lessons from Hank?"

Sarah stooped and picked a drooping dark petunia; she inhaled its fragrance, the velvet petals drawing about her nostrils, and over the blossom her eyes moved, brooding, toward the house.

"You just happen to be lucky, *so* far," Gwen-Ellyn said, curling her exquisite lips, "having your own money so you can do things on the sly. Me, I just have my *own* mother,



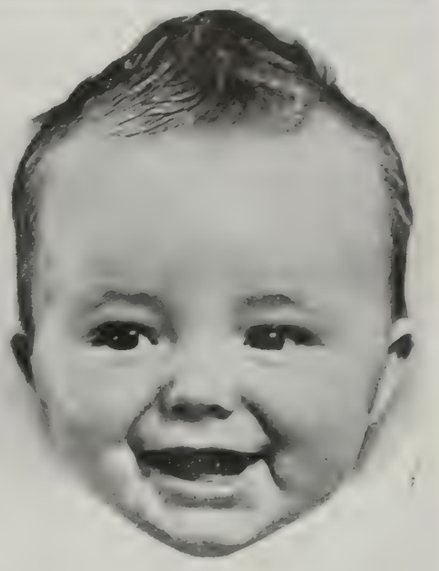


Chix Chat

About your baby and you

by Louise Zabriskie, R.N.

DIRECTOR, MATERNITY CONSULTATION SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY



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and father, and they won't let me fly. Listen, Say-ra," she hissed suddenly, "if I can't get Hank there isn't much use in you trying, is there? So my advice to you is to give it up; otherwise somebody's liable to tell your mamma and you're liable to get into trouble." She sighed, expanding her magnificent bosom, and strolled away to her yellow jeep.

But there were still a few more days of grace left to Sarah. She sensed that the time was growing short, and mutely, desperately, she tried to preserve her good luck with good behavior, surrendering herself without a sound to the wishes of Mrs. Gillis. Only now and then she gave a short gasp, as though she found it difficult to breathe.

For an hour each morning she was released. She would slide back the cabin window and let in the fresh morning wind; and when she made a perfect landing and Henry, taken by surprise, grinned and clapped her on the shoulder, she could not speak for joy. And when she came in cross-wind and bounced, and he said, "Well, you're tired now, we better quit," the golden hour ended and the gray, unbreathing day began, the long dead day that had somehow to be lived through. She knew now that Henry was preparing her to solo.

Doctor Frienze found her in the garden one night. He was not welcome, but he turned out to be a comfortable companion, oddly and mercifully silent, yet silently sympathetic. They sat side by side on an Italian bench before a Japanese shrine, and studied the vast, star-crowded rotunda.

When at last he spoke it was with the dignified voice which endowed her, too, with dignity and maturity. "Sarah, I wonder, will you take offense if I ask you a personal question? Very personal?"

"Probably not." Sarah—taking offense!

"Well, then." He asked quietly, "Are you in love with someone?"

It took her a long time to answer. She found it difficult to answer with the maturity he assumed in her. In love? In love with the good-natured Henry, the beautiful Henry? In love with the flashing water and the lift of wings at the instant of freedom, and the vision of the smiling, limitless world?

"Yes," she answered. "I think I am."

"Ah." He was silent again. Then at last he said, and his voice trembled, "That is good. I am glad for you. Because you cannot do this thing alone; someone must help you." He rose and bade her good night and went away.

Do what thing alone? And yet as she went on staring upward at the stars she thought she could discern his meaning. And for the first time in many years the tears fell like raindrops on her breast.

Henry pulled out the throttle. "You've lost your motor."

She pulled on the carburetor heater, thrust the wheel forward and gained air speed, and brought the ship down to the water for a landing.

"Okay," he said. "Now take me back."

This was it, then. It was too perfect a morning to waste, cloudless, the wind from the south, and she had guessed it was to be today. She was appalled, and yet filled with exultation, for she had been afraid her luck wouldn't last and there wouldn't be time.

"Just do the three landings," he told her on the way back to the wharf. "If you feel nervous, fly around and try it again. Use your throttle if you need to. Take it easy, and watch out for boats—that Gwen-Ellyn female has been getting up early lately. Remember when I'm out of the ship it will be that much lighter and you'll take off faster." The knuckles of his hands were white on his knees.

At the wharf he jumped out and held the ship, his head in the door.

"You okay, kid?"

"Yes." Sitting quite still in her seat, she smiled at him because his blue eyes had darkened with anxiety. "Are you?"

"I will be when you get back." He took her hand awkwardly and squeezed it. "You be good, now." And he stepped away, slamming the cabin door shut, and swung the ship about for her.

She was alone. There was a heady moment when everything she had learned left her, when she had to adjust herself to be alone, entirely alone, in the familiar cabin. Then she drew a deep breath, and suddenly a wonderful sense of competence made her sit erect and smiling: She was alone! She was answerable to herself alone, and she was sufficient.

"I can do it!" she told herself aloud.

She checked for boats, pulled up the water rudder and triumphantly drove in the throttle. The seaplane gathered momentum, nodding obediently, reared up on its steps, and scudded south out of the bay toward the open lake and the mountains. The water flew back from the floats in glittering streaks, and then effortlessly the ship lifted itself free and soared.

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

LESSONS of life learned during childhood in a small town: Neighbor North finds joy in hanging colored laundry on the line in true rainbow continuity. Neighbor South pulls the tail feathers from roosters and sells the latter for hens at higher prices.

Efficiency is a thief of time when it leaves no leisure.

As I remember, we nearly stopped sterilizing the baby's bottle when she started drinking her bath water.

The psychologists' idea of the perfect non-worrying mother would be the one who would say cheerfully, "My runaway child has to come back eventually because the world is round."

The most thoughtful husband I know never reads Dagwood to his wife.

Pulling strings sometimes tangles lives.

For wives only: Hubbies make the best hobbies.

She's the kind of woman you always have to take leave of in the middle of a paragraph.

The three *b*'s of teen-agers: bangs, blue jeans, boys.

Note on dieting: Leanness may lead to meanness.

Tumbleweeds have the right idea; they make sure that the seedlings shall not take root too close to the parent.

It is not required of a woman that she be her husband's better three fourths.

What an easy time our ancestors had bringing up children; when a child misbehaved there was only one cause: something he ate.

Getting my son's gym pants away from him long enough to wash them is equal to wresting the heavyweight championship from Joe Louis.

"What difference does it make as long as no one sees it but us?" is an excuse sometimes made for using chipped dishes, old utensils, faded cloths. The answer is it makes a lot of difference *if you have better;* memory heirlooms are more precious than physical heirlooms.

Child eating ear of corn: "Mother, will you please take these cobwebs off for me?"

Her self-sacrifice may make a woman a saint, her husband a martyr.

If everyone could disassociate age with persons the way children do with parents I would be as young as I feel.

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Concentrated and businesslike, Sarah climbed to 400 feet, checking her instruments as she rose, made a 90-degree turn, climbed to 600 feet and made a second 90-degree turn. She forswore the view, for she was approaching the bay again. She drew out the carburetor heater and cut the throttle, drawing down her left aileron. She straightened out for an instant at the end of the cross-wind leg to check again for boats, and now she could see the tiny white figure on the wharf.

"It's all right," she reassured him aloud. "Watch me!"

She resumed the gliding turn into the wind, straightened out and gently drew up the nose as the ship settled. A moment later she felt the floats break water—cleanly, riding swiftly forward as she held back the wheel.

She thrust in the throttle once more. This time she relaxed and scanned the fields and neat farmyards and the undulating green hills and blue-green mountains. In the shallows that rose to the rocky shores she could see the delicate brown pebbles, lying beneath the water as though beneath green glass. And at the top of the world, far to the north, the ranks of greater hills gave way to the White Mountains, standing lofty and self-communing in space. She was at peace; she was not afraid, of life or of death, for although she had never been so alone she had never felt so close to the mystery of existence, the detached and infinite existence of earth and sky.

She had relaxed too much and her second landing was not so good as her first, but the bounce was not a bad one, and she took off for the third and last landing.

She didn't see Gwen-Ellyn in the bay until she had completed her cross-wind leg, but the speedboat was headed out of her landing approach and she would overshoot the boat's wake, and she continued her glide. Then Gwen-Ellyn wheeled about and came flashing back in a wide arc, at right angles to Sarah's approach. At first Sarah couldn't believe Gwen-Ellyn saw her or would not alter her course, but she realized with a paralyzing start of certainty that unless one of them altered they would collide in a few seconds. Sarah gave the seaplane full throttle, drew back the wheel and pushed left rudder, heading in to the shore, and Gwen-Ellyn and her boat shot beneath her. Henry, watching on the wharf, sank without knowing it to his knees.

But Sarah was not gaining altitude, and as she cleared the shore line by a few feet she realized she had left the carburetor heater on. *Idiot!* It was too late. A field of timothy rushed beneath her floats, and at the end of it the pines rose on Cable Ridge and barred her way. She cut the throttle and, on second thought, the switch, drew up the nose and held the wheel with both hands; the floats settled, protesting, shrieking at the unfamiliar terrain, and the seaplane slid to a halt at the end of the field.

She was sitting in the grass when Henry leaped over the stone wall. She got to her feet, anxiously smiling, and he caught her by the arms and glared at her, the thudding of his chest reaching even into his face.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she sobbed. "You told me a forced landing was easier in a seaplane than ——"

"You're sorry! They'll have to investigate this and Gwen-Ellyn's the baby who'll be sorry!"

They turned then and looked at the seaplane, stranded and undamaged in the timothy, and they began to laugh; he lifted her off her feet and kissed her, hurting her cheeks, and they laughed until their sides ached. Then he stopped kissing her cheeks, and a sudden warmth flooded their awkward embrace and softened it, and his lips moved to hers. And with the momentous silence thundering for the first time in her ears, Sarah felt herself emerge, like the locust leaving its shell, and for a few minutes she lingered, glorying in the leavetaking.

They freed themselves at last to catch their breath. "You're sweet," he whispered, trying to recapture her, "you're okay. You're my girl."

But already she could take flight. "Am I?" She smiled brilliantly. "Well, Henry, I think

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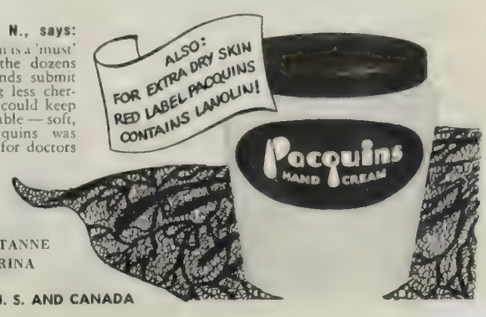
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some people are coming. Let's arrange about getting the ship out, and then I must go home."

It was long past breakfasttime, but they were waiting for her in the dining room. Mrs. Gillis, immobilized at the end of the long table, loomed in her white dress like a tombstone, and Doctor Frienze rose, troubled and sympathetic, warning Sarah with his silence.

Sarah went to her chair and stood behind it. "Good morning," she bade them pleasantly.

The small bright eyes steadied on her with the glittering focus of anticipated triumph, and after a pregnant interval during which she allowed Sarah to appreciate her expression, Mrs. Gillis spoke: "Gwen-Ellyn telephoned for you half an hour ago. She mentioned in passing what she assumed I already knew, that you have been taking flying lessons." There was an ominous pause. "Is this true?"

"Yes, quite true."

Already something in Sarah's manner disconcerted Mrs. Gillis; the glittering focus shifted. But she withheld comment because she was the judge and it was her privilege to pronounce sentence. She closed her lids. "What have you to say for yourself?"

Opposite Sarah, Doctor Frienze's great, dark, gentle eyes begged her to try, to rise at last and fight her own battle; but his tightly drawn lips, the anger of his white face, his long, fine hands gripping his chair, told her that he was ready, if she could not, to fight it for her.

She smiled. "Why, I have a great deal to say for myself, mother, but I'm awfully tired and I shan't be able to say it all now. I will later. I shall go on with my flying lessons and get my license because I mean to have my own plane." She glanced reassuringly at Doctor Frienze, and he smiled, and something beautiful and sad filled his eyes. "You see, mother," she continued before Mrs. Gillis, her jaw open and protruding, could speak, "I've always been afraid, afraid of you and afraid of discovering my own way of life, and now it isn't possible for me to be afraid any more, and ——"

"Sarah," Doctor Frienze cried softly, "what happened?"

"Nothing, nothing," she told him. She would not buy forgiveness with the margin of her narrow escape. She was grateful that she had got home ahead of the news. Doctor Frienze's hands clasped tightly together and beads of sweat started forward on his brow, but he understood: whatever had happened was not the important thing now.

"Sarah," Mrs. Gillis croaked hoarsely, her cheeks shaking as though she would cry, "I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking about!"

"Ah, but you have, haven't you?"

"You will go at *once* to your room while I decide what is to be done!"

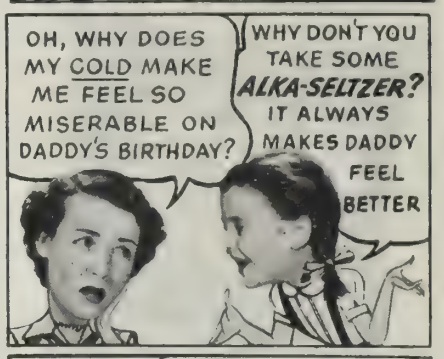
"No," Sarah murmured, clinging to the back of the chair—she longed to go to her room—"I must begin right now. I have decided myself what is to be done, and this is it: I shall sit down and have a glass of brandy."

Doctor Frienze leaped like a tiger to the hideous buffet, and Mrs. Gillis, with a rending cry of dissolution, burst into tears.

Sarah had never seen her weep; shuddering, she moved to comfort her. But fiercely Doctor Frienze signaled her, and together, in silence, they watched Mrs. Gillis get to her feet and run with little staggering steps from the room.

Doctor Frienze helped Sarah into her chair, drew another close by and put his arm about her and held the glass to her lips. She closed her eyes and sipped, thankful that they need say nothing. She sighed sleepily, remembering how Henry had said, "You're my girl." Henry's girl! She smiled. No, she wasn't Henry's girl. She was Sarah. Just Sarah. And that was sufficient. And with such a late start it would be some time before she got to know herself. Half in a dream now, she wondered if at the end of that time she would need someone else, and who it would be. She went happily to sleep then on Doctor Frienze's comforting shoulder. THE END









POET'S KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 56)

high, awkward wooden cupboards, and there was no storage space to mention, and not much light. As was customary in an earlier period, there was a long passageway to the dining room. This became a bad handicap when the poet and her husband took over the farm and the house as a job.

Usually they carried trays to the living room rather than struggle with the big dining room.

There was no electric current except that generated by an old and worn-out gasoline engine, an erratic and difficult system. Therefore, modern equipment was out of the question, and many poems were written by the light of candles that had to last the night.

Miss Millay, however, used her fine mind to advantage with what there was. Her small and beautiful hands are immensely capable. The poet who once planned to be a concert pianist found her reach too short for the big chords, but she is the handy man of the house.

She adores fine tools, and Eugen delights her with gifts of such things as hammers, planes and sets of screw drivers. Her little workroom off the kitchen has a small carpenter bench with vise, and all her tools are arranged in an orderly manner above it. Screws and nails are filed as neatly as table silver.

Miss Millay oils the squeaking hinges, tightens loose windows, repairs worn steps.

And I kept thinking how the disciplined mind that created sonnets like

Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare.

or

Moon, that against the lintel of the west
Your forehead lean until the gate be swung,

could attack the details of living as swiftly and accurately.

The old kitchen was as inconvenient and difficult as a room could be; but even with no modern conveniences, Edna kept it in spotless order. Lacking a towel rack, she made one of an old curtain roller. In the dark awkward cupboards, she arranged her supplies in shining jars and bottles placed diagonally on the wooden shelves, each one easily seen and reached. An old cheese box held her clothespins in rows with their heads together like toy soldiers.

Housekeeping was difficult in this narrow dark room, and meal getting a hard task. This affected Eugen, too, for he is one of those men who can really cook to the queen's taste—or a poet's. He used to be a great game hunter, and traveled all over the world. In every country he collected recipes, and cooking is

(Continued on Page 185)

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

NEARLY all children love to dress up "as something," and parents like it too—because it makes the children look so cute. But much more than cuteness is involved. In fact, *dressing* up is one of the important ways by which a child *grows* up—through imagining himself in other people's shoes. A very little child is content to borrow mother's purse to play "mummy," but to older children costume details are more important. That's why stores sell so many ready-made costumes. However, it's better (and cheaper) to encourage children to assemble their own costumes. A little forethought on parents' part can help a lot. Even if you don't have an attic, it's a good idea to restrain that impulse to throw out old purses, belts, gloves, hats (mother's and father's), rubber boots, ties, dresses, sashes, scarves. Try to spare a drawer to pile them in. For they are the raw material for the kind of dressed-up dramatic play that helps children's minds to grow.



"But how can I be a real cowboy if she won't lend me her guitar?"

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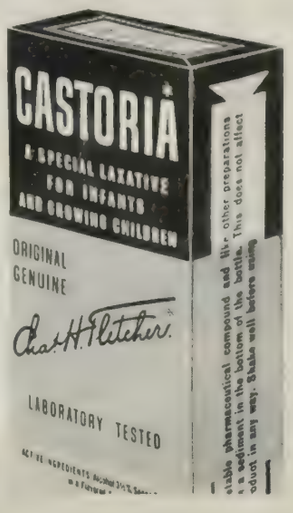
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The average hourly wage of railroad employes—without overtime—has *more than doubled* since 1921, after World War I. But the railroads have been receiving *less* for hauling the average ton of freight one mile than they received in 1921.

With greatly increased wage levels in other industries, increased railroad wages obviously would be expected. Some of the increased cost of labor, materials and supplies has been offset by great economies which railroads have achieved through technological improvements.

It takes large amounts of money to make these improvements. More are urgently needed. Additional wage increases are taking place and the cost of materials and supplies has doubled since 1939 and continues to rise. Despite postwar increases, freight rates are insufficient to pay these operating expenses and to provide money for changes required to reduce costs and improve service.

That's why the railroads had to ask for increased freight rates.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 183)

his creative art. When he isn't off haying or helping John the farmer with the cows, he loves to simmer a bouillabaisse, or make his famous "snert," which is a Dutch version of pea soup, or use the fresh herbs from their own herb garden for his special bouillon.

The bringing in of electricity was the first step in remodeling the poet's kitchen. And as the last pole was lifted into place Edna showed us a poem which she had written while the men were working high in the air those cool autumn days. She read it aloud to the linemen.

It was a cold brilliant day, and the men stood in the clear light by the tall dark pole and listened to Miss Millay's lovely voice. It was the first time, one man said, he had realized that there was beauty in work, his kind of work. Their response made me realize all over again that poetry is an integral part of living, never an ivory-tower kind of art.

Edna had definite ideas about her kitchen. She wanted it streamlined, functional (a sonnet has only fourteen lines, never an extra one). She wanted a big window over the sink. "Give me all the sky you can," she said. She did not want curtains or pots of trailing ivy—"No hanging gardens of Babylon."

The new kitchen fits her personality perfectly, and Eugen, the chef, now has an electric range, plenty of work surface, cabinets for all his supplies, excellent lighting for the early dark of winter evenings; and while he puts beans to soak on Friday night, Edna can wash dishes and watch the sky darken over the hilltop.

A bank of aluminum casement windows stretching from ceiling to the counter and filling the whole end of the room, and a new cabinet sink under it, delighted Miss Millay. She is an expert on all North American birds and loves to watch them feeding in winter and nesting in summer as she washes dishes. The squirrels and the chipmunks also keep her friendly company. Someday next summer, "the dappled child of the deer" will surely come back and set his polished hoofs on the grass and look in at her window.

The new automatic electric water heater gives her a constant supply of hot water, and as she scours the pans she recites Catullus and the French poets. Or maybe she recalls again her own:

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour!

She may see the wild ducks winging over outside her wide casement and think again:

Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

It is extremely hard to mention Miss Millay without remembering her poetry. For instance, in the new kitchen the colors of the sea she loves and writes about are translated into the deep turquoise of the floor. The doors, the covers on the bench seat and other accents in the room are the color of deep-sea coral sprays. The wall behind the table and the ceiling are the color of the sea in early morning, the wall behind the shelves is deeper, almost an aquamarine. The shading of the walls gives the effect of shifting light on the ocean.

The new eating center makes gay meals for two easy. And Edna and Eugen say it's like the little cafés in Paris, the bistros where they had so many happy meals in the days before the war. They love France, and this small piece of remembrance is a special thing to them. And to me a fine illustration of the importance of making your home reflect your heart.

On a cold February day, the kitchen is toast-warm. The old range which furnished difficult heat is gone, but piping heat in from a small furnace which formerly heated another part of the house supplies a steady and comfortable warmth.

Edna enjoys washing her own silks and woolens at home. Eugen does not like laundry going on under his nose as he cooks. So the laundry trays and the new electric washer were moved to the back entry. Also the water there is handy for John and Eugen when they need it for farm chores, and they do not interrupt the dishwashing just when the water is hot and sudsy.

The addition of a freezer makes it possible to store their own chickens and vegetables—and they grow all their own. At this season they have endive fresh from a sandy rooting in the cellar, for salads with Eugen's special dressing.

Herbs have long been a specialty of Edna's. She grows quantities of lavender and gathers it every season for her sheets and linen chests. Herbs season her poetry too:

For the sake of some things
That be now no more
I will strew rushes
On my chamber-floor,
I will plant bergamot
At my kitchen-door.

It was late autumn when I last visited the white house at the end of the road. The bulletin board was up in the kitchen and a message from Edna written firmly on it: "Tell John not to cut the grass around my York and Lancaster roses."

Eugen was off on the farm. Edna was out of sight— reading a new poem aloud to someone on the windy darkening terrace overlooking the orchard. But her vivid presence was there—how could so much greatness be in one small person, I wondered.

The kitchen was bright and "domestic as a plate." All the last light of the sky came in the windowed wall; there would be hard frost, and soon the "soft spitting snow." But the poet's kitchen would be a place to work in with contentment, and as I turned to the door I thought of Edna's Winter Night:

Pile high the hickory and the light
Log of chestnut struck by the blight.
Welcome-in the winter night.

The day has gone in hewing and felling,
Sawing and drawing wood to the dwelling
For the night of talk and story telling.

These are the hours that give the edge
To the blunted axe and the bent wedge,
Straighten the saw and lighten the sledge.

Here are question and reply,
And the fire reflected in the thinking eye.
So peace, and let the bob-cat cry.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sailing to Poughkeepsie

By JOAN AUCOURT

Wings, towers, bells and bridges fall away,
Shining behind us into milky light.
Ahead, the giant river draws the day
Down to its breast, silver and straight and bright;
And in the distance, draws the mountains down
The steep stone hills that stand on either hand
Turning from agate to obsidian
Against the velvet brilliance of the land.
Far, far ahead a solid shadow stands
Star-cast and sorrowful in northern snow,
Gathering all rivers into silent hands,
Keeping their secrets as they come and go,
While still behind us, bridges, birds and towers
Gleam, and sink slowly in a cloud of hours.

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America's Finest Silverplate





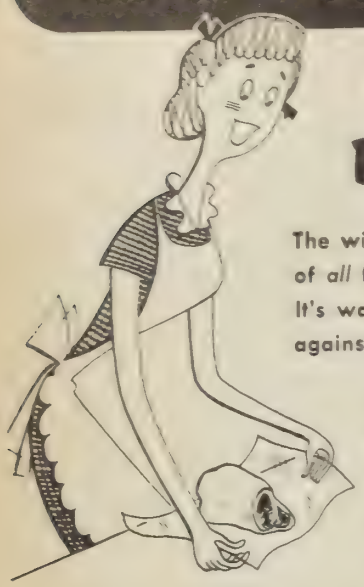
Gloxinias

By RICHARD PRATT

While you may find blooms almost as beautiful for words, a gloxinia by your window this summer will manage to make more talk than any other indoor plant you've ever grown. From clustered leaves as large as your hand, more velvety than those of the African violet, will rise big, upfacing flowers in colors astonishing to the bulbs you buy, from the white and white-fringed scarlet kinds in our photograph down to deep indigo. Now until May is the time to start them.

For all the information you'll need, consult Page 188.

The Wise Wife Buys Waxtex!



Easy-to-Use FOOD SAVER!

The wise wife protects the flavor and freshness of *all* foods by wrapping them in Waxtex. It's waxed through and on both sides to protect against air, drying out, odors.

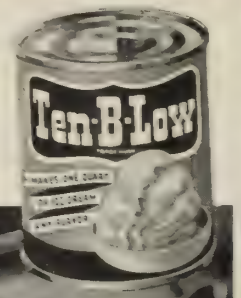
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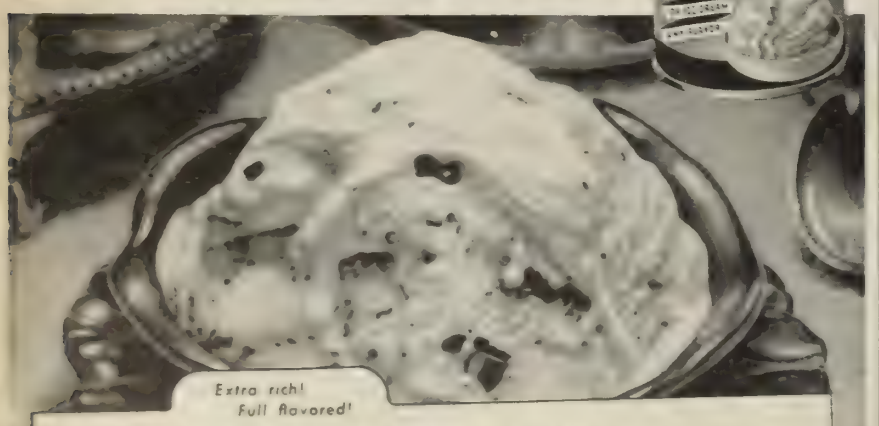




Now it's easy...

to make extra-delicious ice cream





Extra rich! Full flavored!

CHOCOLATE CHIP ICE CREAM

1 can Ten-B-Low
2 cups water
2 teaspoons vanilla
½ cup crushed, chilled chocolate chip candy

1. Set refrigerator control to coldest ...
2. Pour Ten-B-Low in mixing bowl ... Mix thoroughly.
3. Pour into refrigerator tray; set freezer ... minutes or longer. ...
4. Break up and spoon frozen Ten-B-Low into mixing bowl. Whip to a consistency a little softer than creamy mashed potatoes. Stir in crushed chocolate chip candy.
5. Return to freezing tray and freeze. Ten-B-Low is NOT a powder, NOT a so-called "mix," but a genuine ice cream in heavy concentrated form. Get several cans of Ten-B-Low today.

need only add water and flavoring because each can contains all the sugar, heavier than whipping cream, milk and egg yolks necessary for extra-rich ice cream.

Ten-B-Low

CONCENTRATED REAL ICE CREAM

HOW TO GROW GLOXINIAS

THIS superb house plant can be grown indoors from seed, seedlings, leaf cuttings and bulbs. Bulbs, which cost anywhere from 25 to 50 cents apiece, depending on the size, are the easiest and quickest; and planted from now until May, will bloom this summer in the colors of your choice. Seeds, which come in mixtures, if sown now will form small flowering plants by August or September, and will make larger ones next year, by which time you will know what colors you have. Domestic seedlings ordinarily cost as much to buy as large bulbs imported from Belgium, but from them you get a far greater variety of colors and markings. Leaf cuttings you learn to make when you gain some gloxinia experience.

Bulbs require little or no experience, so I suggest you start with them. Get two or three of the largest you can, and an ordinary 5-inch clay flowerpot for each one. Put about an inch of charcoal in the bottom of the pot for drainage and soil sweetening, then fill the pot with the following soil mixture: 1 part sand, 2 parts leaf mold, 1 part peat moss, 1 part good garden soil and 1 part well-rotted cow manure. This is the recipe of an outstanding gloxinia grower, and practically the same as the soil mixture we used for the plants in our picture on the preceding page. It is purposely rich and porous, as gloxinias demand plenty of good drainage and nourishment.

You set the bulb with the top barely protruding from the soil; but after a first good watering, water sparingly until leaves begin to show, then keep the soil constantly moist, but without wetting the leaves. Gloxinias like a covered porch, out of the wind and direct sun, or a light but not too sunny window; a temperature between 60° and 70°F. In a heated room, humidity is necessary for their good health, as with people. A tablet or two of fertilizer once a week when the leaves have formed, and while the plant is in flower, will enhance the general effect.

The bulbs will last for years. When the flowers have finished blooming and the leaves begun to fade, stop watering, and keep the plant in its pot in a cool, dry place until it begins to sprout again, which will be about February. Then renew the potting mixture, and start right in again where you left off.

If you have difficulty finding gloxinia bulbs at local seed stores, ask the seedsman for the name and address of a large mail-order seed firm which lists gloxinia bulbs in its catalogue. Follow directions carefully, and you will be proud to have in your possession one of the handsomest house plants of them all.

—R. P.

REPRISAL

(Continued from Page 37)

Last year everybody had gathered at the Oak Street Pharmacy; now they had switched to The Joint, as Brick called it. There was never any method or motive in the selection of a hangout; you went to a place for a while and then you all changed and started going somewhere else. In this case it wasn't the beer, really; at least not with Jud, because he didn't even like the stuff. Some of the boys and even the girls drank it, and drank enough to make them tight, but Jud stuck to soft drinks and ice cream. But The Joint was convenient—on the fringe of the expensive residential district where Jud and most of the gang lived—and you could get home in a hurry even if you had to walk.

Reaching the place, he saw with delight that Brick's convertible was parked in front. Maybe they'd go for a ride, maybe Brick would even let him drive. Being sixteen and a half and in senior high, Brick already had a car, but with the war over, some drip had to change the driving age back to sixteen and make Jud wait a year longer for a license. He could drive now a lot better than his mother—but she wouldn't even let him take the wheel

Rich Brown Gravy! EVERY SINGLE TIME

Recipe from "THE RECTOR KITCHENS"

Melt 2 tbsp. fat or drippings and blend in 2 tbsp. flour. Add 1 cup liquid (water, milk or vegetable water) and stir until smooth. When hot, add 1 tsp. Wilson's B-V dissolved in small amount of the hot mixture. Cook until thickened. Serves 3 or 4.

Wilson's B-V is a rich meat and vegetable extract.

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B-V

The Wilson label protects your table.

Burpee GIANT SNAPDRAGONS Special! 3 PACKETS 10¢

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He shouldered the door open and stepped inside; into the noise of voices and the juke box, and the sour-sweet smell that goes with such places. Now that he was here, the hurry went out of his movements and he slouched forward, his eyes sweeping the littered room like a beacon.

Brick was holding court in a booth, but there were already six people in it, sitting high-shouldered and cross-legged because there wasn't enough room. Jud passed them up regretfully; if Brick was tangled up with a couple of women there was no chance for a ride. Instead he ambled to the fountain and muttered his order for a chocolate malt, then ambled to the magazine rack and selected a new comic to read while he drank. Dick Dunham was at the fountain, too, sucking up the last drops of a soda, so Jud gave him an expressionless greeting and opened the comic book.

Dick finished the soda and shoved it away. "You wanta go out tonight?" He spoke right-lipped out of the corner of his mouth, because he was a Bogart admirer.

Jud pulled a swallow of malt into his mouth before he answered. "Where?"

"The Ambersons are off on some kind of cruise."

"Oh." Jud's spine tingled pleasantly. "What time, and where they getting together?"

"Art's garage; seven-thirty. It's good and dark by then." Art's father had fixed up a playroom over the garage for him and it made a swell hangout.

"Oke. I'll be there."

He had expected an argument from his mother about going out tonight; he hadn't gone so hot in school lately and she kept making those silly appeals and threats: "Jud, you've simply got to apply yourself better. If you fail, you'll have to study all summer and you won't be able to go to the beach with us." That sort of stuff. He wasn't alarmed: before it was too late he could take a little time out and catch up. Lessons were easy as dirt if you had a reason to learn them; he had made an A-plus in math when that was the price of a new bicycle. (For a convertible, he thought resignedly, he'd probably have to produce a whole string of A's.)

But the argument failed to materialize because when he finally reached home his mother and father were out to dinner. George, the negro houseman, relayed their message.

"Your mother said for you to stay home tonight and study your lessons good."

"Nuts." He fell to eating noisily. "I got kept in and did my homework then. I'm going over to Art Emmons', but I'll be in before *they* will."

"Well"—George shrugged—"don't say I didn't tell you."

THERE were three boys at Art's when he got there, all of them about his age and all in a state of excitement. Art said, "You took your time. Let's get going," and grabbed up his jacket. Then he remembered to load the record player and leave it going at the top of its voice. (Most of the records had the initials of other owners scratched on them, but that was unimportant; the only time Art had been embarrassed was when he carelessly gave a girl one of her own records for Christmas, but she had thought it a screaming joke, so it didn't matter.) Twelve records would play a long time.

Even if one of them had been old enough to have a car, they would still have had to walk the three blocks to the Amberson place. It was a big, rambling brick house set in an acre of landscaped grounds, and there was a dim light burning downstairs. The light made them pause until Dick reassured them.

"There's nobody there. I cased the place. They just left a light to make people think they were at home."

They deployed then, converging on the rear of the house. French doors opening onto a terrace seemed the most promising, so they huddled silently around the center door while Art expertly produced a hammer and a very dirty handkerchief, laid the folded handkerchief against a pane of glass and struck once. Inside there was a tinkle of falling glass that made them hold their breath, but the night remained empty and silent around them.

"Oke," Dick breathed, and inserted an arm through the jagged hole. When he had found the key and turned it they slid silently into the house.

JUD'S heart was racing and his eyes had a curious glitter. This was the part that gave you such a big kick. "We got to pull all those shades and pull the curtains across 'em first," he whispered.

Bennie Temple helped him and when the job was done Art switched on a lamp. The room was handsome, expensive and immaculate.

"Some joint," Art said approvingly, and pulled out a pocketknife.

Jud raced for the pantry, excitement mounting in him until he felt dizzy. He had never quite reached the point of liking to smash fine things, the way Art and Bennie did, but he enjoyed making a mess. Sirup and oatmeal on a rug, catchup designs on imported wallpaper: those did something for him, released some pent-up energy and protest that he could neither recognize nor understand.

While Art was slashing upholstery Jud worked feverishly, his boyish face transformed with a kind of inner frenzy. He traced intricate patterns of sirup over the deep-piled rug, poured flour on top of it and smeared the mixture with a tablespoon. (He had learned that the stuff stuck to your hands.)

Bennie came up from the basement brandishing a saw. "Look!" he gasped with delight. "I'm gonna fix that dining-room table so they won't need chairs when they eat at it. They can sit on the floor, and save money." He giggled insanely.

They all worked swiftly and intently, each at his favorite type of destruction, and sometimes they paused to admire someone's handiwork or applaud his ingenuity. Hearing footsteps overhead, Jud rushed upstairs and met Dick, coming out of a room. Jud's face fell; Dick was holding the prettiest rod and reel he had ever looked at.

"Where'd you find it?"

"In a closet. Oh, brother!" He flexed the rod and regarded it with gentle adoration.

"I wish I'd seen it first. Which closet?"

Dick pointed with his head and Jud raced on. There were no more rods, but he did have one break: in the drawer of a bedside table he found a Colt automatic, the sweetest little job he had ever seen. (He had never handled a pistol before, but he was still certain it was the sweetest job in ten states.) He slipped it reverently into the pocket of his jacket and went slowly downstairs, trying to slouch like a movie gangster.

Art's face fell when he saw the rod and pistol. "And I'll bet there's not another thing in the whole damn house." He kicked the mutilated table in disgust, as if it had somehow been responsible for his deprivation. "Just for that, I'm going up and work over the old lady's room."

Jud looked uneasily at his watch. "It's after nine o'clock and the police patrol out here pretty regular. Hadn't we better scram?"

Art wanted to stay, but they outvoted him. Bennie considered taking the saw, then decided it was too hard to hide; Art gave one

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Valentine

By Elizabeth McFarland

Things that are greatest seem most small.
If riddles pall,
Then I will say that little things
Are greatly coveted by kings.
This love—as rich as queenly dower—
I offer you, like any flower.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥



M'm m... have some!

IT'S THE ORIGINAL CROSSE & BLACKWELL

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An unforgettable flavor. Made from the original, prized C&B formula—famous for centuries.

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Another delicious treat. Rich, chocolate flavored roll with cashew nuts. Just right for sandwiches or easy, tasty desserts.





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Hearty, take-it-easy meal in a can . . . just heat and eat. Choice beef, succulent vegetables, in vitamin-rich gravy.

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Just enough for two! Tender roll, made of dates, spices and selected ingredients. Economical . . . ready to serve. You'll like delicious C&B Fig Dessert, too.





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The BIG DOLLAR Value in Washers

Yes! You can wash *more* clothes clean in *less* time and with *less* effort in a Norge —a full nine pounds of sparkling-white or color-bright clothes in seven minutes!

Famous Norge triple washing-action—up, down, around—really gets rid of dirt. Over and over your laundry is swirled through cleansing, sudsy water in the giant Norge tub... It's this rapid washing motion—in a super-capacity tub —that really gets clothes cleaner, faster.

Norge washers give you everything . . . dependable service, economical operation, rugged construction, and a host of time-, work- and money-saving features. You get more for your money when you buy Norge!

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See Norge before you buy

REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • WATER COOLERS • WASHERS • HOME HEATERS

more disgusted swipe at a drapery and went out empty-handed.

The next night, a radio patrolman found the broken window and the devastation. He cursed softly and fluently and turned to his partner with a hopeless gesture.

"It's the brats in this neighborhood. We've got more juvenile delinquents and jail fodder in Jefferson Heights than in any slum in town."

His partner pushed back his cap and spat eloquently. "And try to prove it. We might get some good fingerprints out of this mess, but try to match 'em up to anybody."

"You try," the first patrolman said dryly. "I've got a family to support."

Jud's mother, who was a friend of Mrs. Amberson, heard the details at first hand when the Ambersons came back. She went to view the destruction and came home wide-eyed with horror.

"I can't *imagine* who would do a thing like that—or why," she told her husband. "It doesn't make *sense*."

Harry Denton looked at Jud, who was lying on his shoulders in a chair and swinging his legs over the arm while he read the comic strips. "George says you went out that night," he said uneasily. "Did you have anything to do with it?"

"Of course I didn't," Jud growled. "I was at Art's house and I came home by nine o'clock. Ask George. Or you can ask Art's mother."

"Of course he didn't have anything to do with it!" his mother said hotly, and glared at her husband. "I don't see how you can even ask him such a question."

Harry Denton kept on frowning at his son. "When I was your age, I usually heard about devilment by the grapevine, even if I wasn't in on it. What about it, son? Do you know who did do it?"

Jud tore his eyes from Dick Tracy. They were blue and innocent and slightly hurt. "No, sir. There's a sort of gang at school—they all live over in Swamptown and they like to brag about how tough they are—but I haven't heard 'em say anything about any house wrecking."

Sally Denton turned on her husband. "I *wanted* him to go to prep school this year, but you said it would do him good to associate with—with these toughs. I hope you're satisfied. He's going next year if I have to sell my dinner ring."

"And if they'll take him." He gave Jud a tired, meaningful look. "The scholastic requirements may be too high for him in a decent school." He retreated behind his newspaper.

"I can make it, all right," Jud said sullenly.

His father was not impressed. "Then you'd better get a move on."

If a man think well of you, make his thought true.
—ARABIC PROVERB.

Things happened to Jud in the next few weeks, both inside and out. He grew an inch but that was explainable and a source of satisfaction; it was the way he *felt* that confused and irritated him. Funny inside, and his parents bored him more than ever; the things they didn't know, he reflected sorrowfully, would fill a library. His mother kept on harping on the Amberson business—everybody harped on it, in fact—so Art decided that the gang had better lie low for a while. The newspapers wrote editorials; the chief of police issued a statement saying that the department had certain unverified suspicions, and if there was any further vandalism the consequences would be surprising and unpleasant no matter who was involved.

Jud kept the little Colt in a cabinet in his room, hidden behind a lot of kid junk that his mother never touched; and sometimes when she was away, he would take it out and caress it. He hadn't had a chance to shoot it—wasn't even certain he wanted to shoot it yet—he was satisfied that it existed, and was in his possession. He told Brick about it proudly, but when Brick suggested that they drive out in the country for a little target practice he stalled and made excuses.

March came, and the end of school was near enough to be believable. He got down to studying not because he cared about passing, but because he certainly didn't want to stay in town with his grandmother and miss out on going to the beach for a month.

There was a new girl in his home room—girl named Mimi Howard—who said that her father was a District Representative and had just been transferred to town. Jud noticed her at first because she was a new face to look at; later, because she was a girl and he was becoming aware of girls. Art and Dick had already discovered them and done a lot of talking about them, but until Mimi came Jud had always groaned or hooted.

She was small and delicately pretty, with big brown eyes and a lot of silky yellow hair, but there were ways in which she deviated from the norm. She was feminine and immaculately clean, for one thing, and instead of trying to look terrible the way most girls did, she wore pretty clothes and let herself be pretty. And she liked school; she even seemed to enjoy classes. He couldn't figure her, but he would fall into step with her sometimes on the way to classes and talk in a gruff, swaggering kind of way, mostly about himself.

She wasn't exactly comfortable to be with; she asked a lot of questions and spoke her thoughts too freely.

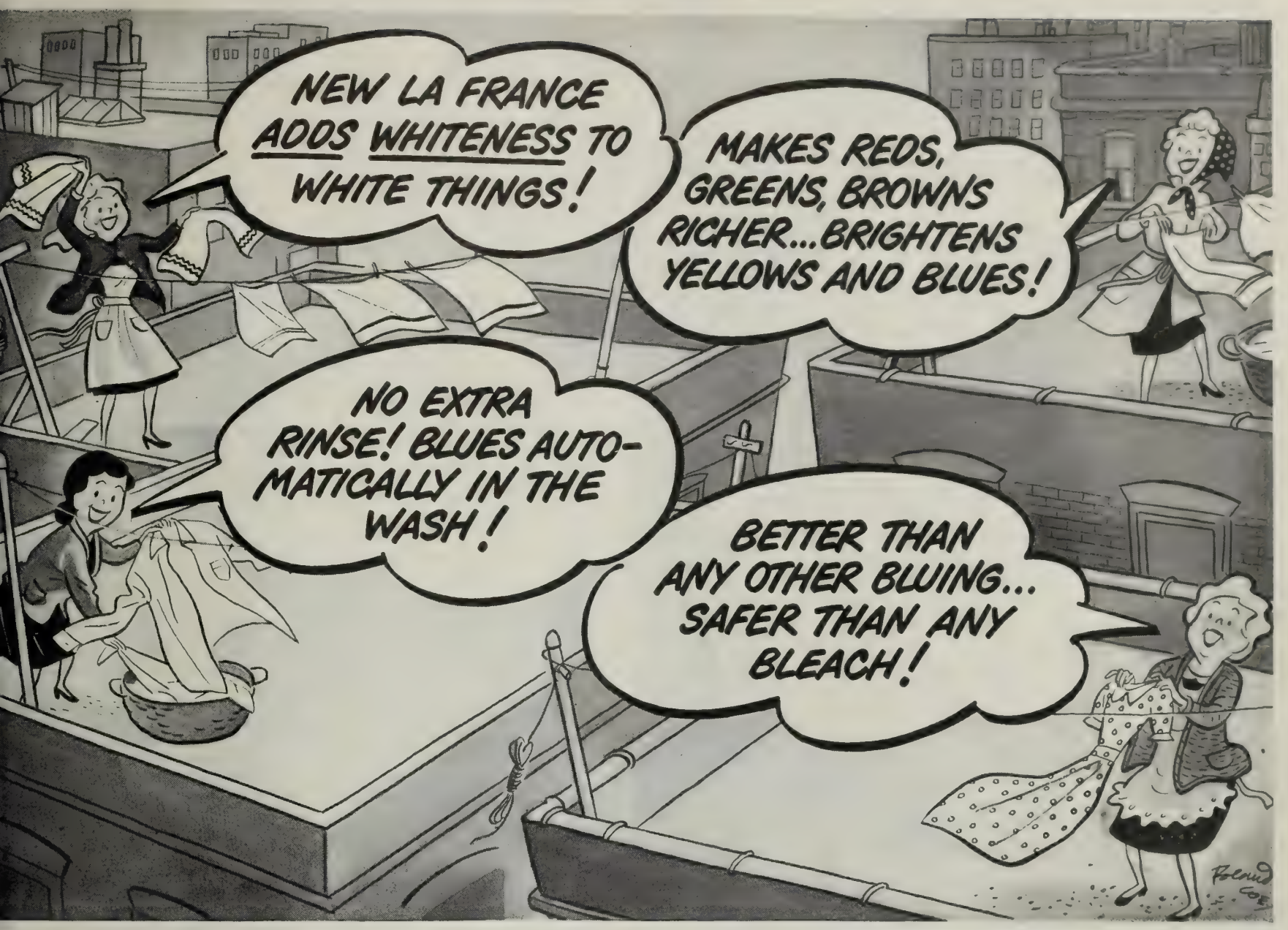
"Your hair certainly does look funny with that peroxide on the ends," she told him one day. "Why don't you cut it off to the natural part? It's too long for a boy, anyway."

(Continued on Page 192)

Back Views and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 50 and 51.

Vogue Design No. 6674. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 6676. Suit; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6657. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 6555. Waistcoat; 10 to 20, 28 to 38. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6673. "Easy-to-Make" dickeys and stole. Sizes Small (32-34); Medium (36-38). 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6687. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 42. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6672. Coat; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.





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The price is amazingly low...all it costs is two to three cents a week.



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"JUST picture yourself bringing in a cake like this, drinking in the compliments! And you can make one as easy as can be. Just follow this recipe, using Spry and Spry's One-Bowl Method. There's a special Cake-Improver ingredient in Spry that *no other type shortening has!* It makes cakes lighter, richer-tasting, better in every way. Use Spry for *all* cakes and pastry. Fry with Spry for crisp, delicate-tasting, *digestible* foods."

TRY MY LUSCIOUS VALENTINE CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
1¼ cups sugar
3½ teaspoons baking powder (or 5 teaspoons tartrate baking powder)
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry
1 cup less 2 tablespoons milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
3 egg whites, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl, all at the same time . . . Drop in Spry. (No need to cream it first. Pure all-vegetable Spry doesn't have to be kept in the refrigerator, so it never gets stiff and hard but is *always* creamy-soft and ready for instant mixing.) . . . Add ⅔ of milk, then vanilla, and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater . . . Add egg whites and remaining milk and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Bake in 2 deep 8-inch Spry-coated layer pans in moderate oven (360° F.) 25–30 minutes. Spread Lollypop Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle crushed red candy (cherry-flavored lollypops, candy sticks, etc.) generously on sides, bringing to top of cake. Across top print "Love Me True" with additional crushed red candy.

Lollypop Frosting—Put *2 egg whites, unbeaten, 1½ cups sugar, 5 tablespoons cold water, 1 teaspoon light corn sirup* and *⅛ teaspoon salt* in top of double boiler and mix thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat constantly with a rotary egg beater until mixture will hold a peak (about 7 minutes). Remove from hot water, add *1 teaspoon vanilla* and beat until cool and thick enough to spread. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Decorate with *red cherry-flavored lollypops, crushed.* Makes enough frosting to cover top and sides of two 8-inch layers.

Save Money! Get Spry in economical 3 lb. can

SPRY WITH CAKE-IMPROVER

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Another fine Lever Product

(Continued from Page 190)

And the next Saturday—an adolescent Samson—he went to the barbershop and came away with a crew haircut. Art and Dick kidded him without mercy, but he found a surprising satisfaction in sharing Mimi's defiance of the current fashions.

The next week, he invited Mimi to have a drink at The Joint after school, thereby making his implicit declaration of submission. Art and Bennie, who were there when he ushered her through the door, gave them a casual, expressionless greeting; but they drifted carelessly to Jud's booth a few minutes later and sat down uninvited.

Mimi didn't giggle and squirm like most girls; she ate her fudge sundae and took in everything and everybody. "That boy's drinking beer, isn't he?" she said in surprise.

Jud looked around and saw Brick nursing a bottle of ale. "Yeah." He jerked his chin upward in greeting and Brick jerked his in return. In a few minutes, Jud thought proudly, Brick would probably drift over to join the crowd in the booth. He turned back to Mimi. "You rather have beer?"

"Goodness, no!" She wrinkled her nose. "My father made me drink a bottle one time when I kept worrying him. Said it would cure me—and it did. Jeepers, was I ever sick!" She scraped remnants of fudge sauce from the dish before her. "I just thought it was against the law for boys to buy it."

"It is." Jud wasn't sure whether he ought to feel proud or ashamed.

"Oh." Her brown eyes were level and searching and he looked uncomfortably away. She sat quiet for a minute, and Brick drifted over just as Jud had guessed he would.

"Hi, Jud."

"Hi, Brick." Jud introduced him to Mimi, because that was what he had come for. Even if she was two whole years younger, she was pretty enough to interest even Brick.

"Wanta take a ride?" The question was ostensibly meant for Jud, but it was Mimi that Brick was looking at.

Jud's eyes consulted her. He wanted to go, but on the other hand, sixteen and a half—plus a convertible—might be irresistible to her. "How about it?"

She made a last scrape at the fudge sauce. "Thanks a lot, but I better get on home. My mother said they'd take me to the early show tonight if I got my lessons before supper."

Brick raised an eloquent eyebrow and drifted away. Jud felt hot and unhappy; he was glad to see that somebody could take Brick down a notch, but he didn't want Mimi to look like any drip. Bragging about having to study, and all that.

"He's got a swell convertible," Jud said.

She laughed. "Oh. A four-wheel personality. Well, I want to see that picture at the Empire and I can't do both." She got up purposefully. "Thanks a lot for the sundae, Jud."

But the next time he invited her to The Joint she gave him the sweet, level look. "I—I don't much like that place, Jud. I told my mother about the beer, and she said if she was me she'd stay away from there. Tha they might raid it someday, and I'd feel aw fully silly in police court."

He was voiceless with surprise. "*I told m mother. . . . She said if she was me.*" . . . Wha kind of deal was this, anyway? What kind girl was Mimi?

"Well," he conceded handsomely, "w don't have to go there. We can go some where else."

"Then I'd love to," she said quickly.

Love came to Jud with a bittersweet re luctance. Mimi was the prettiest and th smartest girl in the class, but she was . . different. The fact that she lived in a littl house and that her mother only had a clean ing woman was entirely unimportant: it wa her independence that worried him. If sh didn't like a thing, she said so; if she didn want to do something that was currentl fashionable, she didn't do it. After the gan found out how she was, they rode him har and pretended to scorn her, so that he live in a turmoil of conflicting desires and loya ties.

April Fools' came, and Jud joined briefl and halfheartedly in the celebration. The turned in half a dozen false alarms an shrieked uproariously when the fire truc wailed past their observation posts; the stole a few bracelets from radiator caps an gave them to their girls. Jud gave his loot Art because he knew that Mimi would n only refuse it, but would give him fits f having acquired it. Bennie, who had had birthday in March, had a new air rifle, they shot out street lights until it was time report home and go to bed. The newspap editorials, which Jud read in secret, gave hi little satisfaction: most of the disorder ha occurred in Jefferson Heights, the editoria said, and there was talk of a teen-age curfe

Mimi's frank opinion, expressed over chocolate soda, made him squirm. "M father says those boys ought to have the da lights licked out of them," she said flatl "Personally, I think it was the most *childis* thing I ever heard of, and I certainl would hate for a friend of mine to act lik that."

He bowed his face over a glass. "I thin it's childish too." Hearing the gruff word he discovered that he meant them. Love ha severed his allegiance to the gang.

Art and Dick weren't in love and the didn't know about the sea change in hin When the Sheridans went to California fo two weeks in May, Art knew all about it an called a conclave in his headquarters.

"We been lying low for three months," h said earnestly. "Everybody thinks we' scared off. Dick, you case the place."

Jud took a deep breath. "We're not gon do it. It's kid stuff and it costs folks a lot money and trouble."

Three faces swiveled toward him in asto ishment and he felt himself getting red.

"Well, blow me down," Art said softl "Preacher Denton's ratting on us." I smirked at Dick and Bennie. "Ain't lur



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grand? I guess we'll have to take in somebody else; plenty of 'em wanting to come in anyhow."

Jud sat up, his face working. "If you wreck the Sheridan house, I'll tell the police who did it."

"You can't," Bennie reminded him. "If they got us for one job they might as well get us for two, and we'll tell 'em you were at the Ambersons' too. Besides, our fathers aren't going to let any flatfoot put us in jail. We're under age."

"Then I'll call 'em ahead of time without letting 'em know who I am, and tell 'em to watch it. Then if you tell on me, you'll be telling on yourselves when you don't have to."

He wasn't sure of his argument or his reasoning, but it was the best he could think of. He sat there trembling until their uncertain faces and their hesitation told him that he had scared them, then he stumbled out of the playroom and ran home, sobbing dryly. He even hated Mimi, for a few minutes, because she had mixed him up inside; he hated the gang for forcing him to choose and to accept a self-imposed exile; he hated everything.

His mother and father were out. He wanted them desperately, even if he couldn't explain his misery; or at least, he wanted somebody. The need for confession and absolution was strong in him, but remembering his mother's shocked face and her angry repudiation of his father's questions about the Amberson affair, he knew he couldn't ever tell her. It would amount to admitting that he was the kind of boy she didn't even want him to associate with. She was a dope and she didn't know the score on anything, but in his wretchedness he missed her and wanted her anyway.

When his heart had slowed down and he had fortified his spirit with a banana, a glass of milk and half a lemon pie, he went to his parents' room. He flopped on the bed with his feet propped on the headboard, cradled the phone in his shoulder, and dialed Mimi's number. She answered the phone herself, and the sound of her voice made his skin tingle.

"What you doing?" he asked carelessly.

"Playing three-handed gin with mother and dad."

"Then go on back and play." Envy made him rude.

"We'd just finished a game. They like to play two-handed anyhow."

He began to feel better after a few minutes of this, even a little happier. He plaited his legs and hitched his feet higher on the headboard. "What'd you make on that history test?"

"A. What did you make?"

"A-minus," he confessed. A few months ago, an A of any sort would have seemed incredible and even shameful. "Bet I beat you on the math test next week."

"I guess you will." He could feel rather than hear her sigh. "I'm not so hot in math."

His bruised ego felt better. "Girls aren't supposed to be." He cleared his throat and lowered his voice. "I have to go to the beach right after school's out. You gonna miss me?"

"Of course I'll miss you."

"How about writing me a letter?"

There was a pause. "Well . . . if you write me first."

"It's a deal."

When he hung up, thirty minutes later, he was feeling swell again—except when he thought of the gang and their contempt.

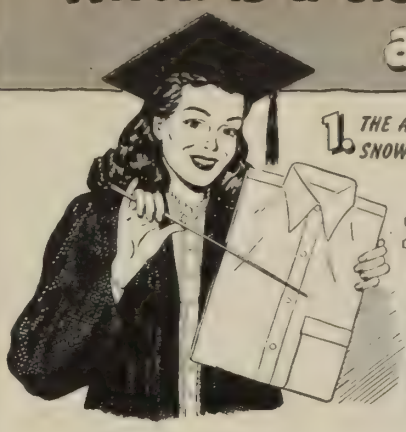
After that night, they called him Preacher in a sneering voice every time they spoke to him. And they manufactured opportunities to speak, just so they *could* call him Preacher. He brooded and suffered, and growled when anybody spoke to him.

His parents exchanged significant, resigned glances. "We'll have to endure it," his father told his mother. "I wish kids could be put in cold storage until they get past this stage, but I was probably the same way."

When school ended he had passed all his studies. Passed them grimly, trying to assert his masculine superiority over Mimi. And the next week he left for the beach.

He had always loved the beach, and this summer he would have loved it more than ever if he could have invited Mimi to go

When is a clean shirt not a clean shirt?



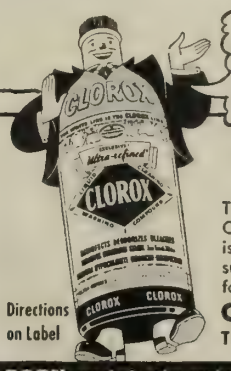
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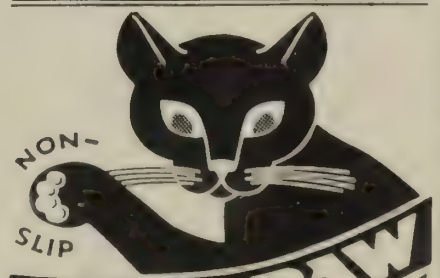
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along even for a week. He made the suggestion diffidently to his mother, and as usual she let him down.

"That little girl you're always talking to on the phone?"

"Yeah."

She went on sorting their beach clothes. "But Jud, I don't even know her mother and father. If we invited anybody, there are a dozen of my own friends' daughters I'd have to ask first. And George has refused to go this year, so we won't have any help but Louella. I'm worn out," she said plaintively. "I'm looking forward to a real rest."

He scuffed his feet on the rug and wanted to bark at her, *Yeah, and you'll go to cocktail parties every day, and all that boloney. Worse than at home....* Last summer he would have said it, but he was nearly fifteen now, and he was discovering subterfuge and diplomacy. If he pestered her too much she might start making cracks about Mimi: "Jud, why couldn't you pick somebody we at least *know?*" And he couldn't take that; he didn't want Mimi criticized even by indirection, and for something she couldn't help.

Sally Denton threw aside a pair of trunks to be mended. "Besides, honey, there are always a lot of darling girls already down there. You'll have a wonderful time."

"Okay, skip it," he growled, and walked away.

He did have a pretty good time, because he loved the sand and sun and water, and because he could run around with a crowd from other places, who didn't know about his apostasy and exile. But none of the girls could touch Mimi and his love never wavered. He wrote to her several times—each awkward, inarticulate letter a duplicate of the preceding one—and she answered with the same kind of letters. He made a collection of small, delicate shells for her, wondering if you could maybe string them into a necklace; and spent a week's allowance on a pink satin pillow with flowers and "Souvenir of Pebble Beach" painted on it. The pink satin and the flowers sort of reminded him of Mimi. And when the month had ended he turned his face eagerly toward home.

> **A proverb is a short sentence based on long experience.**
>
> —CERVANTES
> Don Quixote.

When they got to the house that afternoon his father drove around to the back, because it was easier to carry all their junk in that way. Jud saw it then: a missing pane in one of the ground-floor windows. His heart quit for a second; the rising wave of fury brought sweat to his upper lip. *You bastards*, he cried silently; *you lousy, stinking bastards.* Words he hadn't even used since Mimi expressed her opinion of them. He couldn't speak; he had to let his parents find it out for themselves.

His mother, sweeping the house with an anxious, housewife's eye, saw it first. "Harry! Somebody's broken in the house." Her voice died in a wail as she plunged out of the car with his father right behind her, and Jud made his feet take him after them.

Downstairs, the house looked all right. Sally raced from room to room, making wordless, frantic sounds, then raced for the stairs with her husband right behind her once more. Jud was a dragging third.

He had to go and look at his room, much as he wanted to escape. He had to look at it and learn how it felt when it was *your* possessions that had been violated. The door was open and he stepped over the threshold and stopped.

They had done a good job, all right. His rug—with the compass in the middle—was in shreds, his collection of airplanes was a pile of splinters, his collection of bird eggs had been ground to powder. Felt protruded from gaping holes in his mattress, torn pages from his books were scattered everywhere.

He stumbled forward and threw himself face down on the mutilated bed and cried in bitterness and despair. Having investigated their own domain, his father and mother found him there; through his sobs he heard his mother's cry and his father's profanity.

"Jud!" His father's hand gripped one heaving shoulder. "Who did this? And why just your room? You're bound to know, son. Who was it?"

He grew very still, but his mind raced. If he told, his father would ask next, "How do you know?" And then the rest would come out. His father wasn't dumb the way his mother was—maybe because he had been a boy himself. He would be sure to find out about the Amberson house and then he would insist on paying his share to the insurance company. And everybody in town—including Mimi—would know what Jud Denton had done.

Six months ago it wouldn't have mattered so much. In those days he would have taken his medicine and swaggered it out, the way the others would do now if they were caught. He might even have felt a little proud of himself. But Mimi wouldn't; and being the kind they were, Mimi's mother and father wouldn't even let her speak to him again. They had been smart, all right: if they had touched anything in the rest of the house he would have had to tell. Since he was the only victim—in their eyes, anyhow—they were gambling on his silence.

His father's hand tightened and turned him over, baring his ravaged face. "Jud, who did it?"

He met the angry, searching eyes as squarely as he could. "I don't know."

"Of course you know. What had you done to make them this mad?"

"Nothing." His full mouth, that had lately been sweeter and more boyish, was sullen and bitter.

His father almost lifted him off the bed. "Come into my room," he ordered. "I can't think straight in all this mess."

His mother protested tearfully, "He's all to pieces. Please don't worry the poor child right now."

Harry Denton just looked at her and gripped Jud's arm. "Come on, son. I've got to find out the truth."

Jud's feet lagged behind his mind as he went. There was a way out—or part of a way. Half truth and half lie. He decided to take it; decided he had to take it, because it was the best he could do.

"All right," his father said when they were seated, "who was it?"

Jud looked at the floor. "I won't tell you."

Remembering the rigorous code of his boyhood, Harry Denton tabled the question. "Then tell me why. What they had against you."

"I found out they were planning on wrecking the Sheridans' house and I said I'd call the police and tell 'em to watch it good. They laid off, but they got mad."

Behind him he heard his mother gasp. "Boys you know? *Friends* of ours?"

Jud gave her a weary glance. The question was too dopey to rate an answer.

"They ought to be punished, son," his father went on. "Private property is still sacred—thank God. If these boys don't find it out now, they may land in the penitentiary. Actually, you'll be doing them a favor."

Jud's eyes stung. "No," he said flatly. "I'm not gonna be the one to tell. They're even with me now and this'll finish it. If it doesn't, I promise I'll tell you."

Because he had them now. His broken possessions were smeared with their prints and he meant to save enough scraps. And he meant to sound the warning. If they tried to ride him any more, if another house was even touched, he was ready to go down with all his guns firing. That was the only way it could be.

His mother gasped again. "Honestly, Harry, it's the most unbelievable thing I ever heard. I don't know what some parents are thinking of."

Harry Denton flicked a tired look at her and turned back to Jud. "That's not all, is it? There's more to it than that."

Jud's mouth was set, but he felt a reluctant pride in his father's astuteness. "It's all I'm gonna tell unless something else happens."

His father gave him a long, steady look. "Is it the truth—the part you've told me?"

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He could look at his father when he answered that question. He had a funny feeling that it was the first time he and his father had ever really *seen* each other; the first time they had ever really *talked*, even though the important words were not being spoken aloud.

"Yes, sir. It's the truth."

"If I didn't have this hunch, I'd keep after you. But I guess it's better to let it ride." He sighed and rubbed a hand over his eyes and Jud knew he was thinking of his wife; protecting her innocence. "You'd better move into the front guest room till this mess is cleaned up. I'm sorry about all your things."

Jud was too. The thought of his ravished treasures made his chin quiver and his eyes burn. "It's all right, I guess," he said huskily. "Just a lot of kid junk, but I'm sorry about the furniture." He stood up. "Can I have the key to the toolhouse, dad? I want to get my bicycle."

"Going somewhere already?" His father smiled a little.

"Yes, sir. I brought Mimi some shells and things." He made himself say her name and it tasted sweet and clean in his mouth.

His father found the key and passed it over. "Give her my love," he said, not being funny at all. "I'd like to meet her; why don't you ask her to eat dinner with us uptown tonight? Your mother can phone her mother and make it official."

"Gee! Could I?" His eyes sparkled and his voice cracked with his happiness.

"Sure." Harry Denton did grin then. "She must be quite a gal."

Jud grinned back, man to man. "Brother, you ain't kiddin'." He clattered down the stairs, whistling.

MEET A STEELWORKER'S FAMILY

(Continued from Page 138)

state compensation. Art came out of this accident with no physical scars, but a total wreck so far as finances were concerned. His War Bonds and all his savings were eaten up by hospital and living expenses, and the Crouses have never been able to catch up since. Ask Anne what their savings plan is today, and she answers, "There isn't any. Period!"

Art's pay check comes to approximately $138 every two weeks. Out of this comes $1.38 for social security, plus $2 each month for union dues, $2.91 a month for their new group hospitalization plan, and 89 cents for his "Red Feather" Community Chest contribution. The Crouses pay $43 rent a month for their Government-owned house, plus $2.45 every three months for utilities. Their telephone bill (unlimited service is a "must") is $5.18 a month, with long-distance calls extra. Life insurance costs them $2.70 a week—every member of the family has at least a $400 policy, and Art carries $4500. Art pays no income tax because of his large number of exemptions, so his only tax bill is about $10 a year for schools.

The Crouses make no attempt to figure what they spend on such major expenses as food and clothing. Any kind of budget, they say, would be useless in these days of high and higher prices. "We get enough to eat," says Art. "And when one of the kids needs shoes or something, I can usually raise the money. If I can't, we wait a while." One thing is sure—the Crouses may go without meat for five or six days every week, but they get plenty of nourishment from the meals which Anne cooks up in her big three-gallon pots (see page 144). Art swears stoutly that a dish of her vegetable soup is as good as a steak any time.

On most expenses except groceries, the Crouses operate on a "pay to pay" schedule. That is, the milkman and the breadman and the man who runs the corner gasoline station all carry Art on their books from one payday to another. Barbering is cheap—a friend of Art's comes to the house and cuts six heads of masculine hair every two weeks for a dollar! Most of their furniture was inherited

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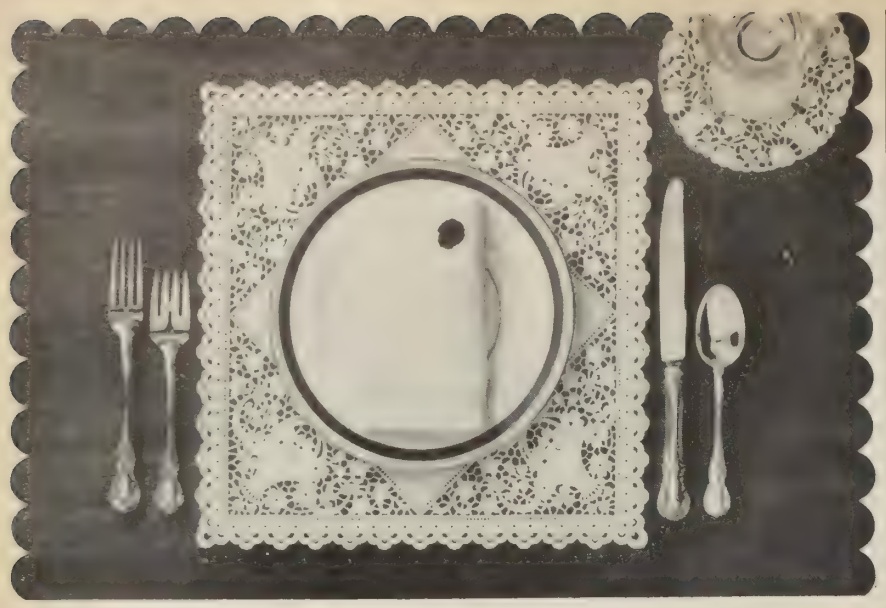
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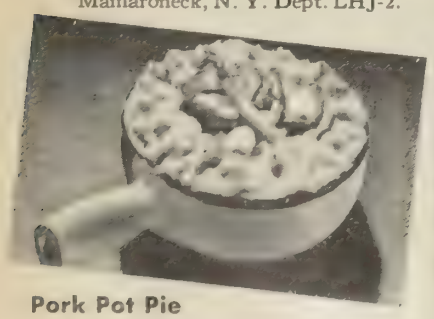
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Pork Pot Pie

Cut 1 lb. boneless pork shoulder in 1" cubes. Brown in drippings. Add 2 c. Herb-Ox Bouillon, 1 bay leaf, dash of pepper. Simmer 1 hour or till meat is tender. Thicken gravy. Add 1 c. cooked carrots, 1 c. cooked celery, 8 small, cooked onions. Pour into casserole and top with whipped sweet potatoes (or whole). Brown in oven 15 minutes.

Herb-Ox
BOUILLON CUBES

PROBLEM CHILD

Little Johnny's mother had been trying to curb his excessive use of slang.

So the first morning she served Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal for breakfast, she corrected him when he exclaimed, "Gee Mom, this hot cereal is the berries. It's tops! It's super-swell eating, but definitely!"

"No, John, you mean it is good, or excellent, or delicious."

"How about okey-doke?" he asked.

"No, Son, you must learn to speak more precisely and accurately."

Johnny thought a moment. "All right, Mom—Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal is hot stuff. Let's see you make something of *that!*"

(Advertisement)



from Anne's grandparents, and any additions are strictly on the installment plan. The latest example was a secondhand (but very new-looking) console radio which Art bought for $10 down and $5 a month, until $79 is paid.

Before the war the Crouses lived almost next door to the steel mill, in the town of Homestead itself. But in 1942 the U.S. Government tore down their home and more than 1000 others to make way for a huge new building which is now Open Hearth No. 5. Most of the displaced families were moved to new homes in the Glen Hazel Heights Defense Housing Project, on a hilltop about two miles away. That is where the Crouses live today, in a little green row house which is perched high up on a terrace, with two long flights of steps to the street. They are cut off on both sides by their neighbors, but there is room in front for sandlot baseball, and Anne even manages to grow several kinds of summer flowers in her so-called back yard, which measures about six feet by five.

Their home has none of the grime and dinginess which are traditionally associated with steel towns. Crisp percale curtains hang at the windows; the rugs and upholstery are clean and colorful; and the living room is gay with little shaded lamps and glass and china knickknacks. They have a real space problem, however. There are just six rooms, one bathroom, one (back-door) closet which is big enough to hold the washing machine and a few other utensils—and that is all. No garage, no cellar, and no workshop for Art, who does all his own electrical, plumbing, carpentry and automobile repairs.

Outsiders find it hard to understand how, with only three tiny second-floor bedrooms, the nine Crouses ever manage to get to sleep at all. But Anne makes it sound easy:

"Art and I have the back bedroom," she explains, "and Janie and Doll sleep together in the one in front. Young Arthur and Jerome use the double bed in the middle room, and Kenny sleeps on the cot in there. That leaves Gerald and Tubby, and they sleep downstairs on the day bed in the parlor, along with Dickie, the canary bird."

With so little room to live in, neatness is not just a virtue in the Crouse household—it is a downright necessity. Every member of the family, down to little Janie, helps make his or her bed the first thing in the morning. And Anne has worked out an almost infallible system for keeping clothes, toys and other belongings in their proper places.

"The first time one of them leaves something on a chair or the middle of the floor, I tell them to pick it up," she says. "The second time I just open the door and throw it out on the doorstep. The third time—if there is a third time—it goes out the second-story window. After that, there isn't any fourth time."

Neighbors who have seen Janie's overcoat or Tubby's schoolbooks come flying out the window into a snowbank have been moved to investigate this system, and have sometimes adopted it for themselves.

The Crouses' combination kitchen-and-dining-room is so small that the family eats in two shifts: Art and Anne and the three smaller children first, followed by the four teen-agers. Dirty dishes are disposed of immediately: as soon as the first shift is finished the rinsing and washing begin; the older children take care of their own, and the pots and pans take only a few minut afterward. Anne simply doesn't have ar room to let anything stand around, even she wanted to.

With seven growing youngsters to fe and clothe and supply with cash for movi and footballs and schoolbooks—and with pay check which even in these inflated tim averages about 63 take-home dollars p week—one might expect the Crouses to considerable brooding about the high cost living. But they simply aren't the broodi type. And besides, the present seems rath comfortable to them, when compared wi the fairly recent past.

Not so many years ago, at the bottom the depression, when they already had tw babies and another on the way, the only jo Art could find was part-time truck drivin Some weeks he earned as much as $12, bu usually it was $6 or $7. At that time 55 p cent of the population of Pittsburgh was r ceiving some form of public relief, and th Crouses were among them. When Art earnings fell below $10 a week, "the welfare gave him enough to make up that figur Which wasn't enough, of course, so eve day that his tru didn't run A tramped the stree looking for odd jo Some days he wou walk 25 miles a come back with few quarters, or crumpled dollar bi

"But he alwa brought home som thing," says Ann "And in those da you could manage meal for thirty-fi cents."

Probably the lo point came one co winter mornin when little Dolor refused to go o and play becau she had no mitten Art, looking ve grim, started o right after an ear breakfast, an didn't get back t after dark. That da he earned 75 cen by helping a man start his stalled autom bile, 50 cents more by unloading coal, a a quarter by chopping some wood. H tossed the money on the kitchen table a said, "Take fifty cents for groceries—and dollar for Doll's mittens."

Next to the depression, sickness and ac dents have been the greatest obstacles in t Crouses' climb. But in this they have had t stanch allies in a pair of greathearted Hom stead medical men—Dr. P. J. ("Paddy Hughes, their family physician, and Dr. P. McGuire, who is Anne's "baby doctor."

"We don't owe much to our doctors," sa Art, with husky sincerity. "Just our who lives, that's all." The Crouses have found difficult to get any kind of bill from these t generous men—"Two years ago I tried give Doctor Hughes ten dollars," says A "but I finally had to compromise on three

Anne, of course, has been in the hospit more than any other member of the famil Besides her seven successful pregnancies s had two others that did not turn out we One baby boy was born between Jerome a Kenny, but lived only a few months. S also suffered one miscarriage when she f downstairs with a load of blankets in h arms. After Janie, her last baby, was bor Anne had to return to the hospital and u dergo a partial hysterectomy.

All the children have had sieges of the own. Gerald was a real problem baby, bo with an obstruction in his stomach whi prevented normal feeding for nearly a ye and a double hernia which did not fully he until he was 3. After he recovered from s this he got in the way of his father's truc and was run over right in front of Anne

(Continued on Page 198)

What Does a Woman Do

when the housework floors her, the budget won't balance and the kids won't behave? "You should see mom as I represent her," writes Dorothy Dennis Smith, of Frankfort, Indiana.

DOROTHY and her dentist husband own their home clear, have the four kids they wanted and a tidy income of about $6000 a year. But there are too many stresses and strains, financially and emotionally, and the Smiths have asked for help. Share the problems of a

REBEL HOUSEWIFE

By Ruth Shapley Matthews

HOW AMERICA LIVES

In the March Journal

LISTEN TO THE CHEERS FOR THRIFTY *Cheese Strata*

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It's even more delicious than it looks. Thrifty main dish that's protein-rich. For, while the eggs in Cheese Strata provide *some* protein, there's *lots* of it—high-quality, complete protein—in the Kraft American.

Start with simple sandwiches. Make six, using a slice of Kraft American Pasteurized Process Cheese between two slices of bread. Beat 4 eggs, add 2½ cups of milk, with salt and pepper to taste, and pour this custard over the sandwiches arranged in a shallow baking dish or casserole. Let this stand for 45 minutes, then bake in a very moderate oven, 325°, for 40 minutes, or until puffed and golden brown, with the custard firm. Serve it right away.

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America's tastiest sandwich
For each serving, toast a slice of bread (crusts trimmed) on one side. Spread the untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise and cover with slices of peeled tomato.

Now put on a good thick slice of Kraft Pasteurized Process American Cheese. Top with a strip or two of *partially* broiled bacon and slip into a 350° oven or under low broiler heat for a few minutes. When the bacon is crisp and Kraft American melted you've *got* it.

When you buy cheese in a portion or slices

You are familiar with the transparent wrapper that comes around Kraft American in the 5-lb. package. *Slices* or *portions* of *genuine* Kraft American are cut from a 5-lb. loaf with a wrapper of *that same design*. Ask! Look! Protect yourself against substitution.

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A little still buys a lot in a telephone call

Even in these days of higher prices, a small sum still buys a telephone call.

Telephone rates have gone up much less than the increases in the cost of telephone materials and wages . . . and much less than the increases in most other things you buy.

Yes, the telephone keeps on being a bargain—a great big one in convenience, friendship, security and success.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 196)

eyes. She picked him up, then went all to pieces and fainted. Fortunately, he was only slightly bruised and cut. Later on he was the victim of an accident that was almost funny—while waltzing around the living room on a New Year's Day, he caught his toe in a register and broke it!

But Arthur Francis is the real family champion when it comes to accidents; he has been sewed up so many times his mother calls him "Stitches." The first time he ever walked he fell and cut his head on the stove. A week later he did the same thing in his grandmother's bathroom. At the age of 8 he was badly hurt by an auto while coming home from school, and he seems to have a downright affinity for falling on broken milk bottles, or slicing his fingers while trying to carve the Thanksgiving turkey.

Jerome had double pneumonia twice, and a strep-throat infection that required radium treatment. Kenny was hit on the eye with a baseball bat, broke his wrist falling from a tree, and lost a year of school because of badly infected tonsils which the doctor did not want to remove because of a polio epidemic. Tubby, who was the most robust of all the babies, had bronchial pneumonia at seven months, and soon afterward fell against a hot iron, which seared the whole side of his leg, bedding him for six weeks. Janie has been comparatively lucky; she had one scooter accident which resulted in a deep cut on her chin, but otherwise she has escaped with only the normal attacks of chicken pox, measles, whooping cough and grippe which have periodically afflicted all the children.

Lest all this medical history should sound too much like a tale of woe, let it be said that the Crouses are definitely not the complaining kind. "You've got to expect those things when you have a lot of children," says Anne. "And we've really been lucky so far—we've brought them all through in good shape." Which is true—the seven younger Crouses are a healthy, husky, clean-looking lot.

Probably partly because they have been through so much together, Art and Anne Crouse seem closer and better adjusted emotionally than many American couples who have more money to spend. Their entire social life revolves around their family, and this includes Anne's two sisters and her warm-hearted Polish parents, who always come visiting with candy and small change for the youngsters, along with such substantial gifts as shoes and overcoats.

Art gets along fine with the men he works with, and on paydays he frequently stops off at one of the Homestead bars for a couple of beers, or a shot of medium-priced whisky. But he never stays more than a few minutes, and Anne never says anything to him about it when he gets home. He used to belong to a Democratic club and the Eagles, but he dropped them because he rarely went there anyway. On his off days he often does some neighborhood job of electric wiring or plumbing to earn a little extra cash.

He gets a two-week vacation with pay, but he does not feel he can afford to go anywhere with his big family. There is a big pub swimming pool near the Crouses' home, a the youngsters go there every day in the su mer—Art figures they have as good a ti there as they would anywhere.

Art is a member of Local No. 1397, Unit Steelworkers of America—CIO; he atter most of the union meetings, and votes every election. He was working at Hon stead in the exciting days when the C first began to organize "Big Steel," and thinks the union has done a first-rate job "speaking for the men." But he also ha good word for the company, and especia for the foremen he works under. "They O.K.," he says. "They've always been squ with me." Politically he and Anne have ways been New Deal Democrats, and t voted for Truman last November.

Art and Anne were born and married the Roman Catholic Church. They att Mass fairly often, but not so often as t children. And they contribute what they they can afford to the church, but it is rar more than a dollar at a time.

None of the Crouses are much for readi They subscribe to three newspapers, Anne borrows back numbers of LADIES' H JOURNAL and other magazines from her ters. She doesn't read many stories, but gives the fashion sections a thorough go over. Art reads mostly the sports pages comic strips. There are always stacks of co books around the house, and he enjoys t as much as any of the kids.

The younger Crouses go to the movies or three times a week, but Art and A haven't been for nearly two years. T favorite pastimes at home are danc games with the kids and listening to r quiz shows.

Anne has no hired household help, course, and she belongs to no clubs. U the time this article was written she never been farther from Pittsburgh t Ellwood City, Pennsylvania, which is ab 50 miles. Art used to drive his truck as fa Detroit, and New York and other Eastern ies. He says he'd like to go west somet and see the cattle-ranching country the mountains where there is still " hunting." But Anne has no urge to tra "I do plenty of that right here at home," says. "Upstairs and down, and up again. don't think I don't enjoy it. I'd rather be with my gang than all alone in the big palace on earth."

As for the future, the Crouses have one hope, and practically no worries. Their is that Art will get his promotion to fore soon, with enough added pay so they start saving a few dollars a week again. realize that they are living from han mouth—or rather, from "pay to pay but they don't see how they can help it days. "We don't worry about it," Anne, "because it wouldn't do us any if we did. Besides, I don't think things ever get as bad for us as they were in early days of the depression. And even if did, we could probably live through it a We're still young—and we have our

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Song of Content

By Lucile Stubbs Graham

I

We lived in a house, a substantial house:
It wasn't a mansion; it wasn't a hut.
And when I was nine, I liked our house,
But
I *would* have liked to live in a cave,
Or a gypsy tent, or, best of all,
A boxcar, a heavenly boxcar,
A tin dishpan hanging outside
on the wall.

II

And when I was twelve I liked our house
And knew that I liked it better by far
Than a roofed-in cave or a gypsy tent
Or an old boxcar.
But I *would* have liked to live in a house
Where tapestries hung on every wall,
Where a second maid dusted the
objets d'art
And a liveried butler adorned the
hall.

III

We live in a house, a conventional h
It isn't a palace; it isn't a tent.
It's our very first house—for my
husband and I
Did honestly find a house to rent
We wrote out a check and were
handed a key;
We unpacked our boxes and
watered the flowers.
This house is the best there could
possibly be,
For this house is ours.

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What Makes You Healthy?

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Mental Illness Strikes 1 in 10

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Journal Contents

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **March, 1949**
Vol. LXVI, No. 3

PHOTO BY JOHN STEELE



FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

"As a Chautauqua director (genus now extinct), I lived in countless small towns. They are more deeply exciting than cities. In one small town I knew the lawyer and his wife who had not spoken to each other for fifteen years—during which time they had five children. In another we had three unexplained suicides and two other mysterious deaths in one cold, dark winter. In this I found a pattern for *Under the Quiet Water* (page 34), probably not so fantastic as the true story."

PHOTO BY ELSNER'S



ELEANOR SHALER

"I was an Army child, born in Indiana, educated at Vassar for four years and on the stage with the first Garrick Gaieties for eight. I married another Army child and we moved to the environs of Philadelphia, where we live in a Revolutionary house on forty-two isolated and neglected acres. I began *The Wild Horse* (page 68) over a year ago, but harvesting, canning, cooking, errand-driving and tending two small boys left time to write only a page at a time."



ROBERT GEORGE HARRIS

(Illustration, page 68)

"I'm from Missouri, but it's a shame to show me. I'd like to substitute a picture of my wife, or our two children, Craig and Marcia, or even our English bulldog. I began as an illustrator for Western stories, but with my wife's encouragement, I hung up my boots and saddle and turned to better things. To this day I still think she encouraged me so that she could pose for me in evening gowns instead of blue jeans and ten-gallon hats."

Complete-in-One-Issue Condensed Novel

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 116

The greatest star of the screen!



One of the great stage plays of our time, "Command Decision", is on the screen!

★ ★ ★ ★

Clark Gable's in it!

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Van Johnson's in it!

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That is what is known as a cast.

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"Command Decision" tells of heroes and cowards, braggarts and fighters, liars and lovers . . . and what goes on in their hearts.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is suspense drawn taut, action that crackles with emotional voltage.

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That's the stuff the play was made of and it made a powerful play.

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Consider the kind of acclaim that greeted its world premiere in Los Angeles . . . "Superb"..."Rip-snorting"..."Gable's best"..."Pidgeon's finest"..."Tears you to pieces and fills your heart with pride"..."Better than the play"..."Perfection"!

★ ★ ★ ★

No applause would be fair which did not include a rousing round for Director Sam Wood and for Producer Sidney Franklin and Associate Producer Gottfried Reinhardt.

★ ★ ★ ★

The screen play by William R. Laidlaw and George Froeschel is based on the Broadway stage success penned by William Wister Haines.

★ ★ ★ ★

We predict "Command Decision" will be a command performance to the millions of picture-goers who appreciate exciting entertainment.

—Leo



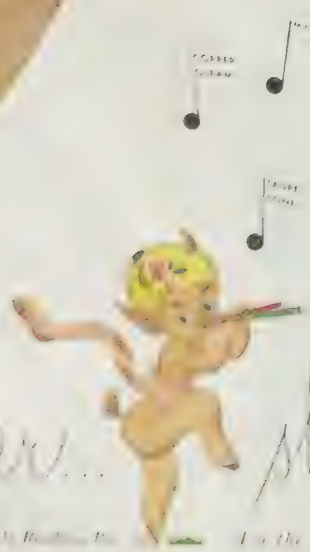
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Our Readers Write us

Profound Thinker



It's a dismal world, I know. . . . People open their newspapers every morning to scare-making headlines about sad and ominous happenings. . . . But. . .



. . . that Red war-monger news . . . I just . . .



. . . can't take it . . .



. . . seriously!

Sincerely yours,
DENNY COLE.

Advice to Brides

Dubuque, Iowa.

Dear Editors: Why, oh why, must every bride follow the same hysterical pattern?

First of all—the wedding dress and veil must be the most expensive that she can possibly squeeze out of her budget. Besides that, it sometimes falls to the bride to take care of the outfits for several attendants.

The breakfast is no longer eaten at home. It must be held "out." Then just *try* to confine it to the immediate family! Aunt Hetty and Cousin Isabel or Uncle Dudley are sure to be offended if they are not invited, and if they come, *naturally*, the groom's Aunt Helen and Uncle Bertram with little Louie *must* be included—after all!

So the expense account grows. Cakes, sandwiches, punch, caterers, restaurant, church fee, decorations, outfits—every little detail exactly like everyone else, and all far too much for the bride's budget. And worse than anything is the long strain, the endless preparation, the dashing here and there for weeks before, so that by the time they are ready to leave for the honeymoon the girl is so tired she is ready to drop in her tracks.

I suppose it would be out of the question for a girl to pick an inexpensive dress and veil, to choose one attendant, if any, to go directly home from church to a quiet, simple breakfast with the families. That just isn't being done. Could it be done? Why not? All it needs is someone to start it.

Sincerely yours,
A GRANDMOTHER.

A Grandma in the Home

Ardsley, New York.

Dear Editors: In our family it's grandma. Seventy years old now, she has been the center of our daily life for twenty years. When the children were little, and mother and dad craved a much deserved evening at the movies, there was no baby-sitter problem here. Grandma was here, wasn't she? Later when mom was perhaps a bit too severe, and the children's tears flowed after punishment (sometimes undeserved) there was the balm of grandma's quiet voice and comforting arms. What on earth would a family do when mother is ill and needs rest in bed if there were no dear old granny to cook and scrub and "do" for the brood?

We do have a magnificent view of the Jersey Hills from our dining-room windows, facing west. Each evening we see the sun set in a burst of glory, and then, as I look at grandma, now in the sunset of her life, I pray that I may be able to do something really big for her to repay her for her life of devotion to us. That's the story of one granny, and aren't there many such sagas of unselfishness throughout this land of ours?

With best wishes,
MARTHA A. STRUCKMAN.

Wants More Poets

Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Editor: You publish so much good poetry! I love to read it. But I wonder why you select only a few poets over and over, when many unknown poets are also producing fine stuff.

Sincerely,
MRS. PETER J. STELLING.

The JOURNAL has published the work of more than 400 different poets. Our poetry editors, who read carefully as many as 800 poems every week, are especially excited when they discover a new poet.
—ED.

When Baby Sitters Worked

Honolulu, Hawaii.

Dear Editors: Here I am in the midst of reading my favorite magazine, the JOUR-

"Idle hour" Clothes

and how to keep them gay

Bed-time clothes with a "dress-up" air help you end the day on a high note. So be sure you give them the best of care—Ivory Flakes care.

Keep *all* your nice washables away from strong soaps and rough handling . . . because even one wrong washing can spoil their fit and fade their flattering colors. Give them gentle care with Ivory Flakes. Their colors will brighten up . . . they'll keep their fit far longer.

Keep your washables lovelier with this special care

POSY-SPLASHED wool challis housecoats keep their appeal—and their color longer . . . when you give them Ivory Flakes care. No soap is kinder to your nice things than pure, mild Ivory Flakes!

SILK NIGHTIES like this one can be washed time after time in Ivory Flakes. Ivory Flakes is *one* soap that fashion experts recommend for all fine washables.

Housecoat by Raymodes
Nightgown by Iris Lingerie Co.



Night gown by Little Dorrit Robes Co

COTTON NIGHTGOWNS for little girls look their best with Ivory Flakes care . . . keep bright and new-looking far longer.

NYLONS need nightly washing and the gentlest care! Ivory Flakes will help them wear and wear . . . and keep that new, fresh look up to *twice as long!*



If it's lovely to wear . . . It's worth

Ivory Flakes care

The fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory . . . 99 44/100 % Pure

Quality in every line...
Beauty in every step



Queen Quality
SHOES

Careful beauty for a lovely lady. Superb styles created by the skilled hands of Queen Quality's master craftsman . . . artfully capturing the picture of fashion.



50 YEARS Queen Quality SHOES STYLE QUALITY FIT

$10.95 • $11.95
some styles $12.95

NAL, and hitting me full in the face in How America Lives is this: "Big extravagance—a sitter at 25 cents an hour!" Here in price-inflated Hawaii every time we want to go out for an evening we pay $1.50 for the first hour and 75 cents for every hour thereafter, and our baby is not six months old yet.

Oh, for the good old days when I used to sit (I use the word "sit" loosely) with *four* kids, do the dishes, bathe them, stop their fights and put them to sleep by making up stories—all for 50 cents the evening!

Sincerely,
MRS. JACK W. SORENSEN.

Busy Mother Quiz-Dizzy

Arvida, Quebec.
ATTENTION: Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.

I am referring to your quiz Are You a Good Housekeeper? in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. You say a score of 12 or less is rarely the case if a woman really loves her home and family. My score was 5½. And my home and my four small children are my whole life. I love them dearly. I am beginning to believe some of your methods of calculation are not quite fair.

1. Does arrival of unexpected guests upset you?

Certainly. I am busy nearly every minute of the day, and if the children are in they are all over the place and they don't just sit and fold their hands.

2. Are you a "fussy" housekeeper?

If I were a fussy housekeeper I would go mad and my children would be unable to stand me. On the days I go on a cleaning spree I am not fit to live with.

3. Does your work pile up and get badly behind?

There's just too much to do.

4. Do you complain to your husband about being overworked?

I try to attract my husband's sympathy, as I figure he'd never know how I was overworked if I didn't tell him. I also try to solicit his help in this way. I don't get it.

5. Do you kill yourself one day, loaf the next?

It's heavenly on the days I loaf and I am a companion to the children and sweet and patient with them.

6. Can you prepare meals from stock if shopping is delayed?

You say "meals"—plural. One meal is all I can manage, so no.

7. Do you have several household skills your friends envy?

My goodness, I haven't one!

8. Can you share two evenings a week with your husband?

No, as it interferes with my night work (work not done in the day).

9. Do you always know how your budget stands?

No. Anything relating to budgets is much too unstable—expenditures go up, and up, and up.

10. Are all clothes mended before laundering?

No, my kids' clothes are too dirty before laundering to be touched with anything less than a six-foot pole.

11. Do you keep remedies and medical aids in a definite place?

No. My medical aids travel around to each scene of accident and stay there until the next casualty. The adhesive bandages disappear on dolls, broken trucks, kites.

12. Are there two comfortable chairs with good light in your living room?

The springs are all broken and there never seems to be a place in aforementioned budget for new comfortable chairs.

13. Before shopping, do you carefully list your needs?

Ah, here's where I get a yes. I get uptown so seldom that when I do, it's a grim-faced, systematic affair.

14. Is your work conveniently scheduled for saving of steps?

No. My work is interlaced with the children's whereabouts, and they certainly do not save their steps, nor are they interested in mine.

15. Are you neat and clean when your husband returns from work?

I gave myself a tentative yes, as I do try to be neat and tidy at I know to the exact minute when my husband will be home. If his arrival is untimely, the situation is quite the same as that of unexpected guests.

16. Does your home have a relaxing "lived in" atmosphere?

One half on this one. I would hardly call the atmosphere in my home "relaxing," although it is very much "lived in."

(Continued on Page 8)



For a Vibrant Lovelier You

No BONES ABOUT IT

Stays up without stays

There's a "Perma•lift"* Pantie designed just for you—the comfortable pantie preferred by millions of smartly styled women. The exclusive magic inset designed in the front panel is your guarantee that your "Perma•lift" Pantie won't roll over, won't wrinkle, won't bind, yet it stays up without stays. Be expertly fitted at your favorite corset department. Buy and try a "Perma•lift" Pantie today—$5.00 to $8.50.

Enjoy a "Perma•lift" Bra—America's favorite bra with "The Lift that never lets you down." Price—$1.50 to $3.50

*"Perma•lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Now! Easy-to-use Dial-a-Wave takes the guesswork out of Home Permanents!



Your "Rayve Number" is your guide to the one right wave for your hair

The new, easy-to-use "Dial-a-Wave" that's in every Rayve package takes the guesswork out of your home permanent. You simply set the dial for the texture and condition of your hair and the kind of wave you want . . . and find your "Rayve Number." This number is your guide to the correct timing procedure that's best for your kind of hair.

. . . it's exclusive with **Rayve** *~ the new personalized*

HOME PERMANENT

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



At all leading drug and cosmetic counters

THE COMPLETE RAYVE KIT. *Everything you need for a perfect permanent. Includes 60 improved "easy-wind" plastic curlers, 80 extra-strong end papers, the "Dial-a-Wave," and simple step-by-step instructions.* **$2**

THE RAYVE REFILL KIT. *Includes the "Dial-a-Wave" and everything else you need for a complete Rayve wave, except curlers and bands.* **$1**

FROM THE FAMOUS PEPSODENT LABORATORIES

A Rayve wave is faster, yet gentler . . . far easier too!



There's nothing hit or miss about your Rayve cold wave. It's *personalized*—for *your* kind of hair. The "Dial-a-Wave" quickly gives you a guide to the correct timing procedure for *every* kind of hair. With Rayve, you can be *sure* of the most perfect permanent you've ever had. And you'll save time, money and trouble.



Rayve waving times are up to twice as fast as old-type home permanents. Yet—because of its modern improved formula—Rayve's waving action is *gentler.* More than 50,000 women have pretested Rayve for you . . . have found it far easier, more comfortable. No turban to wear . . . it's easy as putting your hair up in curlers.



A Rayve wave is long-lasting—yet softer, more natural. No frizz or fuzzy ends with Rayve. You'll love it from the first day. It will be so much more flattering . . . so easy to fix in any of the new hair styles. Once you've tried Rayve, you'll never again be satisfied with any other kind of wave.



Radiant young loveliness

for over-30 skins!

TUSSY BEAUTY PLUS contains a counterpart of the substance that is present in lovely teen-age skins! Every ounce is brimming with 10,000 active units of a dynamic hormone ingredient.

This beauty-giving cream helps smooth away fatigue lines, the aging look of a dried-out skin.

Use Beauty Plus hormone cream daily and watch your mirror for a luscious, younger-looking complexion. $3 and $5 plus tax.

TUSSY *beauty plus*



(Continued from Page 6)

17. Are your meals served promptly for the family's convenience?

My meals are served promptly, but mostly for my own convenience, as there's always the baby to do after.

18. Does your work schedule permit flexibility if weather changes?

This is one capital YES. I have learned the hard way what weather does to the best laid plans of mice and mothers.

19. Can you speed unpleasant tasks by thinking of other things?

No, my dear sir—it takes just so long to wash dishes, scrub dirty old floors, and so on, no matter what I am thinking about. As a matter of fact, I usually think about the same dishes getting dirty all over again in a few hours, and the same trend of thought applies to the floors.

20. Does your husband think you are a good housekeeper?

No. This is the sad and bitter truth.

Yours very truly,
MRS. ROLAND MARCOTTE.

Yesterday Was Today

San Diego, California.

Dear Editors: Recently I was looking at some back numbers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in the public library, and I came upon these rather familiar titles: Who is to Blame for High Prices? . . . Cutting Down the Butcher Bill. . . . Is the Jew Getting a Square Deal? I turned to the front of the bound copies and found that these articles appeared in 1910!

Oh, yes! There was still another article—with illustrations too. Across the cover of a magazine today, I'll bet it would sell plenty of copies. The title: Common Mistakes We Make in Bedrooms. Let me hasten to add the article dealt with decorations and furniture arrangement, and there wasn't a living soul to be seen in the illustrations.

Sincerely yours,
ERNIE RYDBERG.

One of the charming things about us human beings is that we remain so deliriously human. ED.

Sells First Story

Cambridge City, Indiana.

Dear Editors: To have the first story I ever submitted to a magazine accepted by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL was beyond my wildest expectations and I am still floating on a rosy cloud. In our little town telegrams are delivered by telephone. Monday afternoon the operator called my husband. "Mr. Feemster," she said, "I've got a wire here for somebody in your family. But I don't know who, and it's the funniest telegram I ever read." She read your telegram:

GET READY TO TOSS YOUR BONNET HIGH FOR THAT SO YOUNG AND SO HURT SALLY IN EVERY SPRING HAS TOUCHED JOURNAL EDITORS' HEARTS FOR SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS BALM.

Then she said, "I sure don't understand that. Do you know what it means?" My husband, who is a lawyer and a very skeptical fellow, replied, "Yes, I know what it means, but I can't understand it either." The operator sighed with relief. "I'm glad you're in the same boat," she said. "I thought I was nuts!"

Sincerely and gratefully,
ELIZABETH FEEMSTER.

For first stories by hitherto unpublished authors JOURNAL pays $750.00. Last year the JOURNAL published 12 firsts. ED.

Teaching Aid

Scarsdale, New York.

Dear Editors: We have been very much interested in the People Are People series. The pictures are very helpful to classroom teachers. Have you ever considered making these pictures available to schools throughout the country?

Very truly yours,
W. PAUL ALLEN,
Principal, Scarsdale Public Schools.

Young America Films, Inc., 18 E. 41st Street, New York City, is producing slide films from the People Are People feature for classroom use. ED.



"I'm a nurse...



I can't afford CORNS, can you?"

"It's hard to be cheerful around patients when your feet hurt. So the minute a corn appears, I use a Blue-Jay Corn Plaster!" Nupercaine*, exclusive with Blue-Jay, soothes surface pain; gentle medication loosens hard "core"—you lift it out in a few days. *You* can't afford corns either. Get Blue-Jay today (on sale at drug counters everywhere).

"AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CORN PLASTER"

STAYS ON BECAUSE IT WRAPS ON

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Ciba's Brand of Dibucaine

BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company
Chicago 16

BLUE JAY
Corn Plasters



Catching Cold?

ATTACK THESE GERMS BEFORE THEY ATTACK YOU

Quick germ-killing action can often head off trouble or lessen its severity.

Medical men tell us that while some kind of a virus may frequently start a cold, the so-called "Secondary Invaders" are among the germs that so often complicate it, and are responsible for many of its most distressing symptoms.

When you're under par, over-tired, or when body resistance is lowered by drafts, wet or cold feet, or sudden changes in temperature, these germs can stage a mass invasion of the tissues. You're headed for trouble!

Then is the time to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against such a mass invasion . . . to help ward off the infection, or lessen its severity.

Germs Killed on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat and mouth surfaces to kill millions of these germs. Actual tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

This marked germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impressive test record in fighting colds.

Fewer Colds In Tests

Tests made over a period of twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did have colds, they were usually milder and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this germ-killing action is a wise precaution which warrants your serious consideration. But don't forget . . . gargle early and often!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



At the first sniffle— Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?



TO GET YOU TO TRY DREFT
WE OFFER YOU THIS!

GORGEOUS, GUARANTEED-TO-BLOOM

Gladiolus Garden

12 BULBS FOR ONLY 25¢ REGULAR 75¢ RETAIL VALUE

AND ONE DREFT BOX TOP!

12 healthy bulbs . . . Assortment of colors such as pink, purple, salmon, white, red, and yellow . . . Every one guaranteed to develop into a hearty, large-flowering plant!

You can have 12 bulbs, 24, 36, 48—or more . . . at only 25¢ a dozen. Just include a Dreft box top with every dozen you order.

DREFT washes dishes so clean it HELPS PROTECT YOUR FAMILY'S HEALTH



Mail to DREFT, Dept. C, Box 1459, Cincinnati 1, Ohio

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ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Guarantee: THIS OFFER EXPIRES, MIDNIGHT 3-31-49



Dreft Leaves No Germ-Breeding

DANGER SPOTS

THE SLIGHTEST FILM OR CLOUDINESS IS YOUR WARNING

Health Authorities say that germs breed in dishwater film . . . germs that wiping your dishes won't remove. (Towels, in fact, spread germs.) Dreft leaves no dishwater film . . . leaves no germ-breeding danger spots.

Dreft washes dishes healthfully clean . . . they shine even without wiping!

Health authorities say the way you wash dishes and the kind of suds you use, can mean the difference between sickness and health

Danger may lurk in your dishpan! Doctors have found that germs breed in dishwater film! Even dishes you've washed and polished carefully can carry this film—can carry sickness to the very ones you wish to protect.

Dreft Leaves No Germ-Breeding Film—That's why Dreft actually helps protect your family's health. And this new way of dishwashing, made practical by DREFT, not only helps you safeguard those you care for—it is actually an easier, quicker, happier way of doing dishes!

New Quick Dreft Way—Wash your dishes in Dreft's abundant, lasting suds. Give them a hot rinse (the hotter the better). Then let them drain dry. It's just as easy and quick as that!

So heed the warning of health authorities . . . help protect your family's health. Wash your dishes healthfully clean—with DREFT.

Ladies' Home Journal

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould. *Editors*

What Price Red Cross?

THE questions most frequently asked in Red Cross campaigns are: "What is the overhead? How much of my gift will go for salaries and how much for folks who need the Red Cross?"

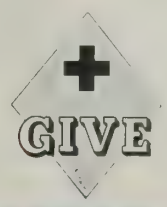
These seem to be fair questions, but they become unreasonable if it is assumed that money spent for salaries and other administrative expenses does *not* help people in need. Many thousands of volunteer Red Cross workers do hard work without pay other than personal satisfaction. In nearly one third of all Red Cross chapters all activities are conducted by volunteers. Yet the larger part of the organization's budget is the salary item. The salaries are paid to people who serve people in need, or who train or supervise people to serve others in need.

"How much of my contribution to the Red Cross campaign actually gets to those who need it?" is the way some people put it. Only a minor share of the annual budget is actually expended for groceries, clothing and shelter. But are these tangible goods the only form of relief? This conception of relief is widely held; but judged by such measures, the Red Cross suffers unfairly.

A child swimming at a picnic is caught in the rapids of a river and screams for help. A Red Cross-trained lifesaver plunges in and rescues him. Is the cost of training this lifesaver overhead or relief?

A whole community is stricken with influenza or typhoid or polio, and scores of Red Cross Home Nursing-trained women are recruited to assist the few graduate nurses available. Lives are saved. Should the cost of this training be called overhead or relief—since again only salaries are involved?

Relief cannot always be wrapped up as a tangible commodity. When a service is essential to the welfare of humanity, it does not matter whether the cost is assigned to overhead or to relief. The American Red Cross is primarily a service organization. The cost of salaries and equipment to produce such service is legitimate relief expenditure. The accounts of the national Red Cross are audited by the Army and by a firm of certified public accountants, submitted to the Congress and made available to the public. You can contribute to the Red Cross with the assurance your dollar will work for a necessary, humane cause.



Occupation—Housewife

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A WOMAN of my acquaintance, whom I interrupted while she was filling out an official questionnaire, laid down her pen with a sigh. "One question on all official or unofficial papers—government, legal, tax, what not—always gets my goat," she said. "Fills me with an inferiority complex as 'deep as a well and as wide as a barn door.' It's that query 'Occupation?' And I have to write down 'Housewife.' When I write it I realize that here I am, a middle-aged woman, with a university education, and I've never made *anything* out of my life. I'm just a housewife."

I couldn't help bursting into laughter. "The trouble with you," I said, "is that you have to find one word to cover a dozen occupations all of which you follow expertly and all more or less simultaneously. You might write: 'Business manager, cook, nurse, chauffeur, dressmaker, interior decorator, accountant, caterer, teacher, private secretary'—or just put down 'philanthropist.'"

"Philanthropists are people who give away money," she demurred.

"Not in the exact meaning of the word," I countered. "A philanthropist is a person who loves humanity and gives away something for love. All your life you have been giving away your energies, your skills, your talents, your services—for love."

"Not exactly giving them away," she doubted. "I've been supported. And I guess I've been paid with lots of love in return." She looked happier.

"Or you might put down 'Free woman.'"

"Free?" she countered. "I can hardly call my soul my own."

"Oh, yes you can," I replied firmly, for the woman is a great friend and I know her very well. "And your life has always fulfilled the prime test of a free existence—namely, never to do anything just for money."

"Perhaps you have something there," she smiled. "But here I am, nearly fifty years old, and I have never done what I hoped to do in my youth. Music! I played the piano twenty-five years ago better than I do now. And I had a college education—wasted."

Wasted! Without a mind trained to concentration, to tackling and solving problems, weighing alternative policies, and planning the use of time, this woman never could have done what she has. As for her artistic and intellectual interests ——

"But all your children are musical. And that is simply because you brought music into your home—isn't it?"

(Continued on Page 12)

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My family loves this

delicious blend of 8 vegetables

... ready-to-serve in this tasty drink!

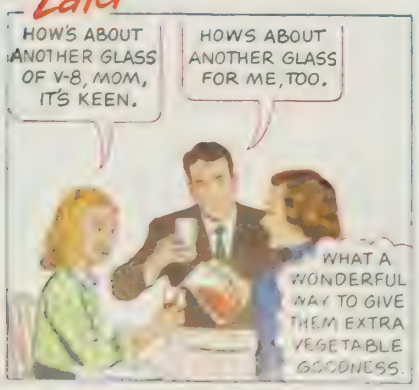


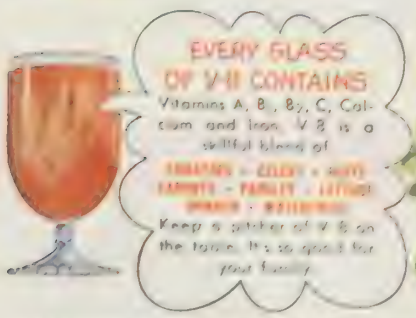
Here's how my luck began...



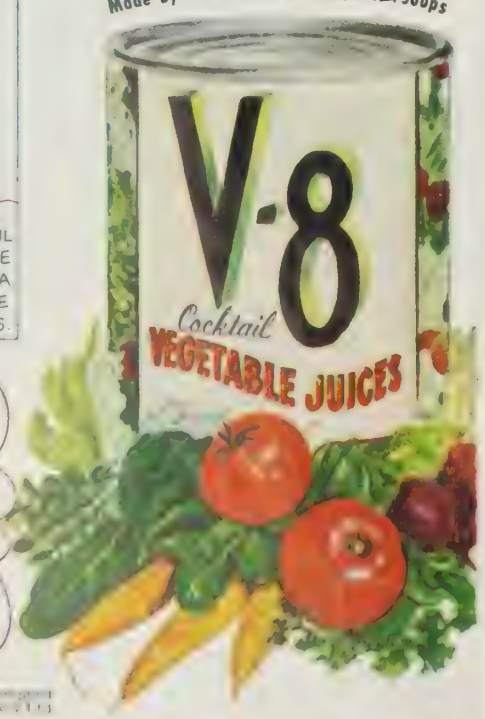


Later





Made by the makers of Campbell's Soups



*V-8 is a trademark owned in the United States by Campbell Soup Company, in Canada by Campbell [illegible]

My friend grinned. "But all this vicarious living—through others"—and she sighed again.

"As vicarious as Napoleon Bonaparte," I scoffed. "Or a queen. I simply refuse to share your self-pity. You are one of the most successful women I know."

And I certainly meant it.

This woman married, at twenty-one, a struggling high-school teacher. They went to housekeeping on $35 a week. They had three children—two sons and a daughter. It took her husband twenty-five years to rise high in his profession, and during fifteen of those years—until an outstanding and popular historical work brought him to the forefront—they had to live on very modest means with exceptionally refined tastes. Their children were grown before teaching and books won him a quite handsome income. But if this break had never happened, my friend would have been no less a success, for her greatest achievements were performed when her husband was earning between $3000 and $5000 a year. During all that time her husband and family never lived in anything but a well-kept, charming home. They never in their lives ate a bad meal. They were always attractively dressed. All three children were (and are) admired for their good manners and exceptional intelligence and industry—which saved their parents much money, for they were largely educated by scholarships. They were also educated for kindness and consideration, because there was always room for one more in that home, and for several years it was shared with a refugee child.

To do what this woman did with her husband's modest income was a feat of management, showing executive ability of a high order. Her gifts as a craftsman were no less formidable. I once found her papering her living room—"a perfect cinch once you get the hang of it," she remarked happily. As a food buyer she would have won a high salary in any restaurant, for she watched the markets like a hawk, and planned delicious meals accordingly. When the children were small she made all their clothes and most of her own, including suits and topcoats, having gone between housekeeping duties to a tailoring school. In "time off" she typed her husband's manuscripts and proofread every book; played piano duets with the children to make practicing more fun; followed them in their reading when they were in high school, the better to discuss the books under study; and as they grew up and went away to college, threw herself into the work of the community: sat on city housing boards; planned festivals to make up the church deficit; took the lead for better schools; and, in fact, when I think of her solid achievements they are matched by few "career" women.

"But I never earned any money." That is the lament of many "housewives."

If the family is considered as a unit, that is simply not so. Millions of women, all over the United States, are contributing as much to the well-being of their families by the services they render and the brains they mobilize, as are their income-earning husbands. Compile the cost of their services, if it had to be paid to half a dozen professionals! And what do most men work for anyhow? They work for their homes! The home they are able to support is the real measure of their financial "success." In that home expenditure is quite as important as income, and 80 per cent of American income is spent by "housewives," for better or for worse. Who does not know $10,000-income homes that cannot match in order, comfort and comeliness homes run on half that income? Who supplies the economic ability which overcomes income deficiencies? Invariably some "housewife."

Who can hire, at any price, a substitute for a mother? Who can find a housekeeper who thinks twice about every purchase, weighing value against available cash? On what labor market is affection to be purchased, patient devotion, good humor, laughter? There is no question that most women can save in the home by their managerial talents more money than they could bring into it from outside work.

How many men would have given up in despair in those troughs of life which come to everyone, but for the patient faith and the carefully concealed sacrifices of a loving wife? That woman of despised occupation!

It seems to me I am continually opening novels about the pretty girl who turns into a slut and a harridan upon marriage; or whose spirit is broken by the boredom of household tasks. Perhaps I know only very nice people, but I know them in all walks of life, and it seems to me that these dismal creatures are the exception, not the rule. It is probably true, as Mrs. Virginia Woolf pointed out in A Room of One's Own, that lack of money of their own, and of leisure, has thwarted the genius of some women. It is true that most conspicuous women geniuses have been childless, and free from household cares. But the world and civilization are not made by genius alone, but by civilization's myriad unsung heroes and heroines. And a world full of feminine genius but poor in children would rapidly come to an end.

One might also ask: What would become of the men geniuses? Someone has said, "When you see a great man, you can induce a great mother." That has been confirmed over and over again, and by great men themselves. But great mothers, like great geniuses, have to work at their task. It isn't just an inborn talent that flourishes without constant effort, and in free time. And most good men had *good* mothers too. Children—especially boys—usually get their ethical standards, as well as their ambition and courage, largely from their mothers.

The instinct of the masses of the people in Catholic countries, who without benefit of theologians elevated the mother of Christ into part of the Godhead—as eloquently told by Henry Adams in Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres—was a sound one, growing out of human experience. "If Christ is perfect," they argued wisely, "His mother is perfect, for only a perfect mother has a perfect son." And so they elevated the gentle and inconspicuous Mary into the Queen of Heaven, and built their loveliest cathedrals to "Notre Dame"—Our Lady.

That may seem a far cry from "Occupation: Housewife." But is it so far? The homemaker, the nurturer, the creator of childhood's environment is the constant re-creator of culture, civilization and virtue. Therefore, assuming that she has done and is doing well that great managerial task and creative activity, let her write her occupation proudly: "Housewife!" THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Robert, Playing

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

The cowhide drum, the rubber ball
Lie idle now against the wall;
The puppet clown hangs by his strings
In sad ennui; refused are rings
And plastic blocks which, pegged or lined,
Are guaranteed to pique the mind
To keen awareness. Little boys
Are said to need constructive toys,
But here is a culprit, here is a cad
Who never read a toyshop ad,
Under the aspen, quite alone,
Playing with leaves and common stone!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

95 reasons why Armour Sausage tastes so good 'n' fresh!



95 Armour Sausage Kitchens—one of them right near you—mean Armour Pork Sausage always comes to you with the rosy bloom of freshness upon it! That's why you'll enjoy so much more the good, full, natural flavor of fine pork —undisguised by heavy hit-or-miss seasoning. Just a light blend of imported spices—added lightly and with recipe accuracy—gives extra zest to every bite. Yes, Armour Sausage proves how good *good* sausage can be—naturally!

Serve 'em with Scrambled Egg Cups! Give your favorite family a new favorite breakfast—egg-filled toast cups with Armour Pork Sausage links. In 12 to 15 minutes the sausage will fry golden brown. The toast cups are easy-to-make frills—just press buttered bread slices, crusts removed and points up, into muffin tins and bake at 450° F. for 10-15 minutes. Then fill with Cloverbloom eggs scrambled as you like 'em best—and the day's started right!

For other Sausage recipes, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 362, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois

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STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD—CBS Saturday

The best and nothing but the best is labeled ARMOUR





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"I guess they're literary people. All they talk is sex, sex, sex."

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

DON'T fall in love with a novelist, is our advice, unless you are a novelist, too, and can retaliate. After *Alfred de Musset*, poet, and *George Sand*, novelist, broke up their passionate affair, Musset put the whole story into his novel, LA CONFESSION D'UN ENFANT DU SIÈCLE. George Sand in turn did it up thoroughly in her novel, ELLE ET LUI; which called forth a third novel from Musset's brother *Paul*, LUI ET ELLE, followed by a fourth from *Louise Colet*, poetess, and mistress of both Musset and Flaubert, called, with considerable originality, LUI.

Of course it might work the other way. Three women wrote books about ***D. H. Lawrence:*** his wife, ***Frieda*, NOT I, BUT THE WIND; *Mabel Dodge Luhan*, LORENZO IN TAOS;** and ***Dorothy Brett*, LAWRENCE AND BRETT,** all of them assumedly in love with Lawrence. And Lawrence made Frieda "the woman" in practically every novel he wrote.

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"New look" in George Sand's day.

Whether you read about the American boy in the '80's, in HUCKLEBERRY FINN and TOM SAWYER, or in the 1940's in THE CITY BOY of *Herman Wouk*, that boy still seems the most attractive, wholesome, heart-warming, appealing figure in our civilization. But the fact remains that too many of these nice kids go wrong. They get sneered out of their natural decency and their normal activities. To keep up with the smart guys, they become gang hangers-on, later gang members of standing and, too often, criminals. There are novels about them, too, like THE AMBOY DUKES, by *Irving Shulman*, and THE FUTURE MR. DOLAN, by *Charles Gorham*, and there are the irrefutable police records across the country.

One of the most effective ways of helping boys to have fun and go straight at the same time is the nation-wide organization, Boys' Clubs of America. There are around 300 of these clubs scattered throughout the 48 states. In large cities they are located in the most congested neighborhoods, and in smaller communities where they are accessible to outlying areas. There is no stipulation for membership. It is only necessary to be a boy. If the boy is a delinquent, the arousing of his interests within the club tends to stop his delinquency; if he is not, he is less likely to become one, once his energies have been directed into club activities.

The chief support of this organization has always been by people who consider it a community investment in the raw material of the future—boys. Usually a boys' club is a modern, clean-lined building with complete up-to-date equipment. Nearly every one has a gym, many have swimming pools. Basketball, tumbling, boxing, wrestling are all going on at the same time, but under capable leadership. There is always a library, and usually a librarian who will help a feller with his homework if he wants help. There are music, carpentry, typewriting. The noise of any boys' club is deafening. But it is a good healthy noise. There are no posted "Do's" or "Don'ts." The motto is "This is your club. Take care of it." When a boy doesn't conform, he becomes a challenge to the leaders,

(Continued on Page 16)



QUESTION: *CAN I AFFORD A BEAUTYREST?*

ANSWER: *CAN YOU AFFORD ABOUT 1½¢ A NIGHT?*

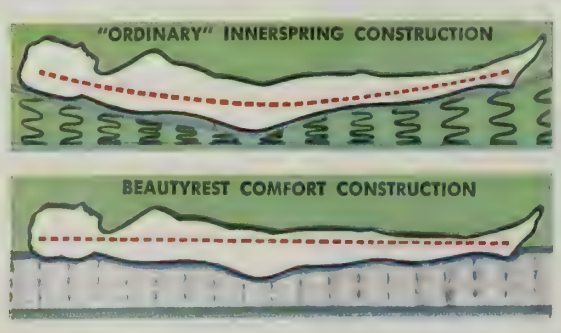
Did you ever look at it this way? Is a penny and half a night too much to pay for the healthful, refreshing *luxury rest* Beautyrest gives you?

Millions of Beautyrest owners say it's worth *more!* Here's the simple arithmetic of it. Beautyrest costs only $59.50, and it's guaranteed for 10 years. Divide 10 years by $59.50—and it comes out to *only about 1½¢ a night!*

So don't dream about owning a Beautyrest. Get one today. It's a wise investment in good living!



Beautyrest water-glass test. Glass stays ready, even when surrounding springs are pressed own. Here's why: Each Beautyrest coil spring is *individually pocketed.* Springs can't touch each other, n't force each other down. Result: *No hollows.*



3. See the amazing difference! "Ordinary" mattress springs are wired together, can pull each other down—often causing uncomfortable *sag.* But Beautyrest springs are *not* tied together. They *can't* sag! They "give" in the right places. Result: *luxury rest!*



The "indestructible" mattress. In United States Testing Co. laboratories, a 275-lb. roller pounded Beautyrest 740,744 more times than any other mattress tested. The score: Beautyrest lasts *over twice as long* as the next best mattress tested!



Beautyrest stays beautiful for the life of the mattress! No-sag edges and pre-built border protect its trim lines. Coils are built in to mattress' edge, giving you mid-mattress comfort right out to the edges.

*Only SIMMONS makes BEAUTYREST**

ALSO FROM THE HOUSE OF SIMMONS—the greatest name in bedding: Hide-A-Bed—the sofa that doubles as an "extra bedroom." Electronic Blanket—a new defense against colds. Deepsleep Mattress—a fine Simmons mattress at a lower price. Babybeauty Crib Mattress—made to doctors' specifications. Ace Spring—the modern spring for the modern mattress.

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Ozite
CUSHION
MAKES YOU
PROUD
OF YOUR
RUGS!



So deep!
So luxurious!
So quiet!

And SO economical because you save Ozite's cost many times over!

INSIST ON THE CIRCLE TREAD EMBOSSED THAT MEANS IT'S GENUINE OZITE

(Continued from Page 14)

who try to find a solution to his difficulty, and usually succeed. Most of the leaders have been club members themselves, and know their kind.

These boys' clubs have been going on for seventy years, and the records prove them to be a bulwark against delinquency. In a certain area in Detroit, for instance, after a boys' club got going, juvenile delinquency decreased from 222 to 28. The judge of the Children's Court in Schenectady said that in his district the boys' club had eliminated approximately 80 per cent of delinquency and antisocial misconduct. In Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Pontiac, Baltimore; El Dorado, Arkansas; Westchester County, New York; San Antonio, Tampa, chiefs of police, probation officers, crime-prevention officers, high-school principals all testify to this same record.

The list of boys who made good—former club members—is terrific: clergymen, including a bishop, doctors, professors (Harvard and Princeton among them), artists, judges, members of Congress and a couple of lieutenant governors of states, war heroes, businessmen. There is a formidable number of ballplayers, including Joe DiMaggio and Joe Cronin, quite as many boxers, including the late Benny Leonard, three Yale swimming-team captains, and entertainers galore—Irving Berlin, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell, Eddie Cantor, George O'Brien, Ezra Stone, Danny Thomas, and on and on and on.

"If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man," said Theodore Roosevelt, "you have got to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy."

National Boys' Club Week will be celebrated this year from March 28 through April 3.

•

If you were to be imprisoned for life in a solitary cell and could take only one book in with you, what would it be? Several people were asked, but the best answer, to Bennett Cerf's way of thinking, was HOUDINI.

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ALFRED *by Foster Humfreville*



"I'm giving you a ticket anyway, Alfred, even if you are related to former Pres. Millard Fillmore on your mother's side of the family."

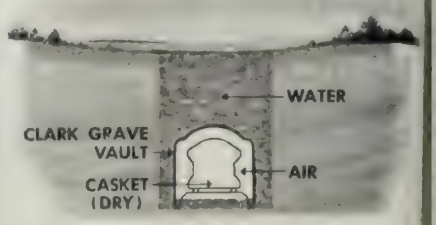
No man is a hero to his valet, we're told. But we wonder. In Lakeville, Connecticut, a couple of years ago, the milkman announced to one of his clients, a lady from New York, that Lakeville now had a famous writer in its midst. The lady, who knew a thing or two about the literary world, asked who it was. The milkman wasn't sure, but thought the name was something like Carstairs. Since that didn't register with the lady, she asked what the man had written. "Oh, I dunno. Black Beauty or something." The writer was

(Continued on Page 18)

*THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO FIND PEACE . . . when a dear one departs. Surely one of them is the comforting knowledge th. you have provided the finest tribute . . . the most trusted protection against water in the ground.**



*THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT is made of enduring metal instead of porous material. Placed over the casket it is scientifically designed to keep water, from rain and melting snows, from reaching the casket.



Write for FREE 28-page booklet, "My Duty." Copies have gone into millions of homes . . . and hearts. A book of inspiration — and information. Tells those who must "take charge" what to do. The Clark Grave Vault Co., Dept. E-39, Columbus, Ohio. Copyrighted 1949.

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Photograph: Bert Six

The Mahogany is SOLID...
and so is the VALUE !

Enjoy the graceful beauty and luxurious quality of this Lexington Colonial Grouping...in SOLID MAHOGANY by MENGEL

Want to get most for your money?

Well, feast your eyes on these breathtaking new *Lexington* pieces by Mengel. Notice the authentic Colonial styling: delicate pierced-brass drawer pulls, graceful Lexington base, handsome pineapple finials on the roomy poster bed . . . the crystal-clear mirror, surrounded by a charming pediment frame. Every detail reflects the American heritage of fine craftsmanship.

Now look at the wood . . . the gleaming, oven-hardened finish . . . the luxurious grain figure . . . the rich, satiny luster that spells fine cabinet wood. That's mahogany. *Solid* mahogany. From Mengel's own timberlands in Africa.

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"Permanized" is Mengel's name for their exclusive scientific method of building durability into your furniture. Joints and veneers in furniture built by this method will never come apart. No matter what the climate . . . hot or cold, damp or dry . . . your Mengel *Permanized* Furniture *stays* sound and beautiful.

There's another point you'll like. This suite is made in solid maple as well as solid mahogany. Choose the wood you prefer. Whichever it is, you can be sure you're getting solid value for your money in this graceful Colonial suite.

Mary Adam's new booklet, "Make Your Own Design for Living," gives you many valuable decorating hints and color harmony suggestions by the famous Rahr Color Clinic. Be sure to mail the coupon and ten cents for your copy. You'll be glad you did.

For the name of the nearest Mengel dealer, phone Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. The Mengel Company, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Established 1877

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Mengel furniture is available in both modern and traditional designs. The prices of the pieces shown above are approximately: Poster Bed, $87.95; Vanity, $154.75; Chest, $149.00; Night Stand, $47.95; Bench, $22.95 (slightly more, west of the Rockies). Other Mengel furniture ranges in price from $199 to $369 for three principal pieces.



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Louisville 1, Kentucky

Enclosed is 10¢. Please send me your new booklet, *"Make Your Own Design for Living."* (If you live outside Continental U. S., send 25¢.)

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Get happier today

Call your Hoover dealer today for a home showing of the model you prefer.

MODEL 28 *(above). Hoover's new popular-priced Triple Action Cleaner, with the exclusive Hoover cleaning principle—it beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans. Gets deep-down dirt. Instant conversion for above-the-floor cleaning. . . .* **$74.95** *Cleaning tools in handy kit, $19.95.*

MODEL 50 *(at right). Hoover's great new cylinder cleaner. Easiest-to-use cleaner of its type. Cleans by powerful suction. Features the exclusive new Dirt Ejector. Complete with cleaning tools in handy kit, Mothmizer and sprayer,* **$79.50**

MODEL 115 *(at left). Hoover, Junior. Ideal for small homes, handy for all homes. Newest, smallest, lowest-priced Hoover. Trim and light, fully upright, stores in small space. Has Hoover's exclusive Triple Action cleaning principle—it beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans. Only* **$59.95** *Cleaning tools extra.*

THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio; Hamilton, Ont., Canada; Perivale, England

● *NOTE:* See the new Hoover Iron at leading stores everywhere. $11.45, including excise tax.

(Continued from Page 16)

Thomas Costain, and the novel, of course, **THE BLACK ROSE.**

The new Costain novel is HIGH TOWERS, story of the fortunes of a famous family of brothers in eighteenth-century Montreal. Mr. Costain takes the slender fragments of known history and with imagination builds them into a full, rich story. The ten Le Moyne brothers—real figures whom history has slighted—were the founders of a French empire on this continent that reached from Hudson Bay to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Among them were d'Iberville, a great general, conqueror of the north, and de Bienville, the first governor of Louisiana. Their story moves from Montreal, settled and civilized, to the site of New Orleans, where de Bienville builds his city-in-the-wilderness. The research is scholarly, the actual plot is a love story—the heroine an orphan, the hero a young carpenter, and the villain a French courtier.

In the background priests pace slowly, reading their breviaries, Indians surround the camps of white men, ambassadors from Paris try out their intrigue in the New World. This is traditional historical romance, and it is a medium in which Mr. Costain is past master.

●

Lt. Com. Sylvan Greene was one of the first Navy pilots fired upon at Pearl Harbor. He was also, in 1919, at the age of three, the Ladies' Home Journal's choice as Healthiest Baby.

●

In London, in the "City," there used to be, and probably still is, a certain restaurant where businessmen from time immemorial have taken their lunch. In the days before the war, the restaurant host used to display a large round cheese, and all the guests were given a chance to guess its height, weight and girth. If anyone guessed all three correctly, it was port on the house. (Those old chaps wouldn't want champagne.) . . . Which brings us to President Truman, who knows his turnips, and has proved it. Last summer he stated that July twenty-fifth was the day to sow turnips in Missouri. Farmer Miller, of Boonville, Missouri, took him at his word, sowed his turnips on the twenty-sixth (the twenty-fifth fell on a Sunday) and his crop was phenomenal. One turnip weighed ten pounds and measured eight inches around. . . . Which in turn brings us to pumpkins, by now an old story. "The Pumpkin and the Microfilm" scans like "The Yogi and the Commissar," one reader points out. And another says she no longer likes "pumpkin spies."

ACME



President Truman knows his turnips too.

●

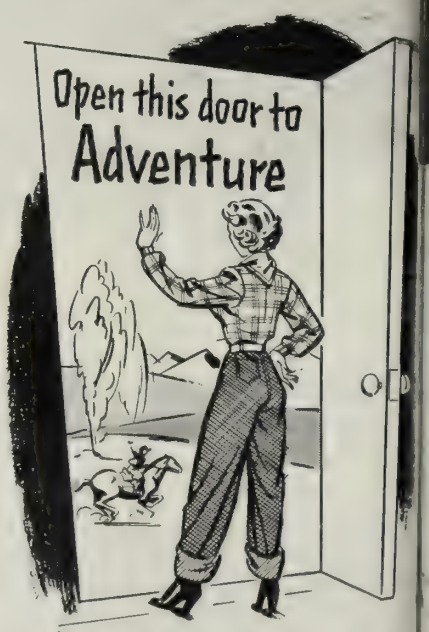
It all depends upon the point of view. Those of us who have been fortunate enough not to suffer from tuberculosis find* THE PLAGUE AND I *a moderately lighthearted and sometimes really funny book. Those who have TB apparently feel otherwise. A patient from Bellevue (New York), who has been in the hospital for TB

(Continued on Page 21)



Fincastle's new book, "Interiors Beautiful," shows you how easy it is to make draperies and slip covers that are more beautiful . . . more distinctive. Book contains many other valuable decorating hints. Send 25c in coin or stamps. Address 1324 McHenry Street, Louisville, Ky.

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New Zenith "Twin Cobra" Tone Arms

...one "Cobra" for Long-Playing Records ... another for regular records

ow—with the new Zenith* "Twin Cobra"—you can enjoy the new long-playing records, at their glorious best .... 45 minutes of high-ity recorded entertainment on a single disk! emember, too, that Zenith alone gives you the yment of *genuine* Zenith-Armstrong FM. These ous Zenith triumphs in tone can never success-be imitated, because they are the direct results of Zenith's more than 30 years of "know-how" in radionics* exclusively. There is no substitute for the skill and experience that go into every Zenith radio.

Naturally, Zenith welcomes—seeks—*challenges* comparison! Your Zenith dealer invites you to drop in soon and compare Zenith side-by-side with other makes. See and hear for yourself why no other radio—at any price—can compare with a Zenith!

The Zenith "Twin Cobra" record player is available in ten beautiful console models. New Zenith Regent, shown above, is richly finished in mahogany veneers. Has "Twin Cobra" Tone Arms, Silent-Speed Record Changer, genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM, Standard Broadcast radio, Radiorgan Tone Control, built-in Wavemagnet.

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Also Makers of America's Finest Hearing Aids

The Famous Cobra* Tone Arm—New Way to Play Records! Invented and perfected by Zenith . . . reveals tone beauty never heard before, keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays by actual test! "Twin Cobra" for long-playing records, too, now available in ten beautiful Zenith consoles.

Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM—With FM aerial built in—just plug in and play! Gives glorious new radio fidelity—static-free—with quality and sharp tuning not possible with imitation FM sets.

PLUS ***Radiorgan* Tone Control***—makes you master of 64 different tone blendings and shadings; ***Wavemagnet****—the most efficient built-in aerial ever known; ***DialSpeaker***—in portables and table models, combines dial and speaker into one unit, permits larger speaker than in any other sets of same size; ***Consoltone****—exclusive Zenith circuit that gives table-size radios the big, rich tone usually found only in large consoles.

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IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF

LEAVES HAIR *Radiantly* SOFT, *Radiantly* SMOOTH!



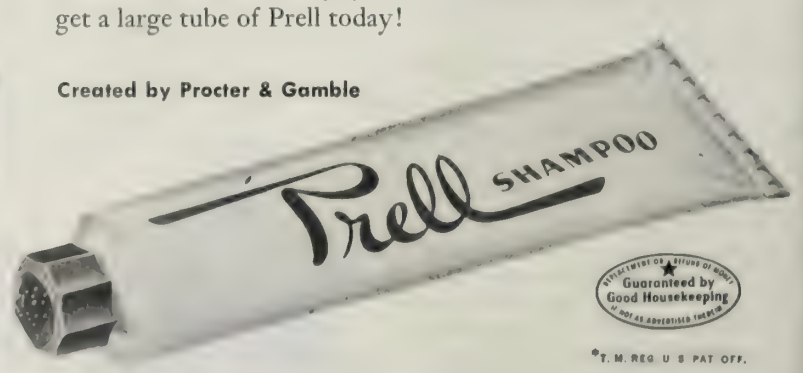
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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PAT NOS 1728924-1824636

(Continued from Page 18)

for eight months, says that she and the other girls find life in a sanatorium "much more fun" than* Mrs. MacDonald *describes it. "TB isn't as bad as all that," she says, "take it from me."

•

It's good to read about the gentle side of humankind. Not long ago a former marine, who lost his sight at Okinawa, went to a public sale of houses in Jersey City, led there by his seeing-eye dog. At least 500 people were on hand to bid on the houses, and when a six-room frame house was put up on the block at $2500, half a dozen persons stood up to bid. When the veteran rose to his feet, however, unaware of the others, and entered the minimum bid, they were silent. When the gavel fell the house was knocked down to the blind man.

•

THE LUNGFISH AND THE UNICORN, by *Willy Ley*, has been out some time, but it is dateless. And it is good fun, intellectually speaking. It answers all sorts of questions and disposes of many a myth. Were there ever giants? Were there unicorns? Are there still dinosaurs? (The answer to this one is, surprisingly, probably yes!) Mr. Ley rummages through what he calls the zoological "attic"—Australia and New Zealand—where creatures got left over from millenniums past. The lowest in laziness are the lungfish. When the weather gets too warm and dry for comfort where they live, the lungfish go into "estivation" (opposite of hibernation). They form a kind of skin around their rolled-up eel-like bodies, and a layer of caked river mud around that skin. In this condition they just wait. They wait until water comes and dissolves the mud cake.

•

Willy Ley was once wrong, we're told in a mag. article; Life *was wrong; this column was wrong: the Teddy bear was not inspired by the Australian koala, but by a wooden, carved Swiss bear. The original Teddy was named after Theodore Roosevelt and wore a pince-nez. He was created at Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, in the book,* **THE ADVENTURES OF THE ROOSEVELT BEARS,** *by Seymour Eaton, whose daughter puts us straight. Unfortunately, the book is out of print.*

•

The giraffe, which has no vocal cords, talks with his tail. He is faster than a horse, can go longer without water than a camel and can see backward without turning his head. What, in fact, has a shmoo that a giraffe hasn't got? To know the answer, read **THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE SHMOO,** by cartoonist ***Al Capp,*** or go read *L'il Abner*, or better yet, forget we ever said a word about the whole thing.

FROM THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE SHMOO, BY AL CAPP, PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER. COPYRIGHT, 1948, BY CAPP ENTERPRISES, INC.



Li'l Abner and shmoos.

you see

Paradise Shoes

in the smartest places—

on the best-dressed
young sophisticates.
Enjoy the long wear
and good fit of this
elegant footwear—
and get so much fashion
at such *practical* prices!



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MOTHER KNOWS Kellogg's BEST!

PUBLIC AFFAIRS...
Service Station

Community Housekeeping

By MARGARET HICKEY

"I CANNOT honestly join the average club group—to discuss other people's children or to listen to book reviews. Not that I find fault with these things. But I need something to hold on to—to work toward—for inspiration." A young mother wrote this to us just recently. From a mother of grown children comes this: "I have more time to devote to clubwork than ever before. I want that time to count for something. Please tell me how my club can do worth-while work for the community." These letters are typical of many others.

Thoughtful women are concerned with the problems of their towns, their states and their nation. They want desperately to feel that they, as individuals, can be effective in bringing about needed improvements.

There isn't a community in the country which doesn't have some civic problem crying for solution. The needs vary, of course. Steelville needs a library. Morristown needs a recreation center. Madison City needs a better high school. Women interested in good citizenship want to work.

"But what can a lone woman do?" We get this question over and over. The answer isn't difficult. The first step to take is this: study the needs of your (Continued on Page 103)

JUST two years ago in this issue, the JOURNAL introduced to readers its newest department. Christened the "Public Affairs Department," this editorial infant was dedicated to proving that community life can be strengthened through the co-operative efforts of the individual citizen and organizations, public and private. The department was designed to help the club group advance from the fringe of effectiveness to the center of practical participation in community life.

The Public Affairs Department said, simply: "We will help you to volunteer again—your leadership, your interest and your skill—in the battle ahead for a decent and peaceful world."

The editorial youngster has grown. It's time to make a report on our efforts to encourage better community housekeeping and greater individual responsibility on the part of every citizen.

This is not a story with complicated charts and statistics. It is a simple tale of individual progress in community participation and group strength through agency co-operation. The two years have been exciting, rewarding years for everyone who has had a part in editing the Public Affairs Department.

We started with the conviction that good things accomplished in one community should be shared with other communities; that a tried and successful plan would make similar progress easier for another community in need. Our first step was to seek out effective community planning, to find out the combination of circumstances that made them work so successfully, to study these patterns and, finally, to present one each month to our readers. From the laboratory of the community itself have come our discoveries. Great national agencies and readers in out-of-the-way places—over 3000 organizations and individuals—have written us of the ways and means they were using to make their towns better places in which to live. (Continued on Page 103)

Public Affairs Editor Margaret Hickey has traveled over 100,000 miles in two years, visiting scores of communities and investigating their programs. She presents one program each month to Journal readers.





Here's what makes

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They're chock-full of delicious morsels of NESTLÉ'S Semi-Sweet Chocolate... that stay WHOLE in baking!

Yes, every bite of crisp, crunchy, golden-brown Toll House Cookies contains delicious *whole* morsels of Nestle's Semi-Sweet Chocolate. That's what makes them so rich and good—so deliciously different—so tantalizingly tasty. Wonderful for dessert, for between-meal snacks, and a real party treat!



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STORK CORNER

SWEET, new babies should have dainty little garments with every stitch made by hand. It's easy and it's fun with the patterns listed below. There are also ideas for the preschool group. And for the new mother, the JOURNAL offers helpful booklets covering the baby's care from conception through two years.

BABY'S CARE

2383. BEFORE THE BABY COMES. A handbook for the expectant mother, with information on signs of pregnancy, care of the prenatal baby, preparing for the baby, diet, exercises and after-care of the mother. 25c.

1345. OUR BABIES. A complete reference booklet on the care of the baby during the first two years. This booklet is used as a supplement to the monthly booklets listed at right. 25c.

MONTHLY BOOKLETS ON BABY CARE: *First series:* Eight booklets, one each for the baby's first eight months. The complete set: 50c. *Second series:* Seven booklets covering the care of the baby from the ninth month through the twenty-fourth month. The complete set: 50c.
NOTE: *We do not break sets.*

1346. A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER. A booklet on breast feeding. 6c.

BABY'S WARDROBE

For the Very Young:

1907. KNITTED SACK AND BOOTEES. Cardigan-type sweater. Use a color-flecked yarn to make this matching set. 10c.

1908. KNITTED SLIPOVER ROMPER. Slips on over head, snaps together at crotch. Has long sleeves, ribbing around neck, sleeves and waist. 10c.

1910. KNITTED SLIP-ON SWEATER FOR BABIES. Size: 1 year. Buttons on the shoulders, has embroidered detail on front. 10c.

1911. INFANT'S STRIPED SWEATER. A knitted cardigan with a V-neckline. Make it in blue and white or pink and white. 10c.

1912. KNITTED SOAKERS FOR BABIES. To be slipped on over diapers. Drawstring waistline ties in front. 10c.

1915. KNITTED CARRIAGE ROBE. A bulky, easy-to-knit cover. The edge is bound with satin ribbon. 10c.

1975. FLANNEL BABY BOOTEES. Make one side in pink, the other in blue. Bootees can be worn with either side out. 10c.

2064. INFANT'S SET TO KNIT. Infant's size only. Includes sack, cap, longer bootees, thumbless mittens. 10c.

2066. INFANT'S KNITTED SURPLICE SWEATER. To make in 6-months or 1-year size. Right front crosses over left and buttons at left waist. Pattern stitch. 10c.

2067. OUTDOOR SET FOR INFANTS. Knitted double-breasted sweater, helmet cap, long leggings with feet. Size: 1 year. 10c.

2143. KNITTED CARDIGAN SWEATER. In raised pattern to give checked effect. Ribbing at waist, neck and sleeves is solid color. 10c.

2144. CARRIAGE ROBE to match sweater No. 2143. Carriage robe is also done in crossbar design. Also knitted. 10c.

2145. KNITTED SWEATER. Cardigan style. For sizes 6 months, 1 and 2 years. No pattern design. 10c.

2146. LEGGINGS WITH FEET, to match No. 2145. Leggings have drawstring at waist and at ankle. 10c.

2147. HELMET AND MITTENS to match No. 2145. Helmet has ribbing around entire face opening. Pull-over type. 10c.

2150. BOY'S RIB-STITCH SWEATER AND SHORTS. Short-sleeved sweater has round neck. Shorts have drawstring waist. 10c.

2438. NIGHTY. To make from soft flannelette. Ties in back. White featherstitching detail on front. Lace trims sleeves and neck. Approximately 26 inches long. 15c.

2439. WRAPPER, BONNET AND BLANKET. Makes a complete set with No. 2438. Trimmed with tiny satin bowknings and dainty embroidered flowers. 15c.

For Little Girls:

1913. BROTHER-AND-SISTER SET. Knitted suspender dress, 2 to 2½ years. Matches No. 1914. 10c.

2142. GIRL'S CROCHETED BATHROBE. Shell-stitch design. Tiny collar, two pockets. Sizes: 2, 3 and 4. 10c.

2266. LITTLE GIRL'S APRON. Matches MOTHER'S APRON, No. 2265. Has sash ties and gathered pocket. Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10. Each pattern 15c.

2282. KNITTED CARDIGAN. Sizes: 2, 4 and 6. Lazy-daisy embroidering trims neckline. 10c.

2285. LITTLE GIRL'S KNITTED SWEATER. Long-sleeved pullover with doll's sweater to match. Sweater has crew neckline. Sizes: 4, 6 and 8. 10c.

2287. PLAIN CARDIGAN. Matches No. 2286, MOTHER'S CARDIGAN. Sizes: 6, 8 and 10. Pattern includes directions for making a striped, V-neck slipover. 10c.

2334. PUFFED-SLEEVE DRESS. Saw-toothed smocking accents front and back of dress. One transfer included in each pattern. Tiny collar. Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. 25c.

2335. SMOCKED-YOKE DRESS. Entire round yoke is smocked. No collar. Dress hangs straight from yoke. Sizes: 1, 2 and 3. 25c.

2336. LATTICEWORK SMOCKED DRESS. Puffed sleeves, tiny collar. Front and back of dress are smocked. Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. 25c.

2337. SMOCKED-WAIST DRESS. Rows of smocking cover entire waist in front and back, also trim sleeveband. Tiny collar. Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. 25c.

2338. SLEEVELESS DRESS WITH SMOCKED TOP. A simple sun dress. Straps over shoulders. Sizes: 1, 2 and 3. 25c.

For Little Boys:

1914. BROTHER-AND-SISTER SET. Knitted suit for boys. 2 to 2½ years. 10c.

2061. BOY'S KNITTED STRIPED SWEATER SUIT. Can be used as separates. 10c.

2062. BOY'S KNITTED SUIT WITH SWEATER TOP. Contrasting top. Long sleeves, turnover collar. Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. 10c.

2148. BOY'S CONTRASTING SWEATER AND SHORTS. Decorative border on sweater. Sizes: 2, 4 and 6. 10c.

2152. ARGYLE SWEATER FOR LITTLE BOYS. Knitted cardigan. Chart for design. Sizes: 2, 4 and 6. Pattern includes directions for making plain shorts. 10c.

2279. KNITTED SLEEVELESS PULL-OVER. Cable-stitch stripes, V-neck. Sizes: 6, 8 and 10. 10c.

2284. KNITTED REEFER. Stitch is designed to hold shape. Leather buttons trim front. Sizes: 4, 6 and 8. 10c.

OTHER FEATURES

Items are sent free on request. They give title, number and price of all our booklets and patterns.

2005. LIST OF DEPARTMENTAL BOOKLETS. For your home, garden, beauty, entertaining and child care.

1695. SEWING BOOKLET LIBRARY.

1696. LIST OF JOURNAL HAT AND BAG PATTERNS.

2333. CHILDREN'S PATTERNS LIST.

2076. THINGS-TO-WEAR PATTERNS. Aprons, blouses, accessories.

1571. RELIGIOUS LIST OF KNITTED AND CROCHETED PATTERNS.

1752. HANDICRAFT-PATTERN LIST. Things for you to make for your home, your children, gifts or yourself.

When ordering any of our booklets and patterns, it you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelope or Stamp Reader in all orders under 10c. Do not send stamps in foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Wives complain their husbands do not talk enough—about the right things.

What's Wrong With Husbands

DIFFICULTIES arise in every marriage. Most wives have complaints, but 80 per cent of them do not create problems. Nevertheless, wives who accept the rules of the marriage contract do all they can to remedy or minimize complaints, regardless of their source or cause. For, as every successful wife realizes, it is almost invariably the wife who must take the initiative in any effort to improve the marriage relationship.

We have already presented a compilation of unhappy husbands' complaints about their wives—the qualities which, the men thought, had most interfered with their married happiness. Now it is the wives' turn.

We questioned hundreds of married women, asking them to list their husbands' faults. Proving that no husband—and no marriage—is perfect, even the very happy wives listed about four complaints each. However, their complaints were likely to be sources of annoyance or irritation, rather than of genuine unhappiness. But among the unhappy wives, the situation is different. Not only did they register more complaints (about eleven each, on the average), but they judged them more serious causes of trouble.

Here are the complaints most often thought by unhappy wives to have interfered with their married happiness:

Our marriage is less happy than it should be because my husband:

"Does not talk things over freely," say 32 per cent of the unhappy wives.

"Is impatient," say 25 per cent.

"Criticizes me," say 23 per cent.

"Does not show his affection," say 22 per cent.

"Is always wrapped up in his business," say 19 per cent.

"Is quick-tempered," say 17 per cent.

"Is nervous or emotional," say 16 per cent.

"Complains too much," say 15 per cent.

"Is selfish and inconsiderate," say 14 per cent.

"Is bored by the happenings of my everyday life," say 13 per cent.

Note that three complaints—the husband's failure to *talk things over freely*, his being *wrapped up in business*, and *bored by everyday happenings*—all reflect the same basic situation: a lack of common interests and understanding between husband and wife.

Many husbands fail to realize how lonely a wife's existence can be. Often, especially if she has young children, her husband is the only adult she sees all day. No wonder she longs for "somebody to talk to."

An understanding husband will make it a point to discuss things—his business as well as the incidents of her day—with his wife when he comes home in the evening. If he and his wife have common goals, he will want to.

But the wife, on the other hand, should consider her husband's situation as well as her own. When a man returns from a day's work, he hasn't had time to read the papers, listen to the radio or attend to personal chores. If he is expected to romp with the children, dry the dishes and empty the garbage and the ashes before he can call his time his own, small wonder if he grows restless during his wife's recital of the number of buttons ripped off in the washing machine, or how the butcher mixed up the order.

Analysis of the wives' statements shows that the husband's *impatience* usually results from annoyance—because dinner is late, a favorite tool has been misplaced, or some such irritation. Irritability, like *quick temper*, is not a pleasant trait to live with. The tactful wife will keep excuses for such behavior at a minimum, and will try not to take it too seriously when it does occur. But if unwarranted outbursts persist, suffering in silence is pointless. Let him know how much it hurts; he will probably try to do better.

Criticism is mentioned considerably more often by unhappy wives than by unhappy husbands. Though some husbands are hypercritical, the wife's undue sensitivity may be at fault. The wife's "letting her feelings be hurt too easily" was the commonest single complaint of unhappy husbands.

Failure to show affection, often a justified complaint, may result from childhood training. But remember that it is harder for a man to differentiate between physical desire and affection than it is for a woman. This difference in interpretation is often the base of the trouble.

Nervous or *emotional* behavior is usually due to tension of some kind. Try to find the cause, and correct it, rather than worry about the trait itself.

Ask Yourself: Should We Marry?

One should be certain before announcing an engagement or setting the wedding date. Answer these questions with a straightforward "Yes" or "No."

1. **Do both sets of parents approve this marriage?**
2. **Have you ever doubted his making a good husband?**
3. **Do you both think you want children?**
4. **When married, will you two live with in-laws?**
5. **Are your religions (and religious attitudes) the same?**
6. **Does either family have a record of two or more divorces?**
7. **Do your friends and his favor the marriage?**
8. **Are there changes in him you want to make?**
9. **Do your ages differ by less than three years?**
10. **Will you have to work after marriage?**
11. **Are you planning to be married in church?**
12. **Does either have difficulty getting along with others?**
13. **Is love your biggest reason for marrying him?**
14. **Does he have any specific habits you object to?**
15. **Are both of you in good physical health?**
16. **Have there been any quarrels during the past two months?**
17. **Are you *now* a good cook and housekeeper?**
18. **Is it hard for either to confide in the other?**
19. **Aside from technical training, are you comparably educated?**
20. **Is he still preparing for his vocation?**

Odd-numbered questions should be answered Yes, *even-numbered ones* No. *Most couples whose outlook for marital happiness is good have 17 or more correct answers. Even one wrong answer may be a matter of concern. A score of 14 or less is a warning to make sure.*

If your husband *complains too much*, the first step is to make sure you aren't giving him cause. If he is genuinely *selfish and inconsiderate*, you have a real problem, which can be corrected only with the greatest effort over a long period of time. But before you convict your husband, make sure you aren't asking too much. Among wives we talked to who made this complaint, we found it was justified less than half the time.

Perhaps the most significant fact of all is that wives tend to list more complaints than husbands. One reason for this is that men, having more outside interests and contacts than women, are less dependent on marriage for their day-to-day satisfaction in life, and so less preoccupied with domestic problems. That is why we say it is *your* responsibility to initiate any improvement.

The Marriage Covenant

"I, John, take thee, Mary, to be my wedded wife, and I promise, before God and these witnesses, to be thy loving and faithful husband, from this day forward . . ."

"I, Mary, take thee, John, to be my wedded husband, and I promise, before God and these witnesses, to be thy loving and faithful wife, from this day forward . . ."

". . . for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in joy and in sorrow; to love and to cherish you, till death us do part."

IN these or similar words, millions of men and women have declared their solemn purpose of building a new life together. In its dignity and simplicity, the marriage covenant is an ever-thrilling affirmation of the promise and challenge of marriage.

Differing from all other agreements, the marriage contract binds two human beings in a single entity. This man and woman, having accepted the privileges of marriage, have also assumed its duties and responsibilities. Recognized by law, honored by society, protected by the church, their union is the foundation of their future. Their physical relationship is the expression and the symbol of their emotional and spiritual unity. Their happiness depends on their ability to fulfill their contract, in its express terms and in its profound implications as well.

To think of courtship as romance is natural; to think of marriage as no more than romance is to mistake its reality. By the terms of their own agreement, husband and wife are bound together, not for joy alone, but for sorrow; not only for better, but for worse. For any man or woman to embark on marriage seeking a perpetual idyll is to deny its deepest meaning.

Marriage is the most important legal agreement you will ever enter. Your marriage is your affair, but not yours alone. It rests upon the emotional relationship, delicate and difficult, of two people, but this relationship affects their parents, their children, their friends and the community. Society itself depends upon the marriage for continuity of the race.

The married couple as well as the engaged pair will do well to reflect upon the whole meaning of the marriage covenant. If you are engaged, ask yourself if you and your fiancé fully appreciate the significance, the privileges and the obligations of the contract you plan to undertake. If you are married, search your feelings and your actions to see if you are fulfilling your contract, in letter and in spirit. If so, you are participating in the richest of all human relationships. If not, observe this approaching Easter season by resolving to reawaken your marriage to new life and new spirit.

Do You Agree?

Is one too young to marry at age seventeen?

Yes. Even marriage at age 19–20 involves some risk.



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Time For Everything!

GOT ten minutes to spare? *You haven't!* I may be a wide-eyed greenie, but you'd have to give me a verbal double-take before I'd believe that out of twenty-four hours each day you can't find ten small minutes to call your own. You're a big gal now, old enough to keep track of dates and obligations on your own wrist watch; and learning how to budget time is just another way to prove you've grown up.

So let's take a look at what you and Father Time are up to these days. Out of most round-the-clock periods, a sociable Sub-Deb sleeps nine hours, spends six hours in school and has nine whole hours left to play around with. That means a couple of hours between sunup and breakfast, six hours between last class and shut-eye time and sixty quick minutes in the middle of the day for lunch, chattering with the gals and prettying up for afternoon classes. And what do you *do* with that extra time?

Keeping Time. Take all the old adages on time—the "early to bed, early to rise, oh, what a beautiful morning" stuff—add them together and you have the one solid fact that by setting the alarm clock just fifteen minutes ahead of your present get-up schedule, you can start the day right. In that extra fifteen minutes you can beat your brother to the shower, listen to a little wake-up music on the radio, give yourself a smoother grooming job and get a cheerful start on the day.

"Let-down time" (the bored and yawning period that hits you round eleven o'clock) really begins around breakfast. It takes a lot of food, enough orange juice, milk and toast, to start you really ticking, to carry you bright-eyed through to lunch-time. Isn't it easier to eat breakfast than to waste an hour each day pining for lunch?

How about a calendar in your bedroom to check yourself on what day and what's doing? Make it bright and decorative in a painted wood frame, or hang it, three months at a time, like pictures on the wall. (Just mount on cardboard, and hang, one month below the other, on double ribbon to match your color scheme.) And a small bulletin board, with notes on things to come and mementos of things past, can keep you up-to-date!

Too tired at the end of a bout with a history book or just a sit-at-home evening to go through the usual chores with cold cream and hairbrush? *Then do last things first,* by getting showered and into pajamas early in the evening. You'll feel refreshed and wide-awake and can keep at your work right up to shut-eye time.

Try doing that homework with an alarm clock right at your elbow, setting a definite time allotment for each subject. Spend thirty-five minutes each on *three* subjects instead of worrying about Vergil for sixty minutes!

Saving Time. Next to dreaming about Montgomery Clift, most of your thoughts at bedtime are spent on "what to wear tomorrow." To turn yourself out like a cover girl at eight-thirty, select a complete outfit in your head—or even lay it out on a chair—before you go to bed at night. And a skirt that isn't pressed by ten P.M. is likely to be just as wrinkled in the cold light of next morning!

Set aside one night a week, somewhere between homework and datetime, for a complete personal cleanup. Time for a shampoo, manicure and session with the ironing board that should last you through the week. You won't have to worry about "how do I look" for a last-minute Friday-night date, if you're neat and clean all the time.

Maybe you *can* find your blue sweater and three dozen other things filed away on the floor of the closet or under the bed. But you could find them even quicker, all tucked away in the bureau drawer where they belong. Clothes (especially "specials" like raincoats, evening bags and tennis shoes) should be put back in the right closet or drawer after each wearing, and schoolbooks won't get lost among your dad's mystery books if you keep the texts on a shelf in your own room!

You may not have discovered it yet, but the half hour before breakfast is just as valuable a work-time as the half hour after supper! *Use all parts of the day*—study history right after school, read that book report in the half hour before Sunday breakfast or right after lunch. Sew the button on your white blouse or darn that beige wool sock while waiting for your sister to finish setting her hair in the bathroom. These few minutes can add up to hours saved.

Do you have a diary, or an address book to carry in your purse? Then jot down on the back pages the things you must do each week ("Go to library for science paper"; "Write thank-you to Aunt Mary," and so on) and the time it would be best to get each thing done. No rigid schedule, of course, but just a "memo to me" notation to help you!

Making Time. Maybe you just *have* no time to yourself, with a little sister staring over your shoulder when you're reading Gone With the Wind or teasing you to "play with me" when you're trying to study. Then here's an old "kid sister" trick that may help you out. Set aside one special playtime each week and arrange a treat, such as the Saturday movie or a soda in the drugstore with you after school. Little Janie will spend all week just day-dreaming about the coming fun—and give you some time to yourself.

Many sharp characters "gain time" by setting the clock fifteen minutes ahead of the correct time, and keeping dates accordingly. You can just step up the clock mentally—and arrive everywhere five minutes ahead (then it won't matter if you are three or four minutes late). It will make you a great favorite with teachers, on that part-time job and especially with Joe, who never *did* like getting stranded in the living room before every date talking politics with your father!

Many teen-agers, especially gals, are plagued with housework and after-school chores. Have your mother outline a weekly schedule of help-at-home work for you (maybe then you can get Monday's ironing and Tuesday's dusting all done on Monday!) and a night-before list of the errands to be run the next day. With a little planning, you can arrange to pick up a loaf of bread at the grocery *on the way home from school,* instead of making the trip back!

And probably the most important time of all is dead-line time on dates. Most teen-aged gals have a ten-thirty zero hour on school nights, twelve o'clock on date nights, with the dead line extended to the wee small hours of the morning for big dances or parties. But find out ahead of time exactly when your parents insist you be home. Let your date know that dead line *early* in the evening, so there will be no breaking up of parties, speeding home to get in under the wire or worry on your part to spoil the last hour of the evening. Many fellows have to get home early too! And one of the best ways to make sure you'll have a good time on a date is not to have to *worry* about what time it's going to end!



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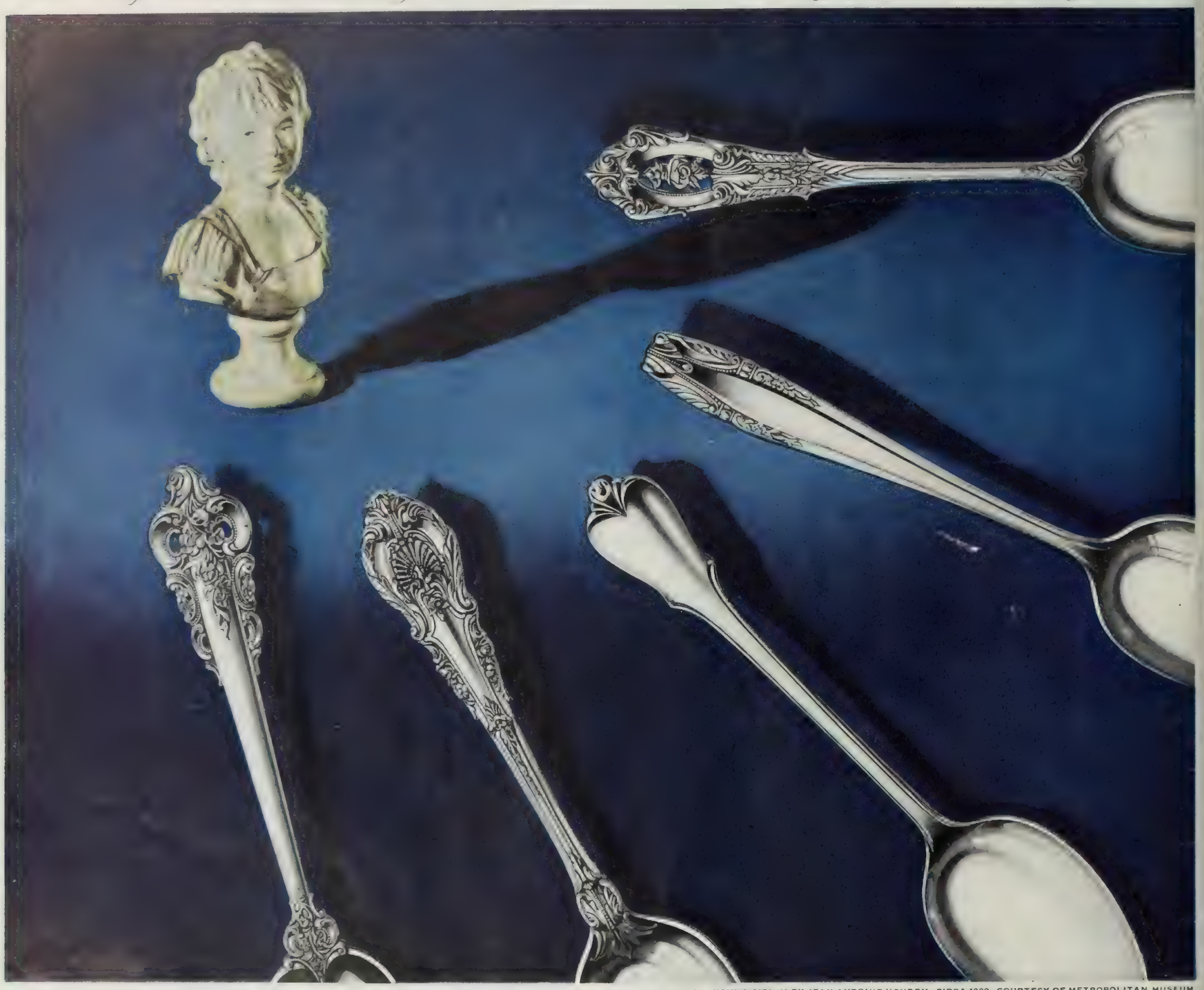
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SCULPTURE, "YOUNG GIRL," BY JEAN ANTOINE HOUDON, CIRCA 1800. COURTESY OF METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

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Left to right: Grande Baroque, Sir Christopher, Grand Colonial, Stradivari, Rose Point. Six-piece place settings from $27 to $35, according to pattern.



WALLACE STERLING

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Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



ON a blustery March day in 1899, Rudyard Kipling's six-year-old daughter died of pneumonia. In New York, the Windsor Hotel burned with the loss of fifty lives. Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage captivated Broadway. The new Marconi wireless was first used to save lives at sea, and this country had its first electrocution.

According to the JOURNAL, the newest spring colors in March, 1899, were china gray, French blues, and biscuit. As for bonnets, "Flowers, taffeta, tulle, net, quills, ostrich feathers and buckles" were seen everywhere, sometimes all on the same hat.

In this issue, Editor Bok announced the death of JOURNAL *style expert Isabel Mallon, who, under the alias Ruth Ashmore, also wrote the immensely popular page, Sidetalks With Girls. Bedridden the last years of her life, Mrs. Mallon still wrote all her copy and sustained a regular correspondence with two hundred* JOURNAL *daughters and their mothers.*

"From a matrimonial point of view, Idaho is the best state in the Union," announced the JOURNAL. *"Eleven bachelors to every one unmarried woman."*

"Chinchilla, stone marten, mink and ermine are furs for children," writes the fashion expert.

"Separate eleven eggs," Mrs. Rorer begins a recipe for Sunshine Cake.

"President McKinley is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church," Editor Bok tells a curious reader. "He abstains absolutely from all intoxicating liquors."

"Teach your boys to darn their own stockings, to sew on buttons, mend a rip, for they will not always have a woman at hand to do these things for them," writes The Home Dressmaker.

Reveals JOURNAL writer Harrydale Hallmark: "I have seen wildly enthusiastic audiences at the French opera in New Orleans pressing forward with bravos! and passing jewels and silver over the footlights."

"I doubt if there is any authority for the belief that tomatoes cause cancer," states cooking expert Mrs. Rorer.

"Black hose and stockings are worn by children at all times, although red goatskin shoes are pretty for a one-year-old."

"House painters and bricklayers average $20 a week."



Journal about Town



SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL

Hollywood-in-Central-Park: shooting the skating sequences for Portrait of Jennie.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

PEOPLE kept coming into the Workshop last summer, and even the winter before, telling us about bumping into *Jennifer Jones* and *Joseph Cotten* in Central Park, along Fifth Avenue, on Washington Square, or about seeing *Ethel Barrymore* at the Metropolitan Museum, or *Lillian Gish* at the Cloisters; always with a great movie crew shooting pictures, of course, and crowds of onlookers. And finally, the other day, we saw the whole thing at a preview of Portrait of Jennie, over at the Rivoli—all but the onlookers; certainly the tenderest love story ever filmed here in town, with the city acting its part to perfection.

•

In the National Needlework Contest here recently, ***Henrietta Murdock***, as a judge, helped choose the two champion crocheters of the country, ***Mrs. Pauline Ploudre***, of Silver Creek, New York, and ***Mr. Lewis Walter***, if you please, of Mason City, Iowa. Miss M. purchased Mrs. Ploudre's prize-winning tablecloth, which took a year to make and contains 8500 yards of crochet cotton; but Mr. Walter, who's a locomotive engineer, wouldn't part with his bedspread, which he made on layover time between runs. Said in order to keep the crochet clean he must have washed his hands a million times.

PHOTO BY MARIAN STEPHENSON



Prize winners Lewis Walter and Pauline Ploudre, judge Murdock.

•

At a recent exhibition of the very latest in home appliances, Dorothy Selby was somewhat startled by her first encounter. The man gesticulating at the entrance, from whom she tried in vain to get some information, turned out to be a robot.

•

Noting in our Fifty Years Ago column a mention of the famous ***Mrs. Rorer,*** *who was the* JOURNAL *food editor at the time, a reader from Livingston, Alabama, sends us a clipping from her local paper, recalling that fifty years ago a Mrs. S. C. Coleman down there was the winner of Mrs. Rorer's* JOURNAL *prize for the best Southern dinner costing not more than $1 for four persons, and believe it or not, here is the menu: Southern gumbo, Beef à la Daube, fricassee of turnips, stuffed squash, pickle, chicken fried in batter, light bread, corn bread, lettuce-and-beet salad, cakes, strawberries and cream, and coffee.*

•

A friend of *Hugh Kahler's* has a son of fourteen, an expert mechanic and mad about cars, but too young to get a driver's license, who, out of his savings from fixing lawn mowers and washing machines, bought himself a little power snowplow that arrived, by a lucky break, the day before the winter's deepest snowfall. Before the snow had gone, the plow had paid for itself, and now, because no license is needed to run a plow, he uses the plow to drive himself and his girl to the movies.

•

A large Belfast, Northern Ireland, department store has installed an elevator to accommodate mothers with baby carriages. . . . According to recent findings, 97 out of every 100 people tell lies at least occasionally, many of them regularly. Women "have a great facility for making their lies sound believable." . . . For a long life, try the Midwest. An insurance-company survey indicates that Nebraska leads the nation in longevity—the average man lives 66.25 years, the average woman 70.04 years, compared with a national average of 62.81 for men and 67.29 years for women. . . . There are at least 1,000,000 stutterers in the U. S. and several million hesitaters, mumblers, repeaters, and the like. . . . In 1948, 2,350,000 children started school, and in 1953 the total is expected to reach 3,450,000. . . . ***Marjorie Main***, childless in real life, has 13 children in The Egg and I, and 15 in the sequel. . . . According to ***Kipling***, "a woman's guess is more accurate than a man's certainty."

The out-of-work young actor we told you about a few months back, who eked out a living playing the real-life role of part-time maid for, among others, ***Dawn Crowell Norman's*** *assistant,* ***Leone Seastrom,*** *and another girl who share an apartment, now has a part in a play, and his theatrical future looks fine. But he hasn't left Leone and her roommate in the lurch; he's produced another "maid"—this time a struggling playwright.*

•

The latest books by members of the JOURNAL staff are ***Gladys Denny Shultz's*** YOUR BABY, a regally bound copy of which is to be presented to the Prince of Edinburgh, and QUEEN STREET STORY, a novel by ***Anne Paterson***, who is *Anne Einselen* on the masthead, and who was presented with this cake edition, bound in white icing, on her birthday.



"Don't judge a book by its cover"—even if it is fit to eat.

•

When *Donald Stuart* told us about taking a short cut through Rockefeller Center recently, where he heard first one guided tour being addressed in Spanish, then another one in French, we began wondering how close these lofty buildings were to being Towers of Babel. Pretty close, it turns out. For it seems that among the many, many occupants there are thirty-one different nationalities speaking at least eighteen different languages, and goodness knows how many different dialects. "Why, in one office alone," our informant exclaimed, "they speak twenty-six languages—if you can figure *that* out." We couldn't, though it should have been easy. It's the Berlitz School.

Whose knowledge followed them about the town? Whose eyes would



WHEN John Jordan, who was editor and owner of the Tressady Courier, died, everybody wondered sympathetically what was going to become of poor little Allie. The old house under the hill, and the Courier, were all her father had to leave her. If she sold the paper it wouldn't bring enough to keep her for very many years; and of course, people said sadly, it wasn't as if anybody were likely to marry her, or as if she had any way of earning her own living.

The town was heavy with sympathy for a day or two, until the funeral was over; but something happened to the flavor of that gentle emotion when it was discovered that Judge Spencer had offered Allie a home with him. His daughter, Catherine, had always loved little Allie Jordan, and Catherine was far away in London, studying music. At the time of John Jordan's death she had just begun her work abroad and did not plan to be home for years. The judge was lonely and he suggested that Allie might come and be a daughter to him in Catherine's place. As soon as the news began to spread, people shook their heads and said it wouldn't do. In spite of his age, his dignity and his shining record for justice and personal austerity, the judge was a widower and a man; and in spite of her fragile health, Allie was a woman. A young woman, and, some thought, rather a pretty little thing—certainly a nice little thing—in a wistful, delicate way. No, it wouldn't do.

Of course, Allie would go. What girl wouldn't jump at the chance of living in the judge's beautiful house, surrounded by all the comforts money

etray what they needed most to hide? by Frances Shelley Wees

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



Allie perched on the hammock and looked at Danny. She felt tired and as if she might be going to cry.

would buy? Yes, the girl would go. Spines stiffened at the thought, and gossip began to accumulate like dregs in vinegar, out of nothing.

It wasn't gossip that stopped Allie from accepting the judge's invitation. She had plans of her own, that was all; plans made carefully with her father over the last year or two when he knew there wasn't much longer for him. She explained her plans to the judge and thanked him, quietly and gravely, without saying very much; but in the bottom of her thinking, like a diamond in deep water, was her gratitude.

Her plans were very simple and easily carried out. When her father died she bought three big comfortable down cushions from old Mrs. Slocum, tucked them into her father's round-backed editor's chair, and sat down.

She had been sitting there for five years. She was sole owner and editor of the Tressady Courier, and she got along very well. The only change she had made was to abolish the editorial column. Otherwise, the doubtful businessmen discovered, the paper was her father's paper; a little neater, perhaps—John Jordan having been the fiery type and not always given to tying up loose ends—the proof a little more carefully read, with more consideration for the spelling of people's names and the finer discriminations of human relations.

The paper was slightly more progressive in its general topics from year to year, but it didn't change quickly enough to frighten anyone. Little Allie Jordan had, after all, been

(Continued on Page 147)



Clinton Street in Doylestown is like other American streets where the average is five persons per family and $3400 yearly.

Busy housewives do not punch a time clock before starting to work. For them the quitting whistle never blows and no one counts their overtime hours.

Around the clock on Clinton Street

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESTHER BUBLEY

IDLE WOMEN . . . WHERE ARE THEY?

by BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

MANY people say that American women are spoiled and idle. Modern gadgets have banished the drudgery of housekeeping, they claim, leaving women restless and discontent, with hours of idleness on their hands. Is this true? The JOURNAL determined to find out.

We chose a typical American neighborhood in the typical American town of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and went ringing doorbells to see how twenty housewives actually spent their days. In four solid days of interviewing, mostly on North Clinton Street, this reporter did not find a single housewife, at any hour of the day, doing nothing.

Take the case of Mrs. Jon Pomrinke, a red-headed registered nurse, wife of a schoolteacher, who cares for a girl of 5½, a boy of 1½, and a bed-ridden invalid of 74. Mrs. Pomrinke rises at 7:15, fixes her husband's breakfast, and, while he is eating, prepares the children's food. She sits down to eat with daughter Judy, feeds the infant in his high chair, then fixes a tray to take upstairs to her invalid father-in-law. After kissing her husband good-by, she runs up with the tray, then downstairs to do the dishes and dress Judy for outdoors. Then she carries the baby up to the bathroom and straightens the patient's room. Her father-in-law has only one leg and a bad heart and requires trays, bedpans and entertainment, since he doesn't read and dislikes listening to the radio.



Marion Weiner

After a morning of house cleaning, Mrs. Pomrinke fixes the baby a soft-boiled egg at 11:30, makes sandwiches for Judy, and runs up with a milk-toast tray for the invalid. Her husband then arrives for lunch, and while he eats she dresses the little girl for afternoon kindergarten, finally sitting down to a solitary lunch herself. After cleaning up the dishes, she gives the patient a bedpan, puts the baby on the toilet and into his bed for a nap. At 5 o'clock it's time



Irene Braznock

Keeping baby daughter dry and happy takes much of young Mrs. David Good's time.



Mrs. Kohler has two boys to feed and keep clean. She washes every other day, but doesn't iron sheets or towels. "Ironing drives me crazy."



When there are five kids, ages 2 to 10, to feed and care for, time flies. Mrs. Nyce's lunch gets cold while she helps the youngest.



Mrs. Tomlinson has never had a week's vacation. She never lies down in the daytime, but says she "thinks of it often."



to start supper—three different meals again. The dishes are left in the sink while she plays with the children a bit. Then the baby gets a bath, the patient a back rub, bath and bedpan, and Judy gets put to bed with a story. Then more dishes, and time to start the ironing.



Virginia Bowman

Mrs. Pomrinke's husband gives her a big hand on Saturdays. She hires a baby sitter to watch the children while Mr. Pomrinke does the big family wash in the machine and she hangs it on the line.

Most of North Clinton Street housewives are up at 7 A.M. and in bed by 10:30 P.M., a 15½-hour day. Thirteen of the twenty women never, under any circumstances, lie down during the day. Most of them are so bushed at night they can hardly put one foot in front of the other to go upstairs. "Some nights I'm so tired I could sit down and cry," one told me; added ruefully, "I didn't have my children young enough!"



Sally Pomrinke

Five persons is the average-sized family on North Clinton Street. It is a wide, maple-bordered street with houses set close together, with cramped porches, high-peaked roofs and an elderly Victorian air. Some of them are double houses, some are divided into apartments, and some—at the far end of the street—are newly built three-bedroom homes of cinder block with gay shutters. Most of the people who live on North Clinton earn about $3400 a year from trades and small businesses. They own their homes and all but two have cars.

I started my interviewing at 10 o'clock one Monday morning, noting the back-yard clotheslines already billowing with wash. Seventeen of the twenty housewives do all the family laundry, including shirts and sheets and towels and diapers. Nineteen of the twenty own washing machines (four of these are the automatic variety where your hands never touch soap or water). Eighteen have vacuum cleaners, fourteen own sewing machines, and eleven have pressure cookers. Seven women do one wash a week, six women wash twice a week, five wash three times a week, and two wash every day.



Barbara Leatherman

The two who wash every day are, needless to say, brides with tiny infants. One of these, Mrs. David Good, 23, taffy-haired, and pretty as a magazine cover, met me at the door of her three-room apartment in a trim tweed suit, nylons and brightly polished moccasins. The costume was enough to give her away as a bride! She took me right into her fresh chintzy bedroom to see the baby, who was lying in the sunlight on a pale pink pad. "She's six months," she breathed with pride. "A great piece of work, my husband calls her!" The baby looked enchantingly sweet and clean in a beautifully starched and ironed white batiste dress with pink smocking. During our interview, the bride leaped up to examine her daughter's diapers every ten minutes, accounting for the daily quota of thirty diapers on the back line (about three times the average number for a child this size, I would say).



Joan Burnside



Ruth Hafler

As well as washing, Mrs. Good cleans every day and is learning to cook. She spends her afternoons wheeling the baby in her slick gray carriage, or singing or playing with her. "It's all I can do to get the kitchen linoleum scrubbed once a week. How does *anybody* manage with more than one child?" she wailed.

Her sentiments were echoed by another bride, Mrs. John Washell, who has an 8-week-old boy. She had bedroom slippers on her bare feet and was ironing a stack of handmade baby dresses when I arrived at 4:30 in the afternoon. "I have thirty-five of these," she announced with a sigh, "and no washing machine." She and her carpenter husband and tiny son share one room, a bath and kitchen. The baby gets five feedings spaced every four hours, as well as orange juice, and she often spends an hour after each feeding getting the bubbles up. Between feedings there is the never-ending wash *(Continued on Page 218)*



In addition to housework for three children, Mrs. Lehn works regularly outside her home "to get things for my family." She has two girls and a boy.



You can eat off the floor in Mrs.' Warner's house. She gets up at 5:30 every morning and starts scrubbing. She doesn't use many worksaving gadgets.



Mrs. Huegel makes aprons to sell. She makes all her 13-year-old daughter's slips and dresses. "Kids cost so much when they get in high school," she says.

Mrs. Washell was a secretary, but with an 8-week-old baby who has 35 batiste dresses she works harder as mother.



Mrs. Young has a garbage disposer, washer and dishwasher, but none of these takes care of baby. That's mother's constant, happy task.



Mrs. Frick has three girls, ages 6, 10 and 11. When she gets a chance to sit, there is always "so much lengthening and shortening to do."



Four children under 10 make two big ironings a week routine chores for Mrs. Fairfield.



APPLAUSE OF THOUSANDS

By LAURIE HILLYER

Alone, in her own room, Alicia knew she would never be asked to play a harder part.

EVERYTHING is perfect, Hervey thought; *it's June, I'm going to graduate from college and Chan is coming to lunch.* She began to drift about the house, touching things lightly with the tips of her fingers. She did not know why she touched them; perhaps because they had their feet on the ground, they proved the existence of gravity. What could she do with herself while she was waiting for Chan? He had just called up from La Guardia Field, he would be here at one o'clock.

She touched the rose-flecked petals of a white peony in a black jar on the hall table. Propped against it was her mother's note: "Welcome home, Skip, in case you turn up—back before eleven." Hervey often came home unexpectedly on Saturday mornings if nothing was happening at college.

On one end of the table, as if her mother had left it there to take upstairs and forgotten it, was a scrapbook. Hervey opened it idly—she had not seen it for years. There was a newspaper picture of her mother taken twenty-five years ago as Rosalind in As You Like It. *She looks like me*, Hervey thought with the impact of complete surprise. Her mother had a Greek profile, somebody had once said. *Have I a Greek profile?* Hervey wondered. She studied the face framed by short curls and a little cap with a long feather; the wide mouth was vulnerable, the young chin was firm. "Miss Alicia Creel . . . senior play . . . captivating Rosalind . . . unusual talent . . . destined to win the applause of thousands." Hervey turned the pages, momentarily absorbed. "Alicia Creel Joins Stock Company. . . . Alicia Creel Ingénue in Broadway Play. . . . Alicia Creel Married to Hervey Francis Cavell." She turned another page; hoping to see "Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Francis Cavell Parents of a Daughter." But no, the book ended—there was nothing in it about herself.

Did mother mind giving up her career when daddy had polio? Hervey asked herself. She had never thought much about it. *Here is a picture*, she said to herself, *of someone with a Greek profile who might be me . . . here is a stranger with unusual talent destined to win the applause of thousands and it's my mother. I'll show it to Chan*, she thought—*he's coming here for lunch today.*

She began to sing. She brushed the peonies with her finger tips and then examined her rose-tinted nails; they were all right. She ran upstairs and looked in each room as if she were telling the house, every corner of it, that Chan was coming to lunch.

"Your house is like you, Skip," he had once said, "little and just about perfect."

She had never thought of it as little—three rooms downstairs and three rooms up. Since her father's death, she had anxiously thought of it as rather big and empty for her mother to live in, all alone, except for Nonie, who only came in by the day.

She had said to Chan, "I always wanted a house with a secret staircase."

"Maybe you'll have one someday," he had answered. "What else did you always want?"

"Oh, to go round the world."

"Maybe you will," he told her.

She had met him at a Valentine party. She had been sitting out a dance with a boy who had lost both legs in the war and she had seen Chan across the room, head and shoulders taller than anybody in it; he had a very young face for his broad shoulders and his height. *Dance with me*, she willed. Their eyes met. He crossed the room. His hair was like a dark helmet and his gray eyes had thick, *very* thick black lashes. Later he asked her to dance and they both knew that something stupendous had happened.

"I saw you dancing with Chandler Wilde, Skip," one of her friends said to her excitedly. "What's he like?"

"I don't know—I just met him."

"You better latch on—he's fabulous, his family own Chicago, he has millions, he goes to Yale."

Curiously, Hervey was not interested. Anything important about Chan she would have to find out herself or it would not be important. He asked her for several dates, and during the Easter holidays his mother invited her to New York, where the family was spending a week at the Plaza. With all her clothes pressed and her plane ticket bought, Hervey developed tonsillitis and the doctor would not let her go. Once when Mr. Wilde was in Boston he

(Continued on Page 105)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON



"Everything is perfect,"
Hervey thought; "it's June,
and Char is coming to lunch."

NEW FRIENDS FOR OLD MASTERS

By JOHN WALKER
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art

EXTRAORDINARY crowds are swarming to museums everywhere in America today. Some irresistible craving for art seems to have swept through the country. Does this mean that the Old Masters have taken on a special relevance and significance for us? Do these myriad gallery visitors really like paintings and sculpture, do they really enjoy museums?

Since the average person becomes diffident in talking about works of art, there are skeptics who conclude that curiosity, snobbery and conventionality explain this widespreading ardor for beauty. Surprisingly enough, a document exists to refute this conclusion. It is a visitors' book which was kept during the war in a reading and smoking room provided in the National Gallery of Art for servicemen and women.

At that time training camps and hospitals surrounded Washington; and soldiers, sailors, marines, Wacs and Waves arrived at the Gallery in busloads, or came singly or in groups between the trains and boats which were either taking them to Europe or the Pacific, or bringing them home again. Under the stress of intense emotion their shyness about art disappeared, and they wrote with unparalleled frankness about the collections and the Gallery.

Their comments, which run into the hundreds, are as remarkable as they are unself-conscious. They vary from the greatest compliment the Gallery has ever received, a tribute from a soldier who wrote, "It is the second most beautiful thing in the world, the first being my wife," to the surprising admission of another G. I., "I don't mind paying taxes now." Occasionally the familiar remark crops up, "Am already AWOL but it's worth it!"—a comment as old as war itself, but surely never before made in this context!

Sometimes the remarks are facetious: "Next to cantaloupe, Andrew is my favorite Mellon"—a sincere though curious accolade to the founder of the Gallery. But generally they are deadly earnest, even developing into discussions like the following: "So! Is this what we are fighting for? . . . No, no! This structure is too great a tribute to what should comprise only a small, almost insignificant phase of our lives. . . . Beauty comes to those who seek it," a comment made by Michael Diana, which brought forth this reply written beside it by a sergeant from Chicago: "Yes, Michael, beauty comes to those who seek it. And though it be a small part of our lives, insignificant it is not! Through an understanding reached by appreciation of what this building holds our lives will have more meaning."

Again and again these comments reveal a bewilderment at "man's inhumanity to man."

"I am exalted by the greatness of the creations of man. Yet how shamelessly and savagely he kills and destroys his own works," one soldier wrote. "Without a war we could have a National Gallery in every state," and "Only 15 million for this; 80 million for the Pentagon!" others noted. And there is one question so desperately relevant which the G. I.'s ask constantly: "Can the energy of war be diverted later to peace, art, religion, security? Can't we learn from art?"

For many of these servicemen, art meant a renewal of their faith in human beings. A Private Erickson, of Lincoln, Nebraska, sums up their feelings: "Mankind really is 'nice people' after all." Others seem to have gained a stronger belief in the potentialities of life. This they expressed in statements which range from the brusque notation of Joe Bush, of San Francisco, "Don't understand the fine points of art but it gave me a big lift," to "I have seen this evening things of splendor I never expected to see in my life," from Private Carver, of Afton, Oklahoma.

This new sense of joy fills the hearts even of sergeants, who are not supposed to have hearts at all. "Life is good, isn't it?" wrote Sergeant Doherty, of Milwaukee.

The comments are not merely the emotional outbursts of men about to be taken overseas to risk their lives. American soldiers and sailors wrote just as movingly of the meaning of art when they returned from the various fronts. Here is a characteristic comment from Lieutenant Bingham, of Pensacola, Florida: "Next best antidote for three years in the Southwest Pacific"; or from Arthur Lott, of Pearl City, Illinois, "From thirty-seven months of jungles to the rare beauty of art brings tears of joy from my heart to live again." Another serviceman, returning to Aurora, Illinois, wrote, "The beauty that is life—nothing shall ever destroy that," and Corporal Lindamood, of Roanoke, Virginia, commented, "Only in a free country of a free people can such beauty be conceived in the human soul. Who would not gladly give his life to preserve it!"

As I read through this extraordinary book I found myself sharing the sentiment expressed by a servicewoman, Miss Trarey, of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania: "I'm proud of America."

Why has art in recent years taken such hold on the public imagination? There is no doubt that the war *(Continued on Page 196)*



Thirty thousand people came to Washington's National Gallery of Art every day to stretch, duck and stand on tiptoe for a glimpse at the paintings by old masters. Their frank comments in the gallery's guest book indicate just how much art has come to mean to them in recent years.



THE MILL

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN—1606-1669

"Do I look that old?"
I was terribly flattered.



We Always Have Each Other

How would you choose—YOU!—between your best friend and your first beau?

By IRMA PHORYLLES

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



NEITHER Sophie nor I had any dates at all that summer. We used to see each other every evening after dinner; either she came over to my house or I went to hers. We used to sit outside and talk about it.

"I don't know what I'd do without you, Soph," I would say. "Honestly, I'd go crazy. I didn't mind last year. I was too dumb to care about going out. I mean we went to the beach all day and if our folks took us to a movie or for a ride at night we thought it was terrific."

"Even I didn't mind," Sophie would agree gloomily, "and I'm a whole year older than you. Listen," she always added, "I'm going to be seventeen on September first. Seventeen, and I've never had a real fellow."

"Well, I'll be sixteen on September first," I would say, "and neither have I. And you're better-looking."

"Oh, Babe!" she would howl. "How can you say that? I'm getting absolutely fat as three pigs!"

Sophie weighed exactly one hundred and forty-five pounds, which was quite a lot for five feet three. But it was such a soft, pink-and-white plumpness, and I thought it looked so feminine with her shiny brown hair and light blue eyes. Anything was better than being skinny the way I was. I was a full inch and a half taller than Sophie, but my weight never seemed to go any higher than ninety-eight, so I had no figure at all. In shorts or a bathing suit I looked like a boy because my shoulders were wide, my hips nonexistent and my thighs didn't look any fuller than my calves. Besides, I was dark and sallow and my face was all angles. If anyone was going to get a boy friend, it would be Sophie, and whenever I thought about that I felt unbearably lonely. Sophie and I had been best friends for five years. We had told each other our secrets and our ambitions. I didn't want to be left out.

Of course we had a pact. If either one of us got a date, she would ask the boy to get a friend of his and make it a double date. Sophie thought of that. But neither of us got a date. We just sat the hot Long Island summer through, hardly going to the beach because Sophie hated to put on a bathing suit, scorning our parents' invitations, clinging to our homes—especially on Friday and Saturday nights, when it would have been disgraceful to be seen in the village without a date.

Once, one of the girls we knew from school had a party and we were invited. No escorts were provided for us, but we looked forward for days to that party; it was going to change our luck. We counted the hours away until it came time to go. We consulted endlessly on what we would wear, and what we would say and how we would act. We had our hair and nails done and we rested and we took bubble baths. We experimented with lipstick colors and face powders. We argued about what would happen if Gene Hay asked Sophie if he could take her home.

(Continued on Page 240)



public enemy number one

MENTAL

Like caged beasts, these women are locked in a typical day room "for exercise and relaxation." They get no exercise, but sit silently for hours. More fortunate inmates made their dresses.

THE room was enormous, yet they filled it. They stood, crouched, sat, moved, body to body, but there was no communication among them. Their eyes stared into space. Their feet shuffled restlessly on the wood floor. Their hands moved over themselves, picking, scratching.

In a corner a man did a slow jig. His lips moved noiselessly. He stopped, smiled. No one smiled back.

Near the center of the room a scarecrow of a man smoked an imaginary cigarette, blowing the invisible smoke toward the high ceiling.

On a bench against the wall, a boy with dark matted hair slid to and fro, silently, rhythmically. The two old men who sat on either side of him seemed not to know he existed.

Some were half naked. From others the rough gray clothing hung almost in shreds, ripped, torn, lacking buttons. A man with a fat stomach circled the room in a sort of crouch, his two hands holding the waistband of his unfastened trousers.

The smell hung over-all pervasive, unforgettable: the smell of filth sharpened with the reek of disinfectant.

Some had spent day upon day in this room for years. Some would never leave. Slowly, quietly, doing nothing, many of them became nothings. When they had any word to say, any sign to give of their humanness, there was none to hear them. One attendant with 450 mentally ill men in his care has small time for a whispered word or a gentle touch. Yet they were not so ill that they did not have some knowledge of where they were, what they were doing. They knew when they found the comfort or care they needed, when they found the kindness they sought. Those who grew well would speak of their memories.

Across the grounds, there were hundreds upon hundreds of others. The disturbed and fighty behind bars, the vicious alone in stripped rooms; the more alert working on bits of embroidery, rugs, paintings; the old, mumbling and nodding to one another. Many were women, their breasts shrunken, their eyes hollow, their hair lank and straggling. And across the land, there were thousands upon thousands more. Some in better rooms, some in worse—more than half a million of them, the legion of the lost, the legion of the mentally ill.

Who are they? How did they get there? What have they done to deserve such neglect?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESTHER BUBLEY

To the one person in every ten who will be a mental patient: Will you join in an effort to avoid your fate?

by **JOAN YOUNGER**

ILLNESS

Like normal human beings, these senile women enjoy a bright room warm with sunlight. They have comfortable chairs, a piano and green plants. A nurse provides magazines and other diversions.



They are people, even as you and I. And there but for the grace of God might we go. They come from every walk of life, from good and bad homes; from poor families and from rich. And they come in increasing numbers. Every minute a man, a woman or a child somewhere in the United States suffers an emotional breakdown. Every two minutes a man, woman or child enters a mental hospital for treatment, for observation or care.

Mental illness is our No. 1 health problem today. Yet we still talk about it behind our hands, trying to pretend it doesn't exist, doing next to nothing to treat, study and prevent it. We spent twice as much last year on restaurant tips as we did on the care of patients in mental hospitals. We educated more than ten times as many barbers as psychiatrists.

Yet the striking thing is that mental illness does not strike like lightning beyond man's power to control it or care for it. Mental diseases are as curable as physical diseases.

A large number of those who will need hospitalization in the coming years can be spared lengthy suffering if society is eager to put the knowledge we have of mental illness to work. And the cruel, unnecessary, tragic thing about our present attitude is that it costs less in the long run to care for the mentally ill than it does to herd them into the crumbling rooms, the bleak, unattended buildings we trustingly call "hospitals." *(Continued on Page 214)*

●

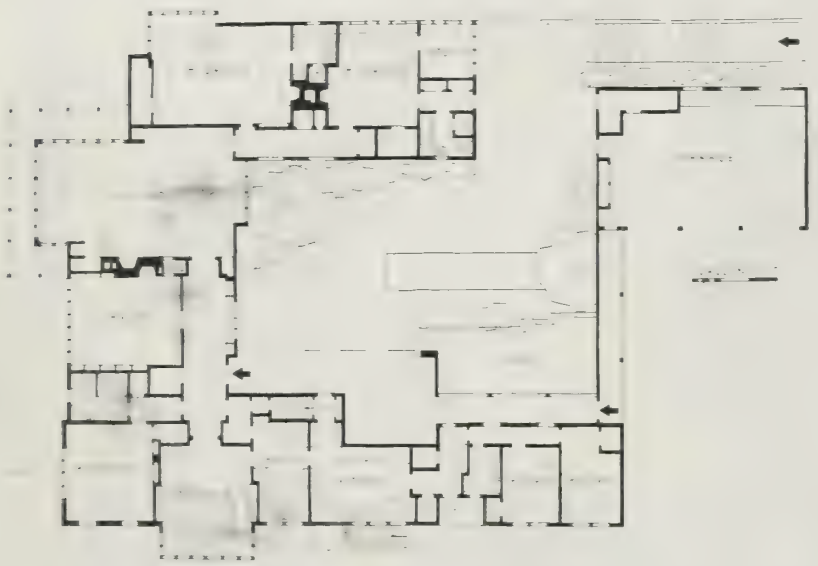
"If the public wants state hospitals and outpatient clinics which provide proper care and adequate treatment for its mentally ill citizens, it can have them. Although the immediate expenditure will be increased, I believe the cost in the long run will probably be less. The wastage of human beings who could be constructive citizens and profitably employed could be reduced not only by improved treatment but by the development of preventive facilities. These, too, will cost money. In the last analysis, the responsibility for better care lies with the people, and the lawmakers who represent them. The JOURNAL is to be commended for beginning a campaign to enlighten the community with the hope that it might be prodded into restoring mental health to those who can be saved."

WILLIAM C. MENNINGER, M.D.
President, American Psychiatric Association

Perfection in Portland

By RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal



The floor plan is fascinating to follow throughout the house, from garden entrance to service and family wings, reaching the climax of indoor beauty and outdoor view in the lofty living room below. The house as seen in its leafy setting, on the opposite page, despite its truly modern design, seems as mellow as a medieval manor.

The house that occupies the first three pages here and the one that follows on the fourth page stand within a few miles of each other in the lofty lush-green Oregon landscape which gives the residential outskirts of Portland a loveliness unique in America—a loveliness both houses enhance like carvings on a piece of jade. Both, in fact, do produce a remarkable effect of oneness with their settings—hilltop and woodland—having been designed by an extremely talented young man whose devotion to this luxuriant region is equaled only by the understanding skill with which he cloaks his carefully perfected plans in just the right local materials, and then sets off the finished product with native plants that the region provides in such rich profusion. Even the local climate, which for most of the year remains reasonably mild, while seeming to people from other parts of the country unreasonably moist, is given outside surfaces on which to work in its own wet way to beautify, weathering the young walls of natural wood to silvery grays and greens that in no time match the tones of the surrounding elderly trees. In other words, these houses represent regional building at its best; yet like all works of great honest architecture, anywhere at any time, they are bursting with lessons to learn, wherever you live. Few houses, for instance, have ever exploited the possibilities of wood so effectively and from such a fresh point of view, both inside and out, as you can see; bringing out its natural beauties in a way that is as practical as it is lovely to look at.

The first house happens to be fairly large, the second fairly small; but if you are looking at them with your own requirements in mind, which goodness knows is natural, I suggest that you consider the size in either case as incidental to the contents and the character. For each is presented here as a package of ideas, assembled with the greatest regard for modern livability, with an eye for the charm of the past, and for elegance and simplicity, all in one. You can begin with the simplicity, especially apparent as you approach the house on the hilltop.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER





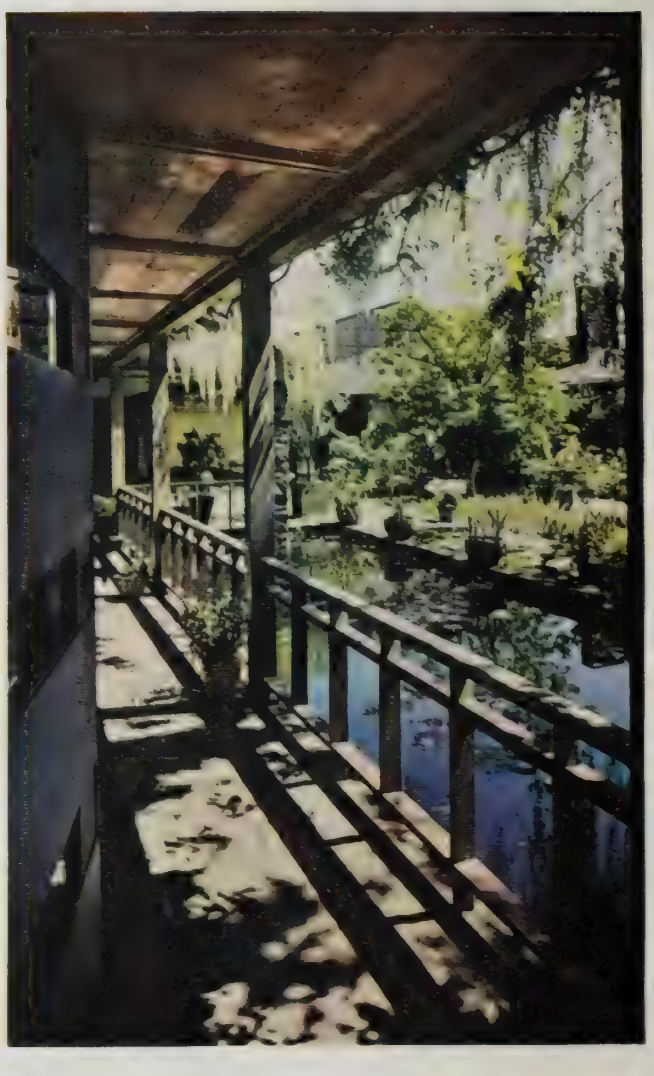
The House on the Hilltop

designed by **JOHN YEON**

Low and cottagelike as you come up, the silvery weathered walls of unpainted fir along the side you see are completely windowless except for the panels of glass in the entrance door—the door opening not directly into the house but first into a garden, an exquisite outdoor room surrounded by house and alive with flowers. A covered way, draped with wistaria, leads along one side of the garden to the actual house door, the house gaining elegance as you go, yet never losing its simplicity. Even after you enter, and are met by the glow of the paneled walls, blond and lustrous in the great sweep of light from windows that rise to the paneled ceilings, you see the house as its own decoration—a perfect foil for furnishings that are their own decoration too.



The whole far end of the dining room is a glass-paneled living picture of Oregon's rich foliage forms outside, which is reflected on the dark polished modern table top. Chairs and table, designed for this room, are sharp color contrasts against the simple warm brightness of rug, walls and ceiling, with old candelabra in appropriate places for graceful accents.



In the garden through which you enter the house, and which the house surrounds, flowering trees and vines are reflected in the pool along with the sky; all providing a beautiful intimate view from living room and library, whose full-length windows at the opposite ends of those rooms frame the dramatically different and distant view of the mountains.

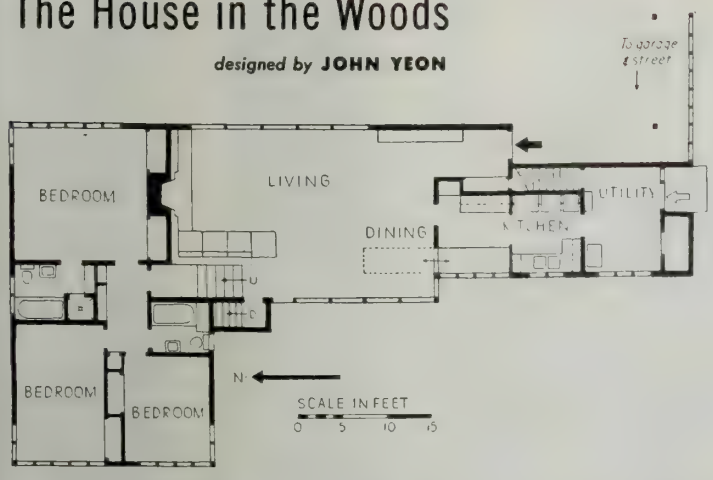
The House on the Hilltop

From this commanding hilltop the house emerges from the woods that guard the entrance, and on clear days takes in the great sixty-mile view across broad valleys to the snow-capped peak of Mt. Hood. The lawn is modeled to fit, as are the plantings of white-plumed Alpine snow grass, wild pentstemon, and the flowering native shrubs against the library wing.



The House in the Woods

designed by **JOHN YEON**





Again, within the smaller house, which stands in its pool of sunlight, the walls glow with the warm color of blond-wood panels, and with the light and outdoor pictures coming through panels of glass, all very simply comprising the sides of the house; creating ideal indoor backgrounds for modern furnishings mixed with fine old pieces like the Venetian bed and the grandfather clock. Looking here toward the bedroom wing, you can follow the floor plan down six steps to the living room, across to the kitchen with its table that slides out for dining.

Not the Marrying Kind

What do you do with a man who doesn't want to get married a

By WARE TORREY BUDLONG

BETSY stood by the window in her apartment and practiced being cool and controlled. She would see Joel the minute he turned the corner. Plenty of men were walking along the sidewalk, and from the window they looked pretty much alike in their topcoats and felt hats. Maybe this time Joel would look like any other man; nice, of course, but not—not so shattering.

The late-afternoon light was dull, and the buildings across the way stood brown and heavy, and the traffic jerked and tangled in the street. A man came around the corner. Just a man. Another man came around the corner, just another man. Then suddenly all the traffic stopped for an instant, stock-still and silent, and the sun flared out brightly, and the brown buildings swayed and steadied. Betsy breathed again, cautiously. Oh, yes. That was Joel.

She swung around and caught up her bag, glanced at her hat and lipstick in the mirror by her front door, and ran out to the stairs. If she met him outside, with lots of people around, she might be able to handle the situation. The thing to do was to stay calm, and not trust the emotional undercurrents. Only she wasn't very calm to begin with, and Joel wouldn't help. What could you do about a man who didn't want to get married—and who kept on proposing to you? Every time, just for a moment, she'd think, *Maybe this time he means it.* He had warned her how he felt about marriage; and yet he might change his mind. Maybe today —— And hurrying down the stairs wasn't helping her to stay calm.

She crossed the little foyer with the mailboxes, and swung the outside door open. Joel was coming along the sidewalk toward her. What was so different about him, different from anyone else? Little things, perhaps: the slant of his hat, the set of his shoulders, the way he walked, as if he were always going somewhere interesting. But that wasn't enough, not enough to explain what his appearance did to her.

His face was quiet and intent, and then he saw her, and the grin changed his face completely, and she had to grin back at him across the space between them. So by the time they reached each other it was a little late to say hello.

"You were watching for me?" said Joel. "I appreciate the way you tore downstairs to meet me."

"Don't bother," Betsy told him. "I just thought we'd be aloof and dignified if we met in public."

"You were wrong," Joel said, kissing her effectively.

Betsy felt that meeting Joel in public wasn't helping much. She took two steps away. He caught hold of her hand lightly and they walked on down the street.

"Where are we going?" asked Betsy.

"Well, let's see." He glanced at her and away again. "We could get married, and go to South America."

"No, we couldn't."

"I was afraid of that," he observed.

"What shall we do tonight?" *(Continued on Pag. 252)*



ee on proposing

He kissed her again.

"Even if you hate me, Betsy,

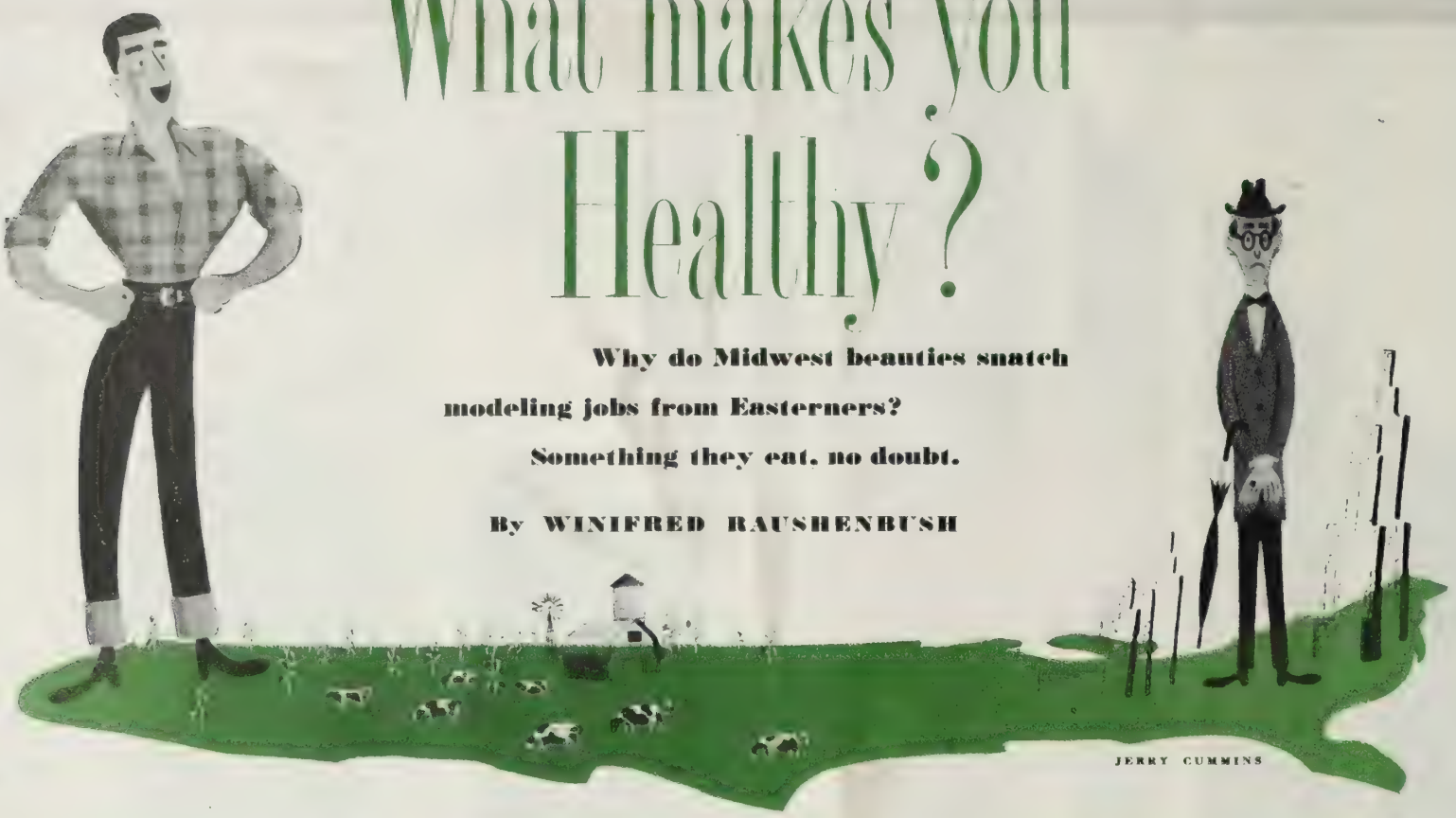
you might as well admit we're in love."

ILLUSTRATED BY

What makes you Healthy?

Why do Midwest beauties snatch modeling jobs from Easterners? Something they eat, no doubt.

By WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH



JERRY CUMMINS

YOU won't find them on your map, but across this great country of ours run two major health belts where, just as in the old legends of the fountain of youth, the women grow more beautiful, the men stronger, and the children as healthy as the day is long.

Many people have long suspected it. New Yorkers are continually [illegible] way the girls they call "the co[illegible]eas," snatch modeling jobs from u[illegible]ne noses of Easterners. G. I.'s got fed up [illegible] the endless paeans of praise the Texans directed at their state—and the way they proved they had reason. Statisticians mutter at the difference in average heights between the children of South Carolina and the children of California—and note that the West Coast model has a definite edge in stature over the New England product.

Now, science has proof that there is a geography of health. An analysis of the health examinations of 18,000,000 [illegible] men showed that the majority of the healthy came from a relatively small group of states—and comparison of this information with national health records by states proved it was not coincidence.

It was not until the war was over that the United States Selective Service began to study the men accepted by the draft. Prior to that there had been considerable distress about the millions rejected, almost half of whom were revealed to be malnourished. Now the spotlight was turned on the 6,000,000 men who showed either no physical defects at all, or else very minor ones.

All the forty-eight states turned out thousands of these grade-A men. But certain states of the Midwest and Northwest produced more than did the Eastern and Southern states.

Washington, Wyoming and Oregon got high billing among the ten healthiest states. Washington turned up with twice as many healthy men between the ages of 38 and 44 as the rest of the country. Wyoming rated first in freedom from mental disease; Oregon in freedom from tuberculosis. Close behind came Nevada, Utah and Idaho. Like Wyoming and Oregon, this whole region is low in defects from mental disease and tuberculosis.

A second prime health region runs in a diagonal belt from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. It stars Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and Texas. Kansas rates first, Texas second as top producers of healthy men. In Kansas almost three fifths of the men examined in the draft were practically flawless. Kansas and Wisconsin also had fewer eye defects than any other states in the country.

What qualities does a state have to have to produce more healthy adult citizens than the rest of the country?

Prosperity and intelligence help. Money means better medical facilities and more vitamin-rich foods. Good schools, newspapers, magazines and books mean women who know their food values. But prosperity and intelligence are not enough. If they were, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut would be superhealth states.

What the top-ranking health states of the Northwest and the Middle American health belt have got is middling-to-high prosperity and education, plus soils that range from better-than-average to the most fertile soils to be found in the United States.

Poor soils equal sick plants, sick animals and sick people. In Florida, small patches of land are so miserable that the children, cows and vegetables are all sick. The turnips suffer from iron chlorosis, the cows from salt sickness, and 80 per cent of the children from anemia. Though the sicknesses have different names, they all have the same cause: a soil deficient in iron, copper and cobalt.

The lesson of the draft acceptances is that good soils help to produce healthy men. Consider, for instance, the soils of the Midwestern health belt—studded with square red barns, velvety brown cows, green corn, pigs, farmers, tractors, golden wheat, cyclones and dust storms—the grassy plains from Texas to the Great Lakes.

The black Midwestern soils that produce our good high-protein wheat contain more calcium and other valuable soil minerals than any other soils we possess. The only other countries that possess large areas of this particular kind of black soil—known technically as chernozem soil—are Russia and the Argentine. It was the black chernozem soils of Russia, some of which are so deep as to be inexhaustible, that Hitler had his eye on when he invaded Russia. Our black wheat-belt soils are worth all the gold in Fort Knox. Their closest relation is the brown fertile soil of the corn-and-hog belt, which gets more rain than the wheat belt and is easier to farm.

What it means to live in a region of very fertile soils such as that found in the corn, hog and wheat lands of Middle America is well illustrated by the teeth of the children who live in Hereford, Texas. *(Continued on Page 120)*

If you ask me

By Eleanor Roosevelt

I am a woman about forty years of age and not bad to look at, have a college education, a good responsible job, sense of humor, good disposition, and am not aggressive or set in my ways. I have never had the opportunity of meeting eligible, unmarried men and I am craving a home and companionship. I enjoy cooking and making others happy. Have you any suggestions?

Your situation does not sound to me very desperate. It seems to me that at your age it ought to be possible to make opportunities for meeting eligible unmarried men. Use a little ingenuity in your business to make friends. It is not impossible for a woman to do some entertaining on her own, and to issue some invitations if she becomes friendly with people whom she meets either in the course of her work or in he course of her outside activities.

Our daughter left our home during the war to work in an airplane plant in another city. She became very much interested in the labor union there. One of the leaders and his wife paid a lot of attention to her, helped her get ahead in the union. They often tried to interest her in communism, but she laughed at them. One night they told her of a speech to be made which they knew would interest her. Arriving at the hall, she found she could not get in without signing a membership card. They told her to go ahead, she could have the card destroyed after the meeting. She is now an ardent communist. All this happened four years ago. She has since married and her husband was trained in the school of communism in New York. We were a happy, close family until this happened, but they cannot help showing their contempt for us since they have finally given up trying to convert us. They very often express their hatred of the middle class. Well, we are of the middle class. How are we to meet this situation?

I think the situation that you describe requires patience. You do not want to have an open break with your daughter. If at some time she needs you, you will want her to feel free to call upon you. Young people are very apt to become ardent crusaders for ideals, and they do not realize sometimes that their ideals exist in their own minds and not in reality. Time, however, may prove this to them, and if I were you I should cease to argue. You certainly can rise above any contempt that they may show. You are the elders and you should not be touched by what the young ones may think. Have patience and I am sure that time will show that the real values are preserved in the long run.

Have you never felt the desperate need of birth control on a massive scale when seeing some of the hopeless, tragic and destitute peoples of the world? Do you not have a feeling of guilt at the delay in not helping these women when you stop to compare conditions in which your children were born and theirs? Isn't it just about agreed that the need for more space is the basic cause of war?

No, I do not really think that the need for more space is the basic cause of war. There are a great many elements that enter into the final difficulties which arise between peoples and force them to resort to force.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

I have often felt that in certain conditions birth control might be a help, and it may be one of the answers to the food situation which scientists are trying to solve. I do not feel qualified to judge, however, what are the needs and necessities from the scientific point of view for the preservation and improvement of the life of the human being on this planet. Therefore I cannot say that I have the feelings which you suggest, nor the assurance that in one simple answer all the questions that confront us will be solved.

American history has shown that our government is great because it is a two-party government with each party making its contributions and constantly prodding the opposition to put forth its best efforts. Although your sympathies are understandably allied with the Democratic Party, do you not feel that the balance of power should shift at regular intervals?

I do not know that I would feel that the balance of power had to shift at any regular intervals. I do believe strongly in the two-party

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"My opponent is sadly behind the times. What does he promise? Higher wages . . . lower taxes . . . world peace. The very things I promised you ten years ago!"

system for the reasons which you give, but I think the balance of power should shift when the people feel it necessary or advisable. That does not mean that any precise time should be laid down. It has always been evident that our people shift from time to time. For instance, we had a shift toward conservatism four years ago and again two years ago which affected many congressional candidates and local situations. In the last election that trend was reversed, showing that the swing goes on fairly often and is affected by the needs of the people as they see them.

Why does Article I of the United Nations Draft International Declaration of Human Rights read "all human beings are born free and equal"? What is the significance of the term "free" as coordinate with "equal"? Are you, as the United States representative on the committee, satisfied with this disagreement with our own Declaration? Do you not think that a comprehensive application of the truth "all men are created equal" to the West-East situation by the Western democracies would be a move toward durable peace?

It did not occur to me as United States representative that I was writing a document which was to agree with our own Declaration of Independence. There were seventeen other nations besides the United States represented on the Human Rights Commission, and there were eighteen governments represented on the Economic and Social Council and fifty-eight nations represented on Committee No. 3 of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights could not and should not be a United States or even an Anglo-Saxon document. It had to meet the needs of the expressed desires of many people believing in other religions and living under other conditions and cultures and legal doctrines and laws. The clause "all human beings are born free and equal" was of course a compromise clause. You must also realize that this document must be translated into five official languages and that such language must be used as can mean the same thing in all five languages. That sometimes leads to a change in the English language. One of the major difficulties arises out of the religious beliefs or nonbeliefs. There are, for instance, far more Mohammedans in the world than Christians. Some of us believe that all men are created equal; some may not; and when you work on an international level you try to come as near as possible to expressing something which can be accepted by all the people represented.

...rents brought foreign names fro... ...ntries with endings such as "... ... I think it would be much ... ...ped those useless endings. ...ld ... it legally without any trouble, or ... we have to go through court and ... ...arges?

I consulted a lawyer who tells me that it is not within the jurisdiction of anyone who is not a lawyer or a judge to tell you what you should do if you desire to change your name. I have known people who changed their names, but this question should be approached through the court or advice of a lawyer. I am sure the Legal Aid Society would give you this information free of charge or for a very small fee.

I have ... ...at you voted against "equal righ... ...legitimate children" at a United Nations meeting. If this is true, please explain why you did so.

There was a very active group in Paris who wished to have inserted in one of the articles of the Universal Bill of Human Rights the absolute equality of illegitimate children with legitimate children. The motion was introduced by the delegate from Yugoslavia. The article as it read asserted the equal rights of all children, and many of us felt that it was a pity to single out illegitimate children for mention, and we also felt that while illegitimate children should have, as is now stated in the article, equal social rights with all other children, there were certain rights which it was impossible to give illegitimate children under many forms of law. It is natural, of course, to want to shelter children as much as one possibly can, but my own feeling was that we had done something better in stating that all children had equal rights than in singling out any one group.

Fraidy Cat

By VAL TEAL

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRUCE

MOTHER came softly through the back hall door into the living room. She looked carefully back around the door out into the kitchen.

"What ho?" father said, putting down his rummy hand.

"Sh-h-h!" mother said. "Someone peeked in the kitchen window."

"What!" father said. "Who?"

"I'm not sure who it was," mother said. "Maybe it was a cow."

"A cow!" father yelled. He ran out to the kitchen.

"Don't go out!" mother said. "It's dangerous."

But father had dashed out the door. We heard him talking in a loud voice to someone.

"It's Mr. Adam," mother said from the dining-room window. "His bull must have gotten loose. My goodness, I wonder how that happened?"

Father came back in. "It's O.K.," he said, "he didn't get on the lawn."

"Well, my goodness. Do we have to worry about that now? I thought that barbed-wire fence was good and strong. I'd never have moved out to the edge of the city if I'd known you had to be surrounded by animals."

"The fence *is* strong," father said. "Adam was leading Lemmy up the street and he got a yen to look in on you and he got away from him. You don't need to worry. He can't get out of that fence."

"Thank goodness for that," mother said. "Lemmy!" she said. "Names for bulls!"

"It's a cute name," father said. "Lemmy Adam. I wouldn't have thought Adam was that clever. Lemmy wouldn't hurt anyone anyway," father said. "He's gentle as a lamb."

"Oh, yeah! Have you heard him snort?"

"Snorting isn't dangerous," father said.

"He whinnied or something when he looked in the window," mother said. "He looked plenty mad."

Father laughed. "He's safely locked up now," he said. "You can relax."

"That's good," mother said. "I have to hang out the rest of the clothes. With that animal half a block back of us, I'd hate to feel I couldn't trust that fence."

"It's my turn," I said. "Come on, father, let's play." He was ahead and I wanted to beat him.

We started playing again and I got a seven of spades for my run and father laid down threes and then we heard mother screaming. We heard her dash onto the porch and we ran to the window. She was holding the screen door tight shut, her lean brown hands pulling on the hook.

"Go home!" she was saying. "Go home!"

Outside was Poochy, Wehrbacks' fat white poodle dog, barking great guns at mother. Mother stamped her foot in her red play shoe and her striped seersucker skirt flew. You could tell she was good and mad. At the kitchen window father threw back his head and held on to the window sill and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"Go on home, you little imp!" we could hear mother say, but Poochy only stayed there and barked, his whole roly-poly body shaking. I had to laugh too. He sure didn't look ferocious. He looked like a fat little kid in a woolly white suit who was down on all fours pretending he was a dog. Mother turned and stormed into the house. "That beast!" she said. "Whose yard is this anyway?" she said. "I can't even hang up my own clothes!"

Father was still laughing. Tears were running down his *(Continued on Page 226)*



...al-black taffeta with the trend-setting deep inverted pleats, four pockets, a patent-leather belt.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOYNINGEN HUENT



Pin-check taffeta, slim and slim-priced. Wear with a rose.



Today's Wardrobe . . .

IS SMALL AND CHANGEABLE

In these accelerated days when more and more demands are being made on our time and money and even the clothes we wear, the most satisfying wardrobes consist of a few well-planned costumes that can be put through a great many paces. For spring into summer we suggest a suit with a chameleon nature, a black shantung day and dinner dress, and a coat in color.

THE SUIT . . . will be slim and shapely. It will be—preferably—a gray mixture that takes naturally to any accessory color that you like. You could have two or a dozen blouses, changing from white piqué and blue chambray to silk shantung or polka dots in yellow, red, green, pink or navy blue. Its lapel pins could be gold or silver, its boutonnieres fresh field flowers, nasturtiums, garden pinks, primroses or geraniums. You could wear a close felt cloche or beret for March winds, a natural straw with a veil for April sunshine.









The shantung for day—straw hat, pearls and gold jewelry, chamois gloves, patent-leather belt. Silk shantung $45.00, rayon shantung $29.95.



DRAWINGS BY BODI

Black or natural shantung bag and natural raffia pumps, bright scarf—spring and summer accent for the shantung dress. Hand-sewn slip-on chamois gloves.



Sleeveless shantung without its jacket for the evening—with pearls, scarf, matching silk belt.

THE DRESS . . . a new kind of basic that makes more appearances at more hours th
you have known before. It's a slender, sleeveless black shantung with a flare-back
Think of it with a patent-leather belt and small hat for lunchtime; a silk sash and a big
a wisp of a veil for afternoon; and with jewels, scarfs and flowers for dinner and eve

THE COAT . . . long and easy, and in a color you love—lemon-gold, coral-red, royal-b
sea-green. A coat in color is not a difficult or an extreme fashion, but a gay asset to o
clothes in basic shades. Co-ordinate the gold coat and gray suit with brown or burgu
calfskin pumps, a felt cloche and saddle-leather bag. Wear it over the shantung dress w
black accessories—suède pumps, suède or shantung bag.

This JOURNAL-selected wardrobe may be assembled literally, or may be u
fashion plan for similar clothes which you may have or buy. The four m
tumes shown here cost around $180.00. ★ By RUTH MARY PAC

ight she had to make the choice no woman

first a wife or a mother?

OR SHALER

ring finger hurt with the hard twisting of her hands. She must relax, stop looking at Joe.

She turned her eyes resolutely back to the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, who had recently settled in the community. Amy had wanted to meet the Fieldings ever since they had arrived with their dogs, their typewriters and their scintillating reputation as collaborators on mystery stories. But now, because of Joe's performance, it wasn't likely she'd ever know them better. After this evening she might as well check the Fieldings off. During cocktails he had held them, like the Ancient Mariner, with a rambling, repetitious monologue, boring them even though Mabel and Biff would have briefed the newcomers on Joe beforehand. She knew the words by heart: "brilliant and erratic." The last word did it. But that was Joe's reputation. There wasn't a smarter lawyer or a keener mind in the county, or a more charming man, when Joe was Joe. But Joe in his *(Continued on Page 129)*

FASHION



off-one-shoulder evening blouse, mauve tie-silk...



BY ALVIN HANDMACHER

Chameleon suit—with twin scarfs, red bag, brown pumps, straw sailor. Suit $69.95.

Gold-silk shantung collar, $8.95. Co



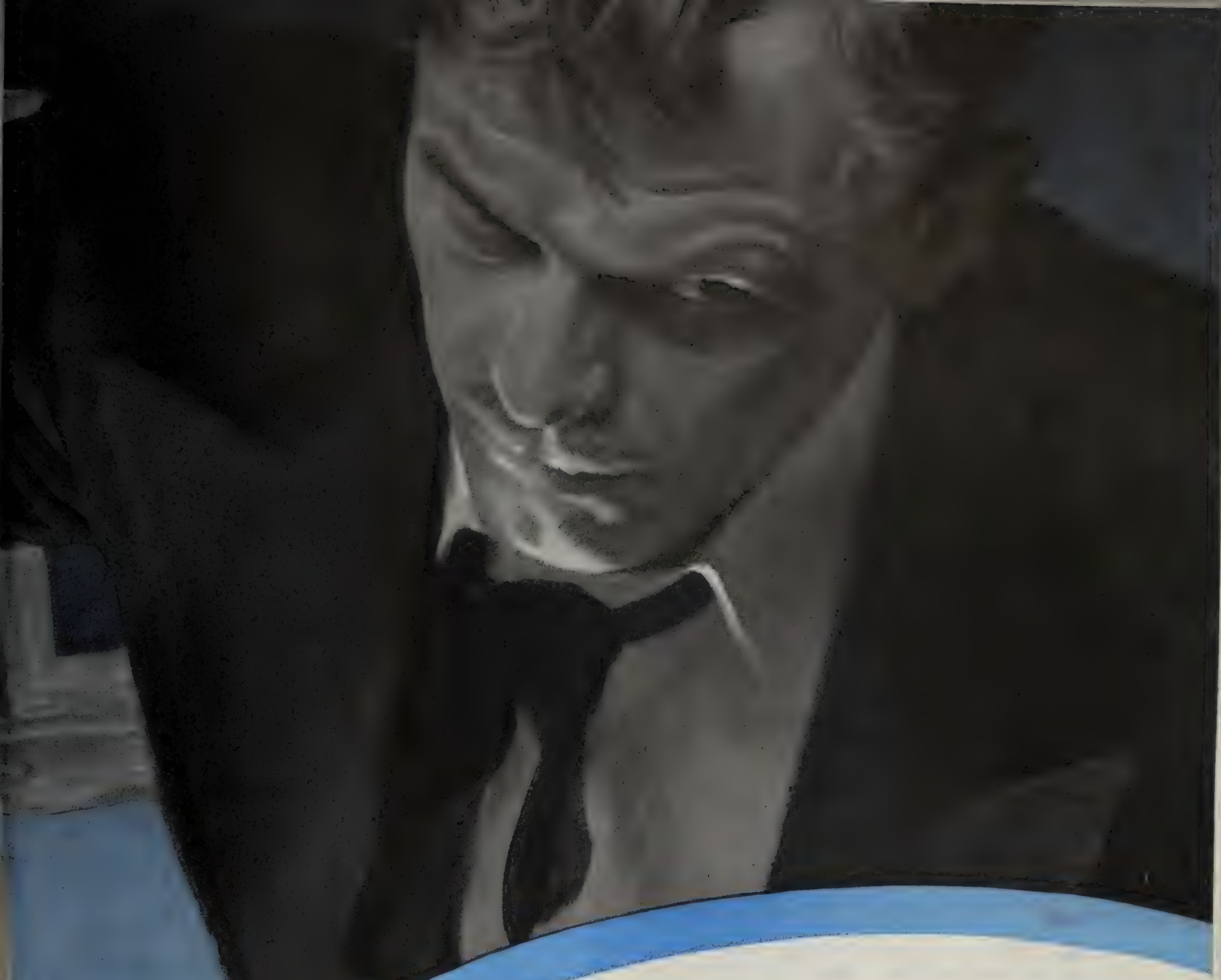
navy blue polkadot sur with elbow sleeves...



No spring suit is complete without the ... flaps, turn-back cuffs...

Coat in nubbly gold ... navy polkadot $79.95, by Harry Will ... by JOHN FREDERICS

Women who love and collect blouses have a constant and not-expensive means of looking fresh and adding fashion and color to their wardrobes. Navy-blue polkadots look new with a gray suit, a mauve shantung with navy blue. Pink linen, flower-shade piqués and white jacquard shirting refresh by day. Chiffons, sheers and taffetas dress up for afternoon. Pure silks and pure linens have the fine-quality feeling more and more in demand. Bow necklines, tucked and fagoted yokes, small collars deftly turned are dressmaker-inspired. ★ **By RUTH MARY PACKARD**



Tonight she had to make the choice no woman can make—was she first a wife or a mother?

By ELEANOR SHALER

"RELAX, Amy!" Biff Hunter leaned over her. "Relax, and stop watching old Joe." His words caught her up short. She thought she had arranged her face into a pattern of intent interest in the conversation eddying around her, even while her eyes were fixed on Joe across the room, on Joe's dinner plate lying unsteadily on his knees, on the sleeve of Joe's dinner jacket where it had dipped into the shrimp creole. "Old Joe's getting along fine." Biff put one fat paw on her shoulder. "You're just nervous, Amy."

"No, I'm not." She tried to keep her voice even. "I just hate to see that food slide off and ruin Mabel's lovely rug."

"What you need is a good stiff drink," Biff said in a soothing voice.

Amy laughed a pursed-up little laugh. Biff reminded her of a shyster psychologist she had once consulted—the fatherly pat, the bedside manner. "No, thank you, Biff," she said quietly. "I've had enough." But he was right. Her ring finger hurt with the hard twisting of her hands. She must relax, stop looking at Joe.

She turned her eyes resolutely back to the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, who had recently settled in the community. Amy had wanted to meet the Fieldings ever since they had arrived with their dogs, their typewriters and their scintillating reputation as collaborators on mystery stories. But now, because of Joe's performance, it wasn't likely she'd ever know them better. After this evening she might as well check the Fieldings off. During cocktails he had held them, like the Ancient Mariner, with a rambling, repetitious monologue, boring them even though Mabel and Biff would have briefed the newcomers on Joe beforehand. She knew the words by heart: "brilliant and erratic." The last word did it. But that was Joe's reputation. There wasn't a smarter lawyer or a keener mind in the county, or a more charming man, when Joe was Joe. But Joe in his *(Continued on Page 129)*



You have only to look at the pictures and think of the business of getting a meal and washing the dishes to realize what a difference a good sink makes in a kitchen. Pull the refrigerator out of its corner, stretch a long counter under the wide window, put plenty of cabinets above and below, add lights and think again. Like it?



PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON

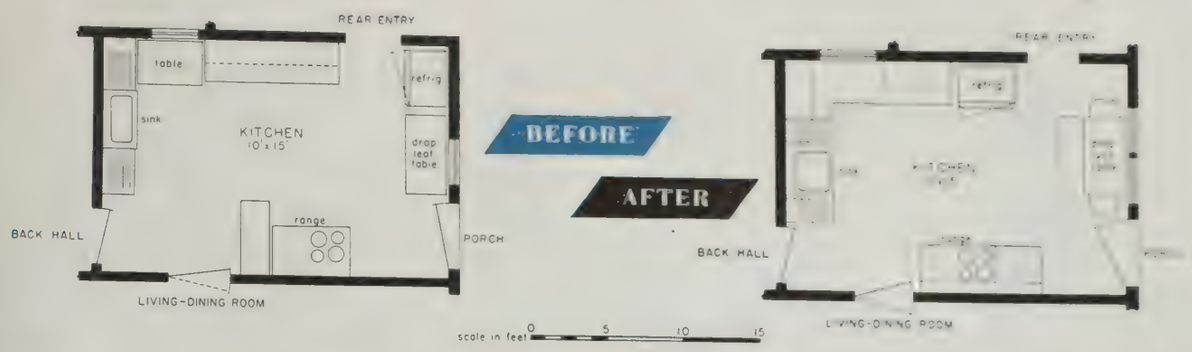
The room that two hundred years ago was the kitchen is now a combined living-dining room. The great fireplace is still center of family life.



Today's Utility—Yesterdays Charm

meet in this kitchen, which now has a new sink, more light, better arrange

By ***GLADYS TABER***



THERE is something about March that means new beginnings. Women get the carpets on the line and men begin to stir the paint for that new coat on the porch. Here in the old house, spring came just as it has come for two hundred years. The clean smell of wax pervaded every room, curtains blew in the sun, last winter's bouquets of everlastings blazed in the great old fireplace, but in the kitchen a great hammering and sawing was going on. For the winter's planning and figuring had ended with a resolution to do something about the kitchen in the spring. Now spring was here. And the family set to with a determination to improve the kitchen (the sink first of all), to give that room some of the charm of the rest of the house, as well as convenience, without mortgaging the homestead to do the job. *(Continued on Page 118)*



Placing the equipment at one end of the room gives the table more space and makes eating in the kitchen a pleasant occasion. Sunlight streams into the kitchen through the sheer nylon curtains. The whole room is bright with color. The old cherry table and chairs, wallpaper and a few pieces of old china and glass give this kitchen a personality in keeping with the house.




Point



of no Return

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

IV

NEARLY everyone in Rush & Co. was in the market, and it may have been just as well that Charles was in it, too, for it afforded a common ground on which to meet all those others who had come there to learn what was called finance. All those young men in Rush & Co. were there because gentlemen handled the broader aspects of money. The early thirties made gaps in their ranks. However, the temptations and spiritual stresses and strains which came later with the depression were negligible when Charles worked in E. P. Rush & Co. with what Lawrence Stoker, the head of the bond department, called the Team.

Football men and crew men were somehow the most desirable material at E. P. Rush & Co., and it seemed to Charles that all the team came from what were known as final clubs at Harvard. They were nice boys and they seemed to accept cheerfully the fact that he had to be more ambitious and brighter than the rest of them, much as Charles himself had accepted the same thing with a Chinese or a Japanese student in a college class.

Although he looked like most of the team, he knew that he would always stand out from them, and it had been just as well. If he had not been a little apart, Arthur Slade would never have noticed him that time when Mr. Slade came on some errand from New York, and he told Charles so, long afterward.

"I saw you right away," he said, "and I wondered if you could be a Yale man, but that could not have been possible in E. P. Rush. It explained everything when you said you came from Dartmouth."

There was every reason why he should have remembered his first meeting with Arthur Slade, for otherwise he might never have gone to New York. Charles's desk was about midway in the center of the open office, and one morning when he was reading market letters he heard Mr. Rush speaking. He had brought a stranger with him to the investment-advisory department.

"Oh, Gray," Mr. Rush called. "Mr. Slade wants to see everything we have on ——"

Copyright 1948, 1949, by John P. Marquand.

and he gave the name of that foreign stock which later was to make so many people poorer. "Gray will get you everything, and you can read it here if you want to."

"Yes, sir," Charles said, and hurried to the files for the folders.

"I think there are a few rather frank office notes on it," Mr. Rush said. "Go ahead and read them, but don't quote us."

Mr. Rush walked away, leaving the stranger from New York. Mr. Slade was, of course, an imitation of Tony Burton, like everyone else in the Stuyvesant Bank. His dark hair, appropriately gray at the temples, was closely clipped. His dark-gray flannel suit had the style of Tony Burton's tailor. His face had Tony Burton's authoritative alertness.

"Wouldn't you like to use my desk, sir?" Charles asked.

"Oh, no," the stranger said. "Go on with what you're doing," and he sat beside the desk reading, while Charles went back to the market letters. Mr. Slade did not speak again for three quarters of an hour. "Dear me," he said, when he had finished, and Charles saw he was holding a memorandum in Mr. Rush's handwriting, "you certainly have a personalized investment service."

"Yes, sir," Charles answered.

"Well," Mr. Slade said, "I'm much obliged to you. You'd better put that away and lock it up." He was smiling and Charles did not like it because it somehow seemed to reflect on Rush & Co.

"You know I was told to show it to you."

"I know you were," Mr. Slade answered, "and I hope you won't leave it around."

"We don't leave things around here much," Charles said, and he sat up straighter because he was a member of the team.

"It's about time for lunch, isn't it?" Mr. Slade said. "How about your coming over with me to the Parker House?"

Arthur Slade must have been curious about Rush & Co., because he asked a good many questions, and Charles answered as he should have, politely and loyally. When Arthur Slade asked about himself, he told him he lived at Clyde, and Mr. Slade had never heard of Clyde. *(Continued on Page 80)*

PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER



JAPAN: Mrs. Okamoto would love a sewing machine, and although she knows she can't afford it now, she can't resist looking at this old Singer in a shop near her home. She buys cloth and patterns at the Shizuoka department store, does much home sewing.



PAKISTAN: Mrs. Usman purchases goods by the yard from this Hindu merchant in the bazaar at Patni. The transaction will be recorded by the Tapedar, or village administrator *(left)*, who administers rationing and taxes. The Usmans are perennially in debt.



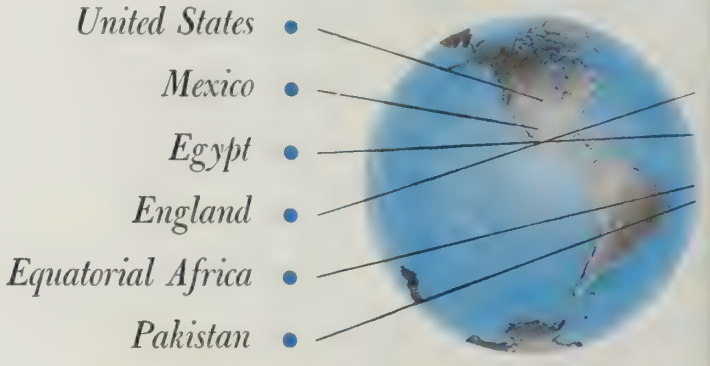
EQUATORIAL AFRICA Shopping is a continual affair for the family of Zamba Aluma, who must walk many miles to the nearest store. Sada, Zamba's second wife (*below, at her left*), is here buying some beads. Judging from her dress, the girl at left lives in town.



GERMANY: Frau Stieglitz joins a queue for fish in the town of Hochheim, near her home. Although German farmers eat better than city people, they are short of meat, fish, sugar, coffee. Soap is rationed to one cake each month. Hardware goods still have the flimsiness of a tin can.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: This tiny g
eral store in the village of F
lac takes care of Mrs. Balo
daily needs. For clothing



THIS IS THE WA

ALL the world loves a bargain, and all the world's women love to hunt them. That is except in Moslem Egypt, where a woman of standing does not demean herself by appearing in public places. So Mahfoza, the beautiful brunet wife of Hag Zaki el Gamel, must be content to let her husband do the marketing.

Mrs. Tom Hiatt looks forward each week to Thursday, which is market day in Banbury. For Señora Gonzalez in Mexico the big day is Sunday, when the colorful serapes of the Indians transform the market place of Moravatio into a grounded rainbow. In Iowa the stores stay open late on Saturday nights, and there is apt to be a square dance at the City Hall across from the Glidden post office.

In some countries there are no special market days. The wives of Zamba Aluma, in the dark heart of Africa, go shopping only twice a year, for it involves a round-trip walk of sixty miles. On the other hand, Mrs. Usman of Pakistan shops daily in the bazaars of her village of Patni. In Germany there is a strange war-born practice of marketing in reverse: townspeople invade the countryside to barter goods for food.

FRANCE: The Redouins grow about eighty per cent of their own food, but buy staples in town. Madame is an excellent cook, and tries constantly to add to her kitchen equipment. Here she looks over pans in the market at Blois. Her dream at the moment is to purchase an electric refrigerator.



ENGLAND: At Lipworth's
in Hook Norton, Mrs. Hia
out pence and "points" f
groceries. Each member

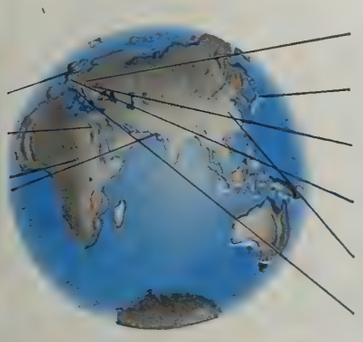




upplies the family shops in
wn of Prešov. The big
in background says, "Why
he schools nationalized?"



EGYPT: Plodding along on his donkey, Hag Zaki el Gamel goes to market on Saturdays in the village of Khanka, whose shops are strung along the road to Cairo. A shrewd shopper, he augments the family's home-grown diet with meat, fruit, tea, sugar and coffee. The el Gamels follow no budget.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

by JOHN GODFREY MORRIS

HE WORLD SHOPS

Since these families all farm, their purchases are fewer than those of city people. Still, it is interesting to note that in the specialized U. S. the Pratts *buy* 50 per cent of their food, while in China the Hos buy perhaps 5 per cent of it. The war, of course, brought special shopping problems, and the aftermath has not brought all the answers. Although she can buy a pair of shoes, a scarf or Christmas tie for Tom without a coupon, Mrs. Hiatt finds English clothes rationing almost as strict as during the war. In France, Mme. Redouin gets one fourth of the coffee she wants, and in Germany "coffee" is still made from sugar beets. Even the pleasure of window shopping was denied when the windows were bombed out—and the goods that were in them.

No matter what your money, it's a mystery where it goes. The Okamotos spend *yen*, the Usmans spend *rupees*, the Baloghs *koruna*, the Gonzalezes *pesos*. The Hos spend Chinese dollars—millions of them. There is no currency common to any two of the twelve countries. Yet there is one shopping fact very common to all: there are things you *have* to have and can *just* afford, and things you'd *like* to have and *can't*.

has a ration book. Joan,
d on the counter, wist-
urveys the old-fashioned
f "boiled sweets."



MEXICO: Baby Maria needs shoes, and the Gonzalezes look them over in the market at Moravatio. On Sundays farmers come into town from all the countryside, and the market is aburst with activity. The Gonzalezes follow no budget, but they try very hard to make every *peso* count.



PHOTOGRAPHS for the story by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany).



CHINA: In a difficult moment of indecision, Ho Fu-yuan (center) fondles a felt hat in the market at Kia-ting. It would mark him as a man of great distinction in the village, but the price is $90,000 (Chinese; about $7.00 U. S.) and he finally decides against it.



ITALY: Signora Guercini prices a broom in one of the shops in the village of Greve. The arcade fronts on the town square, now named Piazza Giacomo Matteotti, in honor of the great hero of anti-Fascism. The Guercinis shop mostly on Saturday, the big market day.



UNITED STATES: With Arleen, who is fast becoming a smart shopper herself, Mrs. Pratt picks out some canned fruit in one of the stores in Glidden, Iowa. Even with home canning, the Pratts do considerable food buying, and maintain a frozen-food locker in town.

Do stay for Dinner

By ANN BATCHELDER

YOU know how it is. You plan a nice little dinner for six—rather special friends you haven't seen in some time. You get together quite a tasty repast and ring a change or two on some of the old favorites. And just as things have settled down and the last touches are on, the doorbell rings. You *know* it can't be the paper boy, and the brush man was around last Monday, so you take off the worthy apron, put on your best smile and open the door. Yes, you guessed it. It's two of the contract-club girls dropping in to see why you didn't show up for the game at Bessie's, and they stay and stay. These girls, being quite single, have no dinner worries on their minds, and the clock doesn't mean a thing to them. So there's only one thing to do. One only. That thing you do, with all the casual offhandedness you can summon up. You glance at the clock and, in a lull in the chatter, you brightly say, "Well, girls, if you haven't any special plans for the evening, do stay for dinner."

They are perfectly free. They have *not* anything special on. So, with simulated reluctance and after a good deal of "Oh, we wouldn't want to put you out," and "*I* didn't realize it was so late, did you, Jean?" they remove hats and coats and settle down for a good long session. In the meantime you have murmured something about "having a few friends in" and so on. This impresses them no end. And after all, it's sort of nice to have them, and there's something comforting in the thought that you *do* have enough in the kitchen to feed the whole outfit. All of which goes to prove what I am always saying: have enough—and then have a little to spare. It pays off, and we all know it. So you put on those extra plates and set up those extra places and proceed with the dinner that you had planned to have as good and as eye-smiting as you possibly could. And your unexpected guests, having performed the ancient rite of offering to help, settle themselves for a session of gin rummy, while you, in the kitchen, are playing a quite different but no less absorbing game with the kettle and the skillet. It's a great moment, if you can take it with a smile.

Wanting to be helpful. Thinking on all these things, I have determined to help you out on such

(Continued on Page 116)

PHOTO BY STUART·KOWLER



MENU

Clear Onion Soup

Relishes

Sweetbreads Sauté—Lemon Butter

Rice Croquettes

Green-Bean Medley

Crusty Rolls

Tomato-Avocado Salad

Orange-Almond Bavarian

Coffee

(Will serve 8)



Line a Day

1 Now comes the sugar-bush fiesta up where I came from. Any snow, barring a blizzard, from now on, will be called "sugar snow." And if they don't get cold nights and sunny days, you'll hear something way down here or hereabouts.

2 Having eaten hearty—I hope—all through the winter, it's nice to turn to fish for a change. One thing I do, and you may like to try, is a casserole of scalloped fish, made with fillet of sole (flounder to us) with shrimp. It's different and it's delicious.

3 The receipt: Make a quart of really rich cream sauce, medium thick. I use 3 cups milk and 1 cup cream. Season *very* well with salt, pepper and paprika. Poach 4 fillets, fresh or frozen, until tender. Flake 2 cups shrimp. Don't break up the fillets too much. Put all in a buttered casserole, fill it up with the sauce. Cover in a sparse way with bread crumbs, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, dot all over with butter and bake in an oven at 350–375° F. until the sauce bubbles and the top is nicely browned.

4 Well, I thought I'd seen everything, but I find there are surprises every day. Have *you* tried stuffing spareribs with sweet potatoes, onion, boiled rice and minced celery? Seasoned to the nines, of course. Mix all together, spread the mixture on the spareribs, fold over on the inside of the ribs (they're split, you know), dredge and bake. This is quite a dish. *Quite.*

5 One more sweet-potato idea. Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices, season and dip in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs, and fry in hot deep fat until the color of an oak leaf in November. Try these with chicken or ham.

6 Egg sauce to serve with baked or boiled fish can be and usually *is* a limp-looking "white" sauce with a few slices of hard-boiled egg swimming around like minnows in a tub. But—make a real *cream* sauce, season it well, and add 2 or 3 teaspoons of fine prepared mustard sauce. Plenty of egg slices finish this, and you've improved something that can stand improvement.

7 Along with a repertory of herbs and seasonings, this prepared mustard sauce is a rare condiment and it's the last word for sauces, gravies and meats. As for ham—well, you try it and see. Want to be a chef?

8 When you can get some fresh sweet basil—and I hope you'll grow some in pots or gardens—put some of the leaves in your tomato soup. The dried will do, but the fresh is the stuff. Strain it before serving. Every tomato dish is the better for sweet basil. You've heard that one before.

9 *From an old cookbook:* "The housewife may profitably write down these maxims and abide by them. Never wait to do your marketing in the middle of the day. Do it right after a hearty breakfast. Else you will buy too much. An appetite is a reckless marketeer." Bet that she was a stingy cook.

10 Now let *me* set down a word. It's about measuring molasses. Rinse the measuring cup or spoon in hot water. Molasses won't stick. And have your spoon very warm when you're putting vegetable fat in the deep-fat kettle. Then you won't have to bang the spoon or scrape it. *There.*

11 Baking-powder-biscuit crust is the only crust for chicken or meat pie that is right—for *this* cook. How about you? Ever try mixing a little sage or savory or marjoram in the dough for meat-pie crust? It's real good.

12 I am old-fashioned enough to go for salt mackerel. Wonderful for folks who ought to drink a lot of water! Soak it overnight in cold water. Drain and dry it. Put it in a shallow dish. Pepper it (forget the salt box), cover it with rich milk and lumps of butter or margarine, and bake it in an oven at 350° F. It will brown slowly, and the milk will disappear as may be. Baked potatoes with this.

13 In turkey or chicken stuffing, sometime mix with the finely crumbled bread plenty of peanuts, roasted ones, chopped to an arm-ache fineness. Leave out the onion, otherwise the green light ahead. If you haven't done it, you've no idea.

14 *Another item from my personal archives:* Instead of plain water to moisten the stuffing, use good (the best) clear chicken broth. And extend the gravy with the same.

15 May I remind the young members of the class that it's well to oil both fish and broiler when you broil fish? Then that maddening sticking is out. Serve broiled fish with tartare sauce and lemon.

16 A fish ball stops being a fish ball when it is rolled in flour and egg and crumbs. Fish balls are creamy and lovely inside, dropped from a spoon in hot deep fat and come out crisp and brown and every one different in shape. Those are fish balls.

17 Ever come across something you never dreamed of? I have. There's a toasted almond all dusted up with a mixture tasting of garlic—other things too. Belongs with the appetizers for that before-dinner hour.

18 Going back to rice pudding, as we weren't. Two schools quarrel over this. There are the raw-rice and the cooked-rice devotees. Use rich milk, either way. Raisins? Yes. Stir while cooking? But definitely. Meringue? If you like it.

• • • • • •

FAREWELL TO BELINDA

Belinda, Belinda, the spring's on the way.
Now I must leave you who cannot hear or see.
Shall I find you again on a fairy lea
Where the little people frolic the livelong day?
Shall I find you in the greenwood or find you never?
Belinda, beloved, is it good-by forever?

19 Everybody stuffs dates. So good for the children, my dear. (But the children are lucky if they get a tooth into one!) Sometime try stuffing them with highly flavored hard sauce. Walnuts or pecans or not, the hard sauce is the gimmick.

20 Tuna fish with sour cherries, dressed with mayonnaise and garnished with sliced olives, all nested down in lettuce cups, is a salad to charm the sisters. Maybe the males could be induced to dip a fork too.

21 *What* a vegetable is cabbage. To run up a mess, have it cold, chop it fine, season and add a little mace. Add 2 beaten eggs and cream enough to hold it. Fry it in bacon fat (*or* salt pork), turn like an omelet, brown, and they'll eat their cabbage.

22 Get yourself some thin ginger and chocolate wafers. Come in tall tins. Make into sandwiches with cream cheese and crystallized ginger chopped fine. For tea the most snappy mother-in-law will welcome these.

23 A waffle iron that turns out a perfect waffle is a helper to be counted on. Always make sure that your tools are in good shape.

24 Having scrambled eggs on toast—and who doesn't? If it's supper, try a little grated onion, mix with the eggs, season well, add some grated cheese, cream and butter, and scramble in the double boiler. Keep them soft and serve them hot.

25 Little Lima beans come up smiling if done with parboiled green pepper, chopped, a little chopped chives and—can you bear it?— some minced parsley.

26 One who is crazy about apple-tapioca pudding is this scribe. Converted to peaches (canned or frozen). I'm for that too. Plain cream is for this. And don't have the tapioca too thick. Give this a whirl.

27 Few things go along with a roast duck as do oranges. They're a natural. But—if with the oranges in your sauce you throw in a generous amount of black bing cherries, you have made grade A. And I mean A.

28 Make a boiled custard following the usual custard proportions. Flavor it with instant coffee. Delicious with chocolate pudding or cottage pudding.

29 Serve chicken fricassee in buttered, toasted bread cases. Cut the chicken into small pieces, make the sauce with mushroom soup. Season it well.

30 I'm always mentioning stuffed tomatoes. We all fall back on them, more or less. Shrimp and mayonnaise? Of course. And add diced celery and chopped salted almonds. Maybe the girls haven't said how-do to *that* one.

31 So here we are once more. It's time to go, but I hate to leave. Happy March and good weather to all of you from one who doesn't care much for the month of March.

By Ann Batchelder

It's Chicken Soup New Orleans style!

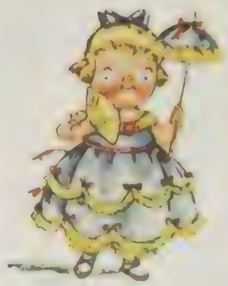


Up from Creole kitchens comes a different and delightful chicken soup



Old New Orleans! Famous city of famous dishes, and one of the most famous of all is chicken gumbo soup. Have *you* tasted this excitingly different chicken soup—a soup of rich chicken stock and garden vegetables? As Campbell's make it today—adapted from an honored old Creole recipe—it's a delight from first delicious sip to last satisfying spoonful. Just to list the good things that go into Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup is to tempt your appetite. Its deep-flavored chicken stock is crammed with such delicacies as green okra, luscious tomatoes, fluffy rice and tender pieces of chicken—all seasoned with savory herbs.

It's a different and delightful soup—a lift for your budget meals. Try this exciting soup of the Old South—soon!



I love my pretty party dress,
Love my parasol,
But Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup
I love best of all!

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Lengthening His Waistline... Shortening His Life-Line



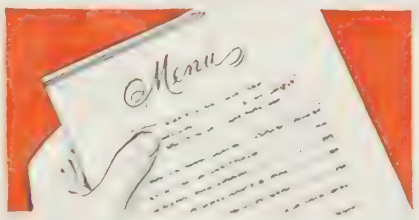
Like one out of every four people in our country today, this man weighs more than he should.

If he loses those excess pounds—brings his weight down to normal and *keeps it there*—he will look and feel better. Furthermore, *he will probably live longer.* Statistics show that if weight is more than 10 per cent above normal, life expectancy is usually reduced about 20 per cent.

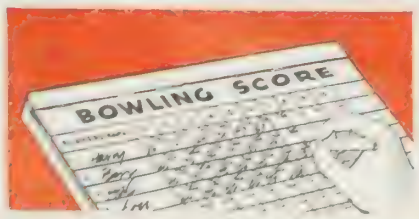
Doctors say one of the reasons overweight tends to shorten life is that it puts an additional burden on the heart and circulatory system. It has been estimated that 10 pounds of extra fat require the development of a half a mile of blood vessels. To maintain this excess body tissue, the heart has to work harder. Fortunately, with good medical care, *overweight can usually be corrected.*



The first step in any weight reducing program is to see the physician, for only he is qualified to determine your *best weight.* A six-foot man weighing 185 pounds may be 20 pounds overweight if he has a slight frame, while if he has a large frame that weight could be considered normal.



Proper diet is essential for controlling weight. Most overweight occurs because the body takes in more food than it can use up as energy, and the excess is stored as fat. The doctor will limit food intake while making sure your diet contains enough essential elements to protect general health.



Some exercise is necessary, but one should not expect to reduce just by exercising. Doctors warn you would have to walk 36 miles to lose one pound. Strenuous exercise may also increase the appetite, and make it harder to reduce. So, rely on your physician to recommend the proper exercise.

By faithfully following the program your doctor suggests, it is generally possible to lose weight surely, steadily, *and safely.* For other helpful information on this subject, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 39-J, "Overweight and Underweight."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

POINT OF NO RETURN

(Continued from Page 73)

"I suppose you're in this market like everyone else," Arthur Slade said.

"Yes," Charles answered. "It's all a question of when to stop, isn't it?"

He said that the market did not interest him as it did his father, and he began talking to Arthur Slade about his father, a safe subject because Arthur Slade would never meet him. Perhaps he spoke with the clumsy confidence of anyone his age, but whenever he thought of that lunch at the Parker House, he was never entirely sure that he had been clumsy. There was no reason to show himself in any sort of light or to strive to make a good impression; and besides, he did not feel like a callow young man from Rush & Co.

"There's no such thing as unbiased advice from an investment house that markets securities," Arthur Slade had said. "It's a little like selling patent medicine that can be used externally and internally, for baldness, dandruff, muscular pains and stomach-ache. Now in this investment-advisory thing of yours, doesn't Rush recommend its own securities? Of course it does."

It was true, of course, but Charles was loyal to Rush & Co. "If you believe in what you're selling," he said, "why shouldn't you recommend it?"

"Now, it's different in a bank trust department. We haven't got anything to sell."

"Don't you ever get stuck with anything in a bank?" Charles asked.

"Not usually," Arthur Slade said, and smiled. "Not in our bank."

As Arthur Slade was speaking, Charles saw his father walking toward them. "Oh," he said, "there's my father."

"Where?" Mr. Slade asked, but Charles' father was already at the table and they both stood up. John Gray smelled pleasantly of bay rum and he was smoking a cigar. "Won't you sit down and have coffee with us?" Mr. Slade asked.

"That's very kind of you," John Gray answered, "but I'd better be getting back to work. Perhaps I'll see you on the five-twenty, Charley." John Gray smiled and nodded and walked away. He had said nothing significant, but Charles was always glad that Arthur Slade had met his father.

"He looks happy," Arthur Slade said.

"Yes. Father is usually happy."

"It's curious how few people are," Arthur Slade said. "Have you ever thought of working in New York?"

"No," Charles said. "I like it pretty well where I am, but thanks ever so much for the lunch. I've had a very good time."

"Well, if you should be in New York, stop in and look me up. Just tell Joe inside the door you want to see me."

His father was keeping a seat for him in the smoking car of the five-twenty. He had evidently been shopping after the market had closed because there were packages on the rack above his head.

"I happened to see two silver gravy boats in an antique shop," he said. "Your mother has always wanted a pair, and then I saw a small radio. Who was that Mr. Slade you were having luncheon with, Charley?"

"He came to see Mr. Rush about something. He comes from New York. How did things work out today, father?"

John Gray tilted his hat away from his forehead. "Oh, everything went very well."

"I hope you're being careful."

His father laughed and slapped him on the knee. "As careful as a banker," he said. "I'm as sound as Electric Bond and Share."

It was strange to think how little seemed unusual in those days, perhaps because nothing seems peculiar in any present. Lindbergh had flown the Atlantic. Flagpole sitters were perched on their poles like Simeon Stylites, and marathon dancers were fainting in the clinches. They were all phenomena one could accept. Nothing was ever very peculiar at the moment when it happened.

He who goes with wolves learns to howl.
—SPANISH PROVERB.

Charles was not particularly surprised, for instance, at an extraordinary episode that occurred one Sunday shortly after he had met Arthur Slade. For years he had always gone to the Unitarian church with his mother and Dorothea, but his father seldom went with them.

When John Gray came down to breakfast that Sunday morning, he was wearing a new double-breasted suit.

"Why, John," Esther Gray said, "you didn't tell me you'd bought a new suit. You look as though you'd stepped out of something."

"It's a surprise," John Gray said. "A new leaf, Esther."

"You're not going to church with us, are you?" Dorothea asked.

"I don't see why I shouldn't. It occurred to me that a morning in church might do me good."

It would have been like any other Sunday if John Gray had not been with them. The church was a hundred years old, a beautiful church, and its white woodwork with the delicate moldings, consciously devoid of any clerical richness, gave a sense of repressed peace and of serene plainness that must have been a part of an older, Puritanical tradition. There were not more than fifty persons in the box pews. Mr. Crewe had climbed the stairs to the pulpit and now he stood, a small figure high above them.

"Let us unite in singing," he was saying in his reedy voice, and the service began.

When it was time for the offering, the organ played wheezily while Mr. Howell, Mr. Meader and Mr. Blashfield walked to the table in front of the pulpit. Each of them picked up a wooden contribution box and walked down the aisle with precision. Charles' mother and Dorothea were opening their purses and he saw his father draw a wallet from inside his new coat. It was a pigskin billfold, aggressively new, and his father flipped it open carelessly. Mr. Blashfield halted at the pew and pushed the box impersonally in their direction. Then Charles saw Mr. Blashfield's back stiffen. His father had taken a bill from his wallet and had dropped it in the contribution box. It was a hundred-dollar gold treasury note. Charles heard his mother draw a sharp, indignant breath. In a little while, perhaps even before the sermon was over, everyone would know about the hundred-dollar bill.

Outside the church, in the September sunlight, everyone spoke to everyone else agreeably.

"Well, John," Mr. Blashfield said, just as though he had not passed the contribution box, "it's nice to see you in church."

"I suppose I should go more often," he heard his father answer. "I really suppose I should."

"John," he heard his mother say, "we have to be going now or dinner will be late." She did not speak about the hundred-dollar bill until they were on Dock Street. "If you wanted to do that," she said, "at least you might have put it in an envelope."

"I know, Esther," John Gray answered. "It was vulgar ostentation. I apologize to everybody. I'm sorry."

"You're not sorry, because it's why you came."

"That's true," John Gray said. "I've always wanted to do that, Esther, ever since I was a little boy. I know it's childish of me, but I don't suppose I am sorry."

At least it was a general expression of something which nearly everyone must have wanted to do at some time. He could, of course, deplore many sides of his father, but usually his memories ended with a faint, reluctant admiration.

Whenever Charles heard the expression "wish fulfillment" he always thought of that bill in the contribution box and the

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ression on his father's face after luncheon hat Sunday afternoon. The doorbell rang efore the dishes had been cleared away. His ather must have been expecting the interuption, because he pushed back his chair.

"I'll go, Esther," he said, and then they eard him calling: "Esther, Dorothea, Charey, will you come here for a minute?"

There must have been a new note in his oice. At any rate, it was all like a dream, he Great American Dream. They were all here in the doorway staring out at Spruce Street, and beyond the fence stood a long naroon phaeton, and Mr. Robert Sweet, the Cadillac agent, was standing beside it.

"How about taking a ride?" John Gray sked. "Robert will drive us, won't you, Robert?"

They must have all guessed before he told hem that he had bought the car.

"Get in, Esther," John Gray said, "and ve'll all go for a ride. Take us along Johnson Street, Robert."

"John," his mother said, "it's too big. Why didn't you get a little one? You know what everyone will say."

"Yes," John Gray answered, "of course I know. That's exactly why I bought it. I don't want a little one. What's the matter, don't you like it, Charley?"

"I don't know," he said, and his father laughed, and Charles never forgot what his father answered.

"You'll learn to like it. You'll be surprised how fast you'll learn, and we'd better start in learning now."

It was remarkable how quickly one could adapt oneself to change. It must have been that evening that his father told him that he was almost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars ahead of the game. That was the way he put it, as they sat upstairs in his father's study that evening.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action for all eternity.
—LAVATER.

"There's no reason to tell the women yet, Charles," he said. "It would only make them difficult and I'm not through just yet. Just remember, any time you want some money, Charley. There are a lot of things I want to do, but just ask me any time."

It was like the pony all over again. Of course Charles should have asked him, but he never did. Instead he talked about a trust fund for his mother and Dorothea.

"We'll attend to that later," John Gray said. "There are a lot of things we've got to do." But of course he never did any of those things.

CHARLES must have conceded, at least in a measure, that his father had some pretty good ideas. The truth was that his father was very good at something that nearly everyone was doing, for even in Clyde they were beginning to buy common stocks that autumn. Mr. Thomas, everyone knew, had begun, in a cautious way, and the word came from Wright-Sherwin that Mr. Stanley was doing the same thing. Uncle Gerald Marchby had bought some General Electric, with results which were getting happier all the time. Johnny Gray was doing so well that he did not have to go into Boston every day. Everyone knew, because he said so himself, that he could often do as well by sitting at home and calling up his broker, and everyone knew that he had a telephone of his own upstairs in his study for just that purpose.

Charles had bought his own small list of stocks with the money his aunt had left him. Once or twice he asked his father for advice and it was good advice, too, for a time when the market was running wild.

"Don't be too anxious," he remembered that his father told him. "Play it high, wide and handsome."

But he never had the temperament, and this may have been why he knew enough to get top in time. At least he was able to get out and stay out and he was never proud of any part of it and he never wanted to speak about it later.

Nevertheless, he must have learned a great deal. When Jessica and Mr. Lovell came back to Clyde in the middle of October, he was not the same person he had been that sp Jessica called him after supper on th they arrived and asked him to come Charles was wearing a new suit of he bone worsted, the sort of suit that very well at Rush & Co.

WHEN he met Jessica in the front did not look the way he thought sh He was not exactly disappointed seemed to him that her twee her low-heeled shoes and her ligh camel's-hair sweater were too much country. She had not acquired a veneer by taking that trip abroad as by staying at home.

"Why, Charley," she said, and the for a second looking at each other tainly. He had an unexpected feeling o straint until he took her hand, and then she grasped his hand very tightly the straint was gone. "I was so frightened," s said later, when they had a chance to ta "I was afraid you didn't love me any mor

There had been an instant, just before touched her hand, when everything have been ready to fall one way or the o If Mr. Lovell had been there in the hall her, denying them those few moment gether, it might have been worth his to have taken her abroad, but now it n have been better for Mr. Lovell if Je had stayed in Clyde.

He knew that Mr. Lovell and Miss Ge anna were waiting for them. Although h not hear a sound, he was sure that they in the wallpaper room listening.

"I loved your letters," Jessica said so

"I loved yours," answered.

"Well," she said, "co on. Father's dying to you," and the corners her eyes wrinkled as smiled.

Miss Georgianna look nervous as she sat in corner of the sofa. Mr. Lovell stood b the fireplace.

"Good evening, Charles," Miss Georg anna said. "I've been telling them ho thoughtful you've been, coming so often t call while I was here alone."

"Hello, Charles," Mr. Lovell said. "You look as though the summer had done yo good."

"Well," Charles answered, "it's been quite a summer."

"I was sorry to hear of your aunt's death. I hope your father got my letter. He didn't answer it."

"He spoke of getting it. I didn't know he hadn't answered it. My father's been pretty busy, with one thing and another."

"There's no reason why he should have written and perhaps his letter never caught up with us. Sit down for a minute or two, Charles. What's the news? I don't suppose there's any chance of our friend Al Smith's winning the election?"

"The betting's against him."

"I imagined so." Mr. Lovell smiled. "And the market's still going up, isn't it? I'll have to go into Boston tomorrow and see if my list of things is up to date."

He was the one who had changed, not Mr. Lovell. He knew that Mr. Lovell disapproved of him, but he was no longer disturbed by his disapproval. "It's better not to try to do anything with the market, sir," he said. "All the trustees are moving very slowly."

"They always do, don't they?" Mr. Lovell said, and laughed. "March Associates take care of my things—the details. In the last analysis I like to rely on my own judgment, and I don't think I've done so badly, either, by and large, have I, Georgianna?"

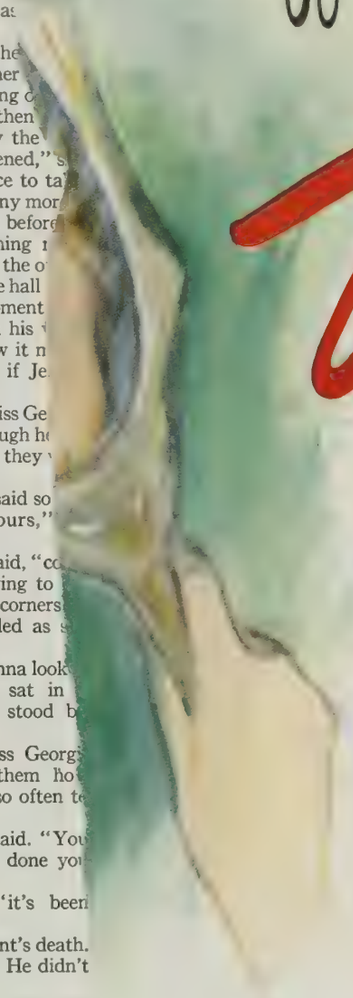
"No, you haven't," Miss Lovell said. "You have very good judgment, Laurence."

"I think I have a little of my grandfather's business instinct," Mr. Lovell said, "an instinct for survival," and he laughed again. "I'm still feeling the motion of the ship. It was rough the last day out. Well, I think we ought to get a good night's sleep. You should especially, Jessie. You've been very nervous all today."

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(Continued from Page 84)

they were like the roseate clouds of a summer sunrise. There had to be a happy ending.

They walked back to the car. He put his foot on the starter and at the same time he switched on the lights. The sound of the motor was strong and reassuring. The car moved deliberately and slowly until it was in second, and then it was in high and the crunching of the gravel beneath the wheels was louder than the sound of the motor.

"Jessica," he said, "will you marry me? I wish you would."

"Why, Charley, what made you think of that just now?"

"Why, I've been thinking about it all the time."

"Well, so have I," and there was a catch in her voice. "Oh, Charley, of course I will."

He felt the blood rush to his cheeks. He could never have described everything he felt, but relief must have been a part of it, deep relief that the waiting was over.

"But we can't get married right away."

"No, not right away."

"We wouldn't have anything to live on, would we? That's what father keeps saying."

"No, not now, but we will have by spring."

He told her that he was making only thirty dollars a week at Rush & Co., but he would get a raise on the first of the year. He might be getting fifty dollars a week by spring. Besides, there was the five thousand dollars his aunt had left him, and now it was twenty thousand. He would not be afraid to marry her now, if she were not afraid, but he hoped to have fifty thousand in the spring and if he did he would stop. The income from fifty thousand dollars, safely invested at five per cent, would be twenty-five hundred dollars, and if he were making fifty dollars a week that would be five thousand dollars a year. The prospect had a desperate quality, but with Jessica there listening he could believe in it implicitly.

"It's got to happen," he said. "Jessica, please go on and keep believing."

"Of course I'll keep believing, but, darling, we'd better not tell anyone—and certainly not father yet. He might stop me from believing."

By the time Charles had left the car in Rowell's garage, the lights were out in the house in Spruce Street except in the front hall and in his father's room at the head of the stairs. He could see his father sitting in front of his table adding a column of figures.

"Oh, there you are, Charley," his father said. "You didn't smash the car, did you?"

"No, sir, nothing happened to the car."

"How was Clarkson—and the Shore Club? You know, I rather like Clarkson. I'd like to have someone like him looking out for me. I'm tired of carrying my own clothes down to Dock Street to be pressed." John Gray leaned back in his chair and pushed away his papers. "We really ought to have a couple to look after us. There's no reason to have these old Irishwomen in by the day. We'll need another bathroom if we have a couple. We need more bathrooms, at any rate. We can put two of them up on the third floor, one for the couple and one for you, and I suppose Dorothea ought to have one too. I'll get Sid Stevens in here to measure them up tomorrow. I wonder how many bathrooms the Lovells have."

"I don't know," Charles said.

His father was glancing again at the papers on which he had been working. "I always wonder why I'm doing so well, Charley, until I remember this is the first time I've had any real working capital. You see, I'm pretty well up in the System now. Just between you and me—don't tell the women yet, it will only make them nervous—as of today there's three hundred and fifty thousand in the kitty."

"I don't like being out at sea in a canoe with just one paddle," Charles said. "When will you have enough, father?"

His father picked up a pencil and tapped it on the paper. "You know, I'm going to say something that may relieve you, Charley. I've been seriously thinking that there's an end to everything. I really think that perhaps I ought to make a limit. I think I'll

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stop all this and cash in—when I have a million dollars." It was the ultimate end, the mathematical symbol for security and happiness. "Well—good night, Charley."

Everyone must have been talking about the Grays that winter, including Mr. and Mrs. Meader and the Masons and all the family's particular friends. They would all say when they met him, "Why, Charley, we haven't seen you for a long while. I suppose they're keeping you busy in Boston"—but they were not thinking about Boston. They were thinking of what was keeping him busy in Clyde. They were saying that he was "attentive" to Jessica Lovell. Everyone was watching the Lovells, too, and someone must have heard the Thomases and the Stanleys and other people on Johnson Street say that Mr. Lovell did not like it. He wanted Jessica to do better. After all, she had come out in Boston and the Lovells were always down on the Shore, but then he could not do much about it if Jessica liked Charley Gray. The Grays were doing very well. They had a couple working for them and a Cadillac and the house in Spruce Street had been redecorated and they had put in three new bathrooms.

The Grays had not been asked to the Lovells' for a meal and Laurence Lovell and Miss Georgianna had not been to call on the Grays, but then Clyde was never a hospitable place. However, when his mother finally asked her, Jessica Lovell did go to supper at Spruce Street.

Charles had somehow been reluctant to talk things over with his mother. A curious sort of pride prevented his saying anything until it could be more definite, but one December evening when he came home from Rush & Co., his mother and Dorothea were waiting in the parlor.

Of earthly goods the best is a good wife; a bad, the bitterest curse of human life. —SIMONIDES.

"Charley"—his mother smiled—"Dorothea and I have just thought of something that we think might be nice. Don't you think it might be nice to ask Jessica Lovell for supper on Saturday?" The expectant way they watched him explained the uneasiness he had felt the moment he entered the parlor.

"I don't see any particular reason for it," he said. "Why should you suddenly ask her to supper?"

"But she's never been inside the house, dear, after all this time."

"After all what time?"

"Oh, Charley," his mother said, and she looked hurt.

"We know about these things better than you," Dorothea said. "It looks queer not having her. Don't you know that everybody's talking?"

"If anybody so much as looks at a girl around here," Charles said, "everybody starts talking."

"Now really, Charley," Dorothea said, "have you only just been looking at Jessica Lovell?"

Charles felt his face grow beet-red.

"Charley, dear," his mother said, "there's nothing to be so upset about. We all think she's a very nice girl and we're very happy about it."

"I'm not upset about anything at all, mother," Charles began. "I only think ——"

"Then don't you think, dear"—she was speaking in the soothing tone she had used when he was much younger—"that it would be nice to have her for supper on Saturday night? I'd love to ask her myself."

Charles shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, all right, if you have to have her, go ahead and ask her." He did not mean to sound ungracious, but he hated to think how it would be, with the family knowing everything and yet not saying anything.

The new silver candlesticks and a new Canton-china dinner set were on the table—his father loved Canton china—but there was no reason for Jessica to think that



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a special effort was being made. In fact, it was almost like a family meal.

Elbridge Sterne was there and everyone gathered in the front parlor, which looked very well with its new curtains and the new furniture. Everyone tried to talk about ordinary things, but his mother and Dorothea kept moving about straightening ornaments or going out to the dining room to take a last look at the table.

Then the doorbell rang. "It must be Jessica," John Gray said. "You'd better let her in, Charley."

Her cheeks were glowing from the cold and she spoke a little breathlessly, saying she hoped she was not late. She wore a new green dress, and at first Charles had a sinking feeling, but when she stood beside him in the parlor he suddenly felt proud and happy and glad that she had come.

When he walked home with her, she said she loved the family. She loved his mother; she was so pretty and she seemed to be so happy. The whole place was so alive, and she liked the way Dorothea and he kept arguing, without ever getting angry. He would never know, she said, how lonely it was to be an only child. She liked Elbridge Sterne, too, though he had not said much.

"No one says much," Charles told her, "when father starts talking."

"I hope he likes me," Jessica said. "Charley, do you think he does?"

"Didn't you see him showing off? Of course he likes you."

"Darling," she said, "it seemed so—well, so ominous when I was standing ringing the bell, and now I'm awfully glad. I feel just the way I ought to feel." And then she sighed. "Father's got to get used to it," she said.

Charles was not surprised when Mr. Rush sent for him on the afternoon of January second. First they talked about the weather, and then Mr. Rush shifted the papers on his desk and looked embarrassed. He always had a hard time with personnel relationships. The partners, he said, had been having a talk about everybody, a routine, end-of-the-year talk, and they had agreed that Charles was getting to be part of the family, and he hoped that Charles liked the family. He did not want to encourage Charles too much, but he wanted Charles to feel happy and contented so that the good work could go on. As of the first of the year Charles' salary would be sixty dollars a week.

There was never again in his life anything exactly like that moment. As of that moment he was making three thousand dollars a year. It was possible, barely possible, that he could marry Jessica Lovell on three thousand dollars a year.

If one man says a thing is good, or a thousand men say it is good, if you wish to know if it is truly good, ask three old men.
—CHINESE PROVERB.

He must have still been riding on the wave of that elation when he met Malcolm Bryant in a snowstorm one night after a call on Jessica.

"Hello, Charley," Malcolm said. "Come on back with me. I haven't seen you for a long while. I've been up in Cambridge, getting all the material whipped into shape. We ought to be cleaned up here by March or April. This is a terrible town."

"You always used to like it."

"I must have been crazy. Well, how has everything been going with you? Where have you been? Calling on Jessica?"

"Yes."

Malcolm said, "I suppose I have a mercurial disposition, but when I first see a thing, I love it, and then when I get it worked out I'm ready to move on. After all, my job is field work. I don't know whatever put it in my mind to ask for the G. Price Fellowship."

"What's the G. Price Fellowship?"

"It's one of those stupid lecture fellowships. Well, if they don't want me, they don't have to have me. Frankly, Harvard's a provincial place and I should have known it."

When they reached his rooms at Mrs. Mooney's, Malcolm switched on the light above his drawing board. His locker trun and bedding roll were both opened. A rubb poncho and a mosquito net were drap across the couch, and a collapsible rubb basin, a desert water bag and a pair of binc ulars lay on top of them.

"I'm just checking up on everything Malcolm waved at the locker as he wriggl out of his overcoat. "There won't be ma stores along the Orinoco."

"I'm sorry you're going away, Malcolm

"Are you?" Malcolm's deep-set eyes h a kindly look. "That's nice of you to say s Charley. You're a nice kid, Charley. Nc when I get to the Orinoco —— Charley, hc would you like to get away from all th and come with me?"

"That would be fine," Charles told hir "but I don't see quite how I can work now." He was thinking of Jessica Lovell ar Rush & Co., of a house and children of the own, of Jessica meeting him when he car home.

"The biological urge. I suppose you reali you're a victim of the urge."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Oh, my God," Malcolm said. "Excu me, Charley." His meaning was clear. I was asking what a pedestrian life amount to, a material plodding through the yea but then there was always Jessica Lov and there was nothing plodding about J life; and then he thought of Malcolm's li as much as he knew of it. It seemed to spread out on the floor, between the fc locker and the bedding roll.

Charles was shaking hands with Malcol He had always liked M colm Bryant and someho he felt that this might ve well be his last talk wi him.

All the elements of h life were moving as th should that spring. Fir there had been that raise E.P.Rush&Co.; then the was his brokerage account, starting with th five thousand dollars he had received from h aunt. Like other members of the team, he ha done his trading through E. P. Rush, sin it would have been disloyal and deceitful have placed his business elsewhere. Also, I had had the good sense to speak to Mr. Ru about it personally. Mr. Rush told Charl he would probably lose it all, but if he did would be a lesson to him. It was not his bu ness what Charles might do with his mone but it was his business when employees us office time worrying about their own affa and standing around the ticker and looki at the board. Charles was careful never use the office time. He watched the quot tions only during the lunch hour.

It was his own judgment that put him in Radio and a few other equities that were b ing purchased without any regard to ear ings but because of future prospects. T future was boundless that spring, in the lig of mass hysteria.

Charles did not believe in the future. I was sure that buying power would not co tinue with inflated credit and he sold out May, during one lunch hour, just as he ha told Jessica he would, in the midst of a risir market. His account with E. P. Rush, le commissions, showed a balance of fifty tho sand dollars. He bought Governme Fours, and when they were delivered I rented a box for them in the State Stre Trust Company and then he did somethir he had never done while he was in Rush Co. He called Jessica from his extension du ing the noon hour. When he met Jessi that evening, he was Jason back with th golden fleece, and at one and the same tin he was the small-town boy who had mac good and the embarrassed young man wh would have to speak to Her father. He w also the gilded youth of the Jazz Age in h high-powered car, and Jessica, bareheade in her print dress, was a part of the age, to and so was the spring evening.

"Charley," she said, "don't drive so fast but he knew that she did not really mind

(Continued on Page 90)

why air-wick is such an amazing success!



why risk offending ?

air-wick kills unpleasant indoor odors in

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2 living rooms
3 bathrooms
4 bedrooms
5 smoke-filled rooms
6 nurseries
7 musty closets
8 sickrooms

Overnight, a little green bottle with a magic wick started a new domestic habit. Overnight, an age-old problem was solved! Overnight, **air-wick*** made clean-smelling air possible all over the house.

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(Continued from Page 88)

They drove down Johnson Street to the main road and then over the causeway to the beach, because she said she would like to see the ocean, and they stopped where the road ended, just between the sand dunes. It was still too early for the small houses along the beach to be occupied so they were all alone, looking at the sea that grew continually darker in the twilight.

It was a queer place to be mixing love with bookkeeping, to be so conscious of the sea and of Jessica in his arms and at the same time to be talking about the Radio Corporation of America. He remembered that he told her that he was tired of hiding in corners with her, and she had said that she had liked it in the corners.

"Jessica." He stopped. He wished he did not sound so portentous. "I suppose I ought to speak to your father. We can't go on like this."

"Oh, Charley." He heard her draw a sharp quick breath. "We don't have to tell him just yet."

"We'll have to do it sometime, we'd better do it now."

"Oh, darling," Jessica said. "Suppose he——" Her voice trailed off into a wretched silence, but it was too dark to see her face. "Charley, why are you starting the car?"

"Because I'm going to take you back," he told her.

"Charley, you're not going to speak to him tonight?"

"I'm going to get it over with."

"Oh, Charley, I wish you'd let me talk to him first. It's—it's going to hurt him."

"No, I'll have to do it, Jessica."

"Well, at least I've got to be there with you, and if he says anything, don't be cross or I won't be able to bear it."

She did not seem to be beside him in the car. He was planning what he would say to Mr. Lovell and it did not do much good to plan. Experience was seldom present when you needed it, and it was always too late when you had gained experience.

"Back so early?" Miss Lovell called to them from the wallpaper room when they entered the front hall, and Mr. Lovell in the library said the same thing.

"Back so early?" Mr. Lovell was sitting in one of the heavy leather armchairs, leaning backward comfortably, but he had dropped his newspaper.

Somehow Charles was not able to introduce the subject gracefully. "Mr. Lovell," he said, "I want to marry Jessica."

After all, it could not have been news to Mr. Lovell that he wanted to marry Jessica, yet suddenly Mr. Lovell looked deathly ill and raised a trembling hand to his forehead.

"Jessie," he said, "would you mind getting me a glass of water, please?"

"Oh, father," Jessica began, and she ran to him across the room.

"It's all right, Jessie," Mr. Lovell said, and smiled. "Just a glass of water."

Charles heard the door close as Jessica left the room and for a second neither he nor Mr. Lovell spoke.

"I'm sorry you feel this way about it, sir," Charles said, "but I thought I ought to tell you."

Mr. Lovell pushed himself forward and spoke in a steadier voice. "Of course you should tell me, Charles, but someday, perhaps, if you have an only daughter who is everything in the world to you, perhaps you'll know a little of how I feel." He sighed, but before he could go on Jessica was back with a tumbler of water. "Thank you, Jessie dear," Mr. Lovell said. "Sit down, Jessie. Sit down, Charles. We'll have to talk this over, won't we?" He took a sip of water and placed the glass carefully on the candlestand beside his chair. "Well," Mr. Lovell said, "I've naturally known for some time, Charles, that you and Jessica were interested in each other, but I never believed it would quite come to this. Naturally, I've always known that Jessica would marry someday and I've always hoped—well, of course I'm prejudiced. This is no reflection on you, Charles. You mustn't blame me for wanting Jessie to have everything she's been used to. Now we'll have to think what you can do for Jessie, Charles. I know you're doing well at Rush & Co., but how much are you earning there? You don't mind my asking, do you?"

"No, sir. Sixty dollars a week."

"Well, well. That's splendid, but you can see, Charles, that a girl like Jessie——"

"Yes," Charles said, "I know."

Mr. Lovell looked at him triumphantly but kindly. "Now, Charles, you know that wouldn't be enough for Jessie. It's hardly the time to talk about marrying Jessie, is it?"

"I've got fifty thousand dollars besides that," Charles said, "in Government bonds." It sounded strangely primitive, as though he were buying Jessica, and Mr. Lovell suddenly looked blank.

"Well," Mr. Lovell said, "well. Did your father give it to you?"

"No, sir."

"Did you make it on the market, Charles?"

"Yes, sir."

"I can't say I like that."

"I don't either, but I wanted to marry Jessica."

"Money is one thing," Mr. Lovell said "and stock-market money is another."

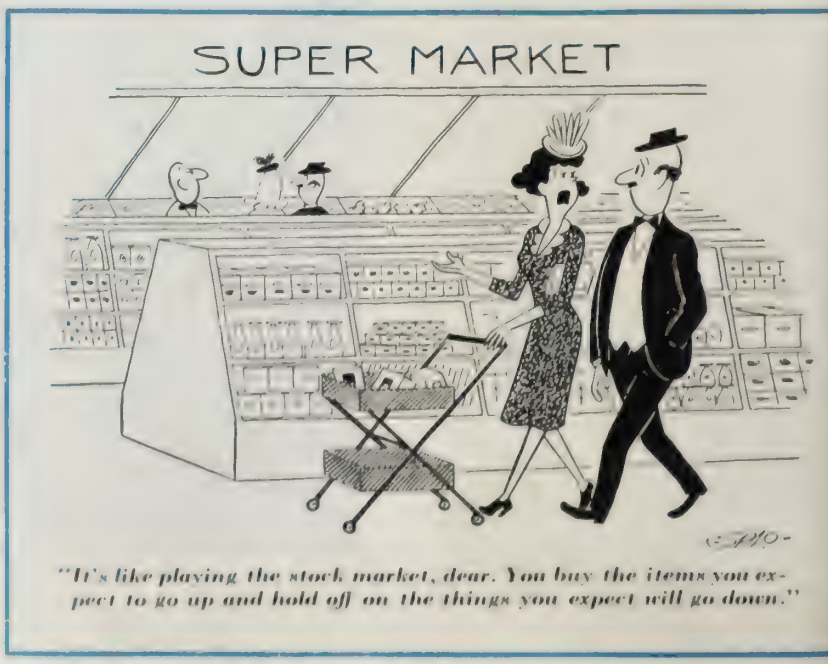
"There may be a difference, but as long as you don't lose it, it's money."

"It's not the same," Mr. Lovell said, "as inherited money."

"Father," Jessica said, "it really doesn't make any difference, does it?"

"Jessie"—there was a new edge on Mr. Lovell's voice—"please be quiet. If I had thought there was any chance of this happening——" Mr. Lovell pushed himself slowly out of his chair. "I can't say that I like this, Charles. I don't like being presented with an accomplished fact."

(Continued on Page 92)



"It's like playing the stock market, dear. You buy the items you expect to go up and hold off on the things you expect will go down."

The center of attraction at our house!



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—draws friends and family like a magnet—it's so marvelous! Extra-big inside to hold more . . . special features for extra convenience . . . food protection!

It's love at first sight! This big, handsome 8-cubic-foot model makes e-v-e-r-y-b-o-d-y happy! It's the cold refrigerator with the warm heart! And it's got everything—pedigree, personality, purpose—this International Harvester Super De Luxe! Absolutely *the* quality refrigerator because it's built to IH *perfection*-standards. *Extra-big* inside to hold large economy amounts of food. And so easy to live with, for the IH *flexible* shelves adjust to fit *your* family's food-habits. Here's *more* shelf area . . . *more* crisper-storage space . . . *bigger* freezer-locker . . . *roomier* meat-drawer . . . "Tight-Wad" mechanism operates for a pittance, under a 5-year protection plan, another International Harvester *extra*.

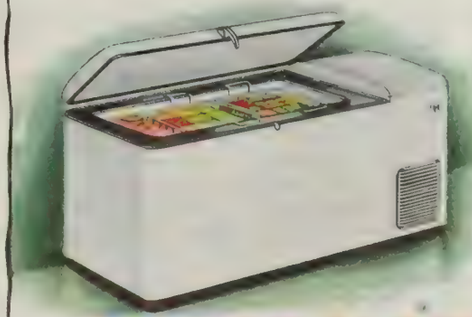


IH REFRIGERATOR RECIPE

French Strawberry Pie

Add 1 cup sugar to 1 quart washed capped berries; let stand in refrigerator 1 hour. Soften 1 envelope gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Press half the berries, all the juice through sieve. (Add water to make 1½ cups.) Add ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice; heat to boiling point; add softened gelatin. Add red food coloring. Chill till mixture begins to thicken. Arrange remaining whole berries in baked 9-inch pie shell. Cover with gelatin mixture. Chill until firm. Top with sweetened whipped cream.

For *Refrigerator Recipe Book*, write International Harvester Company, Dept. E, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1.



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How to cut your kitchen time in half! Not a riddle, a reality! This huge 11.1-cubic-foot glamor-girl of home freezers puts meals on your table that taste divine. And quicker than you can say, "Soup's on!" Yes, you can whip up dinner on the double, or any meal, in a matter of minutes. Because, beneath this glacial glamor you keep 385 pounds of meat, vegetables, fruit and other food that you freeze and store right at home. Save time and enjoy fabulous food, thriftily—this easy IH way!

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PHILADELPHIA BRAND PASTEURIZED CREAM CHEESE
3 OZS. NET WEIGHT
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Never Sold in Bulk

...for a cake that's utterly different!

SUPREME CHEESE CAKE

¾ pkg. zwieback
2 tablespoons butter or Parkay Margarine
2 tablespoons sugar
* * * *
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
5½ 3-oz. packages Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 eggs
1 cup cream

Roll zwieback into crumbs; blend them with the butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons of sugar, and press onto bottom of a 9-inch spring pan. • Blend ½ cup of sugar with the flour, salt and cream cheese. (Philadelphia Brand surely—for its richness and delicately fresh flavor!) Add vanilla. Add the egg yolks, one at a time, mixing well after each yolk is added. Add cream, mix again. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites; pour the mixture on top of the crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 325°, about 1 hour, or until "set" in the center. Serves 8 to 10.



Far more food shoppers buy Philadelphia Brand than *all other* brands of consumer packaged cream cheese *combined*.

THERE IS *ONLY ONE* "PHILADELPHIA" CREAM CHEESE
. . . THE BRAND THAT'S MADE BY KRAFT AND

Guaranteed Fresh!

(Continued from Page 90)

"Oh, father," Jessica said, "you sound as if Charlie and I—father, please!"

"I'm sure I don't know how I sound," Mr. Lovell said, "but I expected a rational discussion and instead it's an accomplished fact. Very well, you can be engaged, but I don't want any public announcement until we get to know each other better. And now I'm feeling very tired. Good night, Charles. Good night, Jessie, dear."

"Oh, father," Jessica said, and she threw her arms around him. "You know you'll get used to it in time."

Dorothea and Elbridge Sterne were married in the Unitarian church that June. May Mason, who had married Jeffrey Meader and who already had two children, was matron of honor, and Elbridge asked Charles to be best man, instead of his brother, who came on with Elbridge's mother from Kansas City. Dorothea wanted Jessica to be a bridesmaid, but they had not asked her in the end—because it had not been announced. Nevertheless, the Lovells did come to church, probably because Mr. Lovell had thought it would be more conspicuous had he stayed away.

It was a very large wedding. "The bride," the Clyde Herald said, "wearing her mother's wedding veil, a family heirloom, was exquisitely gowned in a white satin dress from Bendel's, the well-known New York dress house. . . . The flower girls were the Misses Edwina and Malvina Meader, daughters of Mrs. Meader, the matron of honor. . . . The gifts to the bridesmaids were exquisite gold compact boxes and to each of the ushers was given a gold cigarette case. The music for the reception was furnished by the fife-and-drum corps of the Pine Tree Veteran Fire Company. Refreshments and a buffet luncheon for the numerous guests at the Gray residence on Spruce Street were supplied by the J. E. Crowell Catering Company from Boston. . . . The bride and groom left for the wedding trip in a Dusenberg convertible automobile—a gift of the bride's father."

Better to have bread and an onion with peace than stuffed fowl with strife.
—ARABIC PROVERB.

The reception was so large that there were tables both in their own and the Masons' yards. John Gray had insisted on inviting everyone and everyone had come.

"Well, Charles," Mr. Lovell said, "this is quite a day for you. This is really a most original wedding party."

"I hope you're enjoying it, sir."

"Of course I'm enjoying it." Mr. Lovell smiled. "Especially the fife-and-drum corps."

"You know how father is about the Pine Trees," Charles said.

"Yes, indeed, I know."

A minute later Charles was standing alone with Jessica. "You're not angry with father, are you?" she was asking. "He's never nice in crowds."

"Angry?" He laughed at her.

"Charley," she asked, "does all this make you think of something?"

"What?" he asked.

"Why, the firemen's muster. Charley, what'll we do tonight? Let's go somewhere and be alone."

It was wonderful to think that such a thing was possible.

THE time had come when Mr. Lovell had to face the inevitable fact that there could not be an indefinite status quo. It must have been in late August, because Charles could remember the singing of the crickets. He was sitting with Jessica in the summerhouse in the garden. They often loved to sit without talking, and they were not talking when Mr. Lovell called to them from the house.

"Oh, Jessica," Mr. Lovell called, "are you and Charles out there?"

"Yes, father," Jessica called back. "Don't you want to come out with us?"

"No, Jessie, but I wonder whether you and Charles would mind coming in. I'd like to speak to you both for a minute."

Mr. Lovell led the way to the library, which meant that he had something serious to say. As he stood with the books behind him Charles had an idea that Mr. Lovell must have been rehearsing what he was going to say.

"Jessie, dear, I wish you'd sit down, and you too, Charles. The time has come—I did hope it wouldn't come so soon—to talk seriously about you and Charles."

"Oh, father," Jessica said, "has anyone said anything?"

MR. LOVELL cleared his throat. "Yesterday I happened to run into Francis Stanley on Dock Street and he asked me, out of a clear sky"—Mr. Lovell lowered his voice—"if I were to be congratulated. Of course, I've always known Francis Stanley—I've always known the Stanleys were not real friends of ours, in spite of the amenities—but there you are."

"But father," Jessica said, and she laughed feebly, "I don't see anything so bad in that. It's just the way Mr. Stanley always says everything."

"I suppose it is," Mr. Lovell said. "Let me make my point—it does show where we have drifted. If Francis Stanley felt himself free, and he did feel himself free, to ask me such a question even jokingly, it shows what other people must be saying." Mr. Lovell paused and seemed to be looking back over what he had said. "Now this is every bit as embarrassing and as difficult for me as it is for you. If I had been consulted in time, we would not have this problem. Instead, I have to condone it, because it was an accomplished fact. I had hoped if you were thrown together you both might have seen some of the things that are so painfully obvious to me, but not. This is where we've drifted," he told them.

"Father dear," Jessica said, "I've told you and I've told you you won't lose me. Charles doesn't want to take me away from you. Don't be so unhappy, dear."

"I know," Mr. Lovell said softly. "There's only one thing to do, Jessie. If you feel by the middle of, well, November as you feel now I'm afraid a formal announcement will be necessary. This will have to be clarified somehow."

"Father dear," Jessica said, "you're awfully sweet," and she threw her arms around him. It made Charles feel like an intruder when Mr. Lovell kissed Jessica's forehead gravely and softly.

"I'm glad if you're happy, dear," Mr. Lovell said, "and, Charles, I'm glad we've had this talk. Shall you and I shake hands?"

It was hard to be elated in the face of Mr. Lovell's deep sorrow and he honestly tried to put himself in Mr. Lovell's position when he shook hands.

"And now, Jessie," Mr. Lovell said, "why don't you take Charles out to the garden again? I'd like to be alone, just for a little while."

Jessica closed the door softly, leaving Mr. Lovell standing on the hearthrug, head bent, alone with no company but his shattered dreams. If it seemed to Charles over theatrical, it was not his place to say it.

"Darling," Jessica whispered, "it's so hard for him. I wish he didn't love me so much," and then she began to cry.

"Don't, Jessica," he said, and he put his arm around her and gave her his handkerchief.

"I wish everything wouldn't hurt him so," she sobbed. "I wish he had ten children and every one of them a girl. Charley, he wasn't nice to you at all."

"He can't help it," Charles said. "I don't mind as long as you love me, Jessica."

"Darling, if I didn't I couldn't stand it," she said. "It won't be so long till November will it?"

During all his later business experience many otherwise reasonable people kept resurrecting the details of the crash of 1929. They discussed it, apparently, for the same reason that old ladies enjoy describing surgical operations and sessions with their dentist. Sooner or later they always asked Charles

(Continued on Page 94)



Mother's Love IS NOT ENOUGH

WHEN A CHILD IS FRAIL AND NERVOUS

Here's something practical you can do to help him--today!

READ WHAT FOOD-VALUES
YOU GET IN OVALTINE
MIXED WITH MILK

HIGH-QUALITY PROTEIN—essential in building body and nerve cells.

HIGH-ENERGY FOOD—needed for keen vitality.

IRON—necessary to maintain good red blood.

VITAMIN B_1—required for good appetite, digestion and healthy nerves.

VITAMIN C—necessary for healthy gums and all connective tissue throughout the body.

VITAMIN D, CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS—all needed for straight, strong bones, good teeth.

VITAMIN A—a deficiency prevents normal growth—affects vision—may cause night blindness.

NIACIN—for normal functioning of nervous system and digestive tract.

VITAMIN G (Riboflavin)—essential to normal growth—and health of eyes and skin.

The more you love him, the more desperately you want him to be tall, strong and happy. So it is well to remember, when a child becomes frail and nervous or underweight, the most common *correctable* cause is faulty nutrition. And this cause is one which you, the mother, can do something about.

In situations like this, many mothers are now turning to Ovaltine. For Ovaltine, mixed with milk, is a rich supplementary food—a protecting food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes of an otherwise "good" diet. It contains, in addition to essential high-quality proteins and quick-energy foods, the important vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G, Niacin, and the valuable minerals Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

You must also bear in mind that a child needs proportionately 2 to 3 times as much protein, calcium, iron, vitamins B_1, C and Niacin as an adult. That's another reason for a supplementary food like Ovaltine—to give the under par child extra amounts of the protecting things he needs in extra amounts.

It is also important to know that Ovaltine is specially processed to make it very easy to digest. A child with a "delicate" stomach will usually digest and absorb Ovaltine very readily. Ovaltine even makes milk more easy to digest.

So when you give 2 to 3 glasses of Ovaltine in addition to everyday meals, you can be certain that you have done just about everything you can do to improve your child's nutrition.

A New Flavor

Ovaltine is available in plain and in an improved, sweet, chocolate flavor which children really like. So, why not give your child Ovaltine every day for thirty or sixty days and carefully note the results.

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OVALTINE

THE PROTECTING SUPPLEMENTARY FOOD-DRINK

Beauty is my business—



SAYS ALMA WOODS
Glamorous Cover Girl

And SweetHeart Beauty Baths Make My Skin Look Softer... Smoother... Younger—HELP PREVENT CHAPPING!

• "You wouldn't see me on magazine covers if I had rough, chapped skin. So I put aside casual skin care. And I decided to use only gentle SweetHeart Soap for daily baths and complexion care that help prevent chapping. In one short week my skin felt satin-soft. And it looked so much smoother and younger—with a sparkling freshness!"

You see, SweetHeart's soft, creamy lather has a Floating Lift action! Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings. *Lift off—float away*—dirt and rough skin flakes. One week after you start SweetHeart beauty baths, you'll notice an amazing difference! Yes, your skin looks far softer . . . smoother. . . . younger!

Beauty is my business, too!



• Patricia Callahan, 11 months old, has started her modeling career! And pure, mild, fragrant SweetHeart Soap has always been used for her baths.

For baby's bath—for your family's tubs and showers—you can get SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.

NEXT WEEK HAVE A LOVELIER COMPLEXION!

• Begin with special care! Every night and morning, cleanse your face with SweetHeart—only lather. Rinse with cool water—then pat. This gentle SweetHeart Care cleanses, stimulates—helps prevent chapping.



SWEETHEART
The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

(Continued from Page 92)

where he had been working then and whether he, too, had been long on the market on that particular day in October. He always said that he had been in Boston with E. P. Rush & Co. and nothing much had happened to him. He had made some money out of the market the year before and had put it into Government bonds. It was in a trust fund now and his mother was living on the income derived from it.

He never told the whole truth to anyone except to Nancy and Arthur Slade, and Arthur Slade may have told some of it to Tony Burton at the Stuyvesant Bank, but Charles was never sure. Naturally his mother and Dorothea and Elbridge Sterne knew part of the truth, and Jessica Lovell knew some of it. There were some things which were better not told.

When the drop occurred in September, that minor break which nearly everyone considered a normal readjustment, considering the market's phenomenally unbroken rise, he had seen it for what it was—the first rumblings of a landslide, an ominous shift of stress and strain that would never strike a balance until the whole structure broke. He knew this was the beginning of a greater break long before Mr. Rush, after a partners' meeting, called him in to help compose a letter advising customers of Rush & Co. to sell their holdings of common stocks.

While he was waiting for the letter to be typed, Charles wandered over to the row of leather armchairs before the tickers and the board. Although Rush & Co. was essentially an investment and not a brokerage office, a large group was there, as there had been all that summer. He was looking at the last quotation for Telephone when he saw his father standing near the tickers. He was surprised to see his father, because John Gray had never done his trading at Rush & Co.

> **A wise man among the ignorant is as a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.**
> —SAADI.

"I've been feeling a little lonely, Charley," his father said. "I thought I would drop into the cloisters here. There's an atmosphere bordering on hysteria down the street. I'm seeking conservatism. There doesn't seem to be a rally yet, does there?"

"No, not yet," Charles said. "I thought that you were staying at home on the side lines."

"I thought I was until I telephoned, and then I got Will Stevens to drive me in, just to see the show. Is the ticker much behind?"

"I don't know. I've only been here for a minute." He was not a customers' man and he had given up all interest in the mechanics of the market.

John Gray took his hands out of his pockets. "I think I'll see whether Moulton's busy. Willie can drive us back home if you'll be at Post Office Square around five o'clock."

"Father," Charles began.

"Don't say it," his father said. "We'll talk about it driving home." He walked away between the rows of chairs toward the ground-glass doors of the partners' offices.

MR. RUSH'S door was open, as it usually was in the late afternoon, so Charles did not knock when he brought in the draft of the form letter half an hour later. Mr. Rush was using the bottom drawer of his roll-top desk as a footrest and he sat tilted back in his swivel chair. John Gray was still there with him.

"All right, Johnny," Mr. Rush was saying. "I only know what I think. If you're out, stay out. Go home and read Boswell."

"And three days from now it will be up again," his father said. "Do you want to bet me, Moulton?"

And then Charles gave Mr. Rush the draft of the letter.

The Cadillac was parked in Post Office Square in a space where there was supposed to be no parking, because his father had learned that the traffic officer on duty there was interested in common stocks.

"Thank you, Tom," his father said to the policeman. "and don't forget what I told you. This is my son Charles."

"Pleased to meet you," the policeman s
"Just leave the Caddy here any time,
Gray."

"Tom is very reasonable," his father
as they drove off, "but I wish he would
call it a Caddy." He leaned back on the
leather cushions and half closed his e
They had reached the open road and W
Stevens was driving faster.

"Father," Charles said, "haven't
done enough about beating the Systen

"Now, Charley, let's not spoil this driv

"All right," Charles said, "but what ab
that trust fund?"

"I'll attend to it next week," his fat
said. "Now drop it. I really don't know
I like you, Charley."

CHARLES did not drop it, although he
to speak so loudly in the car that his v
became hoarse and dry. What was the eart
use in taking any risks, he was asking, w
he had everything, enough, too much
everything? The market was shaky. Any
could see there would be a break. It
egotism, it was childish, it made no sense.
father had said himself he was not sleep
well. What was the use in going on with
he did not need any more? There would
only one end to it.

His father folded his hands when Cha
had finished and was silent for almost a
ute before he answered. "You're quite r
about that trust fund, Charley. I'll atten
it right away. You remember that ten th
sand dollars of your mother's and that
of Dorothea's? Well, they wanted me t
a little something with it. I thought perh
I'd better not tell you, but I've done so
thing, quite a lot, and
really is time I saw ab
that trust fund."

He undoubtedly
planning to attend to
The papers were e
drawn, as Charles fo
later, for a fund of a h
dred and fifty thous
dollars. The papers were all there upst
in his room, but his father had ne
signed them. It was one of those details t
taken up when he had the time.

The day when the market first broke
October must have started for everyone
way it did for Charles: as a part of the o
nary routine of living. Work went on with
much interruption in conservative off
like Rush & Co. It was only when the d
went on the next day and the next and w
the tickers lagged farther and farther bel
the trading that Charles began to obse
that all the faces in the office were stan
with an expression that began to erase
dividuality.

Jessica had come to Boston on the mor
of the break and they were to have had lu
together, but he called her up at her au
house to say that he felt he had better
at the office. Yet at home for the first da
so he could not notice any change and th
seemed to be no more connection betw
home and E. P. Rush & Co. than there
had been.

That first evening, before supper, his
ther said it would be nice if Axel were to
some cocktails because it had been quit
day in Boston and Dorothea and Elbri
were coming to dinner. It was impossi
to read anything on his father's face, bu
soon as they had a moment alone toget
Charles asked if everything was all right,
his father looked very cheerful.

"I wish you wouldn't try to look lik
doctor," he said, "and I wish you would
think of me as a widow or an orphan. Ha
everybody been expecting this? Of co
I'm all right."

The next afternoon Charles left Rush &
for an hour to go with Jessica to look at
gagement rings, and whenever he saw a
mond in a platinum setting from then on
thought of those faces and the tickers.
could no longer tell what you might get f
common stock when you sold it. Quotat
had no meaning because the ticker was s
behind. Yet there was not a flurry at ho

(Continued on Page 96)

New! Pond's Angel Face

foundation and powder — all in one!



Fresh-tinted, flawless, enchantingly young and genuine—this is the Angel Face look!

5 superb shades—complete with puff
89¢ plus tax

Easier to apply! "The easiest make-up imaginable! No greasy fingertips. No watery sponge. Angel Face gives a soft, velvety look that's never shiny, never drying."
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL III

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THE COUNTESS JEAN DE CARAMAN

Perfect in your handbag! "I always carry Angel Face! It smooths on a complete, flattering make-up in just a few seconds. Never spills over my handbag or clothes."
MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT



(Continued from Page 94)

The next day was terrible, but it was reassuring that his father had not bothered to go to town. He said there was no use going until things cleared up, and of course he was right. He was more interested in his new velvet smoking jacket of a deep burgundy color, which had come that morning, than in the news, and he wore his jacket to supper.

"Why, John," his mother said when she saw it, "you never told me about it."

"I still like to surprise you, dear," John Gray told her. "You always look so pretty when you're surprised. I hope you won't mind if I ask Axel for cocktails, and I've asked for champagne at supper."

"I don't see why it should be a party," his mother said. "It's just an ordinary supper."

"Charley looks tired," John Gray said. "You don't want to take these things too hard, Charley. Everything goes up and down."

Charles felt deathly tired that night, but his father did not seem tired at all.

"John, dear," his mother said, "I'm so glad you got all through with everything before this happened. Do you know what he's been doing all day, Charley? He's been at the library reading about the South Sea Bubble."

Charles was always up by seven in the morning in order to be in time for the eight-three train and the family always had breakfast together. His mother was already at the table and the coffee was there, in the new silver coffeepot, when Charles came down next morning.

"Charles, dear," his mother said, "I wonder whether you would mind going up and knocking on your father's door. He always likes to be with us at breakfast."

"If he's asleep," Charles said, "perhaps he'd like to sleep."

"No. You know he always likes to be down for breakfast."

There was no sort of warning or premonition. As Charles walked upstairs he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs and the rattle of wheels on Spruce Street. It would be the ice company.

For years his father had slept in the small room to the right of the stairs, because he liked to go to bed when he pleased without disturbing anyone. Charles remembered the freshly painted panels and the brass latch of the old thin door. The latch was brightly polished. When he knocked, the ice wagon was still rattling down Spruce Street.

"Father," he said, "are you awake?"

There was no sound on the other side of the door and he opened it instead of knocking again. The window was open and a cool breeze was blowing the new chintz curtains. His father was lying on his narrow spool bed. His Bible was on the bedside table and beside the Bible there was the bottle of sleeping pills which his brother-in-law had given him. There was nothing to explain the spasm of fear which shook him except his father's utter stillness. He was out in the hall again, closing the bedroom door very softly, before he faced the full realization that his father was dead.

A MOMENT later he was in his father's study and had closed the door behind him. When he saw his father's private telephone he must have given the operator his Uncle Gerald Marchby's number from instinct rather than reason. It was still early and his uncle would be at home. He told him to come to Spruce Street as soon as he could, to open the door without ringing, and that he would be waiting in the hall.

Instinct again rather than reason made him realize that his mother had better not be in the house when Doctor Marchby called. There was that dreamlike feeling of hurryin without being able to hurry, but he called u the Masons' house and asked for Mrs. Maso He wanted her to call up his mother and think of some reason to ask her to come ov and to please keep her there for a while. I must have said that something serious ha happened and that he would tell her late Then he walked downstairs.

"Here's your coffee, dear," his mother sai "Was he asleep?"

Yes, he must have answered, he w asleep. He remembered the taste of the coffe He wanted to drink it in a gulp, but inste he drank it slowly. He had not finished t coffee when the telephone rang, and h mother said not to bother, that she wou answer it.

"IT's Margaret Mason," she said. "I' sure I don't know what she wants so early the morning."

"She probably wants to talk," he hea himself saying.

He was waiting in the hall when his Unc Gerald came. Charles followed him up t stairs, but not into the room. He waited the landing until his uncle came out.

"Charley, you c come in now," his un said. His uncle sto near the bed holdi his black bag, and the bottle on the table w gone. "He died in sleep," his uncle said. was a heart attack. T Gray heart, Charley."

"Yes, sir."

"Where's yo mother?"

"She's over at t Masons'."

"Does she know?"

"Not yet," Charl told him.

"How did she get ov there?"

His voice was hoa when he answered. asked Mrs. Mason ask her."

Their glances met a neither of them spo for a moment.

"I'm glad you thoug of that," his uncle sa "I'll go and tell her guess you'd better call up Hugh Blashfie Charley."

"Yes," Charles said. "I guess I'd bett Uncle Gerald."

Neither Charles nor his uncle ever sp again of that moment when they had st at the head of the stairs outside his fath room; and as far as he knew, no one heard anything about it. No one ever he but certain people may have guessed. least he was sure that his mother and D thea had never learned the truth. His fat had died of a heart attack, brought on strain and worry, and perhaps it was just well. He never liked to think of his fat trying to face what was left.

A note came from Jessica that same mo ing: "Charles, dear, I feel so sick and so for what you must be going through. Ple come and see me, dear, as soon as you you can."

He telephoned that afternoon and told the family needed him and he knew would understand. His mother and Dorot were not seeing anyone just yet.

The doorbell was beginning to ring. never forgot the sound of the doorbell. never forgot the hours in that room of father's with Mr. Blashfield and Elbri Sterne, the closed door, the opening drawers, and the stacks of papers. There no way of keeping Elbridge out of it and was glad he had not gone through with alone with Mr. Blashfield.

When he called up Boston, he said would come in at once with his father's la yer, but even before they left they had so idea of the figures, and the fewer people knew, the better.

(Continued on Page 98)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Old Wife Speaks

By Leonora Thornber

Once I was young and fair,
Who now am old;
Golden and bright my hair—
Where now that gold?

Once I had strength and grace,
Who now am bent;
Once I'd a lovely face—
Beauty is spent.

Once I'd a lover true,
And still we love!
All that the years undo
Undoes not love.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TINY DIAMONDS OF LUX



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ter Suds! The minute you turn on the water se tiny diamonds billow up into thick, active s. They work fast, leave undies sweet, fresh l lovely in no time.

THESE TINY DIAMONDS OF LUX ARE ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS LEVER LABORATORIES

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✓ Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!

✓ Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!

✓ Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!

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✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

(Continued from Page 96)—

"Charley," Elbridge said, "I don't see why he did it."

"He couldn't help it." That answer explained everything, but excused nothing. "And no one must ever know."

"I don't see how you're going to stop it," Elbridge said.

Of course there was one way to stop a part of that inevitable talk. He could put his own Government bonds into the assets. He would have to tell Hugh Blashfield, the Lovells, and Elbridge would know, but there was no reason why it should go any farther. He could never give himself much credit for his decision, because it was the best way out of it and it was something he owed to the family.

"I'll get along all right, Elbridge," he heard himself saying. "Mother will have to have something and we can get her to put it into a trust."

All he wanted, all he could do, was to have everything look as well as possible. His father had said that he was being conservative and careful and he had expressed that conservatism by protecting himself with what he considered a ridiculously large margin. When he had been sold out at the market the previous day the account had come close to breaking even. It was even possible that it might be slightly in the black when the final figuring was completed, but even so there was almost nothing left.

He called on Jessica that night, just for a few minutes, because he did not want to leave his mother or Dorothea too long. When he reached Johnson Street it was late and he was glad that Mr. Lovell had retired. Somehow all the day was still with him and there was still so much to do that he felt strangely impersonal when he kissed her. She knew, of course, how he had felt about his father, but he hoped that she did not think that he sounded cold and practical. He might have put off until later telling her about adding his bonds to his father's estate, but it seemed to him that she should know right away.

> Better keep yourself clean and bright. You are the window through which you must see the world.
> —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"You see, don't you?" he remembered saying. "It's the only thing to do."

"Oh, Charley dear, of course it is." They sat there in the wallpaper room, holding hands.

"You and I can get on. We can be married just the same."

"Darling," she said, "of course we can. I'll never marry anyone but you."

"I'm awfully glad you're with me," he said. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Of course I'm with you, dear. I'll always be with you."

"You see why I don't want anyone to know," he said, "but I suppose you ought to tell your father."

They kissed again in the front hall before he opened the door, and it never occurred to him—there was no possible way he could have told—that he would meet Jessica Lovell only once again.

The Lovells were at the funeral, but they sat in the back of the church, not near the family, and Charles had no opportunity to speak to them afterward. After the service at the grave at the old North Cemetery, Jessica sent him another note. Her father was going to New York for a few days, she told him, and wanted her to go with him and she really felt she should. They would be back on Monday or Tuesday. She would call him the minute they were back.

He wished that he might have seen her before she left, and he was as much surprised as one could be at such a time that she had not asked him to stop at Johnson Street instead of sending a note, but it was sensible for her to go away. There would have been no chance for them to be alone together. He was much too busy putting things in order.

Elbridge Stone had left Wright-Sherwin, and the rooms they could all move to Kansas City the better, now that they had definitely made up their minds. Still there were all those final farewells and repeated explanations. His mother could not be expected to leave immediately. She could not cut the ties all at once, but Elbridge's job in Kansas City could not wait indefinitely. It was as though she were leaving the house to go on a visit and always returning for some odd o end she had forgotten.

In the end Charles was the one who had to make the decisions. Mrs. Mason and all his mother's friends kept telling him they did not know what his mother and Dorothea would have done without him, and his mother and Dorothea were always saying the same thing. He was the head of the family and in every detail he had to represent the family. There was the stone in the North Cemetery; what furniture his mother and Dorothea wanted to take to Kansas City and what was to be done with the rest. What was to be done about the Cadillac, and what about the couple and the bills and the donation his father had promised to give the hospital? His mother was so relieved that he had left something so that she could have her independence. She wanted to give a little of it to the library as a John Gray Memorial Fund.

He was tired of seeing people. They were continually calling at Spruce Street, and whenever he was not talking to Mr. Blashfield his mother was sending word for him to come downstairs and meet them. She had never known how many friends they had and how kind they all could be. Everyone had been to call except the Lovells, but the Jessica and Mr. Lovell were out of town.

By the time the Lovells were back, he had been through so much that Mr. Lovell was only another problem—at least he always hoped that he had given Mr. Lovell that impression. He and his mother and Dorothea and Elbridge were in the park discussing everything in an aimless way, saying the same things over and over when Axel knocked on the door and said that Mr. Lovell wished to speak to Mr. Charles on the telephone.

"Do you mean Miss Lovell?" Charles asked.

No, it was Mr. Lovell, and the telephone was still in the hall below the stairs.

"Good evening, Charles," Mr. Lovell said.

"Good evening, Mr. Lovell. When did you and Jessica get back?"

"This afternoon. I wonder if you would mind coming over for a little while; that is if you're not too busy."

Of course he was not too busy and he had thought that Jessica would surely be at the door to meet him, but instead Mr. Lovell opened it himself.

"Good evening, Charles," Mr. Lovell said. "Shall we go into the library? There's a fire there."

"Where's Jessica?"

"Upstairs, but she'll be down in a few minutes. Charles, I haven't had the opportunity to tell you how sorry I am for you and for everything."

Mr. Lovell seemed relieved as he always did when he reached the safety of the library.

"Have a comfortable chair, Charles," he said. "Take my chair, over there by the lamp."

He did not sit down, as Mr. Lovell asked him, because as soon as they were in the library he had some premonition of what Mr. Lovell was going to say and he could feel some force within himself gathering to meet some immediate shock. "No, thank you," he answered. "I've been sitting down all day."

"I don't exactly know how to begin," Mr. Lovell began, "but I think that frankness has been the basis of our"—he paused—"our previous relationship, don't you?"

"You've been frank, sir. Maybe I should have been franker myself." He was always glad that he said it in just that way.

(Continued on Page 100)



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(Continued from Page 98)

"Now, Charles," Mr. Lovell went on, "nothing that I have to say, please believe me, reflects on you personally. You have behaved magnificently. Everyone is saying so. Everyone has more than sympathy for you. They have respect."

"Perhaps you'd better tell me what you have on your mind, Mr. Lovell," Charles said.

"Now, Charles," Mr. Lovell said, "I want to be kind, but I wish I did not have to be cruel to be kind." Mr. Lovell sighed. "Jessica told me what you have done toward settling your father's affairs. It was what a generous and dutiful son should have done, and I respect you for it, but, Charles, there's a change, and an unavoidable change, in the whole situation, and I am not referring to its financial aspects. I wish I didn't have to be so frank." Mr. Lovell cleared his throat. "I don't mean there's anything verging on, well, scandal, but there's a shadow. In a way, there will always be a shadow of doubt as to whether something was not concealed."

Charles did not answer. He never would be able to avoid that doubt. Perhaps there was a shadow, but it never would have been as deep if the Lovells had stood behind him.

"I've thought this over carefully, Charles. I've been over it thoroughly with Jessica. It's an impossible situation. We must end it."

He had been ready for it, but he was thinking that Jessica should have been the one to tell him, not Mr. Lovell.

"Jessica," he began, and his voice was hoarse and he hated to have Mr. Lovell see him so upset. "Does Jessica want it this way?"

"Jessica's very unhappy," Mr. Lovell said, "but I wouldn't have spoken to you if she did not want it this way. It's only fair for her to tell you so herself. If you'll wait a moment I'll get Jessica."

He must have stood alone in the library for a minute or two, but he was not conscious of any period of waiting until he saw Jessica in the open door with Mr. Lovell just behind her.

"Oh, Charley," she said. Her voice shook him because she seemed to be crying out to him as though she were hurt.

"Now Jessie," Mr. Lovell said very gently. "Just control yourself for a minute and tell Charles and then it will be over."

He seemed to have been waiting for a very long time before she spoke.

"Charley, darling," she said, "I can't go on. I can't marry you with both of you feeling the way you do."

Of course, it was the final truth and it had been between them all the time. She was almost asking for forgiveness, and she was hurt as much as he was. He wanted to tell her not to cry, he wanted to quiet her sobs with her head on his shoulder, but at the same time he knew that he did not care to go any farther either. He wanted to tell her not to bother to explain, but she was still speaking through her sobs.

"I'm so, so torn, Charley," she was saying. Though Mr. Lovell's arm was still around her, she was talking as though he were not there at all. "You see, don't you, that he's given up everything for me? I have to do what he thinks best."

"Now, Jessie," Mr. Lovell said, "it's all right. It's all over, Jessie dear," but it was not quite all over.

"Oh, Charley," Jessica sobbed, "it doesn't mean I don't love you. I do still love you."

There were all those reflexes of pain. He knew that she wanted him to believe she loved him and that she wanted to believe it herself. It was just what Mr. Lovell had said, it was over. Charles did not want to go on with it any further. As long as he lived, he did not want to see Jessica or Mr. Lovell again.

"That's all right, Jessica," he said. "Please don't cry." There should have been something more for him to say, some sort of farewell speech, but he could not think of any. "Well, I'd better be going now."

He did not want to stay in Clyde any longer, but perhaps the main reason why he went to New York was that he wanted Jessica to be sorry.

(To be Concluded)

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

"You must admit, mother," refuted a young girl, "that the slang I use is really refined."

Husbands are lucky—they have wives.

Note to women at tea parties: Move toward and away from the refreshment table as if on a conveyor belt.

No man will ever know what it means to have his speed slowed down by an apron pocket catching a doorknob.

News item: Miss Caroline Reed entertained Mr. John Elliot decently at her home.

Memory . . . Some of us recall how if our silk stockings seemed too thin our mothers made us wear heavy cotton ones underneath, and instead of being permitted to see Theda Bara, the only movies we were allowed starred Mary Pickford.

Child's description: "When the cat saw the dog her back shingled."

A liberal education to many college students these days seems to mean a generous allowance.

When a couple is elected to marriage there's no telling which one will eventually assume the presidency.

Home: Life's undress rehearsal.

"The only interesting thing on the program," confided a daughter, "was a juggling act. But you can't really enjoy a juggler, mother; you're always worrying for fear he'll drop something."

No one ever entirely gives up the ownership of a place if he has planted a tree there.

There's nothing more inviting than an old chair whose seat has been worn hollow by the in-and-out tide of family life.

*War*atory: peacetime propaganda.

When my dinner guest is to be a man, I start the dinner before setting the table; if it's a woman, I set the table first.

"I don't call it laziness," said one mother, referring to her fourteen-year-old, slow-moving son. "I just call it growing."

A child who has never licked a dish from mother's baking has not completely been a child.

The best thing about being a farmer is that a man never reaches the age where he has to retire.

Note to husbands: There's an old story about a man who married a woman as a business proposition but he did everything a loving husband should do and found, to his surprise, that he'd fallen in love with his wife.



We've taken the sighs out of size

Warner's 3-Way-Sizes fit comfortably whether you're slim or five-by-five!

You needn't put up with the old-fashioned, breath-taking squeeze of standard sizes. Now, in Warner's 3-Way-Sizes, you can be a lovelier you in the comfiest way.

- First you pick your exact size, then choose your *length*, *hip size* and just the *control* you want from over 300 styles and sizes.
- Even short-waisted women can find what they want in Warner's. For instance, if you usually take half-size dresses, you'll bless the day you slip into a Half-Size corselette designed exclusively for you by Warner's. Incidentally, Warner's Half-Size corselettes are 3-Way-Sized, too, for perfect fit.
- So if you're looking for the answer to your prayers, look for the Warner's that's planned just for you . . . 3 Ways. Girdles begin at $3.50. Corselettes at $10.00.

n your size. . . . . *your correct length*

/arner's go to any length to please you. Now you can ıoose from *short*, *medium*, *long* or *extra long* lengths . . . ıe just right for you. ıncidentally, only Warner's make alf-Size corselettes, like the one shown here. They're ng on comfort, if you're short-waisted.

. . . . . *your correct hip size*

You don't mind taking a trimming where hips are concerned. But a girdle that's *too small* at the hips causes unlovely thigh bulges. One that's *too wide* ripples down the sides. For the smoothest trimming ever, Warner's girdles and corselettes are hip-sized; *straight*, *average*, *full*.

. . . . . *your choice of control*

You'll be hugged but never squeezed in your Warner's . . . whether you choose the easy-does-it control of light, mesh elastics or the stronger control of tightly woven elastics. Incidentally, Warner's corselettes are ABC cup-sized just like all famous-for-fitting Warner's bras.





Among Warner's 300 styles and sizes is the Le Gant "Half-Size" corselette #270½B, in pink, $18.50

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● **A SINGER is so easy to use!** Saves basting; sews over pins. Has wide range of speeds, non-glare sewing light, quick threading, tension indicator.



Dress at right is made from Vogue Pattern #S-4920. Jacket from Vogue Pattern #6672.



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● **Set of basic attachments** comes with every new [illegible]. Zipper foot, [illegible]



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PUBLIC AFFAIRS . . . SERVICE STATION

(Continued from Page 23)

Sometimes the best work was being done by persons and groups unaware of anything unusual about their results. To make certain of each piece of information we have presented through these pages, we have traveled over 100,000 miles in this country and in Europe, visiting scores of communities, investigating programs, talking to leaders. Our findings have been studied, sifted, classified. Today there is a wealth of reports, pamphlets and clippings out of which we can give advice and help to readers who want to participate in community workshops.

The first two years have not produced any magic formulas. There is no real short cut for successful community action. But we have rediscovered the fact that the most rewarding work any club can do is to study its own community. Nearly every community has problems to solve. We have proved that there is no more successful method than the co-ordinated efforts of women's groups when they have faith in their goal. We have been happy over the growing partnership of professional workers and laymen who encourage and support the social-service agencies. But even with the best-laid plans, there is no substitute for work and more work.

If we do not have peace within ourselves, it is in vain to seek it from outward sources. —LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

From the stimulating flood of letters on community problems so many stand out. There was one from a mother in West Point, Mississippi, who sought our help. She wrote, "We live in a rather large rural community, closely bound by a school, three churches, a store. The school is our main trouble. Built fifty years ago for one hundred pupils, it now houses two and a half times as many students. No real additions or repairs have been made in fifty years. It is a death trap in the eyes of almost every parent. How can a group of mothers build a new school?" Today these mothers are on their way toward a modern, well-planned school building.

At Dillingham, Alaska, mothers felt that school children should be provided with appetizing hot lunches. Mrs. Polly Kallenberg, secretary of the parent-teacher association, asked us to find out how other small communities had solved a similar problem. Our editors asked advice from Government agencies and schools all over the country. Finally, we were able to introduce the plan used by Fruitland, Idaho, a small community with one of the best hot-lunch programs we could discover. Fruitland's example is helping many other towns to start hot lunches in their schools.

From Harvel, Illinois, came the plea: "A woman member of the school board? It was unheard of. People laughed when my name was put up. But I received twice as many votes as my opponent. At the age of thirty, with a daughter, ten, in the fifth grade and a son, five, ready to enter school, I find myself a full-fledged member of the school board. Now I want to be sure I am living up to my new responsibilities. I have read the School Code of Illinois from cover to cover. I want to do the best I can to make my town's schools provide effective education for our children's life ahead." The Public Affairs Department provided this young mother with the Ascension Parish (Louisiana) plan to bring schools and community together.

A closely knit organization of women volunteers was needed in Evansville, Indiana. Mrs. W. C. Bussing was one of the first JOURNAL readers to write our new department for advice as to how Evansville's new Civic Club might work more effectively. She explained: "After having carefully studied your article and several others, our policy and steering committee has put together this skeleton of ideas on what we want and what we need to perfect a smooth-running volunteer agency. We want your frank opinion, your comments, criticism and ideas."

Today, Evansville has a very excellent Citizens' Participation Bureau with one paid staff director and a growing list of "participators" in community life. It is an excellent pattern of community cooperation. No one wishes to take entire credit. The down-to-earth planning was done by the Civic Club, the Junior Service League came forward with financial support, and the Evansville Welfare Council provides housing and direction for the project.

Many fine projects have come to our attention. We wish we could list each one. There's a family camp at Phoenix, Arizona, sponsored by the Y.M.C.A., where parents and children can take a holiday together at prices young married people can afford. In Toronto, Canada, the Junior League has sponsored and financed a "Kindergarten of the Air" which brings through radio to isolated homes a plan of preschool activities. At the Scottish Rite Hospital in Decatur, Georgia, crippled children are kept abreast of their school studies through the efforts of fifteen Red Cross Grey Ladies, all ex-school-teachers. In Cincinnati, the Craft Shop for the Handicapped has guided hundreds of blind, deaf, crippled or mentally deficient workers toward useful occupations.

There are many others. The two years have provided many encouraging experiences. The battle for a decent and peaceful world goes on. There have been growth and progress—there must be much more. But this much is true: women all over the country are awakening to a new sense of citizen responsibility. Their determination to help their towns and their country is making its mark.

And the Public Affairs Department—its growth proved, its being justified—will continue to place every means at our disposal to help our readers achieve results.

COMMUNITY HOUSEKEEPING

(Continued from Page 23)

wn town. Here are some of the most pressing n many communities:

- Full-time health department
- New school buildings
- Recreation program
- Better salaries and working conditions for teachers
- Family-counseling service
- Mental-hygiene clinic for children and adults
- Child-health clinic
- Accident prevention
- Living war memorial
- Children's court and detention facilities
- Fellowship House (interracial)
- Improved hospital facilities
- Merit system in local government
- Sex hygiene in public schools
- Vocational-guidance service
- Slum clearance
- Visiting Nurse Association
- Homemaker service
- Little theater
- School lunches
- Enforcement of child-labor laws
- Modernized city and county charter
- Parent education
- Public library
- Old-age recreation and counseling
- Citizens' advisory council
- Maternal-health center
- Day care for children
- Foster homes
- Revision of outmoded state constitution

Once you've decided what your town needs, consider how and where you can begin your work. Find out if another organization is already interested in your goal. Talk to other people who feel as you do. If you have had

(Continued on Page 105)



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WOOLENS • CORDUROYS • RAYONS

(Continued from Page 103)

no previous experience, offer your services to an established group. Join in, participate.

You may wish to become a working partner in the work of:

1. A nonpartisan group—neighborhood-improvement associations, parent-teacher association, civic clubs; or

2. A political group—you cannot hope to improve your party unless you familiarize yourself with its organization. Get to know your precinct captain—become active on his committee. Only interested workers can arouse their party to community needs.

Even if there is no local civic organization to which you wish to belong, you are not helpless. You can

1. Establish a local League of Women Voters, form a new Municipal League or a Woman's Civic Club. (Write to this department for helpful details.)

2. Invite people interested in civic progress to your home, school or church for informal discussions. To get them started is a test of your ingenuity. Beware of discussion and more discussion. *Keep them to the point.*

Next comes teamwork—perhaps the most important step of all. Don't try to do your work alone. Seek out the advice of your social planning council—if there is one. In rural areas, it is sometimes expedient for several communities to join forces. But before you start, find out what has been done before and what is left to be done.

"Do I have the time?" asks a busy young mother. Ask yourself, "Is there time *not* to work for better conditions for my children to grow up in?" Aren't good schools, better playgrounds, good civic government part of the care you owe your children? Every thoughtful woman knows that only as she concerns herself with community problems can she be certain of the influence the community will exert upon her family.

Good communities need good housekeepers. And it's every woman's job.

THE APPLAUSE OF THOUSANDS

(Continued from Page 38)

sked her to lunch and she had a noon exam. he had never met Chan's family.

She dropped down on the bench in front of er dressing table and stared interestedly in ie glass. There sat a girl in a green-linen ress with a violet belt; her curls stood up ll over her head and needed brushing.

She jumped up and slid down the short anisters. Although she was a college senior, ie often felt about seven years old. She aulted off and walked sedately to the front oor. A wistaria vine framed the doorway nd one of the pendant blossoms made a urple-black shadow swaying, very slightly vaying, on the flagstone walk. That was too eautiful to bear. Shadow on a rock—what d it mean? Across the street, quiet in the orning sunshine, was a row of Lombardy oplars, straight and tall. She had never oticed before how lovely they were, how raight, how green. She sat down on the top ep to wait happily for her mother.

Alicia Cavell, too, paused at the top of a ght of steps and looked into the June morn-

Who is first silent in a quarrel springs from a good family.
—TALMUD.

g. This was a city street th rows of brick houses i either side, and conant traffic. She noticed spindling elm, with delate branches and fragile aves, growing out of the iewalk. *That little tree will alive a year from now*, she thought; *it can't ink or move, but it will breathe. Someone will nd on these steps and think it is a pathetic little e, just as I am thinking.* She looked down e street where she had hurriedly parked her an hour ago; it seemed as though there ould be about it an air of quiet, of abeyce, of shock. But no, nothing had changed. After Doctor Fairfield had told her that e was going to die, he had said, playing th a pencil, not looking at her sitting there, eady so remote, in an easy chair beside his sk, "Do you remember before Hervey was rn you were told not to worry about it, or en think about it, it was a perfectly natural ocedure? With the few reservations that d been made for you, you were told, let ture take her course. Well, I repeat that vice now, and please do not think I am rdhearted. Do what you feel like doing, cept for the reservations I have made; n't think about it. Death, after all, is a fectly natural procedure. We hate to adt it, but it is."

"I know it is," she said quietly. "I have t very close to death, in a way, since I lost ance. It is absolutely true that I am not a afraid to die. It will just be another exience that he and I have shared." *But oh,* thought, *what will happen to Hervey?* "Is re anything else?" she asked. What else uld there be? She wanted to be alone now, think, to readjust each hope, each plan. t her have one day, just one day absolutely ne without any demands on her strength her emotions.

She was driving automatically now—France's car, the car operated entirely by hand; it was a part of her, that car.

She had had one perfect year. No one has a right, perhaps, to ask for more than that it was more than the majority of people ever had. Her future looked assured; she was playing Broadway and she was married to France. Hervey Francis Cavell. She loved the sound of it, she had loved everything about him. Young Hervey's birth had been planned, it had been exciting and joyful; they had wanted a baby. Then France had polio and for years he was practically helpless. His need of her had been so great that, her heart in shreds, she had given up the stage. *I will never let him know how much it meant to me*, she thought. *I can act—and he shall never know.* He had never known.

But she had known—every minute she had known. She saw everything as an actress sees it, through the alert and watchful eyes of an actress. Her friends were characters in a play; anything that concerned the stage—a playwright, an actor, a director, a scene shifter—was of vital and pressing interest. She read and studied plays. And never did she relinquish the hope, the conviction that ultimately she would do what she knew she was capable of doing.

After the death of her husband, after she had picked up the agonizing pieces, the time had come. She had just started writing letters and establishing contacts, she had been encouraging herself by rereading her scrapbook. She must start in a small way, she knew that—summer theater, perhaps, where her role could be the frivolous mother of the beautiful heroine, the caustic friend who drops in for tea, the enigmatic woman who runs the hotel. Later she had hopes, impregnable hopes, of her rightful place, of Shakespeare—of winning what she knew, with humility and certainty, she was capable of winning, she had a right to win: the applause of thousands. And peace with herself.

Now this was over. As suddenly as a stone—or a word—is dropped, it was over. She was a failure, a bitter, bitter failure. She closed her mind to the bitterness of it, the completeness of the failure. She did not have time to think about it now. She turned her thoughts to Hervey.

She had left the Boston traffic, she was on her way to the quiet suburb where she lived; she was driving along the Charles River Basin. The long shells were on the river, the brown bare backs of the boys bent to their oars. Young mothers wheeled their babies. The sky and the river were blue, the trees were green, it was June.

Does she really love that boy? Alicia thought. *That is what I have got to know. I have got to know what is going to happen to her. She's through college, she has a* cum laude—*ah, my darling brat—she could support herself, with*

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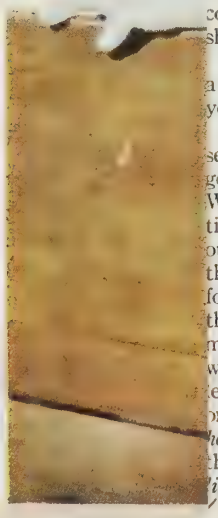
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e added little I'll be able to leave her, but I nt things more secure, happier, less grim for r than that. He has too much money, he ars his wealth more carelessly than any boy e ever known, but he has too much of it—too ich is almost as bad as too little. Oh, I must ow what her life is going to be.

She turned into her street, her quiet shady eet, and saw the roof of her own house. dubitably, irrevocably and with a wild spair she realized the finality of what had ppened to herself. *I can get used to it,* she ought, *but I must be alone.* Then she saw ervey, whom she had not really expected, ting there on the steps in the sun.

Hervey ran down the walk and threw her rms around her mother. "Chan is coming lunch! I have the whole day off!" She rew back and gazed at her mother. Alicia oked tired, but when she smiled, Hervey rgot it. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"Wonderful! Where is he?"

"Oh, in New York. They're flying. He's oing to stay over Sunday. They'll get here bout one."

"They?"

"His mother," Hervey told her. "Oh, I orgot—she's coming too. I asked them oth for lunch." As she spoke she realized she had not given a thought to his mother.

This announcement assumed in Alicia's exhausted mind the quality of an ordeal. She looked so overcome that Hervey was shattered.

"You *wanted* me to ask them, didn't you?" she wailed.

Alicia gathered herself desperately together. "Of course! We haven't much time to plan things out and collect lunch, that's all—Nonie's off for the day. And it's the first time we've met Mrs. Wilde. What were you doing, useless, lolling out there on the steps?" *I must have a little time,* she thought—*give me a little time.*

"I never thought about that," Hervey admitted. "I never *thought* about it."

Chan is the Wildes' only child, Alicia said to herself. *He's going to inherit millions and Mrs. Wilde is coming to look us over. Why did it have to happen today?*

"Let me plan things out," she begged as, heir arms around each other, they walked oward the house. "Let's plan things together. What do you want me to wear?" She thought, first, as an actress and not as housewife thinks.

"Wear what you have on," Hervey decided promptly. "I like you in a sweater and uit; it makes you look young. You *are* oung." She kissed her.

No, it's too casual—the first time she omes to the house, I mean. Let's see. I'll ear my violet print and match your violet elt and we'll look well together. That's ettled. I like your red shoes. Hervey"—she poke tenderly and lightly, but suddenly she ad to know how important it was to see his through—"are you fond of Chan?"

"Oh, yes."

"But you aren't engaged?"

"No." She looked sideways at her mother. He only said if I went out with another man e'd knock my little block off." She added, When I have an engagement ring, you'll be he first of anybody to see it."

"Thanks," said Alicia dryly. She dropped to a hall chair. It was important that ings go well—and very well.

"What shall I be doing, mother?"

"Let's see. Scoot up those stairs and do er the bathroom if it needs it. Be sure the ap and towels match." *Death is a natural procedure . . . be sure the soap and towels match.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Light

By Jane Morrison

Thoughts are torches of birch that glimmer
A frail light down the paths of mind;
Happiness, a moon to shimmer
Through a forest, echo-lined.

Sadness is a beam so mellow
It flickers low, but love will start
Lightness firm and round and yellow,
Like a lantern in the heart.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Luncheon for four, she said to herself, *concentrate on nothing else but that.*

Alicia closed her eyes. After several minutes she called faintly, "How's this, darling? Come to the top of the stairs. Chicken broth—Nonie left some, it's delicious—then crab-meat salad in avocados. I've got the avocados. You can take the car and whip down to Minnie Johnson's and get scads of little rolls and—let's see—a lemon-meringue pie. Is that enough, with coffee? We can fill Chan up on rolls. No, that's a lady's lunch—we ought to have asparagus on toast. I'll telephone for the crab meat and the asparagus."

"That's frabjous."

"Well——"

It must be perfect and seem to be effortless, she thought. She stood up, hung her coat on the back of the chair and rolled up the sleeves of her sweater.

Hervey did what she was told, but she seemed remote from interest in the mechanics of the party until just before one o'clock. Then she came flying down the stairs and cast herself into Alicia's arms, her face distraught. "Oh, mother, do you think everything will be all right? I'd *die* if it wasn't.

Alicia's equilibrium broke into a thousand pieces. She felt as if she were going to bow her head on Hervey's head and weep. If she once started to weep she would weep forever.

Brace up, she said to herself, *play the frivolous mother of the beautiful heroine, was the part you wanted. You will never play it on any stage, you will never have the chance, but you can play it in your own house to an audience of your own child.*

She lifted Hervey's chin, the soft chin of one-and-twenty, kissed her wet eyes and heard a voice say, "Why, of course everything will be all right. Run along upstairs and fix your face," said the voice of the frivolous mother of the beautiful heroine.

Chan sprang from the taxi, looked eagerly toward the house to see if Hervey was about, handed his mother out and they came briskly up the walk together, Cornelia Wilde swiftly appraising the house.

"It was so good of you to ask us for lunch," she said to Alicia. "I've wanted to meet Hervey and her mother for such a long time."

As Mrs. Wilde took both of Hervey's hands—she did not kiss her—Alicia wondered what part each was destined to play in the life of the other. This tall, assured woman in the big hat, fitted suit and fashionable Swiss shoes—was she kind?

"Would you like something cold to drink, Mrs. Wilde?" Hervey asked in the living room, with the engaging air of the meticulous hostess.

Mrs. Wilde glanced inquiringly at her son.

"She usually takes lemonade," said Chan. "Is that O.K., Skip?" He had the naturally deferential air toward women that many very tall boys have. "Shall I help her make it, Mrs. Cavell?" He and Hervey disappeared together and for several minutes there was not a sound of cracking ice.

Mrs. Wilde, Alicia saw, had indeed come with a purpose—this was no what-a-charming-house, so-good-of-you-to-ask-us for-lunch engagement. She had already seen, without doubt, that the house needed painting, that the rug, though good, was worn out; she would undoubtedly note that the pottery and table linen were Italian and nice and—probably—that the soap and towels matched. The stage was set as Alicia wanted it set: *This house, Hervey's house, is*

(Continued on Page 108)

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Alexander Smith

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(Continued from Page 106)

house of dignity and taste but not riches; in this house Chan is judged on his merits as an individual and not on his merits as a rich young man. When they all stepped into the kitchen to watch Hervey's fascinated manipulation of a pressure cooker of asparagus, Alicia felt it was a good thing that the elegant Mrs. Wilde should hear that cooker chirp. Things were too close upon them today for pretense—there is no pretense in a kitchen.

"The best asparagus in the world is grown north of Boston," Chan told his mother with a grin. "Hervey says so." The information, obviously, was important for that reason. "Mother," he asked suddenly, "did you know Hervey is graduating *cum laude?*" He was showing her off.

"I never knew a *cum laude*," said Mrs. Wilde generously. "It makes you practically an authority on anything, Hervey. . . . What do you think about Russia?"

"I think we should give her the benefit of the doubt," said Hervey. She was solemn. "But keep our eyes open." She looked so earnest and absurd Alicia wanted to tie a bib on her.

"Would you like to go to Russia, Skip?" Chan asked her.

"Oh, yes, I would."

"Well," said Mrs. Wilde lightly, "I think a *cum laude* should have everything she wants."

"Mother wouldn't believe that was good for me," said Hervey. They all laughed. "There," she said, "three minutes—it's done!"

The luncheon was a success. Chan absorbed a dozen little hot Parker House rolls and the last crumb of the lemon-meringue pie, and after coffee in the living room he and Hervey disappeared into the kitchen again, to do the dishes.

"This domesticating of my untamed son," Cornelia Wilde said, "is quite something."

That best portion of a good man's life, his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The moment, Alicia felt, had come. She steeled herself to meet it, praying for wisdom.

"I don't wonder he's in love with Hervey," Mrs. Wilde said. "She's charming. He's head over heels in love with her, you know, Mrs. Cavell—but they're both so young."

"Very young," agreed Alicia. *What is coming next?*

"Chan has lost a lot of time because of the war, like most boys," Mrs. Wilde went on. "Three years in the Navy. And after he finishes Yale, his father wants him to go to the Harvard Business School. Frankly—you don't mind if I'm frank?"

"Please be frank," said Alicia.

"Well, frankly, we hoped he would concentrate on his belated education and not on falling in love!" She looked at Alicia, who sat with one knee over the other, swinging her foot. "It's rather old-fashioned, isn't it, for the parents to be discussing this; but—well, Chan will inherit a lot of responsibilities and his wife will have to adapt herself to the idea that the business is important. I wondered how you felt about all this," she said.

"I think wealth is a tremendous responsibility, of course," said Alicia, "and by no means an unmitigated blessing."

MRS. WILDE gave her a quick searching look. "Chan would indeed like to hear you say that," she answered wryly. "He told his father it is a man's birthright to strike out for himself, where he feels he can do his best, and he is being deprived of his birthright. He told me today, Mrs. Cavell, he hopes to persuade Hervey to be married in July and to announce the engagement next week, before her graduation. That's why I broke an appointment in New York and flew up to talk things over—I hadn't realized they were moving so fast."

For a moment Alicia did not answer. "Neither did I," she said at last quietly. "Hervey told me this morning they weren't engaged, but they had evidently had between themselves what is known as an understanding. It seems to me they will have to decide things for themselves, ultimately. Hervey has never been in love before—never been remotely attracted. Still, such an early marriage, when they only met in February—I don't know—it's taken me by surprise." She made a quick and sweeping decision. "Mrs. Wilde, I think I am in favor of it and I will tell you why. My doctor told me this morning that I have a heart condition—no, no, please, it's nothing to worry about. I'm not worried about it at all—but still, since we are being frank, it would be a great satisfaction if I knew that Hervey—that her future was somewhat assured."

MRS. WILDE looked at Alicia with sympathy and concern. "I'm so sorry to hear that," she said, "so very sorry. Is there any possible thing ——"

It is probably automatic, Alicia thought, *when you have so much money, to ask if there is anything you can do to stop the sun.* "No, there isn't a thing," she said, "thank you. Except that I don't want Hervey worried unnecessarily." *There it is,* she thought—*please be good to her.*

Cornelia Wilde had been appraising Alicia as thoroughly as she had appraised the house. *She is not what I expected,* Chan's mother had been thinking; *she seems to feel a little sorry for us because we have so much money. She isn't telling me what a wonderful girl Hervey is or how many other chances she has had. She's been forthright. This might be a gallery play about the doctor, but it isn't. She looks as though she'd been through hell today, but she never for a minute loses that grace, that —— I like the woman.*

She said, "Of course! Yes, we had better let them make their own plans, I agree; as you say—they would anyhow, wouldn't they?" With tact and kindness she competently turned the conversation away from Alicia back to Hervey and Chan. She said in a very few minutes, "I had better be getting back to the airport, I think. I have a dinner engagement in New York. But I'll be seeing you again, very soon."

Chan and Hervey drove Mrs. Wilde to the airport in Alicia's car and Alicia, feeling remote, now that it was over, from every single thing that had happened, feeling exhausted, slowly climbed the stairs and lay down on her bed. She gazed at her husband's photograph for a long time. She had done her best and she could do nothing more. On the chest of drawers, just as France had left it, was a sketch of herself in the riding habit she had worn when she played New York. She turned her head away from it and closed her eyes. For the first time that day, her lashes were wet.

She heard Chan and Hervey return, she heard them enter the hall; there was a long silence when they went into each other's arms, and after a while she heard Hervey walk into the kitchen, heard the sound of water turning on and off. Hervey came back into the hall.

"Look at my hands, lovey," she said, and her young voice carried up the stairs, using an endearment Alicia had never heard her use. "I washed them good before we go up and show my mother my ring."

"They're beautiful," Chan said. "We'll go up and tell her we have a table for three on the Ritz roof, to celebrate."

What happened next was nothing—only a few words—but it was a talisman Alicia could hold for the rest of her days. It was a citation, it was her *cum laude* bestowed by the only one who was qualified to bestow it.

"Is this a picture of you, Skip?" Chan's pleasant voice asked. He had evidently been looking at the scrapbook which in the rush of preparation Alicia had forgotten to put away. "No," he said, "it's your mother."

"I hope I'll *be* like her as well as *look* like her," Hervey's clear voice answered; and then with the startling and intuitive wisdom of the young, she bestowed the accolade. "She wanted to be an actress, you know, but what she had to play was the part of a *person.*"

THE END



Style notes for Silverware Shoppers

Hat by John Frederics. Here's a smart fact to keep under a smart

hat: Holmes & Edwards is a finer different kind of silverplate, sterling

inlaid with these to stay lovelier longer. Suit Vera Maxwell.*

Our patterns will more than suit you. You'll love them. Purse

by Rosenfeld. It'll be a pleased purse too when it finds our prices have not

gone up! Shoes by Saks Fifth Avenue. They're heading for the

store that carries Holmes & Edwards Silverplate . . . are you?

*The most used spoons and forks of this silverplate are inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at backs of bowls and handles . . .

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID* SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Youth Danish Princess Lovely Lady



3 LOVELY PATTERNS! Youth, Danish Princess, Lovely Lady are among the loveliest ever made . . . made by The International Silver Co. In U. S. A.
GOOD NEWS! The price of Holmes & Edwards has not gone up . . . the beautiful 52-piece service for eight is only $68.50 with chest, also 76-piece service for twelve at $99.95. (No Federal Tax).
SEE AND ORDER your Holmes & Edwards at your jewelry or department store today.

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French toast made from enriched bread (the kind a baker bakes) is an economical and deliciously different way to get the energy you need to start the day off righ

YOU NEED SOMETHING THAT A BAKER MAKES

to make each meal complete



You are eating a delicious combination of these good foods when you eat bakery foods. That's why you need something that a baker makes to make each meal completely *satisfying*; completely *nourishing!*

THE BREAD that helps balance your diet helps *balance your budget*, too!

Penny for penny, it gives you more of the things your body needs — more generously — than any other food you eat at every meal.

And bread is *no more fattening*, according to nutritionists, than any other food that gives you equal energy.

So *eat more bread!* Eat it for *energy*. Eat it for *economy*. Eat it for *enjoyment* — the enjoyment that you get from *all* the good things that a baker bakes for you.

Buy it Baked!

THE BAKERS OF AMERICA

who do your baking for you with the same high quality ingredients you would use; bake fresh daily with the same care you would take.



Sweet Rolls, Doughnuts and Coffee Cake are ot good beginnings for an *energetic* day. Good ways *pick up energy* between-meals, too! Enjoy them of And to *double* your enjoyment — to save yourself t and toil and trouble in the kitchen — *buy them bak*

Copyright, American Bakers Association, 1949

Come into my kitchen

By Dorothy Swenson

NO. 4 SERIES BY HOUSEWIVES

The day-by-day meals of actual housewives, cooking in their own kitchens, who have agreed to share the benefits of their experience with other JOURNAL *readers. They make no pretensions, but do the best job they know how to do, to provide their families with healthful food, frequently on limited budgets.*



PHOTO BY [illegible]

Savarin sandwiches, a favorite snack for Sunday suppers in the kitchen.

DO you do what we do? When you have a good meal in a strange restaurant, do you go home and see if you can figure out how it was made? Foreign travel opens the taste buds as well as the eyes and ears, and since two world wars have made Americans the most traveled people in the world, it is no wonder so many of us have collected table specialties from far-off and unlikely places. My husband and I didn't look for food inspiration in war-torn Poland right after World War I, but two of our stand-bys—cauliflower covered with buttered bread crumbs, and hot mushrooms with sour cream and melted cheese—were food ideas picked up in Warsaw and experimented with at home. One of our favorite quick meals is one we got on the fly between trains at a lunch counter in Penn Station. They call it a Savarin sandwich; we make it out of two good slices of hot fried French toast, soft inside from the egg it was dipped in, sandwiched with melting Swiss cheese, and slices of tongue and cold chicken.

Do you find there are foods which make you feel good, which give you directly a glow of well-being? We get a kick out of honey, and believe the ancient holy saying that a good land is one "flowing with milk and honey" is a tip which springs from deep wisdom and may be taken at its face value. We keep a honey pot in the kitchen. We believe honey must be good for older people just as milk is good for children. Scotch oatmeal, corn meal, fresh mushrooms and fresh orange juice all make us happy inside. We buy oranges by the crate from January to the end of May in order to feel that we can almost swim in orange juice.

If you want to eat well, have a garden if you possibly can. We plant lettuce early and late and have our salad out of our suburban garden six months of the year. Salad is a must, a way of life, with us. Always at dinner, at home or out, we have lettuce tossed with homemade French dressing.

My husband and I did our own cooking for years, even though we both worked for a living. We always preferred eating at home. We belong to the Dining Room School. The dining room is the prettiest in our house. Of course we don't always eat there. We have breakfast upstairs in the spare room, where dressing gowns and bathrobes are definitely worn. In summer we eat on the screened porch or in the garden. Sometimes we have supper down in the playroom, or in front of the living-room fire, or by the outdoor fireplace, or even in the kitchen.

We have the common problems of allergies, dieting and high prices. My husband is allergic to pork. I am allergic to nothing except the idea of getting fat so that my clothes won't fit, but I find a stern course of turning away almost completely from bread, potatoes and desserts for a few days now and then keeps things under control.

Here is a typical week of mealtime highlights at our house. The meals are rounded out with the usual salads, stewed or fresh fruit, vegetables, milk, coffee, tea, and so on. We have homemade bread or buy a homemade type of loaf. We vary the potatoes and often use noodles, spaghetti or buckwheat grits instead.

We like fish. We could eat it every day. It makes no difference what kind of fish, as long as it is fresh. Usually the freshest fish is that which is most plentiful and cheapest. We almost never fry fish, but usually broil it with lemon and butter and paprika, keeping the heat low, the time of cooking short, and serving immediately. When my husband's father used to say something tasted good, whatever it might be, he said in Swedish, "*Det smaka Fisk*"—"It tastes like fish." We would not want the turkey to taste like fish, but you get the idea. We like fish just as much as turkey or beefsteak.

Monday Lunch

Minestrone

Monday Dinner

Greek "Pigeons"
(meat balls in cabbage leaves with raisins)
Carrots in Honey Coffee Jelly

(Continued on Page 113)

Housekeeping Highlights

● Do you have an upholsterer's needle? It is a curved needle, shaped like a half circle (good size is 4 inches long), and very strong. Because it is curved it can be used on shaped surfaces where a straight needle would get in its own way. An upholsterer's needle is handy for putting a patch on a tight-fitting auto-seat cover without removing it—and very, very handy for sewing up a turkey after the stuffing is in.

● When you make doughnuts your hands get covered with flour. Don't remove it. If hot fat spatters when you drop the doughnuts in to fry, the flour covering on your hands is a protection against a painful burn.

● If you are peeling only 1 or 2 tomatoes, hold them one at a time on the end of a long kitchen fork over the gas flame or the highest heat of an electric unit for less than a minute, until the skin begins to crack a little. The skin can then be peeled off by hardly touching the tomato, and without waste. This is much easier than pouring boiling water on the tomatoes to loosen the skins.

● A quick, neat, easy way to flour the meat or chicken for stews or braising is to put ¼ cup of flour in a paper bag with 1 teaspoon of salt. Put the pieces of meat in the bag, hold the top firmly and shake it up. And there you have it.

● When you bake a fish, put a clean piece of muslin or cheesecloth, oiled or greased, in the bottom of the baking dish. The cloth should be bigger than the fish so that the fish can be lifted out of the pan on the cloth and turned into the serving dish.

● For broiling, pan-broiling or frying steak and chops, take a sharp knife and cut through the outside fat and thin membrane. Cut as far as the meat, not into it. This prevents curling up during cooking.

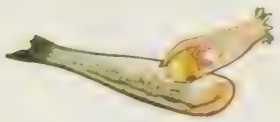


Fish Dinners



They can be marvelous—if you know these chef secrets!

Don't serve fish for economy's sake alone! It can be so wonderfully appetizing, if you prepare it properly. And, actually, that's easy as falling off a wharf. Just keep these points in mind:



1. When you buy your fish, make sure it's fresh: gills red, scales bright, flesh firm and elastic.

2. Fresh-frozen fish is excellent, too. (Just be sure you never let it thaw and then refreeze.)

3. Whether you bake, boil, broil or fry fish, rub both inside and out with fresh lemon juice. It's the perfect seasoning, and banishes most fish odor!

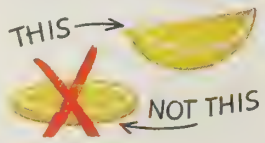
4. The biggest secret of fish cookery is:—Whatever recipe you use, *don't overcook*. That way you keep the rich juices and delicate flavor.

5. Baked fish sometimes tends to be dry. You can overcome that completely with this sauce. It's simple as can be, yet a real gourmet's delight:

FISH SAUCE A LA SUNKIST

½ cup mayonnaise
4 tbs. catsup
2 tbs. fresh lemon juice
2 tbs. chopped sweet pickle

Stir together, serve in bowl or pitcher. Serves 6-8.



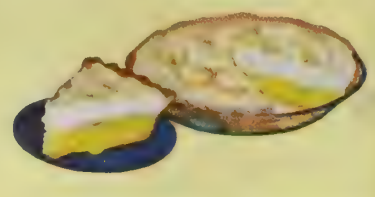
6. No matter how you serve fish or sea food, garnish it with lemon. Every chef will tell you—"Lemon and fish—they were made for each other!" Serve your guests all the lemon they want. *Not* flat slices that are hard to squeeze, but thick, generous wedges and plenty of 'em. So that the tang of fresh lemon can enhance the flavor of every delectable morsel!

Good ideas from the Sunkist Kitchen

Another Lenten suggestion that's simple and delicious is this from the Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book (see below):

PACIFIC COAST FISH SALAD

Combine: 2 cups flaked tuna or salmon; 2 cups shredded lettuce; ½ cup finely cut celery; tablespoons minced pimiento; ½ cup Sunkist lemon pulp and juice. Serve with mayonnaise and lemon wedges.



HOW DO YOU SPELL SCRUMPSHUS?

Is there any dessert as good as a flaky lemon pie topped with fluffy meringue? One *easy way* to turn one out is just to buy some Sunkist Lemons at your market plus a package of Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix—and follow the lemon pie recipe that's on the package. Why not serve it tonight?

There are ten (10!) other lemon pies in that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book, selected by our own Sunkist Home Economists.



FRESH LEMONS PROVIDE VERY SPECIAL HEALTH VALUES

Fresh lemons supply not only valuable amounts of vitamin B_1 but also rare vitamin P, and are among the *richest known sources* of vitamin C. Essential for youthful energy, sound teeth and gums, vitamin C is absent from most foods, scarce in most others. *You need it daily*. Whenever you add lemon you *add health*.

Have you discovered how fresh lemon juice livens the flavor of French dressing? Try it.

Eight out of ten tea drinkers prefer their tea with lemon. Don't fail to give *your* tea the extra flavor and bouquet that fresh lemon gives.



Lemons help in so many ways! You need them every day. Remember them when you shop!

For the best lemons, get Sunkist in trademarked wrappers. Finest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.

For scores of wonderful new recipes, and ideas that make good foods better and housekeeping easier—**send for that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book**. Free. Just write Sunkist, Sec. 203, Box 2706, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California.



(Continued from Page 113)

o cover the fish. Sprinkle with salt and aprika. Cook in a moderately hot oven, 75° to 400° F., until fish is tender through- ut, about 25 to 30 minutes. Lift out onto latter. Sprinkle with additional paprika.

GINGERBREAD UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

Melt 3 tablespoons margarine in bottom of ½" x 12" x 2" cake pan and take this op- ortunity to grease the pan. Sprinkle ½ up brown sugar over the bottom of the an. Peel, core and slice 1 pound apples. rrange evenly over sugar. Pour ginger- read batter over this. Bake in moderate ven, 350° F., 45 minutes.

Gingerbread batter: Blend ½ cup short- ning, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1¼ teaspoons cin- amon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and ¾ tea- oon cloves together. Add ½ cup sugar radually and cream together well. Add 1 gg and beat well, then add ¾ cup molasses nd blend. Sift 2¼ cups flour with ½ tea- oon baking powder and 1 teaspoon bak- ng soda, and add to creamed mixture, lending well. Add 1 cup boiling water and eat until smooth.

Wednesday Luncheon

Curried Shrimp
Rice—Chutney
Barbara's Old Grist Mill Cookies

Wednesday Dinner

Broiled Sweetbreads
Ten-Minute Beets

BARBARA'S OLD GRIST MILL COOKIES

or these cookies we buy stone-cut water- round whole-wheat flour from the old rist mill in our town.

'e put the walnut meats rough the food chop- r. Cream 1 cup butter margarine and 1½ cups rown sugar together. dd 2 eggs and 1 cup ound walnuts. Stir in 3 ps whole-wheat flour, teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla. ut a moderate amount of dough into a ooky presser and press it through onto reased cooky sheets. You can get a cooky esser in any housewares store. Heart apes and other shapes are included. Bake minutes in a hot oven, 400° F. Tooth- me and dainty. Makes 10 dozen cookies.

> With proper care the human body will last a lifetime. —NORA McCARTHY.

TEN-MINUTE BEETS

ared or dice 1 bunch raw beets after peel- g. Put into a pan with a tight-fitting ver. Add a very little hot water (¼ cup), t with margarine, cover tightly and cook minutes. Season with a little salt.

Thursday Luncheon

Hot Thick Savarin Sandwich of
French Toast, Swiss Cheese,
Tongue and Sliced Chicken

Thursday Dinner

Broiled Spareribs
Buckwheat Grits
auliflower With Buttered Crumb Topping
(Salute to Warsaw)

Buckwheat grits are a good change-off om potatoes. They are the hulled, cracked arse buckwheat sold generally in delica- ssen stores, especially those which cater to ussians, who call this dish *Kasha*. It is good th a meat gravy or with a hot sauce of ushrooms and sour cream.

BUCKWHEAT GRITS

eak 1 egg into 2 cups buckwheat grits, hole or split, and stir until every grain is ated. Dry out in the oven or on top of the ge in an ungreased pan until all the rnels are separated. Put in a saucepan th 2 tablespoons butter, margarine or eken fat. Add 1 quart hot water and 1 spoon salt. Cover and simmer until all water is absorbed and the grains stand t. This can be done in the oven, but it s longer.

CAULIFLOWER WITH UTTERED CRUMB TOPPING

k a head of cauliflower ½ hour in salted d water, head down. Boil the cauliflower 15 minutes; drain and cut up into flower- ets. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in skillet. Add 2 tablespoons fine dry bread crumbs. Toss together. We use packaged crumbs for convenience. Cook slowly 2 or 3 minutes or until brown. Pour it over the cauliflower and serve.

Friday Luncheon

Canned Baked Kidney Beans
Canned Brown Bread, Toasted

Friday Dinner

Finnan Haddie
With
Melted Cheddar Cheese,
Thin Cream Sauce and
Boiled Potatoes
Daisy's Custard

DAISY'S CUSTARD

Beat 4 eggs slightly, add ¼ cup sugar and a dash of salt. Scald 3½ cups milk and add to the egg mixture. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cover bottom of a greased baking dish with ½ cup cereal (wheat and barley kernels) and ½ cup seedless raisins. Pour in the custard mixture. Sprinkle nutmeg on top to make a coating. Set in pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until a silver knife comes out clean. Time depends on depth of baking dish. A 1½-quart round casserole takes 1 hour.

Saturday Luncheon

Tiny Pancakes
Made on a Swedish griddle
Vermont Maple Sirup

Saturday Dinner

Barbara's Chopped-Liver Canapés
Roast Chicken
Chestnut Stuffing and
Usual Fixings
Mahogany Birthday Cake

BARBARA'S CHOPPED-LIVER CANAPÉS

Use ½ pound of any kind of liver—beef, calf's, lamb, pork or chicken—leftover or fried fresh in a little butter or margarine, taking care not to overcook. Chop fine by hand in a wooden bowl. Chop and fry 1 large onion in 1 tablespoon butter, margarine or chicken fat and rechop with the liver. Also chop in 2 hard-cooked eggs. Mix in seasoning to taste—a little dry mustard, salt, pepper and paprika. Work in 1 tablespoon chicken fat, butter or margarine to get a good consistency for spreading on crisp crackers. If more is suddenly needed, this recipe can be stretched by adding more egg and onion.

MAHOGANY BIRTHDAY CAKE

Beat 3 egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Gradually add ½ cup sugar and continue beating until very thick. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix well. Sift 1¼ cups cake flour with ¾ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking soda. Have ready 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted. The dry ingredients are added alternately to the mixture with 1 cup thick sour cream. (After the first addition of dry ingredients, add the melted chocolate.) Beat batter smooth. Then beat the 3 egg whites until foamy and add ¾ cup sugar by tablespoons, beating after each addition as if you were making a meringue. Fold this carefully and lightly—but thoroughly—into the batter. Pour into 2 greased 8-inch layer-cake pans. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 30 minutes. Cool and frost.

Midday Sunday Breakfast

Grapefruit
Fillet Mignon Big Baked Potatoes
Danish Pastry
Coffee With Rich Cream

Sunday Supper Snack

Hot Mushrooms Zakousky
Bacon Biscuits

MUSHROOMS ZAKOUSKY

(you pronounce this "zakonski")

Turn whole mushroom caps, which you have sautéed in butter or margarine for 3 minutes, into a greased casserole, and

A new dessert every day this quick slick way!

(WITH ANY OF THESE 5 SURPRISE PACKAGES!)



2-3

SOMETHING NEW IN RENNET DESSERT!

One minute to mix—one minute to fix . . . *delicious* Orange rennet custard with crumbled ginger snap topping! It's "*milk* and more" for small fry and grown-ups—*easier* to digest! 6 "JUNKET" RENNET POWDER flavors, or unflavored "JUNKET" RENNET TABLETS.

4



SOMETHING SUPER IN HOMEMADE ICE CREAM!

Smoother! *Easier!* More wonderful than you knew ice cream could be! *No stirring* while freezing! Now ice cream is "everyday easy" with "JUNKET" FREEZING MIX plus milk and cream . . . *sundae*-good with sauces! Four flavors—at your grocer's now. Try 'em all!

5



SOMETHING SPECIAL . . . DATE-NUT FUDGE!

Just 4 minutes to make—and *no beating!* "JUNKET" QUICK FUDGE MIX with butter and water added makes *homemade* fudge. Everyone can make it—everyone *loves* it! Chocolate or penuche flavors! Try adding dates and nuts . . . try it as icing—for sauces!

1

SOMETHING DIFFERENT FROM DENMARK!

Tangy-sweet flavor treat from an old Danish recipe! Currant-raspberry combination in an *all-new* dessert! And so-o *easy!* Boil it one minute with water—then chill! Have it plain—have it with bananas and cream—but have "JUNKET" DANISH DESSERT *soon!*

for dessert variety serve

"JUNKET" BRAND FOODS

all different!
all easy, quick!
all delicious!

ONE-HAND PORTABILITY



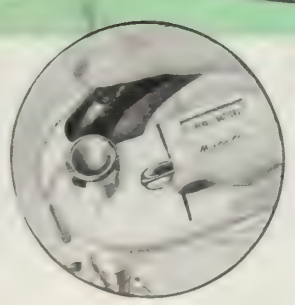
makes it easiest to use!

$38.50

($39.25 West of Rockies.) Includes free-flowing juice extractor and two mixing bowls.



the New HAMILTON BEACH ...with Mixguide



Mixguide puts speed control right under your thumb. And right under your eye, magnified for flash reading, are these ten scientifically tested speeds:

1 SLOW MIXING
2 SLOW BEATING
3 HEAVY BATTERS
4 JUICING FRUITS
5 ICINGS, CREAMING
6 WHIP CREAM
7 WHIP POTATOES
8 CANDY, BEAT EGGS
9 COOKED ICINGS
10 ATTACHMENTS

HERE'S WHY the new Hamilton Beach is the *easiest-to-use mixer* on the market. Its beater unit glides off the stand for use anywhere. No tricky catch to release, nothing to detach. Only Hamilton Beach gives you *one-hand portability!* Easy off, easy on!

AND ONLY Hamilton Beach gives you *one-hand operation.* You hold the beater unit in one hand, set the speed with your thumb.

YOU GET still another Hamilton Beach *exclusive* in *finger-tip bowl control.* You blend all ingredients evenly by simply shifting the bowl while beaters and bowl are revolving.

LOTS MORE *extras* make Hamilton Beach the *easiest of all mixers to use.* Full power even in heaviest batters. Balanced handle that really fits your hand. Easy-handling mixing bowls, grooved to guard against slipping.

YES, IT *does* cost more to bring you all these work-saving features. But you pay no premium. So try the new Hamilton Beach at your dealer's and you'll agree it's *America's easiest-to-use mixer.* Hamilton Beach Company, Division of Scovill Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.

the New HAMILTON BEACH Food Mixer

Made by the makers of top-value Hamilton Beach Vacuum Cleaners

cover with sour cream. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 8–10 minutes. The mixture should be luxuriously "runny" and "gooey" with cheese.

BACON BISCUITS

Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Cut in 4 tablespoons cold bacon fat. Add ½ to ¾ cup milk to make a soft but not sticky dough. Then roll out to ½-inch thickness on lightly floured board. Cut out with biscuit cutter. Place half the rounds on a greased cooky sheet. Brush them with a beaten egg. Put on top of each round a small square of partially cooked bacon and a square of cheese. Sprinkle with a little paprika or dry mustard; then cover with the other half of the biscuit-dough rounds. Brush the top again with the beaten egg and bake 15 minutes in hot oven, 400° F. This recipe makes 18 small biscuits. Serve piping hot.

DO STAY FOR DINNER

(Continued from Page 76)

occasions; or, if you please, on other occasions when there's company for dinner, unexpected maybe, perhaps planned for. In any event, it's nice to have ideas. Something different, you know. Something that will get you talked about—in a nice way, of course. And to that end I want to introduce on these pages *one* little dinner that will get you just where I have indicated. A dinner that is as outstanding as a man of distinction. And *that's* something, isn't it?

The question of soup. Not long ago I dined at a very nice home where good eating is a tradition, and we had onion soup. Having few, if any, manners, I piped up and said, "This is wonderful soup. How about letting me in on the making?" My hostess said, "Of course, my dear. It's as simple as it is hot. It came right out of a can. I contributed a little something-something, and some onions and that's all." I pass our kitchen-tested version of this on to you. Because I'm bighearted and like to tell what I know. Especially in a case like this.

CLEAR ONION SOUP

To 4 cups canned consommé add 2⅔ cups cold water and 3 cups sliced onions—takes about 3 large onions. (Anyway, it's 3 cups and onions are usually around.) Cover. Bring to a boil and simmer until the onions are tender. Strain. Season to taste. Garnish with a few sliced onion rings. This makes 1½ quarts. This soup is improved in flavor if it is made the day before serving—so the cooked onions may stay in the broth overnight—straining the next day. Heat, of course, before serving.

> Duties are tasks that we look forward to with distaste, perform with reluctance, and brag about ever after.
> —ANON.

All dressed up. The main attraction in the array of good things spread before you here is a platter of sweetbreads, rice croquettes, lemon and grapes. That all seems pretty obvious, but wait. Sweetbreads are a delicate subject, and I want you to think back to some of the many things I have written about them. How carefully they must be prepared before you can go ahead with making whatever dish you have in mind, and with what care you must select them to get them not only perfectly fresh, but the *kind* you should pick out. Market men are prone to look the other way when it comes to sweetbreads and palm off whatever their hand reaches for easiest, but don't you let them. Be sweetbread-conscious and sweetbread-wise, and you'll get what you want and no argument about it. So here's the receipt for sweetbreads—but just one of them.

SAUTÉED SWEETBREADS WITH LEMON BUTTER

Select 4 pairs sweetbreads for 8 people. If they are small (the sweetbreads, *not* the people), better plan on a few more. Prepare the sweetbreads in your usual way, removing the membrane and tubes.

(But wait a minute. Let's go over this once more. To prepare the sweetbreads: Get *fresh* ones, and only calves'. Don't let them palm off anything else on you. Put the sweetbreads in ice water for an hour. Put them on to cook in cold water, and when it boils, turn down the heat and let them cook 20 minutes or so. When tender to the fork, plunge them instantly into ice water for an hour. Now cut off *all* the fat and with a sharp, pointed knife peel off *all* membrane and remove tubes. Don't have anything left but nice, firm, clean sweetbreads. Then go ahead. If you have membrane or fat or any other thing on them, they're sunk. Takes a little time, a little patience, but it pays. Pat lightly with paper towels to remove all water.)

Season the sweetbreads with salt and pepper and dust lightly with flour. Sauté in butter until a light brown. Serve with lemon butter and chopped parsley, sprinkled over them.

For the lemon butter, melt 4 tablespoons butter, add the juice of 1 lemon. Let the butter and lemon boil up once. Then beat it well with a fork. It will froth like crazy and that's what we want.

Croquette Business. You know I love croquettes. There is no lukewarm affection or regard between them and me. It's the real thing. Take fish, chicken, vegetable *or* rice, and turn any of those prosaic ingredients into creamy, superbly seasoned and competently fried croquettes, and you may tuck my bib right in my collar and let me at 'em, any day, any time. But—they've got to be *good*. They can be spoiled, oh, so easily. But I'm sure that sad experience will never be yours. I feel *absolutely* sure of that.

Patience and time tell. Don't rush into the croquette business unless you have more than ten minutes to spare. The finest crust you'll get is by way of *very* finely rolled cracker crumbs. The crackers should be fresh and crisp and a little salty, and rolled fine, as I hinted. Have the fat clean and fresh and plenty of it in the deep-fat kettle. Croquettes were never meant to be pan-fried. It's deep fat for *those* babies.

Have the mixture as soft and creamy as can be handled—and then a little more so. You can do it if you spread out the mixture on a platter and let it really cool. But don't *chill* it. And now with these few words of wisdom, here's *one* way (there are others) to make one kind of croquette.

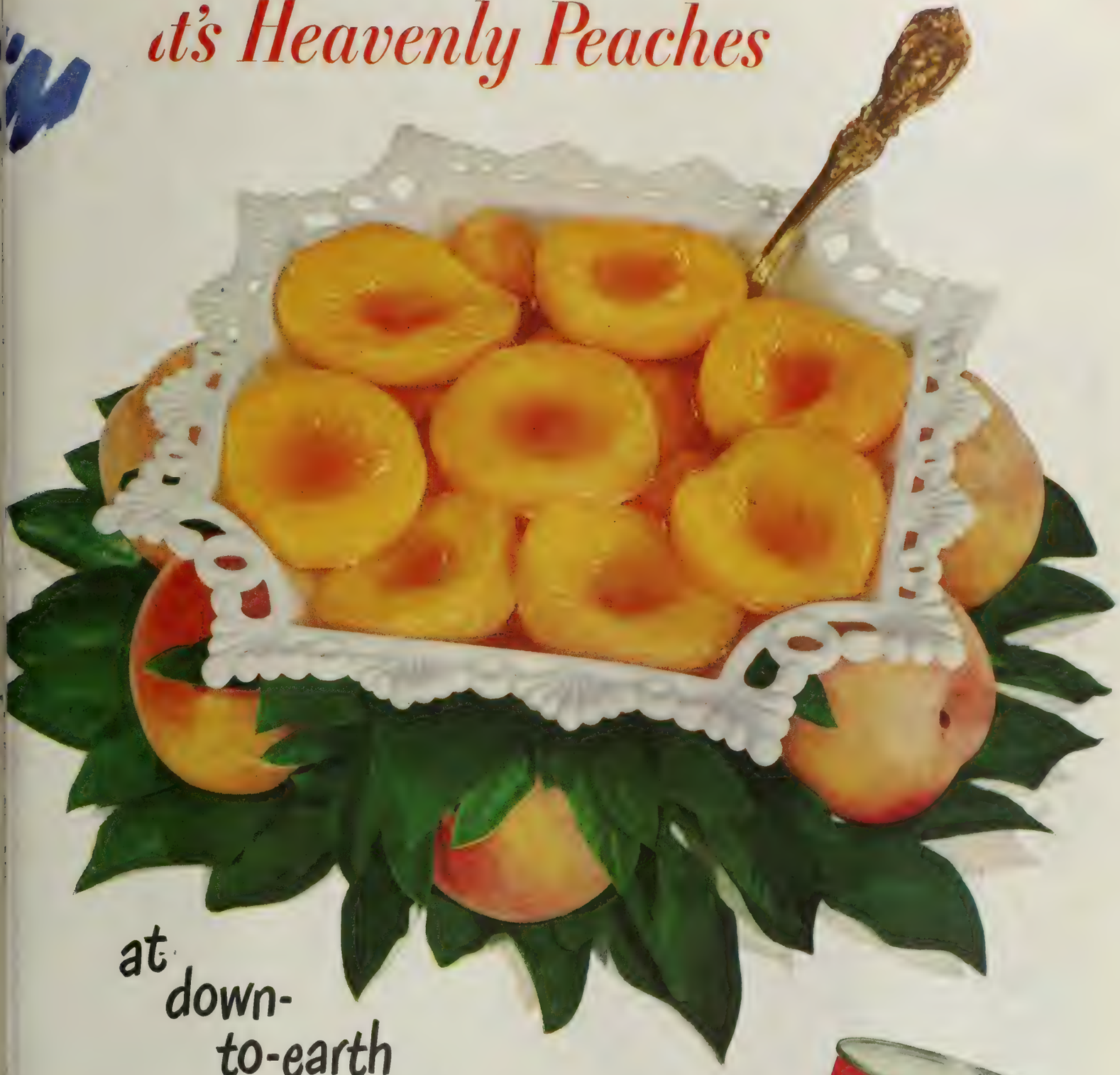
RICE CROQUETTES

Cook ½ cup unwashed rice in slightly salted boiling water until tender. Drain but *do not rinse.* Add 2 lightly beaten egg yolks, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons butter. Mix well. Spread on a platter and chill thoroughly. When cold, shape into balls, dip in beaten egg, then in fine cracker crumbs. Fry until golden brown in deep fat at 375° F. Drain on absorbent paper. Dust lightly with fine sugar and serve with a dot of currant jelly on top of each croquette.

Variation on the bean theme. All winter we have faced the bean so often that I've noted a strange apathy among family and guests when even a handsome silver dish is handed round just brimming with string beans! No matter how neatly Frenched they are, the appetite sometimes stalls on just plain beans. (Why beans sliced on the diagonal should be called "Frenched" has often puzzled me.) However, since they are such handy things to have around it's time to do something about it. It's March, and where I live March is far from tropical, so let's make string beans a heartier dish. Go well with sweetbreads too.

(Continued on Page 118)

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THE MOST tender-mellow, the most tantalizing peaches that ever won a big blue ribbon in any taste test — that's Hunt's Heavenly Peaches!

And that's facts! For in a series of recent professionally-conducted blindfold taste tests, Hunt's peaches were tried against *all other leading canned peach brands!*

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First for fuller, richer flavor — the sort of golden ripe goodness you get, fresh off the tree! And first for velvety smoothness — for luscious, heavy syrup.

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Brighter Breakfasts

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P-L-E-A-S-E COOK IT RIGHT: Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Do not overcrowd. Cook *slowly*, turning often. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates. With the bacon, fry tangy pineapple slices. M m m!



Swift's Premium

The Bacon with the sweet smoke taste!

(Continued from Page 118)

ter tops and the space between the wall cabinets and counters. This is easy to clean, long-wearing and attractive. The material cost $63.21 plus $69.05 for installing.

The ceiling was papered with a red-and-white paper in a leafy design, and a painted band around the top of the walls gave a beam effect, especially nice in an old house.

The idea of papering the ceiling appealed to me especially. You can cover a rather weak ceiling with paper instead of tearing it down and replastering. And you can enjoy the gay lightness of paper without worrying about grease spattering.

The nylon curtain material was $1.75 a yard. Since Mrs. C. stitched up the curtains herself, she felt that nylon paid back in ease of care and lasting quality. Although the electrical changes were an important item of expense, they cost less done all at once than over a period of years. Four entrances required an unusual number of switches, but years of fumbling for pull chains with hands full of parcels had put switch controls on the must list. Also, more of the services might have been done by the family and more shaved off the cost. It all depends on how skillful the man of the house is—not every man can cut a new opening for a window, but the spice shelves could be built by any handy husband. The old table and chairs were refinished by the family and that saved a considerable amount.

Color gives any room enchantment, and in this new kitchen in an old house color is like the answer to the jack-pot question. For the yellow of the wooden cabinets is like spring jonquils in the morning sun, and the cherry red of the paper is echoed in the red-and-white nylon curtain material and on the chair cushions.

The deep blue of the china adds enough of a third color to gladden the heart. Last and best, a few pieces of the Bristol blue milk glass came from the parlor to bring the beauty of yesterday to this kitchen of today.

In the late winter sunshine, the old house has a welcoming look. And from the bright, comfortable kitchen comes the smell of fresh baked beans in the old brown bean pot. I'll stay to supper!

WHAT MAKES YOU HEALTHY?

(Continued from Page 52)

Hereford is the Texas community that aroused a stir when billed as "The Town Without a Toothache." There is less tooth decay in Hereford than in most American communities. The average for Hereford children is about 1½ decayed teeth. But what is more significant about Hereford, Texas, is the discovery that children who live there at least five years have better teeth than those who live there a shorter time. *Evidently there is some factor in the climate or soil which develops a high resistance to tooth decay.* Fifty-four children between the ages of twelve and fourteen, who had lived in Hereford continuously for five years, averaged only one decayed tooth per child. And three out of four of these children had no tooth decay at all.

When the foods grown in Deaf Smith County, where Hereford is located, were analyzed, they proved to be much higher in calcium and phosphorus than foods grown elsewhere. Meats had more calcium and phosphorus; milk had 30 per cent more phosphorus; vegetables had three times as much phosphorus; and flour had six times as much phosphorus, as well as being higher in protein. The water was different too. It had three and a half times as much magnesium as the rest of Texas drinking water, and around two parts per million of fluorine. Consequently, controlled experiments in which some children drink water with the same fluorine content as Hereford water, while others take their water straight, have been started in the vicinity of Kingston, New York, and Brantford, Canada. By 1954 the answers will be in. Meanwhile, the American Geographical Society, which believes that geographers and doctors can profitably work together in studying the geography of disease, is making a study of the amount of fluorine in American drinking water. Their only partially complete map shows that the highest concentration of fluorine in drinking water is to be found in a belt of Southwestern states extending from Texas to California, and in several Midwestern states, and that the Northeastern states (which had the fewest men with good teeth) are extremely deficient in fluorine.

If fluorine should prove to be the answer to tooth decay, it would be a most important discovery. Because tooth decay is one of the scourges of civilized man; 75 to 95 per cent of the peoples of civilized countries have it. The amount of dental work required by World War II soldiers was appalling; over 6,000,000 teeth were replaced by dentures and bridges, and 31,000,000 teeth were filled.

Texas health officials believe, however, that fluorine will prove to be only a partial answer to tooth decay. They point out that Hereford has a number of special and perhaps fortunate characteristics which may be contributory factors: 3600 hours of sunlight a year, plenty of fresh home-grown foods, an elevation of nearly 4000 feet above sea level and a soil impregnated centuries ago with volcanic ash. The hopeful thing about an outdoor laboratory experiment like Hereford, Texas, arranged by Nature instead of by man, is that if fluorine should not be the complete answer, the scientists can go right back and start looking all over again, because the answer is there.

It seems safe to say that what Hereford, Texas, has already proved is that mineral-rich soils and waters equal mineral-rich plants, mineral-rich animals and well-nourished human teeth which show high resistance to tooth decay.

Experiments have shown that when you take a group of children who have been somewhat indifferently fed and improve their diet, you almost always get some arrest in tooth decay, provided the experiment is carried on for at least a year and the food is of good quality. What is more, a diet that is not deficient in minerals, vitamins, protein or other food elements will help your child acquire resistance, not only to tooth decay, but to a considerable number of disorders and diseases. *Among the seventeen defects among World War II registrants related either directly or indirectly to "malnutrition of nutritional deficiencies"* were tooth defects, tuberculosis, mental disease, and the cardiovascular-renal type of heart disease.

Every wife thinks her own husband is particularly difficult, whereas all other husbands look easy to handle.
—ANON.

Sir Robert McCarrison, one of Britain's pioneer nutritionists, says that because of dietetic malnutrition, children have a lowered resistance to "measles, scarlet fever, bronchopneumonia, middle-ear disease, rheumatism and rheumatic disease, with their tragic associates, heart disease and chorea." Other symptoms he lists are an increased tendency to fractures, spinal curvatures, dental caries (tooth decay), nasal catarrh, septic tonsils, adenoids, inflamed eyes, defective vision, nervous instability and cardiovascular derangements.

The fact that both Col. Leonard G. Rowntree, chief of the Medical Division of Selective Service during World War II, and Sir Robert McCarrison believe that poor nutrition lowers resistance to the cardiovascular-renal type of heart diseases is interesting, because heart disease is America's No. 1 killer, and the death rate from this type of heart diseases is increasing faster than that of any other disease. Dr. Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, predicts that deaths from the

(Continued on Page 122)

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Ten Western states that are relatively free from mental disease form a solid block. Why? The most obvious answer seems to be that the East is more heavily populated and has more big cities, while the Western states are sparsely populated. But whether this is actually a factor in the situation, it is impossible to say.

Another answer might conceivably be the fact that west of the 100th meridian, American soils contain more lime and other soil minerals. Psychiatrists have long looked for possible physical causes for various nervous and mental disorders. Two discoveries made in respect to animals and people are interesting. In cattle, severe copper deficiency affects the white matter of the brain. Food and Life, the U. S. Department of Agriculture Yearbook, for 1939 notes that: "In certain mental conditions, known as manic-depressive psychoses, the normal blood bromine (a mineral) is reduced to about half and remains low until there is an improvement in the pathological condition."

Curiously, it is not so easy to plot the geography of American disease as it is to map the geography of American health.

The South has been considered the classic disease region of the United States. But the draft statistics do not wholly corroborate this. Only one Southeastern state—South Carolina, which ranks thirty-eighth in incidence of physical defects—is considerably below the national average. However, Selective Service notes that a number of Southern states did not record minor defects as consistently as did other sections.

According to the draft statistics, the spectacular defect region of the United States is the Northeast. This includes Connecticut, Delaware, the District of Columbia, Maine,

When it pays better to talk than listen, change your company.

Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Vermont. The number of defects—for white Americans—was 1321 per 1000 men, 216 points above the national average. Also, the Northeast had 50 per cent more eye defects and over twice as many tooth defects as the rest of the country

The proportion of defects in the Northeast is astoundingly high. It may have been affected somewhat, as Selective Service notes, by "a greater tendency to record minor defects in some states of the Eastern region—the New England States in particular." It adds, however, that "such a tendency cannot wholly account for the difference."

It should be quickly added that not all the states of the Northeastern region are unhealthy. New Jersey is a healthier-than-average state, and the Mohawk Valley in New York State and Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, are famous for the fertility of their farms. The unhealthiest section of the Northeast is New England, which, according to a Department of Agriculture Yearbook, has never been able to feed its own people, due to lack of sun and soil. Lowest ranking states in New England, according to preliminary analyses of Selective Service statistics, are Vermont and Massachusetts.

The presence of many great metropolitan cities in the Northeast, such as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Pittsburgh, may account in part for its poor health rating. With Kansas ranking first in respect to adult health, New York State ranked thirty-sixth, and New York City forty-fourth. Writing about the food supplies of our Eastern cities, Dr. Kenneth L. Beeson, former head of the United States Nutrition Laboratory, said: "Most of our great cities are located on the well-leached podsols (wood soils from which most soil minerals have disappeared). . . . The truck farms are of necessity located near the cities on the same soils . . . and large quantities of truck crops and fruits are shipped to these cities from localities where nutritional disorders due to mineral deficiencies in the soils have been noted in both animals and

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Betty Crocker Chocolate Chip Chiffon Cake

MAKE ONLY WITH SOFTASILK, says Betty Crocker. Don't risk failure with another flour, since proportions might not be right. Sift an ample amount of SOFTASILK Cake Flour onto a square of paper. Grate unsweetened or sweet chocolate on medium or coarse grater. Preheat oven (see pan sizes and temperatures below).

STEP 1 . . . . . **Measure** (level measurements) and **sift** together into mixing bowl
2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)
1¾ cups sugar
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt

Make a well and add in order:
½ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola
5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)
¾ cup cold water
2 tsp. vanilla

Beat with spoon until *smooth*.

STEP 2 . . . . **Measure** into large mixing bowl
1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)
½ tsp. cream of tartar

Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks. They should be much stiffer than for angel food or meringue. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.

STEP 3 **Pour** egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended! DO NOT STIR!

Sprinkle over top of batter, gently folding in with a few strokes: 3 sq. unsweetened or sweet chocolate (3 oz.), *medium or coarsely grated*.

Pour into ungreased pan immediately.

Bake in: . . . . . 10 in. tube, 4 in. deep, 325° 55 min., then increase to 350° 10 to 15 min.
[illegible] in oblong pan, 350° 45 to 50 min.

. . . or until top springs back when *lightly* touched.

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting [illegible] Let stand until cold. Loosen from sides [illegible] Turn pan right side up and strike sharply on table to loosen.

GLOSSY CHOCOLATE ICING. [illegible]

[illegible] Send 10¢ for our "Betty Crocker Chiffon Cake Recipe Book". Address, [illegible] Box 1450, Minneapolis 1, Minn.

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humans." Among the mineral deficiencies so far discovered in sections of the Northeast are iron, cobalt and manganese, which have a favorable effect on the blood, magnesium and fluorine, which are so abundant in Hereford, Texas, and boron.

If you think that the widespread mineral deficiencies which exist in the foods you eat are any less important than vitamin deficiences, remember: If you completely lack any mineral necessary to the human body, you die. If your child does not have enough calcium, phosphorus, iron, copper, magnesium, sodium or manganese, this may retard his growth. On Chincoteague Island and on the Shetland Islands, where the soil and pasturage are deficient in lime, phosphates and potash, the horses originally imported there have shrunk to the size of ponies.

Mineral deficiencies affect reproduction in animals, and may affect reproduction in human beings. The latter has not been proved. L. A. Maynard and J. K. Loosli, of Cornell University, have pointed out that sodium deficiency in animals disturbs reproductive factors; that copper deficiencies disturb the oestrous rhythm and may prevent conception, and that manganese deficiency may result in reproductive failure in both the male and female. Phosphorus, manganese, rubidium, copper and arsenic may play some role in human reproduction, but in no case is this role fully understood. The unborn child has manganese in his blood stream, and ten times as much copper in his liver as the adult. Rubidium is easily absorbed by protoplasm. The bromine content of the blood changes during menstruation, and the amount of arsenic is increased. During the fifth and sixth months of pregnancy there is three to four times as much arsenic present in the body as at other times. Bromine is present in high concentration in the pituitary gland. This is interesting, since the healthy functioning of the pituitary gland is necessary if a mother is to nurse her child. Congenital malformations are lowest in the Pacific Coast states, where soil minerals are high.

And, as everyone knows, lack of calcium, phosphorus, iron or iodine may result in rickets, anemia or goiter.

When one considers in its length and in its breadth the importance of this question of the education of the nation's young, the broken lives, the defeated hopes, the national failures, which result from the frivolous inertia with which it is treated, it is difficult to restrain oneself from a savage rage.

—A. N. WHITEHEAD: The Aims of Education
Copyright 1925 (The Macmillan Co.).

THE U. S. Nutrition Laboratory, a cooperative study being carried on jointly by the Government, Cornell University and the land-grant colleges, believes that *we are today getting fewer minerals in our food than our Revolutionary ancestors did*. The trouble with our ancestors was that they too often tried to mix pioneering and farming. The Chinese, Roman or Dutch farmer stayed on his farm generation after generation, knew it intimately, nourished and husbanded his soil, and was repaid by the fact that his land grew more fertile instead of less. The American farmer, of the type who moved west with Daniel Boone, too often chopped down some trees, ripped open a hillside with his plow, let the rains wash the good soil minerals into the nearest brook, and then, when the land stopped producing, wandered on angrily or hopefully to the next county or state. The heritage he left behind him in the East was mineral-depleted soil. It is also true, though, that not all the soils of the United States were equally good to begin with. The grassy plains of the Midwest were always more fertile than other sections, and Boone's hunch that it would be a good idea to keep on moving west was a sound one.

Fortunately, we have discovered that mineral-poor soils can be made rich and fertile again—and in a few years. The idea is this. Just as the major deficiencies of the American diet are calcium, the two B-complex vitamins, thiamin and riboflavin, and vitamin C, or ascorbic acid, so the major deficiencies of the American soil are calcium and phosphates. Increasing quantities of these minerals—the phosphate in the form of the new high-analysis products of TVA's Muscle Shoals plant—are being restored to the soil in what is probably the largest series of farm-scale experiments in the history of agriculture, conducted by the TVA in collaboration with the state agricultural services. Over 45,000 farmer-scientists are engaged in these "test-demonstrations," as they are called. They result not only in greatly increased per-acre crop yields for the farmer, but in qualitatively better food—richer in minerals, vitamins and proteins—for the people of the cities.

DR. GEORGE D. SCARSETH, formerly of Purdue University and now research director of the American Farm Research Association, believes that if the methods of these test-demonstrations can be generally applied, it will be possible for American farmers to do in ten years a job of soil building and soil conservation that would otherwise take fifty or a hundred years.

However, you do not have to wait for the gradual restoration of American soils in order to get the minerals you need to be healthy. Once you know that many of the foods you eat are likely to be deficient in minerals, you can correct this by selecting safe and wholesome mineral-rich foods which will increase your resistance to the many disorders related to poor nutrition.

Minerals and vitamins work in teams. You can give your child cod-liver oil or vitamin D all winter, but if he is not getting enough calcium and phosphorus, it will be of no use to him. The relations of minerals to vitamins are something which we do not as yet fully understand.

Twenty-five minerals are present in the human body. How many of them are essential to health is in dispute. Thirteen are necessary to the animal body: calcium, phosphorus, iron, copper, sodium, potassium, iodine, chlorine, fluorine, magnesium, manganese, sulphur and cobalt. Others such as zinc, bromine and arsenic are probably also required, but their roles in animal and human physiology are, as yet, little understood.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, calcium is one of the four major deficiencies in the American diet. The soils east of the 100th meridian—which runs from Bismarck, North Dakota, through Laredo, Texas—are usually deficient in calcium.

To repair this deficiency, most Americans drink the American superfood, milk. All forms of milk except butter are excellent sources of calcium. The second-best source is leafy green vegetables.

Ninety-nine per cent of the calcium in the body is used for bones and teeth. Children need twice as much calcium as adults during their growing years, consequently they are usually given twice as much milk. Rickets in children can be caused by too little calcium, phosphorus or vitamin D, and also by too high a proportion of calcium in relation to phosphorus, or of phosphorus in relation to calcium. If old people eat foods too high in calcium and phosphorus, this may lead to pathological conditions like calcification. This does not occur if the food intake is moderate.

Seventy-five per cent of the phosphorus in the body is used for bones and teeth. *Phosphorus appears to be fully as important for teeth as calcium.* Dr. E. V. McCollum, Dr. Henry Klein and Dr. G. H. Kruse say "The quality of the saliva is the important thing in determining whether teeth will decay, and this is determined by the chemical composition of the blood. The saliva acts normally as a buffer so that the acid cannot accumulate and break down the enamel of the teeth. It cannot act as a buffer unless it contains a certain amount of phosphorus."

The other 25 per cent of the phosphorus is distributed through every cell in the body and is especially concentrated in the seeds of plants and the chromosomes of men and

animals. No animal organism can function without phosphorus. When there is a phosphorus deficiency, the body uses up the phosphorus it has stored in the bones. If the phosphorus is all used up, the animal or human being dies.

The importance of phosphorus to animal reproduction is generally recognized. Said Dr. R. D. Sinclair, of Canada: "Any . . . deficiency of phosphorus in the pregnant female is apt to result in breeding troubles. Experiments carried out in different parts of the world show that phosphorus deficiencies result in sterility and abortion."

Most soils which were forested before the white man came are deficient in phosphorus. This is true of most Eastern soils, and is probably true for many of the soils in the Rockies and Cascades. If the soils where your foods are grown have only a minimum of phosphates, your foods will have only a minimum too.

Since phosphorus is quantitatively the second most important mineral in the body, it is probably important to be well aware of your phosphorus-high foods.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture lists the following foods as being excellent in phosphorus content: Protein sources: milk, buttermilk, Swiss cheese, meat, liver, poultry, fish, oysters, shrimps, lobsters. Vegetable sources: beans (common, Lima, kidney) and cowpeas. Grains: barley, rice polish, rice bran. Fresh corn and buckwheat contain much phosphorus.

It has long been known that iron deficiency in the soil and in food may result in anemia. It is now recognized that iron and copper work together as a team to make hemoglobin. Cobalt increases the red corpuscles of the blood.

Women need much more iron than do men, and get less. This is probably due to the fact that they eat four fifths as much food as men, and less meat. Since iron cannot be utilized by the body unless copper is also present, it is important to know the foods that contain both of these minerals. Top-ranking foods in this category are cherries, currants, liver and shrimps. Other excellent sources are whole grains and leafy vegetables. The Southern addiction to pot liquor made from mustard greens, turnip greens, beet greens and kale, and the Northern addiction to dandelion and water-cress salads and dandelion wine, represent excellent American food traditions, because they step up the health of the blood. If a child or adult drinks so much milk that he has little appetite for other foods, he may acquire a slight iron deficiency, since milk contains very little iron. This should be compensated for by the addition of iron- and copper-rich foods to the diet.

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more protein than
et, fish or eggs. The
ed peanuts all America
es! Oven-fresh.
s PLANTERS product is also made in
nto, and sold everywhere in Canada.

LANTERS
s the word for
PEANUTS

Pamper Papa!



Particularly when he's been working hard, he deserves pampering. Give him icy-cold Libby's the minute he opens one eye! Wonderful wake-up drink!

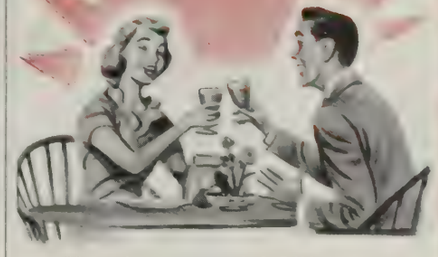
Bright idea for bright 'n' early!

Vitamins without coaxing!



How grown-up they feel with a breakfast coffee cup—full of *hot* Libby's. Just heat the juice—*don't boil it*—to protect Libby's precious Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 and C.

A toast before toast!



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Look to LIBBY'S for perfectio



Try Libby's Catchup and Chili Sauce! Made from the same fine quality tomatoes as Libby's Tomato Juice!





Betty Crocker CHOCOLATE CHIP Chiffon

The world's most delicious . . . most sophisticated cake!

Here is Softasilk's new Chocolate Chip version of "Chiffon"! Light as angel food . . . rich as butter cake . . . plus a chiffon-like quality all its own! No other type cake equals Chiffon for flavor, height, delicacy, texture. Chiffon stays fresh much longer, too, and is quicker to make than ordinary cakes.

Softasilk is the only cake flour Betty Crocker recommends for Chiffon. It's milled for cakes and cakes alone . . . gets greater rising action from baking powder and eggs—gives you a higher, lighter cake. Bake this sophisticated Chocolate Chip Chiffon *today*. Elegant in taste, texture and eye appeal!

General Mills

Betty Crocker Chocolate Chip Chiffon Cake

MAKE ONLY WITH SOFTASILK, says Betty Crocker. Don't risk failure with another flour, since proportions might not be right. Sift an ample amount of SOFTASILK Cake Flour onto a square of paper. Grate unsweetened or sweet chocolate on medium or coarse grater. Preheat oven (see pan sizes and temperatures below).

STEP 1 **Measure** (level measurements) and **sift** together into mixing bowl: **2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack); 1¾ cups sugar; 3 tsp. baking powder; 1 tsp. salt**

Make a well and add in order: **½ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola; 5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized); ¾ cup cold water; 2 tsp. vanilla**

Beat with spoon until *smooth*.

STEP 2 **Measure** into large mixing bowl: **1 cup egg whites (7 or 8); ½ tsp. cream of tartar**

Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks. They should be much stiffer than for angel food or meringue. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.

STEP 3 **Pour** egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended! DO NOT STIR!

Sprinkle over top of batter, gently folding in with a few strokes: 3 sq. unsweetened or sweet chocolate (3 oz.), *medium* or *coarsely* grated.

Pour into *ungreased* pan immediately.

Bake in . . . . . 10-in. tube, 4-in. deep, 325° 55 min., then increase to 350° 10 to 15 min.; 9x13x2-in. oblong pan, 350° 45 to 50 min

. . . or until top springs back when *lightly* touched.

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of oblong pan on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. 16 to 20 servings.

GLOSSY CHOCOLATE ICING. Melt together over hot water 3 sq. unsweetened chocolate (3 oz.), 3 tbsp. shortening. Cool slightly. Beat together until consistency to spread 2 cups *sifted* confectioners' sugar, 5 tbsp. milk, the melted shortening and chocolate, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. vanilla. For Allegretti trimming, beat until foamy 1 egg white. Gradually beat in about 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar, then ½ tsp. vanilla. Using teaspoon, drip over top and let run down over sides in uneven lines.

Send 15¢ for the "Betty Crocker Chiffon Cake Recipe Book". Address Softasilk, Box 1450, Minneapolis, Minn



"Softasilk" and Betty Crocker are reg. trade marks of General Mills Copr. 1949.

humans." Among the mineral deficiencies so far discovered in sections of the Northeast are iron, cobalt and manganese, which have a favorable effect on the blood, magnesium and fluorine, which are so abundant in Hereford, Texas, and boron.

If you think that the widespread mineral deficiencies which exist in the foods you eat are any less important than vitamin deficiences, remember: If you completely lack any mineral necessary to the human body, you die. If your child does not have enough calcium, phosphorus, iron, copper, magnesium, sodium or manganese, this may retard his growth. On Chincoteague Island and on the Shetland Islands, where the soil and pasturage are deficient in lime, phosphates and potash, the horses originally imported there have shrunk to the size of ponies.

Mineral deficiencies affect reproduction in animals, and may affect reproduction in human beings. The latter has not been proved. L. A. Maynard and J. K. Loosli, of Cornell University, have pointed out that sodium deficiency in animals disturbs reproductive factors; that copper deficiencies disturb the oestrous rhythm and may prevent conception, and that manganese deficiency may result in reproductive failure in both the male and female. Phosphorus, manganese, rubidium, copper and arsenic may play some role in human reproduction, but in no case is this role fully understood. The unborn child has manganese in his blood stream, and ten times as much copper in his liver as the adult. Rubidium is easily absorbed by protoplasm. The bromine content of the blood changes during menstruation, and the amount of arsenic is increased. During the fifth and sixth months of pregnancy there is three to four times as much arsenic present in the body as at other times. Bromine is present in high concentration in the pituitary gland. This is interesting, since the healthy functioning of the pituitary gland is necessary if a mother is to nurse her child. Congenital malformations are lowest in the Pacific Coast states, where soil minerals are high.

And, as everyone knows, lack of calcium, phosphorus, iron or iodine may result in rickets, anemia or goiter.

When one considers in its length and in its breadth the importance of this question of the education of the nation's young, the broken lives, the defeated hopes, the national failures, which result from the frivolous inertia with which it is treated, it is difficult to restrain oneself from a savage rage.

—A. N. WHITEHEAD: The Aims of Education
Copyright 1925 (The Macmillan Co.).

THE U. S. Nutrition Laboratory, a cooperative study being carried on jointly by the Government, Cornell University and the land-grant colleges, believes that *we are today getting fewer minerals in our food than our Revolutionary ancestors did*. The trouble with our ancestors was that they too often tried to mix pioneering and farming. The Chinese, Roman or Dutch farmer stayed on his farm generation after generation, knew it intimately, nourished and husbanded his soil, and was repaid by the fact that his land grew more fertile instead of less. The American farmer, of the type who moved west with Daniel Boone, too often chopped down some trees, ripped open a hillside with his plow, let the rains wash the good soil minerals into the nearest brook, and then, when the land stopped producing, wandered on angrily or hopefully to the next county or state. The heritage he left behind him in the East was mineral-depleted soil. It is also true, though, that not all the soils of the United States were equally good to begin with. The grassy plains of the Midwest were always more fertile than other sections, and Boone's hunch that it would be a good idea to keep on moving west was a sound one.

Fortunately, we have discovered that mineral-poor soils can be made rich and fertile again—and in a few years. The idea is this. Just as the major deficiencies of the American diet are calcium, the two B-complex vitamins, thiamin and riboflavin, and vitamin C, or ascorbic acid, so the major deficiencies of the American soil are calcium and phosphates. Increasing quantities of these minerals—the phosphate in the form of the new high-analysis products of TVA's Muscle Shoals plant—are being restored to the soil in what is probably the largest series of farm-scale experiments in the history of agriculture, conducted by the TVA in collaboration with the state agricultural services. Over 45,000 farmer-scientists are engaged in these "test-demonstrations," as they are called. They result not only in greatly increased per-acre crop yields for the farmer, but in qualitatively better food—richer in minerals, vitamins and proteins—for the people of the cities.

DR. GEORGE D. SCARSETH, formerly of Purdue University and now research director of the American Farm Research Association, believes that if the methods of these test-demonstrations can be generally applied, it will be possible for American farmers to do in ten years a job of soil building and soil conservation that would otherwise take fifty or a hundred years.

However, you do not have to wait for the gradual restoration of American soils in order to get the minerals you need to be healthy. Once you know that many of the foods you eat are likely to be deficient in minerals, you can correct this by selecting safe and wholesome mineral-rich foods which will increase your resistance to the many disorders related to poor nutrition.

Minerals and vitamins work in teams. You can give your child cod-liver oil or vitamin D all winter, but if he is not getting enough calcium and phosphorus, it will be of no use to him. The relations of minerals to vitamins are something which we do not as yet fully understand.

Twenty-five minerals are present in the human body. How many of them are essential to health is in dispute. Thirteen are necessary to the animal body: calcium, phosphorus, iron, copper, sodium, potassium, iodine, chlorine, fluorine, magnesium, manganese, sulphur and cobalt. Others such as zinc, bromine and arsenic are probably also required, but their roles in animal and human physiology are, as yet, little understood.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, calcium is one of the four major deficiencies in the American diet. The soils east of the 100th meridian—which runs from Bismarck, North Dakota, through Laredo, Texas—are usually deficient in calcium.

To repair this deficiency, most Americans drink the American superfood, milk. All forms of milk except butter are excellent sources of calcium. The second-best source is leafy green vegetables.

Ninety-nine per cent of the calcium in the body is used for bones and teeth. Children need twice as much calcium as adults during their growing years, consequently they are usually given twice as much milk. Rickets in children can be caused by too little calcium, phosphorus or vitamin D, and also by too high a proportion of calcium in relation to phosphorus, or of phosphorus in relation to calcium. If old people eat foods too high in calcium and phosphorus, this may lead to pathological conditions like calcification. This does not occur if the food intake is moderate.

Seventy-five per cent of the phosphorus in the body is used for bones and teeth. *Phosphorus appears to be fully as important for teeth as calcium.* Dr. E. V. McCollum, Dr. Henry Klein and Dr. G. H. Kruse say: "The quality of the saliva is the important thing in determining whether teeth will decay, and this is determined by the chemical composition of the blood. The saliva acts normally as a buffer so that the acid cannot accumulate and break down the enamel of the teeth. It cannot act as a buffer unless it contains a certain amount of phosphorus."

The other 25 per cent of the phosphorus is distributed through every cell in the body, and is especially concentrated in the seeds of plants and the chromosomes of men and



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animals. No animal organism can function without phosphorus. When there is a phosphorus deficiency, the body uses up the phosphorus it has stored in the bones. If the phosphorus is all used up, the animal or human being dies.

The importance of phosphorus to animal reproduction is generally recognized. Said Dr. R. D. Sinclair, of Canada: "Any . . . deficiency of phosphorus in the pregnant female is apt to result in breeding troubles. Experiments carried out in different parts of the world show that phosphorus deficiencies result in sterility and abortion."

Most soils which were forested before the white man came are deficient in phosphorus. This is true of most Eastern soils, and is probably true for many of the soils in the Rockies and Cascades. If the soils where your foods are grown have only a minimum of phosphates, your foods will have only a minimum too.

Since phosphorus is quantitatively the second most important mineral in the body, it is probably important to be well aware of your phosphorus-high foods.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture lists the following foods as being excellent in phosphorus content: Protein sources: milk, buttermilk, Swiss cheese, meat, liver, poultry, fish, oysters, shrimps, lobsters. Vegetable sources: beans (common, Lima, kidney) and cowpeas. Grains: barley, rice polish, rice bran. Fresh corn and buckwheat contain much phosphorus.

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Look to LIBBY'S for perfectio



Try Libby's Catchup and Chili Sauce! Made from the same fine quality tomatoes as Libby's Tomato Juice!

New looks of many varieties give this garden its feminine flavor!



DESIGNED BY JAMES C. ROSE PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD PRATT

Lady's Garden

By RICHARD PRATT

BOUDOIR charm, living-room leisure and study seclusion make this garden a pleasant-weather outdoor room from June to June. New ideas have been designed into it which can be picked up and used piecemeal or placed all together as they appear in the picture. With lightness and airiness it achieves just the right protection from wind, glare and gazing. A wall of weatherproof plastic cloth, fastened to a frame, filters the strong afternoon sun that casts shadow forms from outside foliage on the translucent screen, while a sliding canvas curtain cuts the view from another side at will. A plain panel of mirror glass reflects the garden for its occupant while she sits at her potting table putting her plants in order—plants which in this case are tuberous begonias and variegated geraniums, easily handled indoors and out. An evergreen rug of ivy requires practically no attention, nor does an azalea growing from an empty space in the floor of square cement slabs. The inexpensive hammock is hand-woven by a woman in South Carolina, and hangs at one end from a weeping mountain ash, handsome in form and color at any season of the year. The pool is a shallow watertight tray sunk in a panel of the paving. The simple trellis structure, of used lumber, can be put together to fit almost any situation, and supports summer panels of yellow sailcloth for shade. All in all, it is a garden that in effect adds another room to the house.

IF YOU'RE LIKE NANCY...



You like shopping trips and sweet music and formal affairs. So, too, your sterling pattern will reflect your love of beauty . . . tastefully modern, yet based on tradition.

You'll find such a pattern . . . one to compliment your own personality . . . among the many beautiful Reed & Barton designs in finest solid silver.

Each is distinctive, each unique, each an example of Reed & Barton's time-honored craftsmanship.

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Six-piece place setting approximately $22.50 to $28.75, *including tax, at leading jewelry stores and silverware departments.*



Helpful Hostess Hints: For fascinating, valuable booklet, "How To Be A Successful Hostess," send 10c to Box 990, Dept. L, Taunton, Mass.



It was fate! There I was lolling on the Waikiki beach dreaming about the kind of man who would make my vacation perfect...when he stumbled over me and *fell!*



You dispense with forks and inhibitions at an Hawaiian feast! My hero plucked a wild orchid and presented it with a hand kiss! Funny, I couldn't eat a thing.



The ferns in Fern Forest grow 50 feet high! He held my hand (so I wouldn't get lost) and my heart zoomed 50 feet higher! The guide . . . just smiled



Akala Falls! He kissed my hand again . . . this time for keeps! And I thanked Jergens Lotion for keeping my hands smooth and *ready* to be kissed!



No one warned me IT happens in HAWAII!*

They warned me that *delicious, soft, smooth, white* hands are kissable in any language! But they didn't say anything about Hawaii!

Oh! I'm not gullible . . . and Jergens Lotion doesn't promise a 6 foot George will kiss your hand. All they do promise is that rich, creamy Jergens Lotion will keep a girl's hand softer and smoother and *ready* to be kissed!

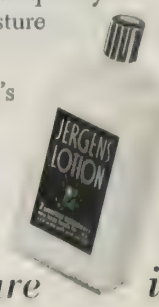
Mine was! And George kissed it . . . in fun. But when he kissed it again . . . it was for keeps!

* It? When he kisses *your* hand . . . in fun. Holds it a bit too long. Kisses your hand again . . . *for keeps.*

The skin on your hands is different . . . it needs the protection only a liquid can give.

Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs.

Never oily or sticky. Today's richer-than-ever Jergens is still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.



Now yours—Jergens Beauty Kit! Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant! Send 10¢ to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 62A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31 1949.

More Women Use Jergens Lotion than Any Other Hand Care in the World

THE WILD HORSE

(Continued from Page 69)

s was a shambling, bumbling bore, and as in his cups with greater and greater uency. If only —— Her mind rolled rily along the monotonous groove—but never could count on Joe any more.

He had read somewhere that there was an ogy between drinking and horsemanship. were all right as long as you had control e horse, but if the horse took control you sunk. There was a picture on the stair- of her house, an old steel engraving h had belonged to her father—Mazeppa, ed to the wild horse's back, borne at a p through a nightmare forest, hurtling rd a still wilder unknown. She never ed at it any more without thinking of

e started as Inky Potts brought her to the present, wagging a roguish fin- nder her nose. "Amy, stop it!" he said. an see you getting all worried. Old Joe's enjoying himself. Let him alone."

That's exactly what I'm doing, Inky," said patiently.

e finger wagged again and Amy wanted p it away. "But you're getting all set to er and take him in hand," he said archly. now you."

Nothing of the sort." She tried to laugh came up with a choking sound. "I'm g here minding my own business. Why you mind yours, Inky?"

Trouble with you, Amy ——" Inky be- -but Amy wasn't having any.

Trouble with me, Inky, I'm married to a k, that's all." It gave her a perverse sat- ion to see Inky's face fall apart at the d word, his little fish mouth purse into of shock. "You were going to say, ble with you, Amy, you ought to get a tight yourself.' Nobody ever says, ble with Joe, he's a drunk.' That's okay. Joe's doing fine. But the trouble with '—and you all go on from there. Now, ust call a halt on the trouble-with-Amy tment. I'm getting good and sick of it."

tood up. She must be out of her mind, g herself fly out like this. "Excuse me, I guess I'm just tired." She hesitated, nowing which way to turn, but bent on e. It was an enormous room and some- there must be a refuge.

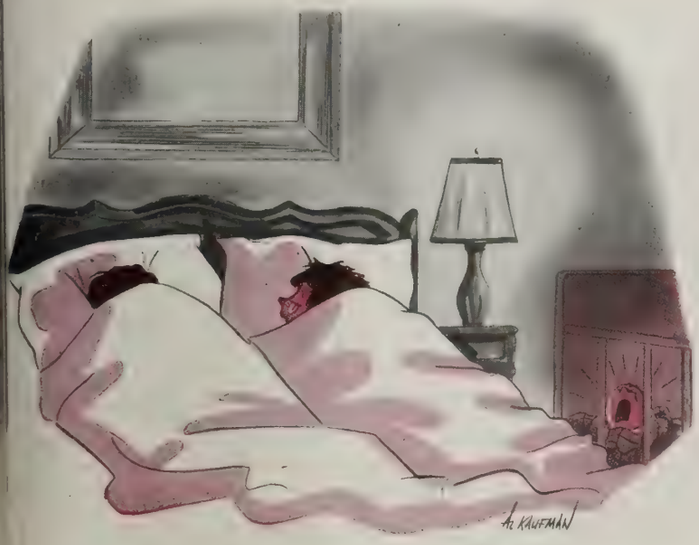
m across the room Olive Hasty per- Amy's indecision and beckoned. Bless ! She was one in a million, understand- erything and saying nothing. Amy felt e of gratitude as Olive moved over to room on the love seat where she n't be able to see Joe. But even with ck turned Amy knew her ears would be for the inevitable crash of silver and Someone brought her a plate of water d cake . . . sawdust. Nothing had any these days. But it gave her something with her hands. Under the soothing music of Olive's voice, talking on of little things, Amy began to relax. They were right. She *was* nervous. She ought not to let it get her down. Some drunkards' wives seemed not to take it too hard.

She often wondered whether, if Joe were just plain sodden, like Johnny Maple, it might be any easier. There was no Jekyll-Hyde contrast with Johnny. Enid Maple knew right where she stood. Johnny was dull and stuffy, sober or drunk. The uncertainty undid Amy. Lately the prospect of any major social event upset her; the anticipation of disaster made her jittery days ahead. By the time they got to a party she had lived through the evening a hundred times. Might he choose to stay sober? How drunk would he get? If there were a business angle, would he muff it? And the drive home, the degrading argument for possession of the wheel after Joe had skittered away from the door! Why was she always such a fool, trying to save his face when their host knew it was sheer madness for Joe to drive?

There was the added strain of the lugubrious little game they played with the liquor supply. If Amy wasn't dressed and downstairs first, Joe would slip in a strong one before they left home. He was convinced that any drink Amy didn't see him take didn't count, and that his drunkenness was a figment of her imagination. It had driven him into what Amy called bathroom drinking. The contents of the decanters magically diminished during a quiet evening at home. Joe would make trip after trip through the dining room to the side porch—to let the cat in, to let the cat out, to check the outside thermometer, to regulate the thermostat. After they were in bed, he often went down to make sure the side door was locked, and each time the levels of the bottles descended.

Amy hated herself for watching, for checking, but she was powerless to desist. Why, she asked herself, *why* should she mind so desperately? The stigma was gone; drinking too much had social acceptance. But Joe? Joe was special. He was better, smarter than the rest of them. He was her Joe. And the children—the little girls deserved to know the real man, not Joe's pale, wavering shadow. Would a child be ashamed of a drunken father today? Would she take it as a matter of course? Her heart cried, *No!* Children were old-fashioned. Children didn't change much, let the mores come and go.

When Joe's plate crashed, Amy scarcely cared. She had anticipated it so long that she was drained of all emotion. She merely looked down and nibbled at her cake. Then the same horrid compulsion that made her creep in to look at the decanter drew her head inexorably over her shoulder. "Oh, Joe!" The exclamation, light as a feather, was torn from her heart. Joe the proud, Joe



"John, your son is crying!"



Compare Toni with any other permanent — any home wave, any beauty shop wave — you'll find *there's no finer wave at any price!*

The secret of lovelier hair is yours—with a Toni Home Permanent. For your Toni wave is so soft, so easy to manage, so *natural-looking* that people will probably ask if you have natural curly hair! But before trying Toni, you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Of course, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy! If you can roll your hair up on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly simple that each month more than two million women use Toni Home Permanent.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?

Because the Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon-type solution. Instead, it's a mild creme lotion—made especially for home use. So gentle it just coaxes your hair into beautifully soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural, even on the very first day.

How long will my TONI last?

Your lovely Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent . . . or your money back.

Will my TONI be loose or tight?

With Toni you can have just the amount of curl you want . . . from a loose, casual wave to a halo of soft ringlets. Just follow the exclusive directions in your Toni kit. You'll find them easy as A-B-C!

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only $2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1 . . . *yet there is no finer wave at any price.*

Which twin has the TONI?

Lovely Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I want a permanent that's soft and natural-looking right from the start. And that's just the way my Toni is! It's so easy to manage Bernadette can't wait to have one, too!"



NOW over ~~1~~ 2 million women a month use Toni

Drift into dreams in these beauties by

MUNSINGWEAR*

Slumber, my sweet! Munsingwear tucks you in with flattering shoulder detail... cuddles you to sleep in finest quality, cloud-soft Celanese* run-proof rayon tricot.

You'll even wake up dreaming about the comfortable fit this Munsingwear "Treasure Chest" trio gives you! Gown, pajamas and bedjacket, all in "Bouquet Colors"... all easy to care for. Reasonably priced... at fine stores everywhere.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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the handsome, stumbling and pawing among the debris of his dessert, bits of icing stuck to his knees.

"Take it easy, Amy," Olive's voice came to her. "Don't think about it being Joe. It's just a man whose plate slipped."

Then Mabel Hunter was beside her. "Skip it, Amy," she said, smiling brightly. "It's just the second-best china. Joe's having a fine time and he's not bothering a soul." So might you speak of an idiot child. "Why, Amy, no one even noticed."

"In that case, why make a production of it?" Amy asked bitterly.

"Because you've got on that face, darling. You always wear it when Joe's having a little harmless fun. Don't take things so *seriously*. There's loads more food."

Amy looked over her shoulder. Biff was bustling about like a male nurse, giving Joe more dessert, taking his glass for a refill. She knew Biff's refills! She turned her head away and in the little burst of chatter just going into its swing, she heard the question standing isolated, as though there were parentheses around it, but clearly stated:

"Whatever became of Cynthia Vernon?"

It was like a slap in the face, an association of ideas so pat that it cut her like a knife.

Oh, no! she thought, a rising tide of shame for Joe flooding her face. *Oh, surely not like Mr. Vernon!*

It was as vivid as yesterday: the wide street, the lofty elms, and the cluster of little girls playing tag on the broad front lawn; then the electric coupé stopping at the curb, and Mr. Vernon's clerk hopping out, still in his alpaca coat. She could remember Cynnie's high treble scream, "Papa's here!" and the rush of her fat legs down the walk, and Cynnie standing tiptoe on the mounting block to peer into the electric. And then Cynnie coming slowly back, saying, "Let's go around to the back and play. My papa's been taken sick and Mr. Smith had to bring him home."

But no one ever went around back quickly enough. They dawdled along looking over their shoulders while chauffeur and clerk unloaded the gaunt, reluctant frame from the car, held him upright like a doll, put his derby on his head where it sat at a crazy angle, then, one on either side, helped him up the walk. The children never went until they had seen his foot, jerking like a dancer's, negotiate the first step of his queer, lurching progress to the porch.

It was ironical, that question about Cynthia, coming just now. Amy realized that she had long had a sense of familiarity, when Joe began to grind his teeth and set his jaw, to bite the trim white mustache which made him look like a Man of Distinction, to fix his eyes in a piercing look of false sternness. Or was there a sameness about all drunkards who tried to look sober?

OFTEN Mr. Vernon had come home on foot. With moderate success he had kept from swaying and staggering. But his face! Try as he would to hold one fierce, noble expression, a host of others had flitted, like butterflies, across his features. He often stopped to talk to the little girls, and how extraordinarily funny he had seemed, until his loud, bright laughter became an unearthly sound with an existence independent of all humor and fun. Then the little girls scattered like leaves, scurrying from the changeling, no longer a father, but a stranger, as alien and queer as a gypsy. And inevitably, small boys, passing the Vernon house, remembered the unstrung, scarecrow walk. Without unkind intention, but with the child's natural translation of thought into motion, they had mocked his gait. Did children, Amy wondered, mock at Joe today?

"Poor Mr. Vernon," Amy's mother had said. "He's so often ill these days." So Cynnie came to play at Amy's where a child would not be frightened by a wild-eyed man slipping about the halls, mumbling in corners. When Amy was older, the illness was defined. "Cynnie's papa is a sad drunkard, but we must all keep it a secret from dear little Cynnie."

It is better to be a young June bug than an old bird of paradise. —MARK TWAIN.

Later, after Mr. Vernon had been carri to a drunkard's grave and the big house w gay again, there was the nameless cloud. C overheard whispers—too many mothers h ing their sons weren't really serious abo Cynnie.

Could it happen to her girls? Amy w dered, with a little shiver. Oh, no. Today p ple knew more about drinking. They didn believe it was inherited. In the old days th had waited for it to show up. They had g siped of bad blood behind Cynnie's back. it couldn't happen to Ruthie and Bet . . . a yet, that question, so terribly apt: "Wh ever became of Cynthia Vernon?"

AMY heard Olive's voice far off, while thoughts went on with Cynnie. Humiliat as this evening had been, it was serving a p pose, showing Amy a way. The harm to C nie had lain in the support of a myth. A must be strong and honest. She must talk Ruthie and Bet tomorrow . . . this week anyway, very soon. She would state the ca clearly, without excuses for Joe. Or might be better to wait until they asked her, shou some knowledge of Joe's state? Then quite calmly, "Why, daddy's just drunk, though it were a matter of course. Or that too bald? Better say, "Daddy's take little too much to drink. People do, you kn We're none of us perfect." Laugh it off, let them learn to face it honestly. Yes, remembrance of Cynnie showed her con sively that she must undo the harm alre done by her little lies—both to them an herself. She must teach them—it was a t nique, after all, like table manners—hov get on with Joe, what to expect. Now, w he began to slur his words, gesture, swag puff up, Amy would sit silent, outside family group. She knew that, afraid of lo control, she had tur into a granite-fa woman, cold and unlau ing, while Joe spread alcoholic warmth, his s timental palaver over young, leaving her Yes, in simple justice herself, the girls must be told the truth, m

But if they asked her how it had c about, what could she answer? Why ha happened so easily to so many of Joe's g eration? First there had been Prohibition everybody had drunk too much. That in their teens. By now the realists had ognized that with age their capacity diminished from tank to teacup, and fined themselves to an occasional bi But inevitably, a certain percentage of early drinkers were marooned—the bod the banquette, the foot on the brass rail, snatch of college song in the locker r Even now, in their late forties, one of t bits of flotsam might disappear—be away to take a cure, or join Alcoh Anonymous. But most of the flotsam on, too proud to admit they couldn't ha it, but never too proud to fall flat on faces. They lived in the Never-Never of unrelinquished youth. Curiously em rassing for their wives, Amy thought, marriage to a man twenty years one's ju

She turned her head and saw Joe la ously getting to his feet. His bones see loosely hinged, his joints unco-ordinated cept for the hand that held the glass. clutched it as though it were a life line h ing him in to the bar. As he stepped out, the ubiquitous, was at his side, taking glass, pushing him back into his seat.

"Excuse me," Amy said to Olive Ha "I want to talk to Biff about somethi She went into the dining room. "Pl Biff," she began, "Joe's had enough. Just get about the drink, won't you?"

He looked at her severely. "Who do think you are? His nanny?"

"Biff, if this were a bar, you wouldn't him another, and you know it."

"This is my house, and if a friend of wants a drink he can have it, see?"

Amy shrugged, and walked away. couldn't win. No one would help, ever.

She remembered the time Joe had tri cut down—not because he couldn't hand

(Continued on Page 134)



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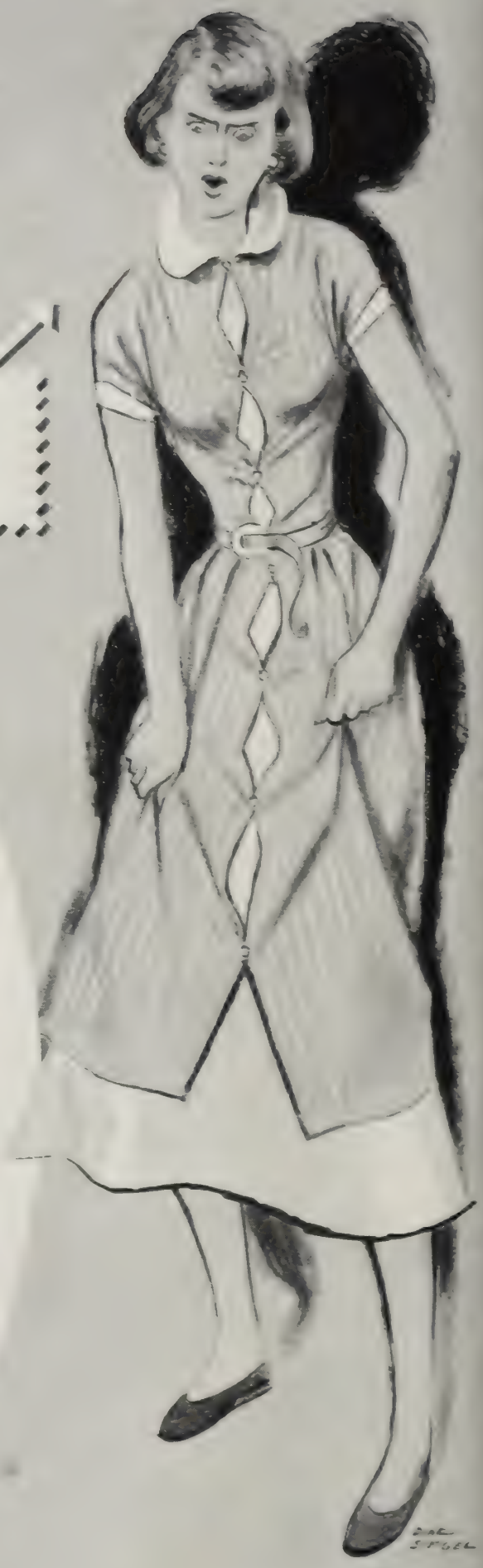
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(Continued from Page 130)

o, but because he had read an article ing it cost too much to get drunk. He had mined to set himself a limit, and he t actually refuse a drink the first time. he had only one "no" in him. Amy observed his alert, setter-on-the-point while he watched the next round being d and waited for the inevitable second ation, "Sure you won't change your ?" and the alacrity with which, like pty Dumpty, he tumbled off his wall. yone knew he was trying, but no one l help. It was a code: never take no for swer. It was a holdover from Prohi—he who didn't drink might criti-Get him drunk, too, or throw him out. ndly Amy crossed the room and, when a reached out and caught her arm, as ly sat down. It was Corinne Manley, g tall and cool and faintly superior, al-h her lovely face was delicately pressed reased with lines of anguish and disap-ment, her neck a little rigid from holding r pretty head. *You can pick them out,* thought, *the drunkards' wives—the sour-expression, the disenchantment, the resig-of the dead.*

ow's it going, dearie?" Corinne asked. h, I'm so bored!" Amy cried in a des-undertone. "I'm so *bored!* If I weren't ed to him I wouldn't go out with him on Can you imagine, Corinne, either of us g a date with *them?*" She looked around arry Manley and saw to her surprise he was perfectly sober. "I'm sorry, ne," she amended. "Harry looks all What happened?"

e's on the wagon," ne said in her cold, voice. "But it won't Remember the time himself on fire and himself to death? right abated—time, eat healer!"

njoy it while it lasts," aid.

I like to take the unity to get good rocked myself, but fundamentally ot immature enough to enjoy it any Do you hate yourself, Amy? I hate my-nd I hate Harry for maneuvering me is role—the patient Griselda, the for-g wife, the policewoman, picking up eces, wearing the pants. I'd like to be e myself for a change."

ff just asked me if I thought I was anny."

ff would. You ought to have seen him g it on Harry."

hat's got into Harry, Corinne? You finally get him to the psychiatrist, did

rry? Don't be silly!" she exclaimed lly. "He'd rather take public treat-or VD than be seen going into a psy-ist's office. No. His first wife's in town. she *lived* here. She's the only living he'll stop drinking for—just to prove s wrong about him. He hates her very o. But for those he loves, or *says* he he dregs are good enough, every time."

enom, Amy thought, the hate, the ess of soul, the bad blood it all en-ed! It was written on their faces, too, nd Corinne's and the faces of all the freemasonry of drunkards' wives.

ast of air came from the Hunters' front nd a fresh-faced kid loped in, a little around the chin, all trussed up in his nner jacket. It was Ben Hunter, Biff's and the steady slave of Amy's Ruth. ighed with relief. Dancing class was Ruthie home. Give the child time to get to bed and fall asleep, and Amy get Joe home too. It had been easier hey were little, when bedtimes came Now she never knew whether they wake or not.

s Ben made his rounds and lingered to y about the dance. She tried to hold ere, to postpone the inevitable mo-hen he would seek out Joe. Ben wor-Joe. Joe had a way with boys, riding em, discussing hunting and fishing, never talking down. Joe held a grudge against Amy: she had never given him a son—another alibi for his drinking. She watched Ben cross the room to Joe, saw Joe bite his mustache fiercely as he drew himself to his feet. A fatuous smile lit up his face as he talked with Ben and Amy saw an expression of confusion appear on the boy's face. Then Joe made a wide, uncalculated gesture with his highball glass, catching a standing lamp. For a moment it teetered, then crashed, carrying Joe's glass and a small table with it.

THERE was a pin point of silence, and Amy put her hand to her throat and half rose. "Sit down, Amy." Corinne pulled her back. The silence merged into a staccato babble of conversation. There was a concerted movement of turning backs except in that small pool of disaster. Biff was there, crying heartily, "It's all right, Joe. Lamp's top-heavy. Always was." Unable to tear her eyes away, Amy saw Joe trying to get down on the floor to pick up the pieces. Halfway, he lost his balance and went sprawling. She could hear Ben's changing voice, saying, "Let me give you my arm, sir," and as he knelt beside Joe she could see the boy's face, shocked and a little hurt.

"I've got to get out of here," she whispered to Corinne. "Come with me, please." In Mabel's bedroom she looked at her devastated face in the mirror. "Oh, Corinne," she cried, "if it weren't for the children ——"

But she knew that was a lie. She'd stay to the bitter end. Why? Well, how else would she live, where would she go, what did women over forty do without their men? And she was tired, too tired ever to think about another marriage, too played out for another man to find her worth a passing smile.

"It's not the children, Amy," Corinne said. "You love the poor guy, that's why you stay. You're still thinking in terms of the Joe you married."

Corinne was right. She'd stay, always hoping, taking strength from any temporary respite, living along in her own hell, because she'd never be happy without Joe.

"I guess you're right. I guess we love them, Corinne. . . . What bad luck!"

"Not I, my girl," Corinne replied. "I don't care if Harry lives or dies. It's simple economics. He's led me a dog's life and I'm taking all I can get and sitting tight to cash in on that life insurance. Then watch me make up for it! Pull yourself together, Amy. Chin up. Make the gracious exit. Relax, dear!" Under the words the sarcasm lay heavy, for both of them, for all the battered sisterhood.

As Amy said her good nights everyone chattered too brightly, too casually, making allowances for Joe, saying, "What a guy!" as though he had been admirable. She thought her face would break, smiling.

The door closed on a chorus of good cheer and it was a relief to feel it solidly at her back, a wall between her and the running commentary. She could imagine the men saying, "If I were married to that sour face, I'd hit the bottle too." They never stopped to remember that her face hadn't been born that way. She shrugged. At least Corinne was there. Corinne would shut them up.

Biff drove the car under the porte-cochere. Joe swayed beside him with the car's motion, his hat slammed any old way on his head, like Mr. Vernon's.

"Just a little sleepy-bye, that's what he needs, Amy. Oh, no, fella, better let Amy drive," as Joe attempted to lurch over behind the wheel.

"Biff," she said, "I'm sunk about your boy seeing Joe this way. Fix it up with Ben, will you?"

"Ben?" Biff chuckled. "Amy, what's the matter with you? Ben's seen the crowd on a Saturday night. He won't think a thing about it."

Oh, won't he? she thought as she drove away. *You fool! You don't even know your own kid. I saw his face. You didn't.* It had done something to Ben, seeing Joe that way,

(Continued on Page 135)

If a man really loves a woman, of course, he wouldn't marry her for the world if he were not quite sure that he was the best person she could by any possibility marry. —OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.



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(Continued from Page 133)

g to set Joe on his feet, as though he a baby or a retarded child.

e was mumbling something out of the of his mouth. "What is it, Joe?" She led to herself like a trained nurse on a of half-wits, speaking clearly and dis- y.

e answer came from stiff, inarticulate 'Specting you to drink—nothing t' eat o'clock. What's ma'er 'th Mabel?"

wanted to shout a retort, but held her ompressed while an angry monologue ts staccato fury against her inward self, g him, reviling him, angry, contemptu- nd a little insane. *It's always someone fault. You know that none of them eat till nine. We have to, because I'm afraid, why. . . . Alibi, alibi! But nobody else that alibi, nobody else gets falling-down* . The fishwife words poured on and on gh her mind. How long could one hold ier one's immortal soul against this con- battery of hate?

pulled the car into the garage and d it with a jerk. "Better stay here, Joe. here until I get the outside lights on." unlocked the side door and swept in of him. As though he were a paralytic bled his hat and coat off and wavered ainly toward the sideboard, fumbling e decanter.

," she cried. "No, Joe! There won't be ore. I can't stand it. Mortifying me in of everyone, falling down ——" She d the flow of words, pushed them un- und where they bubbled up, obscene, l, unchecked. "You'd better go up."

rew himself up and made a ham-actor's umbling at her. Only the last word was "Madam!" He spat hatefully, as he red into the hall.

e girls are asleep," ispered. "Try to be ie."

urned and gave her l, a queer, twisted n which hate and shifted and fought for dominance. e began his tortuous, difficult ascent staircase.

Vernons had to put in an elevator she was thinking. She raised her eyes picture—the wild horse galloping its s rider on and on through the forest. *ldn't afford an elevator.* She looked into rary, her mind rearranging it into a m. *We could put in a bathroom over*

Jo was slamming his feet down on the . "Sh-h!" Amy hissed so loudly that he tated and looked down at her. He had up the second flight when he stag- and one long arm went up to steady ainst the wall. His hand clutched at ture frame with a scrabbling sound. was a sudden splintering and crash as ture of Mazeppa fell and the glass ed at his feet. Stupidly he regarded the ge, then looked down at Amy. She t was coming, the excuse, and she t she couldn't possibly bear it.

"I mn plaster!" The words twisted out of ith. "Knew it wouldn't hold."

were frozen there, he looking down, king up, their eyes fixed, locked to- n a surge of hate and disappointment se and eddied from the murky under- of consciousness. Amy stood with her ightly clasped beneath her chin. The ight have cut him. She felt herself be- hake, icy cold creeping upward from t. Joe turned and wove his way up- he glass crushing and splintering be- is shoes.

sound of an opening door froze her lity. Over the bleakness of her face d to draw down the mask of ma- calm, as she heard Ruthie's mules ng along the hall. Swiftly Amy l the stairs.

ddy!" she heard Ruthie's sharp cry. was an edge of panic. "Are you

reached the top step. Ruthie stood in f her father, hands knotted on her breast as Amy's had been a few minutes before, face twisted into the expectancy of disaster.

Joe sagged against the newel post. He made a wide, unarticulated gesture toward the stairs. "Mazeppa," he said. "Didn't like th' dam' thing anyway." The beginning of an unhinged laugh rippled from his throat.

Taking the cue, Amy produced her own bleak laugh. "That darned picture! I'll clear it up in the morning. It's late, honey." She put her arm around Ruthie. "Sorry it frightened you. Go to bed and I'll come tuck you in, in a second."

"But, daddy," Ruthie said, "are you sure it didn't cut you? You look so—so funny!"

JOE clung to the newel post, rocking slightly as though he were on shipboard.

"Daddy's all right, darling." Amy tried to laugh again. "It just startled him. Run along, now." Why didn't the child go, for heaven's sake? Amy took Joe's arm. If he'd only move! Three steps to his room . . . if he could make it without lurching. Miraculously he did, and behind the half-closed door Amy busied herself, speaking in a bright social voice, all for Ruthie. "I'll get you some hot milk, darling. Gosh, what a narrow escape!"

Ruthie was still hanging about outside the door. Amy put her arm around her and they started down the hall. "But, mum, is dad all right, really? He looks so pooped."

"Pooped" was a good word, Amy thought viciously. *I'll tell her how pooped he really is.*

She drew a long breath. "Ruthie," she said, "daddy isn't himself. He's ——" Here it was—but she couldn't say the word. The old words came tumbling out. "Darling, it's nothing serious, really, but he just doesn't *feel* well—bad color, you know. All the older lawyers pushed themselves so hard during the war. He needs a rest."

"I know, mum," Ruthie agreed, and in the sweet reasonableness of her voice Amy perceived with shock that Ruthie did know. "He hasn't seemed just right. I suppose it's the strain and all. Lots of men seem sort of jittery and tired these days."

"That's it—fatigue. When he overdoes he's apt to have these—well, sick spells."

They stood, chattering inanely, like two women at a reception, rolling and whipping, embroidering with words. As Ruthie slid into bed, Amy leaned down swiftly to kiss the younger girl good night. Thank goodness, Bettina had slept through it! Softly, Amy closed the door.

Joe was sprawled on the bed, half undressed, breathing noisily. Amy went into the bathroom and scrubbed at her teeth and face and hands as though to wash off any vestige of association with him. When she was ready for bed she tiptoed barefoot down to the girls' room. She put her ear to the door, to be sure, doubly sure, that this hadn't hit Ruthie too hard, to make certain there were no secret tears. If there were, she must go in and comfort her.

She heard a burble of voices, Bettina's asking and Ruthie's answering. "Go back to sleep, Bet. It's nothing. Poor old Joe's just come in stinking again and pulled the picture of Mazeppa off the wall, and Amy's got that sour face on. But we're going to pretend now that he's just sick. She used to call it nerves or tired, but now he's sick, see?" said the bitter little voice.

"But why?" Bettina demanded. "Why do we have to pretend, when everybody knows poor old Joe's just a stumblebum? It's no secret. Why does Amy care?"

"Because she loves the guy," Ruthie retorted scornfully. "Ever hear of love?"

"It sounds sappy to me," Bettina said. "If that's love, deliver me! But I still don't see why it makes her want to pretend he's sick."

"Ah, my child," Ruthie said loftily, "that's the older generation for you. It would kill Amy if she thought we knew."

"Yep, guess you're right." Bettina yawned. "They just can't face facts, can they?"

THE END

The more you speak of yourself, the more you are likely to lie.
—JOHANN GEORG ZIMMERMAN.



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Each dish looks so appetizing, set out in true *smörgåsbord* style, that you don't know where to begin, and you end having some of everything!

Conversation Piece

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

Four or five hostesses pool their efforts, with small labor, impressive results!

I'M told that the *smörgåsbord* custom originated in Sweden as a community enterprise: when people gathered for a party, each woman brought her own special masterpiece, and all the dishes were set out together for everybody's sampling. Why not revive the custom here? If four or five hostesses pool their efforts, a most impressive *smörgåsbord* will result without anybody's being overburdened with work. And with the recipes I'm going to suggest, you can invite one or two more couples who will contribute nothing but their appetites and admiration.

In planning a *smörgåsbord*, the problem is not what to include but where to stop including. The choice of dishes is practically limitless. Not so one's capacity—and the criterion of perfection is not in numbers, but in quality. For our *smörgåsbord* I've chosen hot, bland, sharp and sweet foods which in combination provide a well-balanced meal. Opulent, yes, but any *smörgåsbord* worthy of *(Continued on Page 138)*



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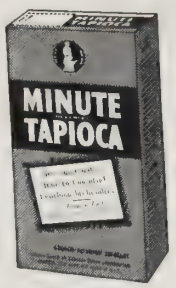
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(Continued from Page 136)

the name must be something of a spread, and this is really quite modest. It's a home version of the *smörgåsbord* one encounters in the better Swedish restaurants.

There will be three hot dishes—Swedish meat rolls, baked marrowfat beans and a casserole of salmon and oysters. I'd like to go into a description of these dishes as I list them, but I'd better step right along at a lively pace and save room for the recipes. For a cold, bland meat there will be jellied veal loaf with a garnish of radish roses and cucumber slices. The veal tastes like chicken—but I said I wasn't going to talk at this point and I'd better stick to that program. A big bowl of herring salad—indispensable—will be flanked by smaller dishes of stuffed eggs anchovy, pickled string beans with onion rings, shrimp vinaigrette and cheese. These five dishes take care of the salad and hors-d'oeuvre departments.

We must have fruit on our board, and a mold of pineapple, cranberries and apples will be just right. There will be sour cream to eat with it—the combination of fruit and sour cream is something I can't resist. For bread we'll have thin sandwiches of rye or pumpernickel and toasted rye wafers.

No *smörgåsbord* would be complete without at least one pastry, and I've held myself down to one, but it's a beauty—a Swedish tea ring as full as it will hold of candied fruit and nuts. This is not a real dessert, but it's dessert*ish*—and I think that's the right touch. A sweet, gooey dessert would be entirely too much.

Every item on this menu can be prepared in advance, and the hot food can be reheated at the scene of the party while the cold food is being arranged on serving platters. If there's food left over, it will keep beautifully. I like to have more than enough, in case people are extra hungry, but I don't like to waste a bite.

SWEDISH MEAT ROLLS

For the rolls you will need 3 round steaks cut ¼ inch thick, ½ pound lean pork and ½ pound veal ground together three times, and ⅔ pound salt pork in the piece. Lay steaks on a board, cut off fat, cover with heavy paper and pound them until they are as thin as they possibly can be without tearing. Cut steaks into strips about 2 inches wide and 5 inches long.

Put ground veal and pork into a bowl with 1 egg, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ clove garlic, minced, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 3 tablespoons bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper. Work with wooden spoon or your hands until mixture is blended and has a sticky consistency.

Remove rind from salt pork and cut into sticks about 4 inches long and ⅓ inch square. Spread slabs of steak with a layer of ground-meat mixture and place a stick of salt pork across each one, letting the ends of the salt pork project evenly beyond the sides of the steak slabs. Now roll firmly and fasten with toothpicks. Sprinkle rolls lightly with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Melt some butter or margarine in a skillet, add rolls and cook them to a rich golden brown.

Transfer rolls to a casserole, put a little more butter or margarine in the skillet and add ½ to 1 pound sliced fresh mushrooms. Cover, sauté 5 minutes and add 2½ cups consommé. Use canned consommé or make it with bouillon powder, cubes, or meat paste and water. Dissolve 5 tablespoons cornstarch in 1 cup cold top milk, add this to contents of skillet and stir constantly until thick and boiling. Add 1 tablespoon catchup and salt and pepper to taste. Pour this sauce over meat rolls, cover and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until tender—about 1¼ hours. The meat will be very tender and the salt pork will help to keep it juicy.

The raw rolls can be prepared ahead of time and baked at your convenience, or the whole job can be done in advance ready for reheating. If there are any meat rolls left over, serve them the next day with rice or noodles.

BAKED BEANS

Soak 1½ pounds dried marrowfat beans overnight in cold water. Use pea beans instead, if you like them better, but I think

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Hasko TRAYS AND ACCESSORIES

the big marrowfats are nice for a change. Drain off water in which they were soaked, cover with plenty of cold water and heat slowly to boiling point. Lower heat to simmer and cook, uncovered, until skins of beans will crack when you blow on them. After this stage is reached, cook 15 minutes more for luck.

Have ready 1 cup chopped sweet pepper, mixed green and red, if you can get the red, ½ cup chopped onion and ½ pound sliced bacon, the slices cut in half. Mix together ¼ cup dark molasses, ½ cup catchup, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ⅓ cup light brown sugar, 2 cloves garlic, minced, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper and 2 cups boiling water.

Fill pot or casserole ¼ full of beans and cover with about ¼ of the chopped peppers, onions and bacon slices. Repeat these layers until pot is full, topping with bacon slices. Pour in molasses mixture and add enough boiling water to cover beans. Put on lid and bake in a slow oven, 250°F., until beans are tender—about 8 hours. During cooking add boiling water if beans become dry. Bake them the day before if you like; I think they improve with standing. Reheat in oven or in a pan of boiling water on top of range.

SALMON-AND-OYSTER CASSEROLE

Get 2 salmon steaks weighing about ¾ pound each, and 2 dozen oysters. (If fresh or frozen salmon isn't available, substitute a 1-pound can of red salmon.) Remove bones and skin from salmon and cut steaks into large bite-size pieces. Heat 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet, add salmon chunks and sauté 5 minutes. Turn occasionally with a pancake turner, being careful not to break the chunks. Transfer salmon to casserole. I like to use a shallow casserole for this. Pick over oysters to be sure there are no bits of shell in them and drain in colander. Put a little more butter or margarine in skillet, add oysters and cook until their edges curl. Using a slotted spoon so that the juice will drain off, transfer oysters to casserole, alternating them with the pieces of salmon. Save juice in skillet to add to sauce.

In a saucepan melt 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, remove from heat, add 6 tablespoons flour and mix to a smooth paste. Stir in 2 cups milk, juice from skillet, ¼ pound American Cheddar cheese cut into small pieces, 1 teaspoon dried chervil, ½ teaspoon dried sweet basil, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon gourmet powder or other Chinese seasoning powder if you have it. Cook in double boiler or over direct heat, stirring constantly, until sauce is thick and smooth. If you like, ½ cup sherry may be substituted for ½ cup of the milk. Taste for seasoning, especially salt, and add more if needed. Pour sauce into casserole. Don't stir, but take a knife and gently lift the pieces of salmon and the oysters so that the sauce will run down between them and be evenly distributed. Sprinkle 2 or 3 tablespoons grated cheese over the top.

This much can be done in advance. Half an hour before serving put the casserole in a moderate, 350°F., oven. Just before serving put under broiler for a couple of minutes to brown the top. Garnish with parsley and eat with delight. I've served this same mixture in scallop shells as the first course of a dinner. If you try that sometime, and I do recommend it, sprinkle the filled shells with a good coating of bread crumbs and dot with butter or margarine before baking.

> No man expects a great deal from marriage. He is quite satisfied if his wife is a good cook, a good valet, an attentive audience, and a patient nurse. —ANON.

HERRING SALAD

Get 2 salt herrings, remove heads, clean and soak in cold water at least 5 hours, and longer if they are very salty. Skin fillets and cut into small pieces. Put herring in a bowl with 2½ cups cubed cooked or canned beets, 1 cup cold boiled potatoes, diced, 1 cup finely chopped onions, 1 cup cubed raw apples and ½ cup pickled sweet gherkins cut into thin slices. Add 5 tablespoons



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BAKED HAM DINNER

2 to 2½ pound smoked shoulder butt or tenderloin
Whole cloves
1 cup KARO Syrup, Blue or Green Label
½ cup water
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 medium red apples
4 medium-cooked sweet potatoes

Stud ham with cloves and place in large shallow baking dish. Combine KARO Syrup, water and vinegar, pour over ham. Bake uncovered in slow oven (325°F.) 1 hour, basting frequently. Core apples and cut into rings, ¾ inch thick. Place apples and sweet potatoes in baking dish. Continue baking 30 to 45 minutes, basting frequently.

Note: Follow above recipe for slice of ham 1-inch thick. If a half or whole smoked ham is used, cook according to label directions. One to 1½ hours before ham is done, proceed as in above recipe.



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SAVORY BAKED LIMA BEANS

● Combine one 11-oz. tin of Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup, undiluted, 2 Tbs. minced onion, 4 cups cooked lima beans, drained (or 1½ cups dry lima beans), and salt and pepper to taste. Place in casserole. Sprinkle top with buttered bread crumbs. Top with onion rings, if desired. Bake 45 min. in moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 6. Here's a nourishing dish that costs *little!*



SCALLOPED MUSHROOM POTATOES

● Combine contents of a tin of Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup, undiluted, ⅛ tsp. pepper and ½ cup milk. Pare and thinly slice 6 medium potatoes. Arrange in layers in casserole, with soup combination between layers. Cover. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 50 min. Remove cover. Bake until the potatoes are a tempting brown. Serves 6.

Taste the WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE in Heinz Soups 57



Rich Heinz Soups—perfect Lenten mainstays by themselves—make wonderful backgrounds for meatless casseroles! Cooked the old home way, these thrifty soups are rich with homespun flavors! Buy your favorite Heinz Soups today!

vinegar, 5 tablespoons salad oil, 1 teaspoon prepared horse-radish, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon pepper and 1 scant teaspoon salt. Toss with two forks until well mixed and taste for seasoning. You may need more salt—that depends on the saltiness of your herring. Make salad at least the morning of the party if not the day before.

To serve, make a high mound of the salad in the center of a bowl or plate and garnish with a circle of thinly sliced hard-cooked eggs and a border of small lettuce leaves.

PICKLED STRING BEANS

I'll give you the recipe for a small quantity, but I hope you'll remember it this summer when beans will be plentiful and inexpensive, if not growing in overwhelming abundance in your own vegetable garden.

Boil together for 10 minutes 1½ cups vinegar, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon mustard seed, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cinnamon stick and 2 cloves garlic cut into small pieces. Strain and keep hot. Remove ends from 2 pounds string beans, cover with boiling water and boil until slightly underdone. Drain beans well and while they are still hot pour the hot vinegar mixture over them. Seal in jars, or, if they are to be used soon, store in refrigerator. They should stand at least overnight before they are used.

To serve, drain beans and arrange them in a dish with plenty of small onion rings.

STUFFED-EGGS ANCHOVY

Hard-cook 9 eggs; chill thoroughly in cold water and peel. Using a sharp-pointed knife, cut a circle of small connecting V's around the center of each egg, being sure to cut all the way through the white. Hold the ends of the eggs, twist gently, pull halves apart and remove yolks. Mash yolks with a fork, add ⅛ pound soft butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper and 8 anchovy fillets, minced fine. Stir and beat until very smooth, roll into balls and put one in the center of each egg-white cup. Sprinkle yolks with paprika. The stuffed eggs look faintly like water lilies—anyhow, they're pretty. To serve, arrange in a bowl and garnish with water cress.

CHEESE

Gruyère and Swiss cheeses make a good combination. Fortunately for me, I don't have to tell you how to make them, but I'll suggest an arrangement. Remove rinds from very thin slices of Swiss cheese, put slices on a damp towel and cover with another damp towel. Let them stand a few minutes to absorb moisture and roll each slice into a small cylinder. Cut several wedges of Gruyère cheese into 3 or 4 pie-shaped pieces each. Arrange them in a circle, points out, and stand the rolls of Swiss cheese upright in the center.

SHRIMP VINAIGRETTE

Wash 1 pound fresh shrimp and plunge them into boiling water to which some vinegar has been added. Boil 8 minutes. Drain and remove shells and veins. Precooked frozen shrimp or canned shrimp may be used instead of raw. Make vinaigrette sauce by combining 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ⅓ cup salad oil, ¼ cup vinegar and a few drops garlic juice. Combine shrimp and vinaigrette several hours before serving. Arrange in a small bowl.

In arranging these five dishes on the *smörgåsbord*, the eggs anchovy, cheese and pickled string beans could occupy the same dish and they would look very pretty that way, but the shrimp vinaigrette and herring salad should be in separate bowls.

JELLIED VEAL LOAF

Get a veal knuckle or shin bone, sawed into several pieces, and 1½ pounds lean veal. Wash bones thoroughly to remove bone splinters, put in a pot with the lean veal and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil, skim and add 2 teaspoons salt, 6 peppercorns, 2 carrots and 1 stalk celery. Cover and simmer until meat is quite tender—

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about 2 hours. Remove meat from pot, turn up heat and let bones continue to boil, uncovered, to reduce liquid to about 3 cups. Strain, cool and skim off fat. Put meat through finest blade of food chopper twice. Soak 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Mix ½ cup cold veal broth with 2 tablespoons cornstarch, put rest of broth on to boil and when it is hot add cornstarch mixture and 1 teaspoon gourmet or other Chinese seasoning powder and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and boiling. Remove from heat; add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved. Pour hot thickened broth over ground meat and stir and beat until an even consistency is reached. Taste for salt and pepper. I haven't suggested any other seasoning because I think the jellied veal loaf should be bland and delicate in flavor in contrast to the other more highly seasoned foods. Oil an oblong mold, fill it with the veal and insert a knife here and there to get rid of air bubbles. Cover with wax paper and store in refrigerator until set. To serve, turn mold out in the center of a platter and garnish with radish roses and slices of cucumber. Cut some petals of tomato and leaves of green pepper. Place the tomato petals in flower shape on top of loaf, put a dot of mayonnaise in center of flower and the leaves around it.

PINEAPPLE, CRANBERRY AND APPLE MOLD

This recipe will fill a 10-inch ring mold. Soak 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Boil together 1 cup water and 1 cup pineapple juice, pour over gelatin, stir until dissolved and add 1 cup cold orange juice. Thawed frozen orange juice

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Before I got married I had six theories about bringing up children. Now I have six children and no theories. —LORD ROCHESTER.

---

is wonderful for this. When mixture is cold add ½ pound raw cranberries, ground through medium blade of food chopper, 2 cups apple, cut into small cubes, and 2 cups canned pineapple cut into chunks. Grease a ring mold, and if you're at all nervous about unmolding, line the ring with overlapping strips of cellophane about 3 inches wide. The cellophane strips should be long enough to extend above the rims of the mold. Spoon in fruit-and-gelatin mixture and chill in refrigerator until set.

When you are about ready to serve, cut 2 bright red apples in half, remove cores but not skins and slice *very* thin. Dip slices in lemon juice immediately to prevent discoloration. Turn mold out on platter, fill center with pineapple chunks and a few of the apple slices and make a border of apple slices. Have a bowl of sour cream beside the fruit mold.

SWEDISH TEA RING

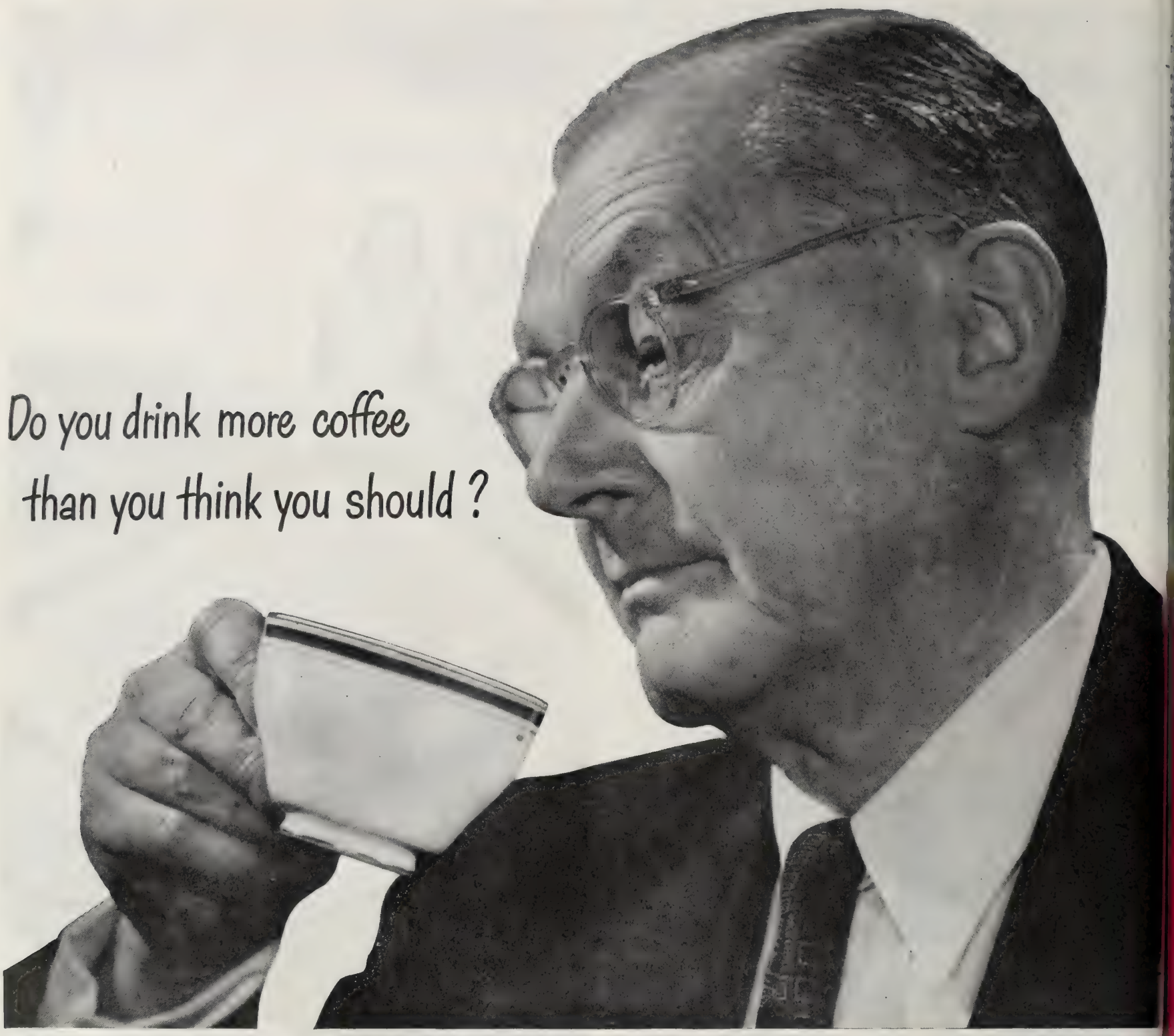
Please don't be afraid to try this. You won't find it difficult, it's a lot of fun to do, and the result—spectacular! This recipe will make 2 rings.

According to directions on package, dissolve 2 cakes fresh yeast (or 2 packages quick dry yeast) in ⅓ cup lukewarm water. Scald 1 cup milk, add ¼ cup butter or margarine and cool to lukewarm. Add 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅓ cup sugar, dissolved yeast and 2 well-beaten eggs. Gradually stir in 4¾ cups flour. Beat for a while, then turn dough onto a lightly floured board and knead until it looks smooth. Work into a ball, put in greased bowl and spread a little soft butter or margarine over top. Cover with a towel, set in warm place and let rise until double in bulk—2 to 2½ hours. Divide into 2 balls. Stretch a ball into more or less oblong shape, put it on a floured board and roll it into an oblong that measures approximately 8 inches wide, 23 inches long and ¼ inch thick. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with light brown sugar, cinnamon, ½ cup coarsely chopped nut meats and 1 well-packed cup candied fruit and white raisins mixed. For the fruit, I use cherries, pineapple and dates, all cut into small pieces.

Now, beginning at the long side, roll as you would a jelly roll and brush a little beaten egg along the final edge of dough to make it seal neatly. Bring the two ends

(Continued on Page 143)





IF YOU'RE AS FOND OF COFFEE as most people are, you probably drink it every day.

And chances are, from time to time you ask yourself, "Am I drinking more coffee than I should?"

For much as you love coffee, you know what the caffein in it can do to some people. How it can make them sleepless, nervous, irritable—and even *keep* them that way, sometimes for hours on end.

So when you, yourself, sleep poorly, or feel yourself getting tense and jittery, you start thinking about the coffee you drink. Perhaps you decide you really *must* drink less of this tempting beverage. Perhaps you even ask yourself if you shouldn't stop drinking coffee altogether.

Now . . . wouldn't it be wonderful if you could drink all the coffee you wanted without caffein effect?

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Second, Sanka Coffee is caffein-*free!* And that means *worry-free!* You can drink all the Sanka Coffee you want—at breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or far into the night—without the slightest question about caffein effect. For 97% of the caffein has been removed from Sanka. It can't possibly keep you awake, or make you feel nervous or cross!

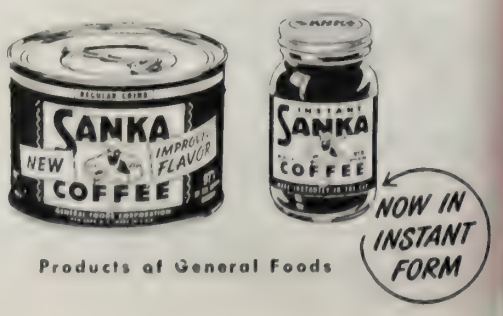
REAL COFFEE - 97% CAFFEIN - FREE

But removing the caffein doesn't detract a bit from Sanka's rich, full-bodied flavor, its tempting aroma. You still get the wonderful taste-goodness that only coffee can give you!

Start drinking Sanka tomorrow. It's real coffee, all coffee, grand coffee—so you have nothing to lose, and possibly a great deal to gain.

Sanka Coffee

Real coffee with the worry taken out. Drink it and sleep!



Products of General Foods

(Continued from Page 141)

ether to make a circle. Put beaten egg the ends and pinch them together. ransfer ring to greased cooky sheet. Pull l push until ring looks perfectly symtrical—you needn't be afraid of hang it—and be sure that the lengthwise l is at the middle of the bottom. With sors cut diagonally toward center at ich intervals almost through the ring. n outside edges of slices a little to make arations between them wider. A few es of nut and fruit will fall out, but poke them back in. Cover with towel again let rise to double in bulk—1½ to hours. Brush top delicately with cream; e in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 25 to inutes. Don't let rings get too brown. ave ready some chopped nuts and can- l cherries and pineapple and some icing le by creaming together 1½ cups conioners' sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or garine, 3 tablespoons cream and 1 teaon vanilla. While rings are still warm ad with the icing, which will run in all ctions—that's just what we want. Put lenty of icing, but don't cover entire ace as you would a cake. Sprinkle at with nuts and candied fruit.

vice. If each girl comes to the party with e of the prepared food in her hot little is, no one will be in the least overworked. what it's worth, I'll give you my idea of to distribute the jobs. If there are four les involved, No. 1 could prepare the baked beans, herring salad and pickled beans; No. 2, the salmon-oyster casserole, eggs anchovy and pineapple-cranberry mold; No. 3, the meat rolls, cheese, and tea ring; and No. 4, the jellied veal loaf, shrimp vinaigrette and sandwiches. If there are five couples, I'd do it this way: No. 1 brings baked beans, herring salad and cheese; No. 2, salmon-oyster casserole and pineapple-cranberry mold; No. 3, meat rolls and eggs anchovy; No. 4, jellied veal loaf, pickled beans and sandwiches; and No. 5, tea ring and shrimp vinaigrette. That makes a fair distribution of effort, I think, and, as nearly as I can work it out, of expense. Of course you can pool expenses and each pay her exact share.

Half an hour in the kitchen, or less, should be plenty of time to get hot dishes hot and cold dishes arranged for serving. Go as fancy as you like in arranging and decorating the food—that's part of the fun of a *smörgåsbord*. Each dish should look so appetizing and exciting that you don't know where to begin—and you end by having some of everything I'd suggest having two stacks of plates on the table, so that when you go back for a second helping—as everyone will—clean plates will be available. Be sure to have heating devices to keep the hot dishes warm, because many people like to eat the cold things first and make a second course of the hot food.

And so, in my best Swedish, *mycken mat, god mat, och mat i rättan tid.* **THE END**

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

To a very young child money is a toy. But before he's out of the nursery years he learns another use for it. You give up money and get things. Having digested that basic concept, the child is then ready to be really confused. For he discovers a little piece of money can be worth more than a bigger piece. When he clears *that* up, his problem becomes: Why can't he have enough money to buy everything he wants? At that point it isn't his problem alone, for you must help him to face the fact that there are limits to what he can have. You can do it most gracefully by taking the child into your confidence. Talk over the most important things to buy with the money you're planning to spend on him. Give his opinions weight. If he wants something reasonable that you can't afford at the time, planning with him to save for it is better than an arbitrary "No." When he grows older—about eight or nine—an allowance (if its administration isn't so rigid that money becomes *too* important) will help him work out his own judgments.



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Says
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El Segundo Home Economist

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Two more ways Carnation saves you money

1. Undiluted Carnation can be used instead of cream in many recipes—saves on shortening and eggs, too. That's because it's concentrated by evaporation—is *double rich* in all the food values of whole milk.

2. Diluted Carnation (half milk-half water) far exceeds *all* state standards for bottled milk. Use it for any recipe that calls for milk. Remember Carnation costs far less than bottled milk.



She Was A Carnation Baby—Now She's a Carnation Mother!

Mrs. Moulton knows from experience what a fine head start Carnation Milk gives to babies. She's raising her *second* "Carnation Baby"! Indeed, nation-wide surveys indicate more babies are fed on Carnation than any other evaporated milk. Ask your doctor about Carnation—it's the milk *every* doctor knows.

HEAR BUDDY CLARK—singing star of the Carnation "Contented Hour." Every Monday night on your NBC station.

Make the "6-cup Test"!

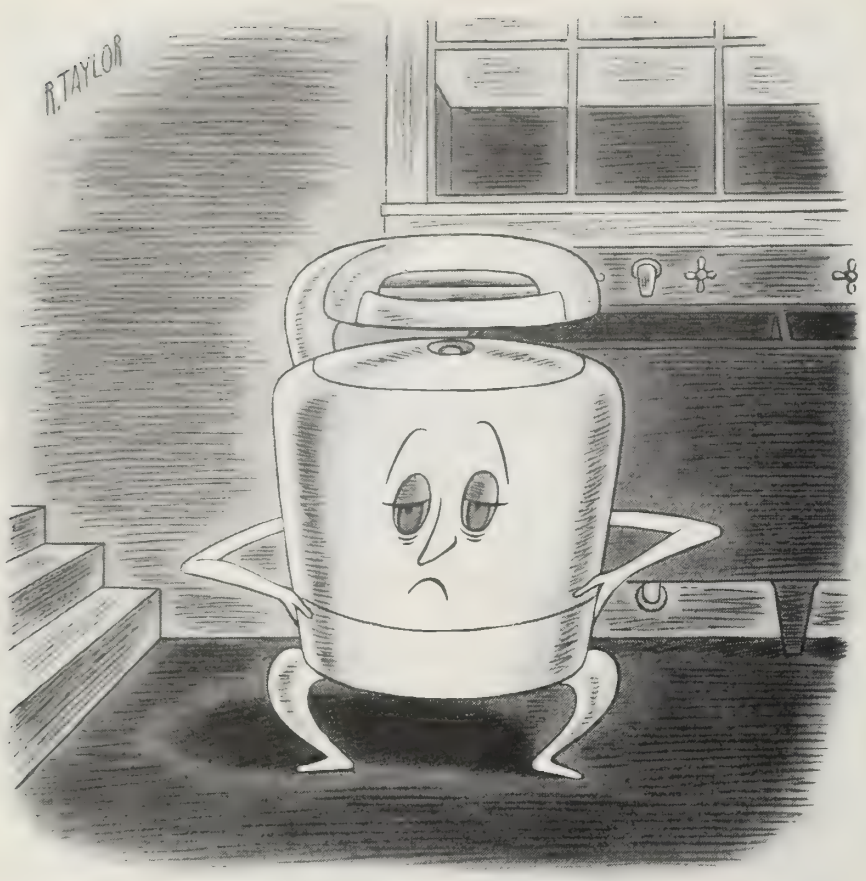
Carnation costs less than half as much as cream—yet millions of people like it better in coffee. You owe it to yourself to give it a fair trial—and one cup of coffee isn't enough. Carnation is so concentrated you'll probably use too much the first time you try it.

So drink your next 6 cups of coffee with Carnation—and vary the amount in each cup until you get the combination that suits you best. Just one can of Carnation is enough to make the test—even for a big family. It'll cost you just a few cents to find out how to save dollars—and to discover why so many coffee drinkers agree: "You can't beat Coffee 'n' Carnation."

SEND FOR the "Velvet Blend Book" giving many delicious, money-saving recipes. Carnation Company, Dept. L-39, Los Angeles 36, California.



"From Contented Cows"



All work and No Fels-Naptha...

"I'm not the complaining kind, goodness knows . . . but it does seem as though *some one* in this house would think about *me* once in awhile.

"Nobody works any harder than I do . . . week after week . . . washing the family's clothes . . . with never so much as a '*thank you*' or a pat on the wringer.

"I'm not choosy, either . . . whatever they hand me . . . fine linens; the ladies' lingerie; Junior's grubby play suits; the Boss's work clothes . . . I get the dirt out—somehow.

"Seems to me it's about time I had some capable help on this job. After all, I don't ask for *too* much . . . just some Fels-Naptha Soap."



Golden bar or Golden chips

Fels-Naptha

banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Maeve senses spring in the air, and waits for its coming with impatience.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

FOR me, the new world begins in beauty on a March morning when I look out the window and see the flying scud of white clouds against a gentian sky. How wonderful it would be if I could paint the wind on such a morning! Or catch the symphony of sound in music.

Everything is fine, with the great golden wind blowing. Blankets on the line, rugs soaking the sun in their musty winter fibers, frosty garden earth cracking to let spring in. I am a great believer in fresh air and sun on household things. The whole yard is drifted over with pillows, pads, mattresses. Drapes fling themselves about on the line. Clothes take on airy shapes of their own as they blow. And at dusk when they all come back in the house, you can smell the sun and wind on them.

The cockers get a kind of spring dementia. They race around in frantic circles, their ears standing out like sails. Their tails do stay on, but nobody knows why. Maeve looks redder than ever and is in a hunting mood. She and George's dog, Shep, go up the hill after woodchucks. Shep is a sensible fellow and Maeve is such a temperamental setter that they make an odd pair. Maeve loves to sneak up behind Shep and grab his tail and swing back on it, and when the big shepherd turns about, she whisks away, laughing heartily. He evens the score by not allowing her to ride on his truck with him when he goes with George to the fields. She has to run beside it.

An Irish setter running is a poem. A cocker is a lyric when he runs, but the long, level flight of a setter is an ode.

March meals are hearty at our house. When one exercises outdoors half the day, dinner must "stick to the ribs," as mamma used to say. *Sauerbraten* does just that, and is good for supper when the neighbors drop in. And it is so easy on the budget.

We use a 4-pound cut of beef—any pot-roast piece will do—sprinkle it heavily with salt and pepper and place it in an earthenware crock. Over this I pour 1 pint vinegar and enough water so the meat is covered, and add 3 bay leaves, 12 peppercorns, 6 cloves, salt and pepper. This marinate 12 to 18 hours in a cool place.

Then I drain the meat and brown it in a Dutch oven (a big kettle will do), u a little cooking oil if necessary to keep meat from "catching on." Then 1 b carrots, cut into thin strips, and 6 s onions go into the kettle with 2 cups o spiced vinegar the meat has tenderize I simmer slowly for 3 hours or until meat is tender. Then I add 1 tables sugar and 12 crumbled gingersnaps, cook 10 minutes longer.

As the meat cooks, more vinegar c added if necessary. We serve the brown, spicy gravy over the roast in a ish platter, and have plenty of plain potatoes to go with it. And oh, how g is! Nobody could ever dream what twelve little gingersnaps do.

Some people do not know how much a few cloves will do, either. I alway four to six cloves in stews or soups, veal roast basted with a couple of clo the basting liquid takes on a better acter. A pinch of chili powder is an excellent thing, and it is especially go breakfast eggs for a change.

THERE are so many fine seasonings days, various salts and herb blends, like the herb mustards and the garli onion salts. We keep three kinds of tard on the nearest shelf in the kitche plain mustard—and there are two b of that, each nice for certain things Bahamian mustard, which is special fo meats; the herb-flavored mustard for wiches, salad dressings, cold fowl or And Jill wants the horse-radish mus too, so she has her own jar of that o shelf. (That makes four mustards i count hers.)

Our village is growing. We now h radio shop and a drugstore, besides th cery store, garage and post office. utterly strange to drive to the tri where the roads meet and step into a ern drugstore, right out here in our v The radio shop *(Continued on Pag*

NEVER BEFORE A WASHER LIKE THIS SENSATIONAL NEW

eneral Electric All-Automatic Washer!





Does *complete* WASHING and DAMP-DRYING JOB all by itself —with one setting of the dial!

Completely automatic! Now at last, thanks to General Electric's scientific research, you can enjoy *completely automatic washing*—new washing developments found in this washer and in no other.

The General Electric *All-Automatic Washer* does the *whole* washing job for you, all by itself:

1. Automatically soaks clothes (if you set it to include soaking) with famous G-E "Activator* action," then empties soak water.

2. Mixes hot and cold water automatically to selected washing temperature—flows wash water *through* soap dispenser.

3. Washes your clothes cleaner with G-E "Activator action" and with self-cleaning filter screens that catch the dirt and lint.

4. Rinses clothes with "Activator action" in *constantly* filtered, *constantly* circulating water.

5. Spins clothes in General Electric's high-speed spinner, until most pieces are dry enough to be ironed *at once*.

6. Automatically shuts off, saving rinse water for next soak or wash; or turn control and it cleans itself out, empties, and shuts off automatically.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PLUS FAMED GENERAL ELECTRIC DEPENDABILITY!

Portable • No bolting down • Ideal balance suppresses vibration • Soaks, washes, rinses in *enough* water to keep clothes completely immersed • Dissolves soap thoroughly • Can be operated manually for blankets and fineries • Counter-height top opening • Amazingly quiet operation • "Sealed-in oil" driving mechanism never needs oiling.

There are dozens of other startling new worksaving and clean-washing features. Don't think of buying a washer until you've seen this great General Electric All-Automatic Washer—at your retailer's NOW! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

DARING 5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN GOES WITH EVERY WASHER!

Includes one-year warranty on entire washer—*plus* additional four-year protection on "sealed-in-oil" driving mechanism. Insist on a five-year protection plan when you buy your new automatic washer.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

How to catch a fine fish meal...



Any time you get a hankering for seafood, you can do something about it. Yes, *really* something! For in community after community, A&P Super Markets are "Fish Headquarters." And making them so took some tall doing.

A&P established fish and seafood purchasing offices and shipping plants at many places where famous fleets dock with their catches . . . at New York. Boston. Baltimore. Miami . . . ports along the Great Lakes . . . to be Johnny-on-the-spot to pick the best. And A&P enlisted skilled staffs of experts to buy, process and transport fish and seafood . . . and to do it all in jig time for assured quality and freshness control.

Today, hundreds of miles from fishing waters, there are seafood specialty departments in A&P Super Markets. They are manned by trained men who work with modern refrigeration and observe strict procedures for freshness protection . . . to guarantee that whatever you select will come as close as possible to giving you "right-out-of-the-water" flavor.

No matter what cooking preference you have for fresh fish or seafood . . . broiling, frying or poachi . . . your A&P Fish Department will clean and prepare your choice accordingly, and at no extra co



Correct Weight Always is the aim of all A&P people. And they want you to confirm weights. All scales are placed to let you see the dials easily.



Friendly, Willing Service is the code of every A&P and every department in it. When you visit an A&P, you're a guest . . . and will be treated so.

Your Order Is Itemized when you pay for your purchases. You are given a cash register receipt at the check-out stand to enable you to know the prices of what you have bought.



A&P

1859 - 1949 90th YEAR OF SERVICE

A&P Super Markets



YOU CAN HELP US! Have you an idea for improving the service of your A&P? If you have, please write us. We want to make your A&P the best possible place to market for food in your community. Address: CUSTOMER RELATIONS DEPARTMENT, A&P Food Stores, Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 144)

't been open a day before we were there two radios, and it was very pleasant to irst aid for the sound waves within a le of miles from the house.

it it is true that I do not like change, and t saying I liked the old days better, even : I was getting tooth paste and soap from ice new druggist. I can foresee the day we shall not really be country folk any , but a kind of extended suburbanites. wever, Jill says bitterly, we don't get express service any more, so progress quite swamping us. They took that this season. When express comes, it ar- ten miles on one side or ten miles on the , according to the whim of the express any, apparently, or it may turn up in own. Freight all goes there.

m glad we got the house furnished be- he express withdrew, because I really do ee how anybody could possibly get a delivered any more in our parts. It is a and mysterious fact that as civiliza- -or the outward evidences of it— ds farther and farther into the hinter- , at the same time it also retreats. I sup- this is another thing that is peculiarly ican.

snowdrops are out around the twenty- d. The lovely pearl-white bells seem too delicate to bear the brunt of that March wind, but they do. The first clump that opens is a cause for special celebration. The scilla is fragile, too, and so is the first pale amethyst crocus. Bloodroot and dogtooth violets—all the flowers of spring seem too frail to last out the end of the cold. And they are all the more exquisite because they seem so alone in the world.

When the peepers begin to cry in the night, I like to lie awake just to listen to the sweet, thin crying. No music can compare with it, for it is the voice of new life beginning, or a new season coming; it is the final period to the silent sentences of winter.

The swamp still looks dark and wintry in the cold light of the moon, but *in* the swamp all the little folk are stirring, and the brave song makes the heart glad.

Surely, I think, there is no grief so deep that might not be eased by the sound of the singing in spring, or no joy so perfect that might not seem even better.

Without the long winter, would we love the spring so much? I will leave that to the philosophers to answer. For myself, I can just go up to the old orchard on the top of the hill, with Honey puffing beside me, and let the great sweep of the wind blow away everything tired and old and sad and bring the sweet thunder in the blood of spring!

UNDER THE QUIET WATER

(Continued from Page 35)

d into a way of earning her living, ; those pain-racked years of her child- It wasn't an easy way, although a the town's career-minded daughters d Allie's chair, which looked impor- It wasn't an easy way, but Allie n't have changed with a queen. Tres- was her town; she had owned it all her nce those early days when her father ought bits of it home to her every day ey had chuckled over the bits together, ted them, and understood them.

sat at her big littered table under the glass window and checked carefully, third time, the names of the prize s in the Summer Fair. It was an g task. Mrs. Bill Anderson had won rst for the Best Loaf of White Bread Irs. Carl Anderson, her sister-in-law tterest enemy, had ne Second for Cro- Towel Ends. Any ion in reporting the orrectly would bring nsequences.

clipped her sheets er, satisfied at last, em on the desk and ed gratefully. Her day's work was She sat looking out at Main Street, ite seeing it for a moment; hearing in- he sounds of the office, the linotype g away in the shop at the back, Joe's shuffling irritably on his tall desk ne was making up the weekly Halliday y advertisement.

aw that Allie was through. "Allie." m-m?"

u don't spose this old fool's really g to sell catchup at three cents a He might; he gets the dangedest Joe muttered. And then, "Guess I call'm up and ask'm."

oice rumbled into the wall telephone. aid no attention. She went on watch- street. She wasn't exactly part of that went on beyond that window. uldn't hold a thing off and look at it and impersonally and still be part d to hold the town off and look at it n the thing her father had drummed all her life, when she was a five-year- ting down to the office with a note for nned on her sweater, when she was d had to stay in bed most of the time. n't let it get you," he'd said to her d over. "Don't have any of it, don't ny of it. None of it's yours, and as you remember that, it's all yours. n't buy it or sell it, but you can look at it and handle it and have as much fun collecting it as any man with cupboards full of jewels."

So Allie sat and watched, and thought about the people, and about what went on in their lives and minds. They were all familiar people; there were few newcomers to Tressady, few strangers. Of late years there had been a few changes along Main Street; not many. Across from the Courier there was a small new building which housed the two latest comers. One side of the building was a lawyer's office; the other was a lending library and gift shop, with a magazine counter and a candy bar and a few shelves of toys.

When the word had gone around three years ago that such an establishment was opening, everybody thought the idea was ridiculous. A stranger, coming into Tressady and starting up a business—he'd go under in no time, everybody said. And he was a queer little man. His name was Horace Pottle, and he wore thick glasses behind which his eyes looked slitted and even rather frightening. Maybe it was his odd appearance which had helped him; he was such an object of curiosity that people went into his little shop to get a look at him—and he had worked up a really good business.

Borrow trouble for yourself, if that's your nature, but don't lend it to your neighbors. —KIPLING.

Two people were going into Horace Pottle's now, and he came to the door to open it for them. The sun glinted for a second on his thick glasses. The two people were Mrs. Carling, the doctor's wife, and Norah James, who did a lot of special nursing for Doctor Carling and often stayed at the Carlings'. Somebody had said the other day that Horace Pottle was trying to make up to Norah James, which might be true. Allie didn't like the idea very much. Norah James wasn't very attractive, and she was getting to the age when perhaps almost any man looked better than none; she had always been bothered about not marrying, and was developing a sort of high-pitched nervousness that betrayed an inner anxiety. Still ——

The wide screen door of the Courier banged suddenly open, and Ralph Harland came in. He was the principal of the high school now, and much finer-drawn than anyone would have expected the town's one-time football hero to be. He looked bad today, white and drawn, and much older than his thirty-five years. He glanced quickly around the office, at Joe still standing at the telephone arguing with Mr. Halliday, and came over to

(Continued on Page 149)

"I commend to you our pleasant California custom of the Olive Bowl"—*says* KATHLEEN NORRIS



Queen of American authors, Kathleen Norris is beloved by millions of readers. In addition to her prodigious output of 73 novels (her latest, *High Holiday*, is just out) and countless heart-warming stories for the top magazines, brilliant, energetic Kathleen Norris has found time for family and national affairs — and is noted for her hospitality.

"It's an easy, well-liked gesture of hospitality when friends drop in...an enjoyable "first course" when just the family comes to table"

"I'M GLAD TO HEAR our good California custom is becoming so popular throughout America today," writes Kathleen Norris. "Do try it at your house soon, if you haven't already: simply fill a generous bowl with your favorite brand of California ripe olives and set them out for all to enjoy. Compliments never fail you."

Ripe olives from California fill an honored place in the diet. Among other food values, California ripe olives offer you nourishing protein...and they're a source of Vitamin A, and iron. *But the reason California ripe olives are famed throughout the world is FLAVOR!*

Bite into one. Here's plump, meaty goodness. Here's good eating. Have another...enjoy all you want! (Yes, even if you're a "calorie-counter." For 8 to 10 California ripe olives just about equal 100 calories.)



Good Eating!



How long since you've enjoyed 'em? Get some!

Ripe Olives from CALIFORNIA

This advertisement is published by the growers and processors of California ripe olives, acting together as the Olive Advisory Board. All California ripe olives are held to standards of quality, strictly graded and correctly labelled.



Tropical Fruit Mold

1 package Orange Jell-O
2 cups hot water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup sliced banana (1 medium)
½ cup orange sections, free from membrane
4 dates, sliced lengthwise

Oranges, dates, bananas held captive in a mold of Orange Jell-O. Watch the faces rour brighten up for this one! A recip again and again—for salad or dess

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add Chill until slightly thickened, then f Pour into loaf pan and chill till firm mold, double the recipe.)

For salad: Unmold on crisp greens, garnish with whipped cre naise, and sprinkle with Baker's Shredded Coconut.

For dessert Unmold, garnish with whipped cream, and sprinkl nut. Makes 5 or 6 servings.

JOLLY 'EM UP WITH JELL-O

BRAND GELATIN DESSERT

SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS



Grapefruit Julep Cup

1 package Lime Jell-O
2 cups hot water
2 to 16 canned or fresh grapefruit sections, free from membrane

Shimmering cubes of Lime Jell-O with juice-laden sections of grapefruit... a bright exclamation point of refreshing flavor at the end of a hearty dinner!

Dissolve Jell-O in 2 cups hot water. Pour into 9x9x2-inch pan and chill till firm. Cut in 1-inch cubes. Arrange in sherbet glasses with grapefruit sections. Makes 4 or 5 servings.

Strawberry Peach Quickie

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
2 cups hot water
1 cup drained canned sliced cling peaches

Flavors from the orchard and the berry patch meet in this simplest of Jell-O family treats! (Bless Jell-O's "locked-in" flavor for that right-off-the-vine taste of strawberry!)

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. When slightly thickened, fold in peaches. Turn into serving bowl and chill until firm. Makes 5 or 6 servings.



JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE MAR

(Continued on Page 152)



When a fellow welcomes hospitality

you want to be technical, "hospitality" comes from a Latin word meaning rest and entertainment. If you want to be practical, it means, "Have a Coca-Cola." And that means refreshment, friendliness, relaxation—so casual, so complete.



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THE KRIPPENDORF-DITTMANN CO. • CINCINNATI 2 • OHIO

GLAMOROUS MODELS shampoo without water

Have shining clean hair *always*, the way lovely Barbizon School models do—with Minipoo!

WAVE STAYS IN! You'll thrill to the glorious sheen Minipoo restores—without disturbing wave.

QUICK! EASY! No water, soap, drying. With handy mitt, fragrant Minipoo removes oil, dirt, odors in 10 minutes.







10 MINUTE *DRY* SHAMPOO

30 Shampoos and Handy Mitt in each Package

Cosmetic Distributors, Jersey City, N. J.

NOW A COMPLEXION CLAY THAT MAKES SKIN LOVELIER

CLEANS PORE OPENINGS • REDUCES SKIN BLEMISHES

WORKS WONDERS WITH TIRED LINES IN FACE



Look better, feel better, after the first application with Hopper White Clay Pack.[R] See for yourself how this amazing facial pack cleans pore openings, helps tighten the tired lines in your face and loosen blackheads which can then be easily removed. Yes, you can thrill at the new loveliness of your complexion, the radiant, tingling feeling that is yours after a facial with Hopper Clay Pack. It's easy to use, costs only a few cents. At drug or cosmetic counters.

CORNS



Removed by Mosco, also Calluses. Quick, easy, economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

MOSCO ★ CORN ★ REMOVER

MATERNITY DRESSES WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

Smart, youthful styles for Morning, Street or Afternoon at low budget prices. Charming fashions with concealing lines for the mother-to-be. Also Maternity Corsets and Lingerie.

SPRING STYLES

CRAWFORD'S DEPT. A 729 BALT. AVE. Kansas City 6, Mo.

(Continued from Page 150)

lot of the worst of the fighting. He was in the Normandy landing. He was at Caen. We all thought it had been especially hard on him because he was so thoughtful and fine. He improved as the summer went along—seemed to get settled down, to take more interest in things. Then, in November, when his wife and the two little girls were visiting her people in Riverport, he—well," Allie said in a low voice, "he shot himself. There, in the little house. So ——"

"No explanation?"

"None."

"Why do people think he did it?" Danny March asked, and looked carefully at his brown knuckles.

"Nobody has any idea. His wife never came back. We've never seen her. She went to pieces, people said. I don't blame her. Financially she's all right; Bruce left her quite a lot, although he wasn't a bit wealthy, but enough insurance and investments to bring up the children. And her people are well-to-do. It's quite a mystery, because except for Bruce's thinness and sort of . . . troubledness when he first came home, everything seemed fine. Nobody can even imagine what happened unless he was one of those serious neurotic cases you hear about—and it's hard to believe that of Bruce."

"I suppose there'd be plenty of gossip, after a thing like that."

"Plenty of talk, but there was nothing to hang it on, except the actual death. Everybody liked Bruce and his wife. She wasn't carrying on with other men. Bruce's affairs were in good order. He just—well, he just stopped, that's all."

DANNY MARCH sat silent. Allie glanced up at him, at the lean brown face under the thick waves of dark unruly hair. Just for a fleeting instant he reminded her of someone, but she couldn't place the resemblance.

The six-o'clock bell in the town-hall tower rang out suddenly. It roused Danny. He started the car again.

"Catherine North is Judge Spencer's daughter, isn't she? Top of the hill?"

"Haven't you met her?"

"She doesn't seem to go out much."

"She's a pianist. She practices most of the time. She has her little son too. Her husband was killed overseas and she brought the baby home, to live with her father."

"Her husband didn't come from around here?"

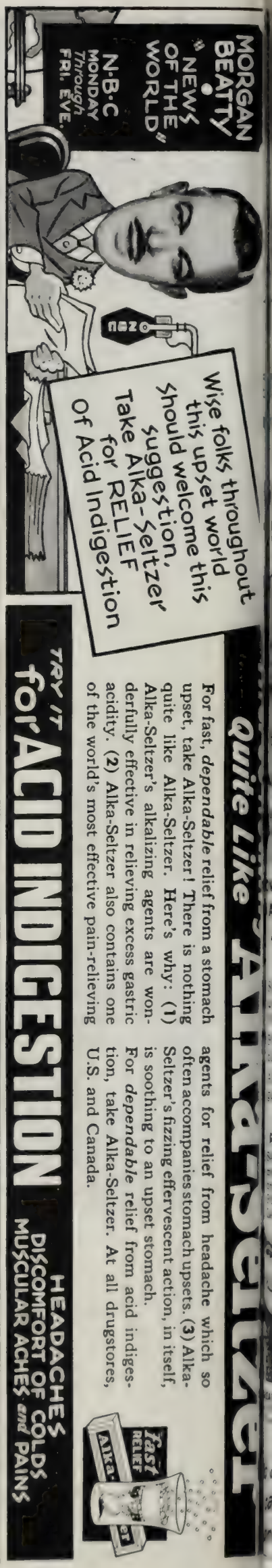
"No, he was an Englishman. None of us knew him. Catherine met him when she went abroad to study. They were married during the early blitz, I think—we didn't hear from her for months afterward. Everything was so confused just then."

The car stopped at the grilled iron gate set into the Spencer hedge. Danny March said lightly, "I saw Mrs. North on the street one day. She's a very beautiful girl."

Allie went up the path thinking about Danny March, until the sound of Catherine's piano caught at her mind. She stopped beside the hawthorn tree and listened, head bent. The piano went on and on, and Allie would have known that delicate, exquisite touch if she had heard it coming from the caverns under the sea. She had spent thousands of hours listening to Catherine at her piano; all the years when they were growing up had been set to Catherine's music.

It was Bach that Catherine was playing today, and the notes came clear and flawless in what, if one didn't know Catherine, would nave been considered a beautiful rendition. Even Allie had to listen carefully to be sure that everything wasn't beautiful and perfect. But she was sure. Catherine was clinging to Bach's precision and formality as a drowning person clings to a rock. She was playing with her fingers and with her training, nothing else.

It wouldn't have been so hard to understand if Catherine had been like this when she first came back, nearly two years ago, with her husband only newly dead. But she had been marvelous then, strong and courageous and with a kind of inner quiet as if she had learned to look beyond death and time. Now her fingers went on and on; they would



never stop, they would never let the music end.

The garden below the porch was beautiful, smooth green lawn sloping down past the round lily pool, below it to the long terrace where the judge's treasured roses were. A hummingbird came flashing out of nowhere and hung almost invisible above the pink peonies beside the porch.

Allie sat down in the wide porch swing. She moved it back and forth once, and it gave out the old familiar creak. Catherine always heard that sound no matter how deep she was in the music. She went right on playing now until she finished the concerto. Then she pushed the screen open silently and came out. She sat down in the wicker chair across from the swing. She didn't look at Allie in the old way. She just sat there, as still as a statue.

Allie's throat hurt her. She swallowed firmly and made up the words she was going to say. She had been making them up for a long time, but they didn't stay made. She had to say them sometime and today was the time. This was a queer day, full of dark places. This was the day to talk to Catherine.

But Catherine didn't intend to talk. She gave Allie a quick look and then got up, to stand tall and lovely in her pink linen dress. She looked down Main Street and said abruptly, "There seems to be some sort of commotion downtown. I can see a lot of people running. Is there a fire, Allie?"

After a minute Allie said in a low voice, "Are they running down to the wharf?"

"I think they are. Why? Has something happened?"

Allie got off the porch swing. "I think I'd better go home," she said. "I think I'd better go, Catherine."

I speak truth, not so much as I would, but so much as I dare; and I dare a little the more as I grow older. —MONTAIGNE.

Catherine gave her a sharp glance. "I'll come with you," she decided.

Allie's house was on the other side of the hill, which had been landscaped to make the town's little park. The park overlooked the river; the path through the park was at one point almost directly above the wharf.

The two girls walked quickly, in silence. As they approached the river the sound of voices grew louder. A crowd had obviously gathered at the wharf, excited, nervous. The park ahead of them was moving with figures, with people hurrying from all directions to see what had happened at the river. The water there was thirty feet deep, out beyond the drop. It was a dangerous river, swift and treacherous and dark.

There were people crowded thick along the low wharf railing, peering over one another's shoulders along the bank. A big truck stood on the wharf, its back to the river, its engine turning heavily, thick ropes straining back from its rear axle. The ropes went down into the water, and something was attached to them. It was a car, a long coupé, coming, as the truck edged forward, slowly, reluctantly, out of the hidden depths.

Catherine stood motionless. Someone had come up to stand on Allie's other side. It was Mrs. Godfrey, dressed in her best mauve voile, with the minute book of the missionary society clutched in her hand.

"It's her, all right," she was saying. "That's her car." She lowered her voice. "Maybe she did it on purpose," she told Allie. "She always was a wild thing."

The car slid up to the planks of the wharf. The big truck skidded back a foot and a horrified gasp went up from the crowd. But it stopped, moved forward slowly. The long coupé settled on the wharf, water streaming from its shining black sides.

Dick Treherne was there on the wharf, but as the car came to stand on its own four wheels, he did not move. His face was set and hard, blank, as if he were dazed. It was Doctor Carling who stepped forward, after an instant's hesitation, and put his hand on

ENTISTS SAY:

Colgate Tooth Powder with the 2-minute routine Gets Teeth Sparkling And Super-Clean



OVER 4,000 DENTISTS, IN A NATIONWIDE SURVEY, APPROVE THIS EASY CLEANING METHOD

Simply brush teeth for two minutes, morning and night, with Colgate Tooth Powder.

Brush *all three* surfaces—front, back, and biting edges of teeth.

Always brush *away* from the gums.

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the edge of the open window above the driver's seat. He looked inside the car. He moved back. He shook his head.

Dick Treherne moved a step then. He came, without knowing, to stand beside Ralph Harland, so that for a moment the two faces were together. Ralph was the color of death, but Dick had not lost his ruddiness. There was still a kind of unbelief in his expression, an impatience.

"Why," Mrs. Godfrey muttered, beside Allie, "she isn't in the car after all. You don't suppose she just let it go off the wharf by itself, do you? I wouldn't put it past her, if she wanted to give that Dick Treherne a good scare. I wouldn't put it past her. She always was a crazy wild thing."

A sudden wave of relief went over Allie, so that she almost liked Mrs. Godfrey. She felt the blood beginning to run in her veins again. But Catherine was still turned to stone, except that she put one of her long hands up to her throat and stood with it there.

The professional diver had been standing there in the crowd all the time; of course, it would have been he who put the ropes on Viola's car. But it was only as he stepped foward that Allie became aware of him. Doctor Carling came to stand beside him, to speak to him. The doctor's voice could not be heard, but his meaning was plain. He gestured, he moved his hands. Somebody behind him handed him a rope with a steel hook fastened to the end.

The doctor was saying, "When you find her, fix the hook through her belt—fasten it there, boy, through her clothes."

THE diver began his breathing. It was horrible breathing, deep and harsh. The crowd was utterly silent, its own breath stopped. The diver's chest rose and fell, rose and fell. Then, suddenly, with no warning, he was gone—down into the black water, deep, deep, with the rope held fast in his hand.

"Say," Mrs. Godfrey whispered, "she must be down there after all! What would make her do a thing like that? She must've been drinking. I guess that's it. There's too much drinking goes on nowadays, Allie. It's the cause of a lot of misery. You ought to do something about it in the paper. Look at Bruce Whitney, shooting himself last fall. They said you couldn't smell it on him, but Doctor Carling always did try to cover things up like that. It isn't as if he'd always been in Tressady, like I have, and really felt for the good of the town."

It was an endless time before the diver's blue cap came up and pierced the water. There were fifty hands stretched out to help him to the wharf. He came up to the planks. He lifted his right hand and gave up the rope to Doctor Carling.

"Okay," he said in a loud, harsh voice. "You better get a boat. The hook might slip. She's a long way down."

Catherine turned. She left Allie's side and began to walk away toward her home. But in a second her steps began to quicken until she was running. She flew down the path and through the woods, and in only a minute the pink dress had vanished between the trees.

"Well," Mrs. Godfrey said flatly, "she certainly got upset. What's all this got to do with her, I'd like to know?"

Allie went slowly down the lane leading into her own garden. The hedge needed trimming. It was ragged and untidy. Once in the garden, the untidiness stopped short. Jessie's flower beds had been combed and brushed, the stems were stiff and prim, and every one of the flowers had been scrubbed with soap and water.

Jessie was standing in the door, waiting, her hair pinned neatly into its round flat knot on the crown of her head. She said flatly, "You're late, Allie."

"Yes."

Jessie's eyes went over her sharply, as if to make sure that nothing was missing. Jessie's eyes had been going over her that way for a long time. "You look clean tuckered out. I didn't know it was a hard day. It's only Monday. Something happened?"

"Happened?" Allie repeated, her mind still lost



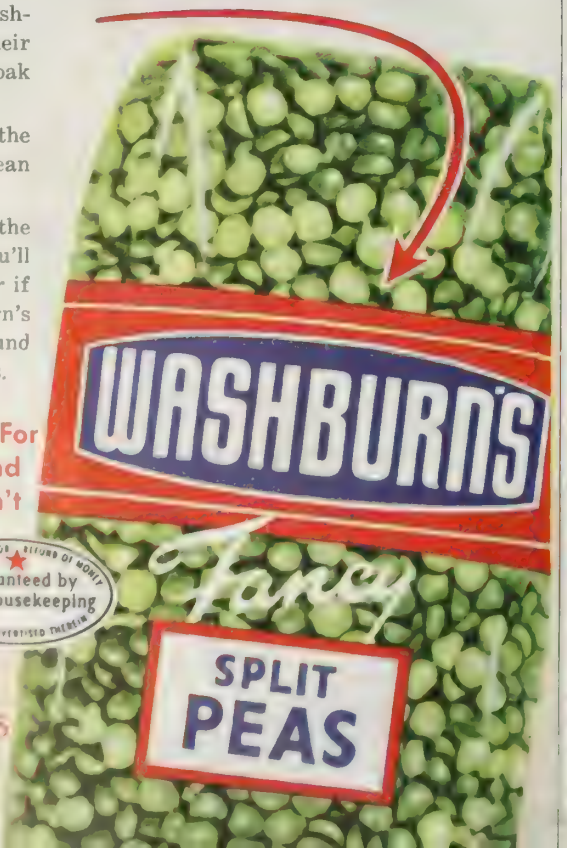
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better than I what might have been in Viola's mind. Far better than anybody, except ——" She stopped.

"Except?"

"Dick, of course," Allie said quickly.

Doctor Carling's eyes rested on her flushed face for an instant. He turned. "I don't like inquests," he said wearily.

Mrs. Carling moved quickly about her shining, immaculate kitchen, preparing breakfast for her husband and Norah James, who was staying with the Carlings, as she so often did when she had a day or two between cases. Norah ate a substantial breakfast, as Mrs. Carling did herself. Evan, the doctor, was becoming more and more difficult about his food. Mrs. Carling cut a big grapefruit for herself and Norah, sprinkled the carefully segmented halves thick with powdered sugar and set them back in the refrigerator to chill. She squeezed oranges for Evan.

She moved into the bright dining room and laid the table quickly. There was a long mirror between the wide dining-room windows, set there deliberately. Mrs. Carling stopped in front of it in the course of her work and regarded herself evenly. She looked at the tremendous bulk and the unmanageable white hair. The sharp little jet eyes in the mirror were hard. She loosened slightly the tight sash of her crisp apron and tied the bow with firm fingers.

Her husband came downstairs, walking slowly. He was still a young man, fifteen years younger than she was; he was only forty-two. But he was aging fast. His hair was quite gray at the temples and there were a great many lines around his eyes. He looked particularly bad this morning, as if he had had a restless night.

She said affectionately, "I didn't hear you go out in the night, dear. Did you have a call?"

He got a glass of water at the sink. "No. No calls."

"You don't look very rested."

"I didn't sleep very well."

He sat down listlessly at the head of the table and took up his napkin. He sipped at his black coffee. His wife's eyes went over him again.

"Evan, what are you going to do about an inquest on the dead girl?"

That was what was worrying him, of course. He hadn't enjoyed the inquest on Bruce Whitney. There had been state police at that inquest, and as coroner, Evan had been rather in the limelight. However, it had gone off quite well after all. Now it appeared that the same situation had arisen again, not at all a pleasant situation.

"What are you going to do, Evan?" she repeated.

He moved his fork on the fresh white cloth. "What do you advise?" he inquired.

She buttered herself another piece of toast before she answered, and took a large spoonful of strawberry jam. Her jams had all turned out wonderfully well this year. Adding lemon juice gave the strawberry just the extra fillip it needed. Unfortunately, she hadn't done enough jam, not at the rate it was vanishing. That was because the women's auxiliary had had a bazaar right in the middle of the strawberry season, and she had promised—and of course had fulfilled the promise—to dress twenty dolls for them. Her dolls were quite famous now, with their costumes made out of the exquisite bits of fabrics people sent her from all over the country, and there wasn't any item in the bazaar that meant so much to the funds of the auxiliary. The dolls had to come first, of course, and so the jam supply had suffered.

Part of her mind was on jam and dolls, but the other part was fixed carefully on what Evan had said, and upon what he was thinking. She said thoughtfully, "I think an inquest would be a great pity. I can't see that anyone would benefit through holding it. Do you?"

"I might be seriously criticized if I did not hold one."

"By whom, Evan?"

(Continued on Page 159)

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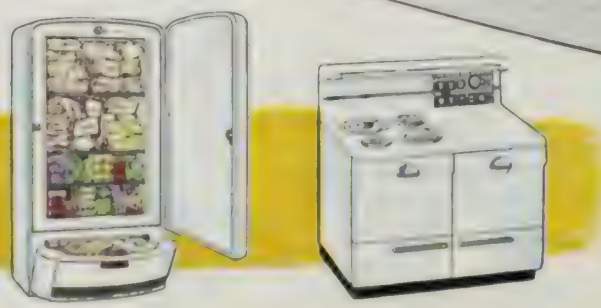
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(Continued from Page 157)

e was silent.

t seems to me that it all depends on . attitude you take from the beginning. e you suggested so far that you think her n might be anything but an accident?"

have been very careful not to."

Has anyone else suggested it?"

Not to me. Quite the opposite."

Do you think it occurs to anyone that h night have driven into the river delib- ly?"

e sat down his coffee cup and looked at He said, "You get around the town, sa, in all the gossip circles. Have you d anything anywhere which would sug- that there was any reason for Viola erne to wish to die? Have you heard ne say that . . . she has appeared to be ppy of late, living under a strain?"

No," she said at last. "I can't recall hav- eard a hint of it. I have heard, Evan, if don't mind my mentioning it, that *you* ar to be living under a strain. A number ople have asked me whether or not you ell."

e took his left wrist in his right hand and ed it heavily, over and over, in the liar gesture which he used so uncon- sly. It was as if he felt shackles on his s and was trying to wrest them off.

am perfectly well," he said harshly.

always tell people that you are," she pleasantly. "But to go back to the est—I really don't that you need to e everyone go igh that unpleas- ess again. If I were my dear, I should old Milligan this ning—it is still gan who is police f, isn't it?—and se of the matter n accident. And, u are clever, you suggest to Allie an that the Courier t be well advised evote a great deal pace in the next to insisting that council erect a e there on the highway across the en- e to the wharf, and at once. You can to Allie Jordan—she's a gentle little , quite pliable, I'm sure."

She may not be as pliable as she looks," id briefly. "However ——" He got up. haps you are wise," he said.

e poured herself another cup of coffee put the rich cream in generously. She "I'm sure I am, Evan. It will save one so much trouble, in the end." , as he was starting toward the door, by the way, dear—just stop at the ge, will you, and tell them I'll want my nished by tomorrow? I've got to go into city—I'm almost out of things for the clothes and I'm sure Aunt Ida will have ved dozens of parcels for me. I haven't in for weeks."

hen he was gone she drank her coffee ctively and had just another small cor- of toast. Evan really was not himself e days. He really acted all the time as ere was something dreadful on his mind.

was just after lunch on Tuesday when ace Pottle came across Main Street to Courier, walking with his usual mincing, ful steps. He was carrying a book. He ed his glasses and ran a finger under the r of his badly fitting greenish jacket as tepped up to the sidewalk. He pushed the wide screen door and came in.

Good afternoon," he said politely to at her desk, and to Joe at the wide e-up stand. "A very nice afternoon, Miss an. Not too hot for you, Mr. Burns?"

It's seasonable," Joe said agreeably.

I brought you a book," Horace Pottle him, and laid it on the top of the low ier beside the swing door opening from 's section into Joe's.

e pushed up his green eyeshade and came . He lifted the book. It was very thick. Allie could see the title on the green jacket. It was The Search for Atlantis.

"Hum-m-m-ph," Joe said thoughtfully. He riffled the pages. "M-m-m-m," he said appreciatively.

Allie got up and went to stand beside him. The book was filled with beautiful color plates of fishes, like jewels, flashing through black water. Joe's deepest passion, long hidden from everyone, even Allie, was submarine exploration. He knew a lot about the oceans of the world. But nobody had found that out until Horace Pottle came along.

"Looks like quite a book," Joe decided.

"I've had it in for several days, but I forgot about it. I'd be grateful if you'd read it and give me your considered opinion of it, Mr. Burns."

ALLIE looked at Horace Pottle. "I suppose you always try to classify your books according to the real tastes of people."

He turned quickly and smiled. "Oh, certainly," he said. "That's the secret of my business. It's the same with all my stock—the magazines and the toys, even the candy. One must get to know each individual and sense his tastes, often before he knows what they are himself."

Allie said, "Do you keep a record of us all?"

His smile was gentle. "Only in my mind," he said. "I do not need paper. Three years in Tressady have given me an opportunity to know most of its people fairly well."

Joe was hunched over his book, now, going through it completely absorbed.

Allie said, "I suppose you could give quite a good interpretation of character of each of us, Mr. Pottle, from your careful observations?"

He came across to her desk and sat down gingerly in the chair across from her. "I should never do such a thing, of course," he said. "It would be much too revealing in many cases, and not quite fair. People do not always know that they give themselves away in their choice of reading."

Joe shut The Search for Atlantis abruptly. "I got to get back to work," he said. "This looks pretty good to me, Horace. I'll sure enjoy it."

Mr. Pottle rose. He said, "I should have brought it before. But the human mind is very odd. I was only reminded of this particular book because of our tragedy yesterday evening. I found myself thinking of the power of the earth's waters—they are full of potential tragedy. They are also full of sunken treasure, I was comforting myself, and of mystery. And so I was reminded of this book." He turned back to Allie. "I hear this morning that there is to be no inquest," he said. "Is that decided?"

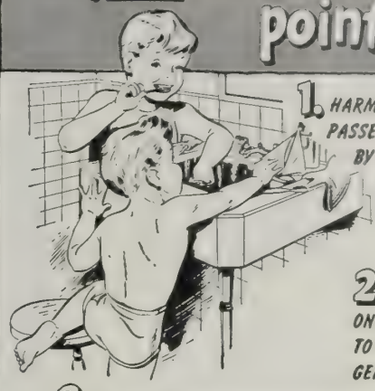
Allie took up her long yellow pencil and slid it up and down in her fingers. "Doctor Carling says he is convinced that it was an accident," she said. "He was Viola's doctor and he says he has seen her several times lately for minor things and that she was in good spirits. And Dick says she was never a good driver—always had her mind anywhere but on the road. They both think she came down the hill too fast, and couldn't quite make the curve. Council is meeting now to vote money for a strong steel barrier there at the entrance to the wharf. It should have been erected long ago."

Horace Pottle rubbed a forefinger thoughtfully across his temple. "Perhaps it is wise not to hold an inquest," he said. "Nothing would be gained." Then, "I can believe that Mrs. Treherne did not keep her mind on her driving. Her reading was all of the lurid and sensational type—she liked none of the deep, steady things. If my opinion had been asked, I should have recommended long ago that the responsibility of handling a

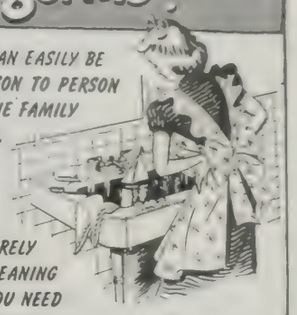
"Sweetwater Bill" Gates, a prospector who made a fortune during the Klondike gold rush, is one of the few men who have literally believed their sweethearts worth their weight in gold. In a reckless moment, he asked the girl to step into the container on one side of a pair of scales. Then he began piling gold dust and nuggets into the other side. After putting 120 pounds of the precious metal on the pan, the beam balanced. Sweetwater Bill gestured grandly. "There, little girl," he said fondly, "it's all yours."

—GEORGE STIMPSON.

Is your wash basin a "transfer point" for germs?



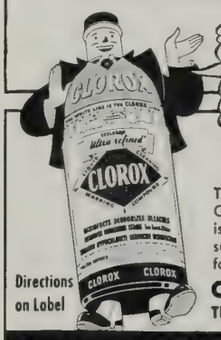
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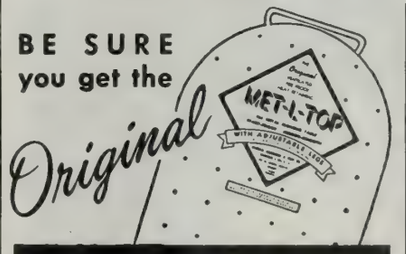
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motorcar might be too exacting if any sort of crisis arose."

He bowed, an odd stiffish little bow, and went out and across Main Street again. Two or three children were waiting for him inside his store. Allie looked after him, thinking about him.

Joe said, "Your voice don't sound just natural, talking to that little feller, Allie. Don't you like him?"

"Not very much," Allie said briefly.

"You're just like all the wimmen," Joe said disgustedly. "Just because he has to wear them thick glasses and walks funny and ain't six feet tall with curly hair, you wimmen don't like him. He's a good little guy. He means all right. The kids is crazy about him, and the old folks." He looked at her curiously. "It ain't really like you to be bad-tempered about anybody, Allie. You pretty upset about Viola?"

"Oh," Allie said crossly, "of course I'm upset about Viola. Who isn't? But that hasn't got anything to do with ——" She stopped. "I don't know *what's* the matter with me," she said angrily. "Joe, tell Ike to go out and get me a Coke, will you? Or two Cokes, or something. Or maybe an aspirin. I think I must be coming down with something."

An hour later Danny March's car stormed down the street and stopped at the Courier door. Danny made two steps across the sidewalk and banged the door after him. He walked over to Allie's desk.

He said coldly, "What's this I hear about no inquest on Mrs. Treherne? Why isn't there to be an inquest?"

Allie looked at his set face and angry eyes. She said after a minute, "I'm not the coroner."

"You know everything about this town. Most things, anyway," he amended. "More than anybody else. Why isn't there to be an inquest?"

"Nobody seems to think it's necessary."

"Who is *nobody?*"

"The coroner. Her husband. The chief of police. Council."

"I see," he said coldly. "And you agree too?"

"I haven't anything to say about it."

"Oh, yes, you have. You have more than anybody else to say about it. If you wanted an inquest you could have one. You can do anything, with the paper to do it with. Why don't you take an opportunity like this to get things straightened out around here? You're sitting in a man's chair. Why don't you either do a man's job or get out and let somebody hold it down who can?"

"Hey, there," Joe said belligerently, from the other side of the barrier. "Who do you think you are, young man? What do you think you're doing, coming in here telling Allie how to run the paper?"

Allie put out a hand. "Just—just a minute, Joe," she said gently. Then, to Danny March, "Do you think it matters a great deal whether there's an inquest on Viola Treherne or not?"

"I think it matters damn all, if you want to know," he said bitterly. "Nothing would come out of it. But to let the thing go by, when it might be—when it could be ——" He stopped.

"You know," Allie said under her breath, "I *don't* know what you're talking about. But I want to. If you'll tell me who you are—and why you're in Tressady—and what you mean ——"

Joe looked at her sharply, and back at Danny March.

March said, "I'm sorry." Their eyes met, and his were steady now, and thoughtful again. "I'm sorry," he said again. He looked from her to Joe and back again. "I came here to —— I'm Bruce Whitney's cousin," he said abruptly. His words hung in the air. He went to the door. "Maybe you could think that one over," he said; and then, "Allie, doesn't anybody have any idea about what's going on in this town?"

A wise Frenchman said you can generally win if you are careful not to triumph.
—DEAN INGE: Our Present Discontents (Putnam & Co., Ltd.).

Allie watched Danny March climb into h car again and go off down the street. He h called her Allie, and he had asked if anybo had any idea what was going on in Tressad He had sounded like her own people, the for a minute. He was Bruce Whitne cousin. He *was* her own people.

Doesn't anbody know what's going on Tressady?

Joe sat down in the chair at the corner Allie's desk. "He make you feel bad?" asked harshly.

"Not me personally. Not for me. Joe, anything going on in Tressady?"

"He's got me pure stymied, Allie," told her. "I don't know what he's talki about. There ain't nothin' could go on Tressady; not much, anyway. What diff ence does it make if he's Bruce Whitne cousin? He don't think we got a mu derer loose around here, does he? He thin somebody shot Bruce Whitney and som body hung on the edge of Viola's car a made her drive into the river?"

Allie turned her garnet ring round a round on her finger. It was loose aga Maybe she was worrying more than Dan March knew, more than she knew hers

She reached out for her telephone a called Central. She asked for Ralph H land's house. Dolly answered.

"Dolly, is Ralph at home? May I sp to him?"

Dolly had a little girl's voice, edgy shallow. She said, "He's just about ne at home, Allie. He's up at the school, in office. It's two-six-three, if you want h If it's about the sch fair, the board's made selections."

"Thanks, Dolly," A said, and hung up. Tl she asked Central to r Ralph.

The telephone rang times before he answer His voice was low a dead.

Allie said, "Are you alone up there, Ralp Can I come up and talk to you?"

There was a long silence. "Could we le it for a day or two, Allie?"

"It isn't the school fair. Are you alone

"Yes."

"Stay in your office," Allie said, and h up the receiver. She said to Joe, "You d know where I am, Joe. And maybe I won' back."

"Well," Joe said, "okay."

The wide bare corridors of the sq brick school building on top of the echoed to the sound of Allie's footsteps. faintly irregular rhythm brought abou the little drag of the left foot was ter obvious here. When she heard it Allie her chin a little higher, as her father taught her to do; but she found herself se suddenly the long free strides that Da March took as he crossed the street, freedom and ease with which he leaped his car. She found herself thinking, to Catherine—so beautifully made, so and strong-boned and perfect. They—th look well together, those two.

She tapped on Ralph's door, at the h of the stairs. She opened it, and he sitting at his desk with his head down in arms, not aware of her. She pulled a c over beside the desk and sat down in it put a hand on his arm. He moved sligh and then, after a minute, raised his h

"I guess you've got to tell me abou now, Ralph. Maybe it would be good you to talk, anyway. I don't think it's happy to bear things alone."

After a long time he said, "No."

"What is it?"

"It's pretty bad."

"What is it?"

He said shakily, "I loved her, of cour

"Yes."

"The—the baby isn't Dick's. It's mi

Allie moved an eraser an inch on the d

"Does Dick know?"

"Not yet. Thank God."

(Continued on Page 162)



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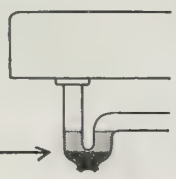


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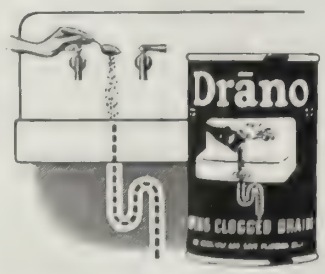
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(Continued from Page 160)

"Dolly?"

"No."

"You're not planning to tell them?" Allie asked gently.

"I don't know what I'm planning."

"Did you . . . decide you ought to tell, or did Viola? Or were you trying to decide? Or . . . do you think either Dick or Dolly was beginning to suspect? Or . . . could Viola just not bear Dick any longer?"

"None of those things. We—we made fools of ourselves . . . but we were getting everything under control. We decided it would be hell to let either Dick or Dolly find out. And we were doing fine. As if the baby—as if he resolved something for us, settled something. We'd have been all right, Allie."

"And what happened?"

"Why," Ralph said unevenly, "somebody else knows, you see."

"Who?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

"Maybe you'd better explain, Ralph."

"It's very simple. Somebody else in Tressady knows, and for a year now . . . Viola's been . . . she's had to get money and . . . because if the story'd got out it would have been hell for everybody. Two marriages broken, my two children without a home; I'd have lost my job."

After a long time Allie said incredulously, "You're not talking about *blackmail,* are you?"

"That's what they call it in mystery stories. Blackmail. Funny, neither Viola nor I called it that when the first letter came. We didn't think of it by a name. It was just somebody who knew about us and who was going to tell if the money didn't come. Viola had a little money then—a few hundred dollars—and this person seemed to know. The first letter only asked for a hundred. That didn't seem so much then. But in the last year all Viola's money went, and I've sold my bonds. And last week . . . there was another letter, and we were both desperate."

"Haven't you any idea who this person is who knows?"

"Not any."

"How do you pay the money?"

"It goes to a man in New Orleans to general delivery. But this person isn't in New Orleans. He's in Tressady. He knows too much not to be right here in Tressady, watching us every minute. He's in Tressady."

JESSIE had Allie's favorite food ready when Allie got home after her long talk with Ralph Harland. The table was spread with the pale-green linen cloth that Allie liked best, with a low bowl of brilliant nasturtiums in the center. The jellied consommé was in Allie's mother's old pink Wedgwood soup cups, and the salad, of lettuce and water cress and red baby radishes and infinitesimal yellow Italian tomatoes, was on a big clear glass plate. Jessie had made sour-cream dressing to go with the sliced and fluted cucumbers, and there was fresh crusty bread and unsalted butter. Allie looked at the table in silence, and then at Jessie.

"It looks wonderful," Allie said steadily. "Sometimes I almost think I like you, Jessie. Just almost, you know."

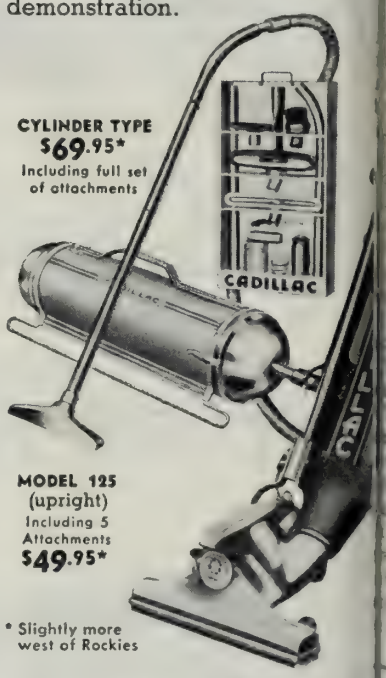
"Mph," Jessie said sharply. She sat down in her chair. "I had an awful day," she said. "Something's got to be done with the sewing machine. It ain't Christian, the way it makes me feel when I try to cope. Today I was trying to get through a whole flock of diapers for the ladies' aid, hemming 'em, and the blamed thing kicked up an awful ruckus."

Allie was eating salad, and listening. But suddenly she got up and went across to the telephone. She took down the book, hanging from its hook just under the wall cabinet. She went back to the table and sat down with it. It wasn't a very thick book, even with Oriole and Burside and Green Springs in it as well as Tressady. She went down the list of Tressady people with a slow finger. There were dozens of people who had to be crossed off at once. You had to cross out old Mrs. Jost, for instance, and Pete Heine, the baker, and Noah Wright in the barbershop.



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ou had to cross out the harness maker and e garbage collector, the tinsmiths, the house inters, the men who worked in the tannery d in the mill. And when you crossed all of em out, all the impossibles, there weren't any left. There weren't fifty left.

"Eat your salad," Jessie said inexorably.

"Oh," Allie said. Then, "I'm sorry, Jessie. n—I'm awfully sorry. I have something my mind."

"So I see," Jessie said dryly.

"Jessie."

"M-m-m?"

"Who are the important men in Tressady?"

"Important men? Important to who?"

"Strong men. Important men. I mean . . . n who get things done, and manage ings, and know about things."

"Men you can trust, Allie? Like the esbyterian minister? Like the Methodist eacher?"

"Strong any way, good or bad. I mean . . . many of the people there in the book—ey're like weak elastic. You couldn't—you uldn't expect much of them. I mean the her kind. You know."

Jessie got up and got the teapot. She ed Allie's cup. Her lips were pressed to-her, her eyes sharp. "Well," she said, ight's well begin with the Methodist eacher, even if I am a good Presbyterian. 's little, and he's as funny-looking as he be, with them high-laced shoes and his mpy pant legs, but he's mighty. He'd d back the sea, if he wanted."

"Jessie, it isn't Mr. Murdoch I'm thinking ut. I mean . . . who else is there?"

"Well, Judge Spencer."

"Nor Judge Spencer," Allie said slowly. here's . . . Dick Treherne, of course."

"Dick Treherne?" Jessie repeated. "Heav-, Allie, would you call him a strong n? He's stubborn and he's got an awful per. Still, I dunno," she said, and bed at a spoon absently with her table kin. "He was one that stepped in when fire department got all froze up last ter, wasn't he, and brought the Wismers l the Disharts down out of that burning lding. Maybe you have to be real strong brave to risk your life and limb for a lot good-for-nothing people that ain't hardly th saving." She considered. "And I'd Doctor Carling at the top of the list, t next to the judge."

Do people think Doctor Carling is a ng man, Jessie?"

Of course they do. He ain't a vain man, er. And he's a wonderful doctor. Don't remember, last year when he had to do t awful operation on Jimmie Sloan, on his n, and saved his life? He did the opera-, but when the big important brain geon from Baltimore got here, the one Sloans paid a thousand dollars for or ething, Doctor Carling was away up in back country taking care of some poverty-stricken woman having a baby. He stayed up there two days, didn't even try to get down and take compliments from the big surgeon. And it was a wonderful operation, the big man said—he didn't know there was a country doctor anywhere could do such an operation. He was anxious to meet Doctor Carling and talk to him, but he never got the chance because of course he couldn't wait."

After a long time, "I remember," Allie said.

"Of course," Jessie went on, "people would still like to know how on earth a handsome, clever, nice man like that come to marry a woman like his wife. She's a woman full of good works and as friendly as they come, but a handsome man like that, always working with young nurses. I guess Mrs. Carling can take care of things, though. You never see any signs of him straying any. Except that ——"

"Except what?"

"Well, he did kind of hang around Catherine, Allie, winter before last when she was getting over pneumonia. There was almost talk about it. He kept going to see her a long time after she was well—lots longer than he goes to see other people."

Allie took a long breath. "Catherine was very weak for a long time, Jessie."

"Sure. Still ——" Jessie stopped. Then, "What about this Danny March I hear all the women talking about? He don't sound like any milksop, if you're looking for strong men. What's he like? Why'd he come to Tressady?"

Allie said nothing.

"And," Jessie went on, "there's Joe."

"Oh," Allie said bitterly, "not Joe. Of all the people in the world, not Joe."

Jessie's fork stopped in mid-air. "And why not?" she demanded. "Why not Joe, I'd like to know? Joe's as fine and strong and good, for all his kind of unpolished way, as any of your judges and doctors, and you know it, Allie Jordan."

Allie put her hand to her forehead. "I didn't mean it that way," she said. "Quite the opposite. I was thinking of something else, Jessie."

"Well, I guess you must've been," Jessie said coldly. "I guess you must've been. And whatever it is I wish you'd hurry up and get it straightened out in your mind. You know what you've had for supper? Three spoonfuls of consommé, half the crust of a roll, two slices of cucumber and a radish. Now does that make sense?" She sat up straighter. "Look here," she said. "You aren't in *love*, are you?"

"In love?" Allie repeated. "Me?"

Jessie got up abruptly and went across to the stove. She shook it vigorously. "I got to have some hot water for dishes," she said, and blew her nose hard.

Allie put her elbows on the table and sat for a long time, thinking. Then she looked



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up the number of the hotel in the telephone book and went across and rang Central. At the hotel, she got Danny March.

"It's Allie Jordan," she told him. "If you aren't busy could you come down to my house? There's something—I think there's something we'd better talk about."

Allie lit the lamp on the broad table beside the chair that had been her father's. She pushed the ottoman close up to the chair. She went out to the kitchen and got an ash tray from the stack on the top cupboard shelf. She put it on the table beside the lamp.

Jessie came to the door. She said sharply, "Your hair's a sight."

"Oh," Allie said, and looked at herself quickly in the mirror. She took the pins out of the dark knot low on her neck, shook out the hair, ran one of her side combs along the center part, smoothed down the sides and gathered it into its knot again. It never stayed smooth for any length of time anyway; it wasn't exactly curly, just soft, cloudy, babyish stuff that was always escaping along the edges.

"I like your yellow eyelet dress better than that one, for a summer evening," Jessie said.

"Goodness, Jessie, I'm not going to a party."

"It wouldn't hurt you to fix yourself up once in a while," Jessie said crossly. "It wouldn't hurt you to think about yourself once in a while, Allie Jordan."

"Oh, I don't know," Allie said lightly. "Maybe it *would*." She glanced at herself in the mirror. A small, sallow creature with nothing much in the way of a body. Her hair was all right, and her eyes were clear enough. But there wasn't anything there to think about.

The kitchen door closed behind Jessie just as the front doorbell rang. Allie let Danny March in. He was very tall, in her small familiar house.

He said, "It was good of you to telephone me. I'm sorry I was a boor today."

Allie indicated her father's chair and sat down in her own low one. "I didn't mind," she said. "I'm sorry I've been so stupid. So blind, maybe. Irresponsible too. But maybe you can't blame me too much. I've lived here all my life, and these people are all my friends. Until I had it forced upon me, it was impossible to dream up the sort of thing that I know now you came here to find."

His eyes were steady and clear on hers.

She said, "Was Bruce Whitney being blackmailed?"

"Yes."

"By someone in Tressady?"

"I don't know. I imagine so."

"You came here to find out?"

"Yes."

Allie said slowly, "Someone else has been blackmailed too. I just found out today, after you came into the office. I wish you had spoken to me sooner. I wish you had come and talked to me about it sooner. We might have ——" She stopped.

"Saved Viola Treherne?" he said.

Allie was silent. They sat looking at each other.

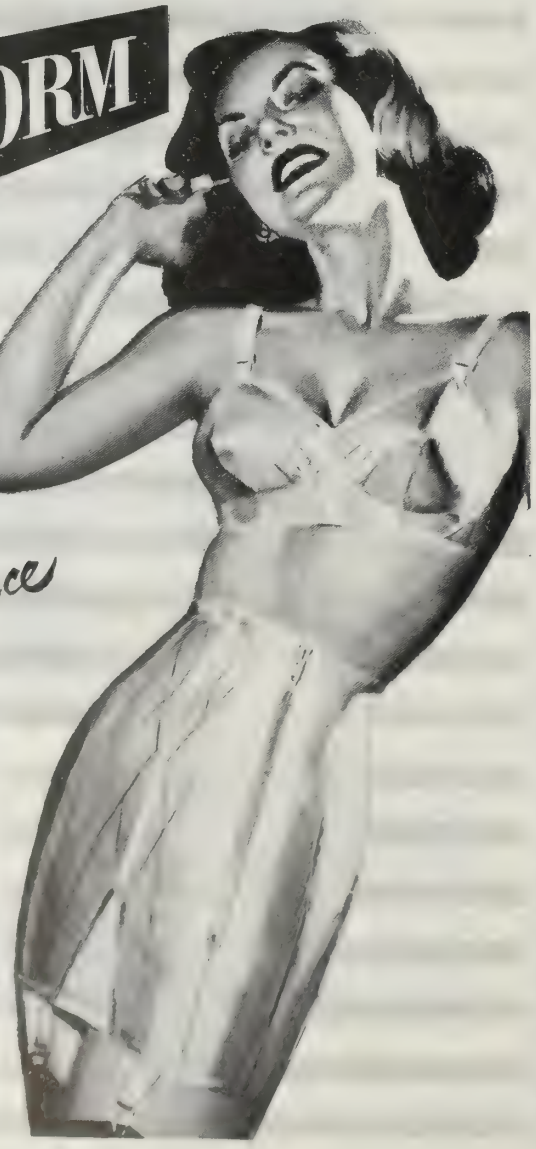
"Look," he said abruptly. "I see your position. I'm a stranger. For all you know, I might be the blackmailer myself. You don't know anything about me except what I've told you, and that might be a lie. I'm not the blackmailer. I'm his bitter enemy. How can I make you sure of that?"

Some of the strangest and most unfamiliar words came almost to Allie's tongue. Some of the warmest blood she had ever known swept through her heart. But she said steadily, "You don't have to try. I *am* sure. Can you believe the same of me?"

He leaned forward abruptly and took her hand. It was her left hand, the small hand, the one she hated. He didn't seem to notice. He closed his own over it and said, "There isn't anybody in the world who could mistrust you, Allie."

She drew her hand away slowly. "At least we've made a start," she said. "We eliminate each other. That's something. Can you tell me now about Bruce?"

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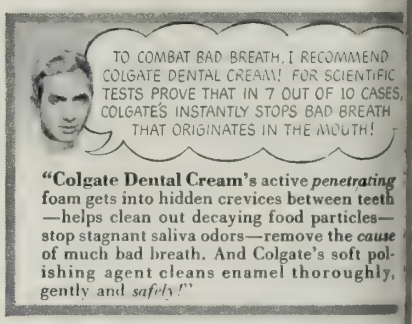
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"You're—you mean, you're coming in with me on this?"

"Yes, and not alone," Allie said steadily. "We'll move slowly and carefully, but we'll marshal in all the goodness and strength there is in Tressady—and there's plenty—and we'll kill this other thing. I don't think it stops with Viola and Bruce," Allie said gently. "I don't think it does."

He got up and went over to look at the portrait of Allie's mother, on the wall in its oval, old-fashioned frame. He straightened it absently.

"I imagine you're right," he said. "I've been watching, of course. Maybe I've noticed a couple of things." He ran a quick hand over his hair. "Bruce's story isn't very long. He was, as you know, a paratrooper; one of the lot that was landed early in France. When he landed he was caught, beaten, left for dead. Our boys found him after some days. He'd been badly hammered about the head. I don't think he was ever right again, but he apparently recovered and went into action. One night a couple of months later he suddenly went completely berserk for no reason, and in the ensuing melee he shot a brother officer. He didn't kill him, fortunately. When he was examined later he was apparently perfectly sane and never showed any further signs of mental disturbance. He was court-martialed and dishonorably discharged. I saw him overseas and he told me the whole story. He felt that he'd been dealt with fairly; I thought so too. Neither of us then thought of a head injury; it was not until after his death that it occurred to me. We had an autopsy done in Riverport and the trouble was unmistakably there. However, this was something Bruce didn't know. He was desperately unhappy about what he had done abroad. He couldn't bear to come home in disgrace. So," Danny March said, "he didn't."

The truth is, most of us believe in trying to make other people happy only if they can be happy in ways which we approve.

—ROBERT LYND:
Life's Little Oddities
(J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.).

"He came home in his uniform with his ribbons on."

"I know."

There was a long silence.

Allie said, "How did you know about the blackmail?"

"He mailed me a letter just before he went home and . . . shot himself."

"Had it been going on for long?"

"It was just starting. Bruce didn't meet any terms. He made no payment. He knew the end of that road, and it wasn't any good. He also knew something else," Danny March said briefly. "As soon as he got the letter from the blackmailer he felt himself slipping. The same sort of rage that had overwhelmed him once began to creep into him again. He was afraid. He didn't know he was ill. He did know he was losing control. He did what he thought was the best thing he could possibly do for his family."

"Was his brain injury curable?"

"Yes. It was pressure only. If he had not been driven to do what he did, he would sooner or later have shown unmistakable symptoms of his trouble and it would have been cured. His wife," Danny said, "is a good friend of mine. His children miss him."

It was time, of course, for the important question. Allie said, "Who could have found out his secret?"

"Two or three of his pals abroad would have known it. It was kept very quiet. They aren't likely to tell, and certainly they wouldn't blackmail him."

"His wife didn't know?"

"The last person in the world he wanted to find it out."

"Did he suggest anything?"

Danny March came back and sat down in his chair. "He said in his letter that he once thought he'd lost a long letter from me in



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NEW Rinso WITH SOLIUM PUTS SUNSHINE IN YOUR WASH!



Washes White Clothes Whiter... Colors Brighter...than New!

On rainy days or sunny days...whether clothes are hung indoors or out . . . new Rinso with Solium, the scientific Sunlight ingredient, puts a brilliance in your wash never known before the Lever Laboratories discovered Solium!

You'll see white clothes become not just whiter—but whiter *than brand new!* You'll see washable colors become not just brighter—but brighter *than brand new!* You'll even see yellowed and grayed clothes made whiter *than brand new!*

And, the oftener you wash clothes with new Rinso containing Solium, THE WHITER AND BRIGHTER THEY GET! You'll see these amazing results no matter how hard the water. Get new Rinso with Solium, the scientific Sunlight ingredient, today.

RINSO IS USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER WASHDAY SOAP IN THE WORLD

SOLIUM . . . the miracle Sunlight ingredient . . . is an exclusive development of wartime [illegible] famous laboratories of Lever Brothers Company.



New Rinso with Solium . . . So Safe for Clothes . . . So Kind to Hands

reply to rather a frantic one from him. It was after he got back, when he was having a tough time to keep his mind straight. I remember my letter; it went into the thing pretty thoroughly. He said he had been carrying it around in his pocket for a while and suddenly missed it—couldn't find it at all—but that it turned up again in another suit. He says he found it in the pocket of his dress clothes; and that struck him as odd, because he hadn't had those clothes on since before the war until that night."

"Until what night?" Allie asked quickly.

Danny looked at her. "Oh," he said. "Yes, I get your point. I don't suppose there are many dress functions in Tressady."

"Can you establish the date?"

"I'll think it out while we go on. Does Bruce's pattern repeat itself in the one you know?"

"It isn't the story that matters, is it? Although I know we must talk plainly when we can. Right now, it's the blackmailing device that matters. In this case Viola got the demand letters and was instructed to send her money to a name at general delivery in New Orleans. Is that what Bruce was told to do too?"

"Why, no," Danny March said. "No. His money was to go to Boston."

Allie stared at him.

"I don't think I like this very much," Danny March said slowly. "Is somebody running a wholesale blackmail business? Is the whole country being eaten into by this filthy thing?"

Allie got up. She twisted her ring round and round, thinking. "I haven't had any experience with blackmail," she said. "I should think it must originate in a horrid mind, in a very tortuous and bitter sort of thinking. I don't like it. I don't like even one case of it in Tressady—or anywhere else—and we know of two and I'm afraid of others." She looked at him. "I said we had to get the right people to help us, you remember?" she said. "Do you—would you mind if we went now to—to my—to see Catherine North? She's very intelligent and she's been . . . I mean, she knows everything about Tressady and she's been away long enough to see it in perspective, and her father is the judge. Would you mind if we went and asked her to help us?"

Danny's eyes were on her face, level and thoughtful. Considering. Allie held his gaze and begged him mutely to meet her on the ground she had chosen.

After a minute he said, "I think that's an excellent idea. I'd like very much to get to know Catherine North. I hear she's a person worth knowing."

Allie said, "This is Danny March, Catherine. I don't think you've met him."

Catherine stood in the doorway of her father's big open living room. She was wearing a white dress. It made her blue eyes very dark. She looked lovely.

HER eyes rested on Danny March for a second before she put out her hand. She smiled, and then said surprisingly, "I haven't met him, but I know who he is, of course."

Danny took her hand. He was a lot taller than Catherine. He stood holding the hand and looking down at her. He said, "And who am I, then, Mrs. North?"

"You're Bruce Whitney's cousin. I saw you at a football game with him in the city—it must be ten years ago. Before I went away, long before. Bruce told me afterward who you were," she said, and colored a little.

"Now, look," Danny March said. "Let me get this straight. You weren't the girl . . . were you the girl wearing the gray-squirrel coat, with a kind of pointed hat wound with a lot of stuff—scarfs or something, blue and pink and purple, like a magician's hat? Was that girl you?"

"I had a hat like that."

There was a little silence.

The ultimate test of the laughing instinct is that a man should be always ready to laugh at himself.

—GAMALIEL BRADFORD: American Portraits (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Allie straightened. She said, "Cath we—it's something about Bruce that our minds. We came to ask you to help

"Something about Bruce?" Catherin slowly. "To help you, darling?" Her went from Allie to Danny and back

"It's a horrid sort of story," Allie bravely. "It's the thing Mr. Ma Danny—came to Tressady to uncover

Catherine's hand went to her throat the unconscious, telltale hand. She wa

"SOMETHING is going on in Tressady," persisted. "Danny and I have just go lines straight tonight. I should have working on this a long time ago, becau I almost guessed that something like happening, but I was a coward. Now has come. Too many people are bein tured—there have been two deaths probably everyone who is involved that he—or she—is the only one, and d dream that there is any help anyw

Catherine's blue eyes were as dark night sky. Danny March was watchin intently.

"So," Allie went on, "what we've do is collect together a few people we we are sure of and find out who this this—this incredibly evil person is person who doesn't mind, who must like to torture people far beyond the ing point."

The big grandfather clock in th purred, muttered and struck ten muffled hoarse note.

In an almost inaudible voice Ca said, "What is going on in Tressady?

"It's melodramat it's true. Blackma

"And . . . why come to me?"

"Because we nee to help us. You're the people we're s We have to divide sady into two forces and evil, until we c our finger on tha man."

Catherine went on looking at them.

Danny March said in a matter-tone, "There are a great many peo shan't be able to talk to, of cours thing's got to be done with complete s From what we already know, we're with a very tortuous and unscru intelligence, with someone who see know exactly what he's doing. If enlist five or six people to watch an and compare notes and so on, perh help lay a few traps as we go along, make progress."

"Do you . . . suspect anyone?"

Danny March looked at Allie. not answer. He said, "If we do, it's sort of instinctive suspicion. We h evidence. It's the sort of thing that be attacked very carefully. I don't k actly what is in Allie's mind, but I from what she says that since yo everyone in Tressady, as she does, it be possible for us to go through the see both who might be a victim and very man himself might be."

The color was beginning to come ba Catherine's chalk-white face. She back against the cushion of the sof said, "Do you think that Bruce W was being blackmailed? Is that what saying? Is that why he killed himse you think that?"

"I don't think it. I know it."

"How do you know?"

"He wrote to me just before he . . . He had received only one demand, w did not meet. Unfortunately, he send me the blackmailer's letter; app he burned it almost the moment he because he couldn't bear the sight statements that were in it."

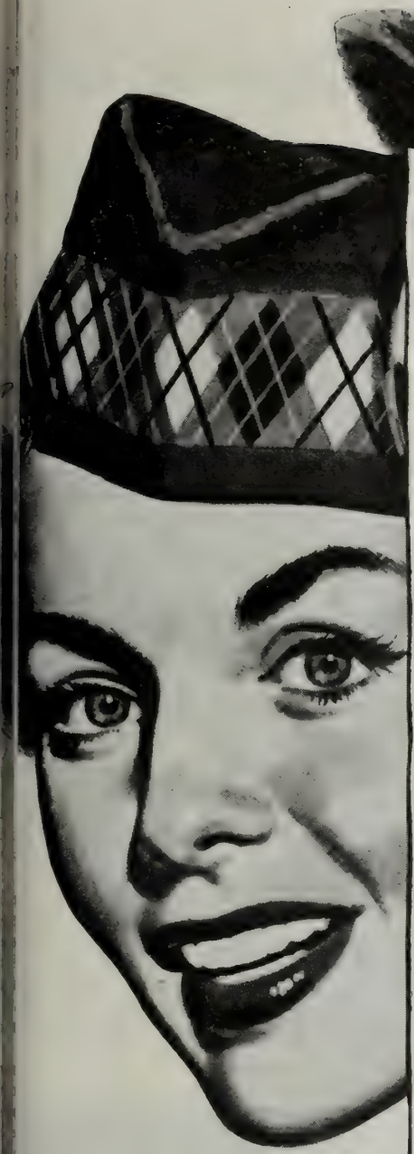
"He wouldn't pay?"

"No."

"But he had a secret so . . . that it was either ——"

"A great many people have Danny March said briefly. "It dep

(Continued on Page 169)



How much will an EASY save you?

Money?

The new Easy Spindrier with Automatic Spin-Rinse is today's first washer value. Costs far less than many washers that do lots less for you!

washing time?

Does a week's wash in less than an hour! One tub washes gently-but-thoroughly, while the other super-rinses, then spins clothes damp-dry!

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Not with Easy! Just turn a tap! Clothes are needle-sprayed in spinning basket. Rinses a full load whiter, brighter in 3 minutes ...with 3 gallons warm water!

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There isn't any! Instead, Easy spins a full load damp-dry at once...as much as 25% *drier* than tight-set wringer rolls!

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Clothes are lighter to hang up and dry faster. No dripping. No wringer wrinkles to iron out! No broken buttons!

precious space?

Store Easy anywhere. Just wheel it to kitchen or laundry sink. No set tubs needed. Perfect for cramped living quarters!

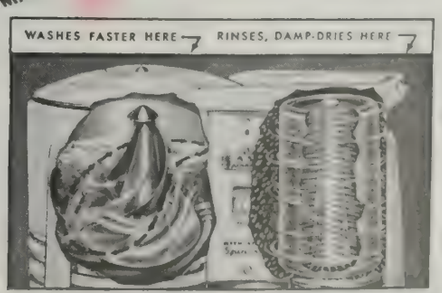
cleaning bills?

You'll save dollars every month by safely doing "washable" drapes, blankets, and slipcovers at home! See Easy in action today! Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, New York.





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WITH AUTOMATIC SPIN-RINSE



Every day more women say—
"It's EASY for me!"

Don't wait—choose now from today's loveliest carpets



Wide, wonderful choice—best values around —ready at your Bigelow dealer's!

STAND IN THE DOORWAY of the room in *your* house that needs a new carpet most. Take a good look.

Then close your eyes and picture the same room transformed with a beautiful new Bigelow Carpet. Imagine the perfect pattern, the just-right color. Hold that dream in your mind (you can open your eyes!) and hurry to your Bigelow dealer!

Glowing array of colors—superb patterns! Like a solid color? Find today's newest, loveliest shades! A pattern? Everything from 18th century florals to smart modern leaf design! An unusual texture? So many luxurious ones! No wonder women say Bigelow makes the best styles—and more of them!

Left: Glowing beauty through color and texture. Bigelow's Sonata 2103-9201. Around $18.95 a sq. yd.*

Quality that means years of wear and pleasure! Every Bigelow Carpet is made of fine imported wools, blended to give greatest richness, luster, wear. These wools are kept "lively" in the making—so that your Bigelow Carpet keeps its like-new springiness and good looks long after you've forgotten the year you bought it!

Below: An unusual carved effect surface. Bigelow's splendid Sovereign 10410; around $11.50 a sq. yd.*

For name of your local Bigelow dealer, call Western Union by number. Ask for Operator 25.

Prices from $5.95 a sq. yd. to $18.95! Pay what you please—you have plenty of choice at every price level! No need to put off till "sometime" the Bigelow Carpet that will give your home a needed lift-in-loveliness right now. Don't put up with shabby rugs or bare floors for another tick of the clock—see your Bigelow dealer now!

Below: This expensive-looking embossed effect carpet is Bigelow's Fervak 9419, a real value. Around $7.50 a sq. yd.*

*Slightly higher in West.





LIVELY WOOL SPRINGS BACK UNDERFOOT

Bigelow

Rugs and Carpets

Beauty you can see . . . quality you can trust . . . since 1825

(Continued from Page 166)

u look at life whether you think they
rible or not. Unfortunately, we are
is kind as we might be, nor as humble.
the people who are most frightened
blackmailer are not the guilty, but
ocent people; not the conniving evil
but the unfortunate victims of cir-
nce."

erine looked at Allie. "Who else?"

a."

erine nodded. Then she said, "Are
g to the police?"

ay come to that at the end," Danny
said judiciously. "But I went over
my mind before I came up here my-
decided that the moment the police
to the thing, the blackmailer would
ght, stop his activities—for the time
and perhaps be so completely clear
'd never get him. Then, later on,
rt up again."

erine said, "Don't you care that
ust have done something dreadful,
ng he couldn't bear to have told?"

hand moved on her knee. She fixed
s imploringly on Danny March's
is own eyes lifted and caught her
He made no acknowledgment. In-
said:

t he did was his own business. That's
t, isn't it? It's between him and
er he calls
s neither my
nor that of
we're anxious
ver, to judge
anyone else.
n't care."

rine got up.
t over to the
dow beyond
d piano. She
th a hand on
g draperies,
lown toward

y March
Allie, a long
turned and
t Catherine,
concerned,
ul.

a long time
e came back.
ed at the end
ano and faced them. She said with
, "I can see that Allie would know.
e she—this is something else; I'm
be generous, Allie—but if only I
ve been left out. . . . I see that
would say that, and that some-
. . but I can hardly believe that
ld ——"

cked her fingers together. She felt
l.

't know what you're talking about,"
March told Catherine. "If there's
ism of Allie implied, you could cross
you don't want to have any part
le sortie into the hard nasty world,
n't. I didn't see what good you'd
ay. Allie was sure you could help in
she hasn't made clear to me. An
er's a nice comfortable place, Mrs.
t's a good place to stay when there
asant storms blowing up."

at him, Catherine's face changed.
d again at Allie, and suddenly the
an to roll down her cheeks.

fool," she said. "I might have
Forgive me, Allie. Forgive me,
When the worst of the storm
Catherine wiped her eyes. She
Danny March, "She brought you
use—not because I'd be any good
except that she's somehow guessed
being blackmailed too."

was a long silence.

ne got up. She went out into the
listened. She came back, shutting
again behind her. She said, "I've
rible shock. I thought I was the
and now you tell me about Bruce
. . . and maybe others. I'll help
course I will. But . . . I won't ever tell why I'm being blackmailed. I'll never tell that. But I'll tell you all the blackmailing part. Only . . . what happened, what I did, I can't ever let anyone know that. That's why I—I've been paying and paying and paying: because nobody must ever know, not even Allie." Then, to Allie, "You did guess? Didn't you?"

"I knew that there was something frightening you. I didn't know what it was."

"Allie, somebody *knows!* Somebody already knows! Don't you see how terrifying that is? Nobody can possibly know—but somebody *does*. I wouldn't tell even you, because I made up my mind I would never tell anyone, and it's all over and hidden deep, deep. It happened long ago, in England. But here, in Tressady, somebody knows."

"Are you sure it's somebody in Tressady?" Danny March said.

"It's someone who knows every move I make. It's someone who can say 'When you go to Riverport on Friday, cash a check there for two hundred dollars and get the money in ten-dollar bills. Don't cash your check in Tressady.'"

"You have this letter? These letters?"

"I burn them. I am instructed to burn them immediately."

"What do you do with the money?"

"I send it away. But it must come back. There must be some way it comes back to the man in Tressady."

"Where do you send it? To New Orleans? Boston?"

"To Dallas. To Eli Pardell, General Delivery, Dallas. Why do you say New Orleans? Or Boston?"

"Bruce," Allie explained. "And Viola."

Catherine looked at Allie. "Why was Viola being blackmailed?" Then, "Oh, I'm sorry. Of course I mustn't ask that. I don't want to know. That isn't what's important, is it? What's important is to find this man—this devil. We needn't even think why each of us is—what each of us has done."

Danny March got up and started pacing the floor. He ran his hands through his hair again. He said, "Maybe it's going to be tough unless we have all the information. You see, the catch is . . . how does this single person know so much about all three of you? In what position is he that he can discover all your secrets? You say nobody can possibly know what it is you don't want to tell. But this man knows. How did he find out? In Bruce's case we have a few facts. In Viola's we have some and may have access to a few more. But in neither case can we even begin to see as yet how the information got into the blackmailer's hands; how he has access to the hidden depths of people's minds."

Allie said, "Catherine, are you sure you have no papers anywhere with part of whatever this thing is set down in black and white? Or any other tangible evidence?"

"There are no papers. There is nothing."

"You've told nobody?"

"Nobody."

"When did the blackmailing start?"

"I got the first letter a year ago last February. I've had six since. My mother's little bit of money is . . . almost gone. When it's all gone I—maybe I don't know what I'm going to do." She put her hands over her face.

Danny March said, "There's something funny here."

Allie was thinking. She said, "Catherine . . . did the letters begin to come just when you were getting better after you had pneumonia?"

"It—the first one came the day I first got up. I remember because . . . I was

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

High Wall

By Felix N. Stefanile

The child we taught to take his steps,
Who came to us, led on by love,
Has grown a man to walk with men.
And what can I be dreaming of
To seek to hold a trusting boy
Who used to run to us in tears
At sadness long ago, who now
Stands barred from us by the tall years?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Invite new Beauty into your Home

WITH NEW IMPERIAL WASHABLE WALLPAPERS

You'll greet the latest colors and lovely patterns of the 1949 Imperial *Washable* Wallpapers with enthusiasm. Every room will respond to their delightful freshness with a beauty you hadn't realized was there. Each paper is "Color-Locked"—guaranteed for three years to withstand room exposure without fading, and to clean satisfactorily in accordance with instructions in every roll. Look for the silver label that says *the finest in wallpaper.*



Jean McLain's "Color Harmonizer" has an important place in your decorating plans. Send 25¢ for a copy of this inspiring booklet. Imperial Paper and Color Corporation, Department L-58, Glens Falls, N. Y.



TO START THE DAY RIGHT

have your breakfast table brilliantly ensembled with Imperial's Cape Cod crystal . . . the resplendent hand-crafted tableware that serves so royally for family dining and entertaining every hour 'round the clock.

Rich in beauty, low in cost, Cape Cod is sold in fine stores everywhere. Patent-protected pattern, *hand-crafted* at Imperial Glass Corporation, Bellaire, Ohio.

feeling so miserably weak." She stopped and stared up at Allie.

Allie said steadily to Danny March, "She was very ill. She was delirious a great deal. The doctor stayed here practically day and night."

Catherine went on staring. Her hand went up slowly to her lips.

"That's what I was wondering," Allie said gently. "That's what I can't help wondering."

On Wednesday morning Mrs. Carling moved about her house after breakfast with speed and purpose. It was only a two-hour drive to Riverport, but she wanted to be there and back long before dinnertime. She had planned a really wonderful dinner for tonight, something that Evan might really enjoy. Old Mrs. Purvey, out at Burside, had sent in some of her delicious pressed chicken. With it there were going to be potatoes, boiled and whipped to a white foam with thick cream and lots of butter; and there was to be asparagus, the last of the season, with hollandaise. And for dessert the wonderful ice cream she had made early this morning and left in the freezing tray. The chocolate sauce for the ice cream was made, too, in a pitcher in the refrigerator. It was the sort of dinner that ought to tempt Evan's difficult appetite.

She was in the glassed-in porch on the west of the house, straightening up her workbasket and setting the three half-finished dolls on the shelf beside her big, soft, armless sewing chair, when she heard Norah coming downstairs.

"Hoo-hoo," Norah said. "Oh, dear, Louisa, why didn't you call me? I'm getting to be such a sleepyhead! I'll be just too awfully spoiled when I have to get back to work."

"It isn't late," Mrs. Carling said. "I've left your strawberries and cream in the refrigerator, Norah, and the butter is on a plate beside it. You don't mind if I go on with things and skip right off as soon as I can? I want to get back quite early."

"I don't mind a bit," Norah said, yawning and holding her skimpy blue housecoat around her spare figure. "I think you should have left all the work for me, though, instead of doing every single bit of it yourself. You spoil me. Not that I don't love to be spoiled, Louisa," she said. "It's a wonderful treat for a girl to be spoiled. I just don't know why you're so good to me. I just don't."

"Well, you work pretty hard," Mrs. Carling said. She smoothed out a pile of small pieces of fabric and laid them back in the basket. "It's time I went up to town," she said. "I've practically nothing pretty left to work with. My friends up there collect me lovely things, don't they? I can't bear to work with ugly materials."

"You have such wonderful taste, Louisa, and such an appreciation of beauty."

Mrs. Carling looked at her thoughtfully. "You don't want to come with me, do you, Norah? Perhaps you'd like the ride. I expect to be back before five. On account of dinner."

Norah flushed a little. "Oh, I thought I'd told you, Louisa. I've got a date for this afternoon. I was sure I'd told you. I'm—that is, Mr. Pottle is taking me for a walk. We thought we'd go out along the river. He's awfully interested in birds, you know, and there are so many this year. So we thought we'd go at one o'clock when the store closes. He's going to have the people at the café pack us a lunch and we'll eat it out on the riverbank. I'm so sorry; of course I'd have loved to go with you, but I can't disappoint him, can I?"

"Not for the world," Mrs. Carling Then, "He's getting quite sweet on Norah. I think he's really interested."

Norah flushed still deeper. "Oh, do y she said. "Really, do you? He—he do say anything, you know. But I have s lot of him, one way and another, the while. For quite a while, really."

"What does he talk about?" Mrs. Ca said mildly.

"Well, he's got a very good mind, know. He talks about all sorts of thin he's very entertaining. He knows a deal about almost everything. And terribly interested in everything—pe and places and things that happen—so interested that he's awfully eas talk to."

"I wonder where he learned so much a things," Mrs. Carling said speculati "Did he ever tell you?"

"He never talks about himself at a don't really know a thing about him. S times I've quite thought that he was r secretive, Louisa."

"Perhaps he's just shy," Mrs. Ca said. "But if you think he's really ge serious, my dear, as I do, perhaps it's a time you found out something about It isn't wise to go further without being of what you're building on. Why don't just try asking him point-blank wher comes from and how he happened to co Tressady? Maybe like it. Maybe he's shy."

"I think I migh it," Norah said. " all, men love to about themselves. they? Yes, I thi might just try, Lo I'll tell you all a it if he tells me thing."

She went out an her breakfast, still tering. Mrs. Ca got herself upst with considerable culty, and took off print housecoat. wrapped her thin d brown silk dress arc her and tied it. It the only style she could wear any m this tentlike wrap-around.

It took her a long time to dress, to ge stockings fastened and her shoes tied. couldn't wear pumps; she had to wear h shapeless, flat-heeled monstrosities that l up the front and held her feet firmly. were extremely ugly; they made her a look fatter than ever. Not that it matter now.

Norah came upstairs again and went her room. She would be there a long t She spent hours in front of the mirror, t her hair out in new ways, admiring her fi

Mrs. Carling was ready at last. She up her purse, her voluminous empty s ping bag with its heavy drawstrings, g clean handkerchief from her dresser. went over to her bed. She took up the elaborately dressed French-marquise sitting there propped against her fat pillows. She lifted the doll, examined it c fully, and held it for a second, fondling i

She went out into the hall. She sai Norah from the open door, "I glued doll's wig last night and the glue won't s this heat. I'm putting her in the refrige Don't touch her, will you?" And t "Good-by, Norah, I'm off. See you at ner unless you elope!" and went on d stairs to the sound of Norah's ridicu giggling.

It was hot driving to the city. Long be she was twenty miles on the road the black circles of perspiration had spread d the sides of the brown dress. The seat very confining; she had very little roo move. She didn't like driving. But t were a good many things she didn't that had to be done.

(Continued on Page 172)

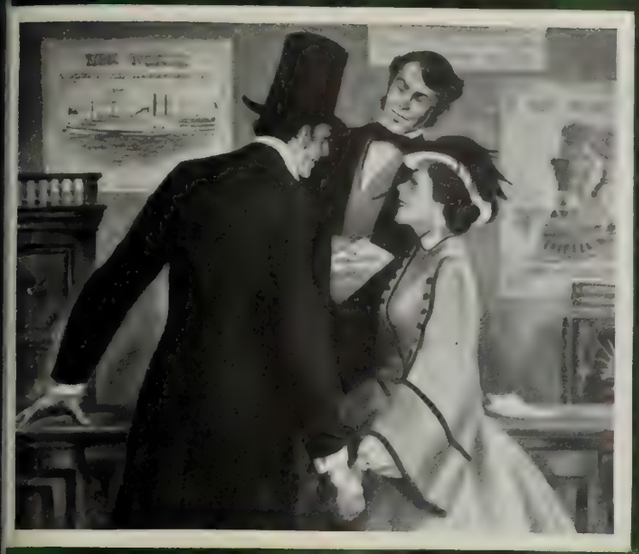
WITH THE CHILDREN

After a discussion on imagination our young son said, "But there are still two things I can't imagine and they are: father being a newborn baby not knowing anything and me grown up like father knowing everything."

"When you get disappointed it gives you a dark-black feeling inside."

"I'm glad we brought all these shells back from the beach. It doesn't make you so lonesome for the good times when you bring part of your vacation back with you."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.





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It's still a happy tradition, as it was in 1847, to plan a wedding trip. And even if it's not by stagecoach or new-fangled wood-burning train, it's just as exciting! Almost as exciting as making plans for your home-to-be...

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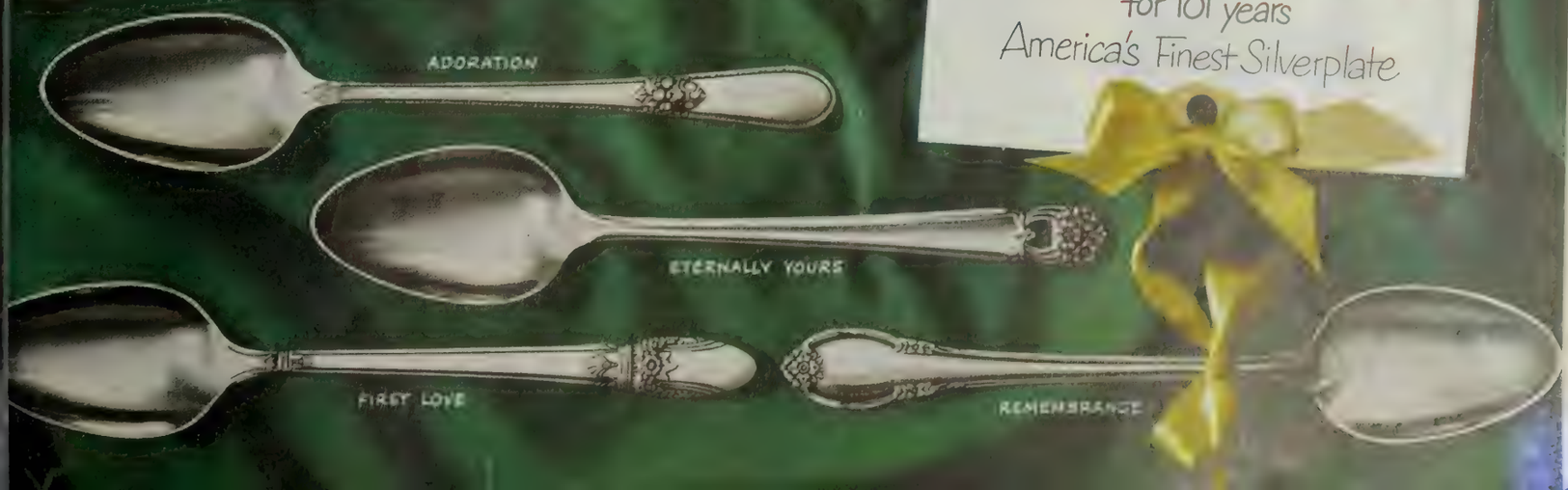
Today the silverplate with the yearmark "1847" has a perfection of detail and finish, an extra height and depth of ornament usually found only in solid silver.

52-piece service for eight, $64.75, with chest. No Federal tax. Same price as in 1945!

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LOVELY! LOVELY!

Jacquelines

designed by WOHL





Lovely—but more than that. It's the beautiful styles, plus the fine quality materials, the superb workmanship and perfect fit that make Jacquelines so popular with women who love smart shoes. The new Spring styles are prettier than ever, in all the new colors...in suedes and calfskins. There are no finer shoes than Jacquelines at their price. **7.95 to 9.95**

(Continued from Page 170)

She turned into Miller Street at last and drove on to its junction with Lawton. She hurried the car down the broad thoroughfare until the traffic thickened, then slowed to get down the hill and on beyond St. Edward's. At a narrow street there she turned and came in a block or two to a row of old red-brick houses, long past their prime.

The house at the end of the block had its own private driveway. It was a smaller house than some of the others. The drive went in along the side and curved round again to make its exit on the other street. It was an unused drive, once graveled but now grown up with weeds and grass. Mrs. Carling drove the car in, rounded the curve, lumbered out of the seat directly in front of a high battered gate in a tall board fence, let herself inside the gate and walked up the narrow cement path to a side door opening off a gray, half-ruined veranda.

It was some minutes before her ring at the old-fashioned bell was answered. Then the door opened, and Ida stood peering at her with her half-blind stare.

"It's me, Aunt Ida," Mrs. Carling said, and moved forward impatiently. Ida was getting deaf as well as blind.

"Oh, Louisa," Ida said quaveringly. "How very nice to have you, my dear. Do come in. I was just having a tiny nap."

Mrs. Carling pushed her way into the dark musty hall. She went on into the square, dim sitting room at the front of the house.

She said, "My goodness, Aunt Ida, it is dark in here. I suppose the light hurts your eyes, does it?"

"Yes, it makes me quite miserable," Ida said, and groped forward to her chair. "Do sit down, my dear, it tires me so to see you standing," she said automatically. "You haven't been here for such a long time, Louisa. Have you been well?"

"Well, but busy," Mrs. Carling said.

"I can't just remember when you were here before," Ida said hesitantly. "I was trying to think yesterday. I don't remember whether it was just before my birthday or just after."

"It's been quite a while," Mrs. Carling said. "I've been busy. There was a bazaar, for one thing, and I had twenty dolls to do. And, of course, the preserving. And Evan is overworked these days and needs a great many things done for him."

"Dear Evan," Ida said absently. "He was here one day not long ago, you know, Louisa. I thought he seemed quite tired."

"Evan was here?"

"Yes, didn't he tell you, dear? I haven't seen him for such a very long time. I got quite a start when he came to the door. I did think Evan looked so very tired, Louisa."

Louisa sat down carefully in the heavy carved wooden chair beside the table in the corner. She said, "I suppose these are parcels. Is this all there were?"

"Yes, only about a dozen, dear. It's summer, and, I suppose, people are at the everywhere. I was disappointed, too, cause Mrs.—oh, dear, who was it?—yes, Mrs. Arnold—she put a little notice the Missionary Monthly asking all ladies anywhere to send nice piece material. Perhaps we'll have more month or two, dear."

"Did you ask her to put the notice

"Yes; but don't worry, Louisa. I was careful not to say who wanted them. I you are concerned about Evan's name. really very careful, Louisa. I know I'm ting awfully absent-minded, but wh comes to remembering about Evan, I sh always be very careful."

Mrs. Carling did not answer. She op her cloth bag and began dropping the pa in. They were of many different sizes shapes; there was one almost as big as a pillow, probably a real treasure, and long heavy one.

"I think that one has a doll inside," said, leaning forward and peering dim the parcel. "I was really almost tempt open it, Louisa. I think there's a doll i

"Well, it's probably broken, if ther Mrs. Carling said shortly. She pulle string around the end of the parcel an it off. There was a doll, a very ord thing with its wig half off and a leg br It was wrapped around with dozens doll clothes, some of them not very Mrs. Carling regarded them fastidi "Heavens," she said. "The only thing with this is to burn it. I'll just drop it basket, Aunt Ida—will you put it out your rubbish? I won't work with trash."

"Oh, dear," Ida sighed. "I really tho it might be something awfully nice, I've often thought that those parcels really terribly interesting, coming from e where, filled with unknown things—piec people's wedding dresses and commu frocks. I've almost been tempted to them sometimes, when the days get d

"Well, you see what you'd probably f Mrs. Carling said. "And you'd probably the sender's name if you did open the have to thank them all, you know."

"Yes, so you do, I suppose," Ida wistfully. "How you do keep in t Louisa. You are such a hard worker."

Mrs. Carling got up. "I've got t along," she said. "There are one or things I promised to do for Evan. I down again in a week or two, Aunt Ida really getting short of things for the and this isn't a great lot of material, few little parcels. Perhaps there will be of them soon."

(Continued on Page 174)



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(Continued from Page 172)

"Perhaps there will, dear," Ida said vaguely. "We'll hope so, I'm sure."

Mrs. Carling did her errands for the doctor, one or two for herself, and drove home again through the sweltering afternoon. She turned up Main Street off the highway and stopped before the post office. She twisted the combination of their letter box and took out three envelopes—one a bill from the electric company, and two for Evan, that looked as if they might contain checks.

Evan was at home. He was lying on the couch in the living room, with a glass of cold milk on the table beside him. Mrs. Carling's eyes went to it quickly. She handed him the envelopes. While he was opening them she went out to the kitchen. She opened the refrigerator, lifted out the French doll. She laid it carelessly on the table. She went back to the living room.

"Money?" she inquired.

"No," he said. "Just excuses."

Allie sat on the slope of the hill at the lower edge of her garden, looking down the river. Beside her Danny March lay on his back, chewing meditatively on a wide stem of grass. He was in gray flannels today, and a blue shirt with the neck open. He didn't look very stern and lawyerish. He didn't look much like a man intent on a serious and unpleasant problem.

He said, "What's Catherine really like, Allie?" and blew hard on the grass stem.

"Haven't you ever heard her play?"

"No. Well—maybe when I was walking past there the other night. But it was too far away to hear very clearly."

"She's all in her music. She's very deep and very intense. Maybe she's a little more wrapped up in her own thinking and doing than some people like, but she's a musician. She isn't like the other girls in Tressady and never was. I love her. I think she's wonderful."

"She's very beautiful, with that silvery hair and the dark-blue eyes. And the black lashes. She looks like a Frenchwoman. She's got a Frenchwoman's figure too," Danny said thoughtfully.

"Her mother was a Frenchwoman. She was beautiful. The judge almost stopped being alive when she died. I mean . . . he hasn't really been terribly interested in anything since, not until Catherine brought little Christopher home, anyway."

Danny blew on the grass stem again. It shrieked. "Allie?"

"M-m-m?"

"What are you like?"

Allie looked down at him quickly. He was intent on the grass stem. "Why," she said, "I'm just like I am. I'm just what you see."

He sat up abruptly and brushed off the back of his head. He turned and grinned at her. "You know," he said, "I think that's true. I think it's remarkable, but true."

"I don't see anything remarkable about it," Allie told him, and bent forward suddenly to look away down the river path and see who the two people walking there were. It was Horace Pottle and Norah James. His store was closed and she wasn't on a case. Horace Pottle and Norah James. She said suddenly, "I wish we could bring Ralph Harland and Catherine together and make them both understand that—that what matters isn't what they did, or what Viola or Bruce did. I wish we could. Maybe we'd find out more from them if they were together and would talk freely. Catherine gets so tense when we try to talk to her. Maybe it would have been better if I had gone to her alone . . . but she's evaded me so often, I felt we had force her hand."

"She needn't mind my knowing anyth about her. Lawyers are trained to h pretty grim stuff and not quail much. I do care what she did, anyway. It would make any difference to me."

"No," Allie said gently. "Nor to m

Danny glanced at her as if he intended say something, but he thought better of

Allie said, "And the trouble with Ralph that he's so brokenhearted about Viola t his mind isn't working. And, of course, h expecting to get one of those letters hims any day now."

Danny said, "He can't have much mon He isn't worth blackmailing. If our ma from Tressady he'd know that. It wou hardly be worth his while."

"I've got a funny feeling about it," Al said slowly. "There isn't much money Tressady. The amount you'd get rea wouldn't be worth while—not more than few thousand dollars. There can't be ma people with horrid secrets and there c tainly aren't any really rich people. I've g a feeling that—that this man isn't in t for money."

"For what, then? Power?"

"Power, and hatr Because he hates p ple. Because he li to torture people. frightens me to thi it, but I can't h thinking it."

Danny said slow "A man who wants make other people m erable is usually o who's been made mi erable himself, one wa or another."

"I know."

Horace Pottle an Norah James cam nearer along the rive bank. They moved ou of the trees, saunterin along in the sunligh and then were hidde again. Norah was ver gay, talking with h hands, throwing h head back and laugh ing.

Danny said, "We ought to get air-ma answers within a week from our postmast friends in New Orleans and Boston an Dallas."

"Do you really think there'll be much?

"Don't see how there can be. We've g two names to go on. I wish Bruce hadn burned his letter; then we'd have thre Catherine sent her money, ten-dollar bil between cardboard, wrapped with crush tissue paper and sealed in a brown envelop to this Eli Pardell in Dallas. Viola, accordi to Ralph, sent her money to Iles Banbarr New Orleans. Odd name. There's somethi funny about both those names," Danny sai "I can't quite put my finger on what bothe me."

"Eli Pardell sounds like a name. Il Banbarr doesn't. It sounds made up."

"Well, we've asked the postmasters the to tell us what happens to those letter Maybe they're forwarded. That's about a much as we can do for the moment. Thos cities are so far away," Danny said thought fully. "Our man isn't taking any chances o anybody visiting one of them and checkin up."

"Do you think there's a confederate i each place?"

"That doesn't make sense, does it, Allie There isn't enough money involved. No, think there might be a smart system of hav ing the mail forwarded, though. If we ca get any leads as to where it goes—and asked the postmaster in each city very urgently to look into the matter—we migh make progress. Meanwhile, we'll have t keep on with our local testing." He lay bac on the grass again. "Don't you know any thing about Doctor Carling before he cam here?"

(Continued on Page 176)

The universally used expression for the marriage ceremony, tying the knot, originated from early wedding customs. Until comparatively recent times, the taking of a wife did not involve going before a clergyman, priest or civic official. Especially in the East, the head of the family performed all the functions of both religious and civil authorities.

In many sections, a patriarch performed the marriage ceremony by laying his hands on the bride and groom in blessing, then knotting together their sleeves or two corners of their flowing robes. No vows were exchanged; the act of tying the knot symbolized the permanence of the union. Even today, in certain sections of India, the priest or holy man ties together the garments of the bride and groom at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony.

—WEBB B. GARRISON.



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(Continued from Page 174)

"There's never seemed to be any mystery about it, but we don't really know. I think he may have come from Baltimore—he's said one or two things that sound likely."

"I went to his office this morning," Danny said, "and there's no string of framed diplomas hanging there, as there seems to be in most doctors' offices. Funny. But . . . I find myself extremely unwilling to distrust him, Allie. Medical men are usually pretty decent eggs. We had some fine ones in the Army. They're strong on ethics. I can't see him as our villain, although of course we can't take chances. I telephoned somebody I know in Riverport this morning, by the way, to check up on Carling through the Medical Association—rather from there than here. Carling's a very good surgeon, from what everyone says; good diagnostician and medical man too. Why should he stoop to blackmail? It doesn't make sense. I am not sold on the idea."

"But if Catherine hasn't told anyone her story; if she has always, always been on guard, as she says—and I know that's true, because I've never had an inkling of it—and if, as she says, she dreamed about it all the time she was sick, and was always waking up frightened that she'd been talking about it . . . and the doctor was there such a lot, Danny ——"

He said abruptly, "What about the nurse?"

Allie stared at him. She shook her head at last. "Oh, that would be impossible," she said. "Norah James nursed her. She's an awful fool, Danny. Really, she is. She's a good nurse, but she isn't capable of blackmail. She wouldn't think out any of the clever parts; she wouldn't be interested unless—well," Allie said determinedly, "unless there was a chance of finding a man in it. She's man-crazy. She's not a blackmailer, not Norah James. Look," she said quickly, "she's right down there now, with Horace Pottle. Look at her, giggling and acting silly, like a thirteen-year-old with her first boy. Can you see a blackmailer in her?"

Danny looked. Norah was sidling along the path in a very coquettish way, holding back her skirts and teetering on her toes. Mr. Pottle was smiling at her. He was turned toward Danny and Allie, but he probably could not see them so far up the bank. The sun glinted on his glasses.

Danny turned to Allie. "And who," he said slowly, "is Horace Pottle?"

Viola Treherne's funeral was on Thursday afternoon at two o'clock in the Baptist church down beside the skating rink. It was only a small church, and it was filled to overflowing for the ceremony. Everyone in Tressady was there; most businesses closed for an hour so that employer and employees could go and pay their last respects to the dead woman and to her living husband.

AFTERWARD Allie went back to the office. It was just as the boys came in for the loads of papers that she saw Norah James coming down Main Street. Allie went out almost without thinking and waited in the doorway. She smiled at Norah as the girl approached.

"Oh, hello, Allie," Norah said. "This is your busy day, isn't it?"

"We're just finished," Allie said. "I thought I'd just step out and get a soda, or something. How would you like to come with me?"

"Oh, I'd just *love* to," Norah said. "I never do get a chance to see anything of you, you're always so busy—and I usually am too," she said. "I'm going on a case again in the morning—old Mrs. Fawcett, out at the crossing—so I've really been making the most of my time."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Patient

By May Richstone

The husband who bears a little pain
Stanchly, assuming it will pass,
And thinks it beneath him to
complain
Doesn't exist, alas!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I didn't know she was ill."

"Well, they'll probably send in the n to you next week. Of course I shouldn't e tell it, but I know you won't quote She's very ill—probably won't get out of again."

"Let's go in here to Berger's," Allie m mured. "It's quieter," She led the way i the dusky little ice-cream parlor and t tioned Norah into one of the wire-bac chairs drawn up to a round marble-top table. "What would you like, Norah? think I'm going to have a chocolate sod

"Oh, I don't think I'll have chocolat Norah said. "We had the most marvel chocolate sauce last night on our ice cre I don't know how Louisa makes everyth taste so good."

ALLIE ordered. She said, "I imagine y feel badly today. Viola was a patient yours once, wasn't she?"

"Yes, when the baby was born. She ha bad time, poor girl. But she wasn't rela at all. You know, I always tell them, if o they'd relax it would be so much eas Although," she said thoughtfully, "ma its easier to say than do. I don't think plan on having very many babies, when married. I've seen too much of it."

"Nurses see a all right," Allie s "They know j about everythi don't they?"

"Oh, not eve thing. But you c stay in a house days and weeks end, nursing a s person, without f ing out a lot of thi You'd have to be bl and deaf and du if you didn't. But course nurses do talk. Professionalet ics, you know. T just don't talk. L doctors."

"And a good thing, too," Allie s "You've got so much power, really, if y wanted to make trouble." She laugh "You remember that long excited st Catherine North told you when she was ill, winter before last?"

"Long excited story?" Norah said blank Then, "Oh. Oh, you mean—oh. But thought—I mean to say, that is ——"

"Catherine's got such an imaginatio Allie went on. "She has often said she w going to write someday. I imagine she w too, unless she goes away again and g into concert work. I doubt if she'll le Christopher and her father for a w though." She took a sip of her soda. "A way, she was busy working out a story w she took sick—and she says it went on a on in her mind all the time she was ill, a she was sure she'd told you about People do talk a lot when they are delir don't they?" Allie looked across at Nor

Norah's eyes were round, a little puzzl She said, "Yes, but they don't usually m very much sense. I mean—usually it's just jumbled. Of course, Mrs. North's st was jumbled too, but . . . she kept com back to it, you know." She leaned forw "I can't tell you how glad I am that brought this up," she said. "You know, t was such a very extraordinary story she k telling me, about her husband trying to her and her stabbing him and being tried murder, so very extraordinary, and kept calling me Allie, of course, as if thought I was you—and for a while I thou she was telling me the truth. Isn't t ridiculous? Of course I see it all now."

After a minute Allie said, "I'm sure s write it someday. It actually did happen two or three other people—parts of it mean. And she was putting it together her mind. It's a good thing you didn't b lieve her, and maybe tell somebody ab it. That would have started a very qu sort of rumor—it could make a lot of trou for everybody. Couldn't it?"

(Continued on Page 179)



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(Continued from Page 176)

"Why," Norah said, "I suppose it could."

"Did you just happen to mention it to anyone?" Allie asked lightly.

"Heavens," Norah James said at once, of course not. Certainly not. Professional ethics, you know. One just doesn't tell what goes on in the sickroom. Never. It's just like being a doctor, exactly the same thing."

When Norah James reached the Carling house half an hour later, Mrs. Carling was lying on the broad sofa in the screened porch, fanning herself and drinking iced coffee. She looked almost apoplectic, her face was so red.

Norah dropped down into the wicker chair at the foot of the couch and fanned herself with the Courier, which she had brought home. "It's been a terribly hot day," she said. "Such an awful day for a funeral. All the flowers on Viola's grave will be wilted already, in this sun."

"Would you like some coffee?" Mrs. Carling said heavily. "There's a pitcher in the refrigerator."

"No, thank you," Norah said. "I just had an ice-cream soda with Allie Jordan. I was quite surprised she asked me. Poor little girl, she really does pretty well, doesn't she? Sometimes she limps quite badly, you know, and her left hand really is a bit awkward. It must do something to her thinking. A physical defect usually changes one's thinking, doesn't it?" Norah said unconsciously.

"Does it?" Mrs. Carling said, and lifted her coffee glass. Then, "Did you have a nice time yesterday, Norah? I meant to ask you last night, but I was much too tired to do anything but go to bed."

"Oh I had a lovely time," Norah said eagerly. "And, you know, I got really acquainted with Mr. Pottle. He told me all about himself. I drew him out, of course—I remembered what you said about a man liking to talk about himself."

"Had he anything interesting to say?"

"Well, not really very interesting, except that things haven't been very easy for him. He grew up in Riverport—not really in a wealthy family, but still respectable and hard-working. I don't mind that. His father was—well, he was a streetcar conductor. Still is. And there were twelve children, so not too much to go around. Horace was one of the older ones, and he had to start work very early to help support the others. He always wanted to go to school, but didn't get very far—only to the end of grammar school. But he always read and read everything in the world, and that made him think of opening a bookstore. He worked for a few years on the Star—first he delivered papers while he was in school, then he was a messenger, and then finally a reporter. He didn't rise very high, but he says it taught him to be observant. And he saved every penny of his money after he gave what he had to at home, and finally he had enough to start up in business. He's older than he looks," Norah said. "He's over forty."

"He never married?"

"No. He said," Norah explained, and preened herself a little, "he said he'd never met a girl he was really interested in. Maybe," she said judiciously, "he never will marry. He says he makes just barely enough money for one—and that he probably never will make much more, because he gets so interested in his books and buys a good many that are too expensive."

Mrs. Carling was silent. She pushed her pillow into a more comfortable position and settled herself against it.

Norah got up. She said, "I think I will have just a teeny-weeny glass of that wonderful-looking coffee, Louisa. I adore iced coffee." She went out to the kitchen and got herself a glass.

When she came back Mrs. Carling said, "What did Allie Jordan want?"

"Want?" Norah repeated. "Why, nothing. We had a soda together, that's all."

"What did she talk about?"

"Oh, quite a few things. Viola, I remember. And Catherine North too. Of course she's Catherine's best friend. We were talking about when Catherine was sick last year and the very odd things she kept telling me—you remember, I was so bothered about them until you told me not to pay any attention. Allie says the same thing—I mean, she says Catherine wants to write someday and is always making up stories."

"Does Allie know the story?"

"Oh, she seems to. She talked as if—that is," Norah said confusedly, "it is only a made-up story, of course. But Allie was pointing out that it was a good thing nurses and doctors had professional ethics about telling things, or there could be trouble when a patient talks as wildly as Catherine North talked."

"Did you tell Allie Jordan that you had told me the story?" Mrs. Carling said slowly.

"Heavens, no, Louisa. I wouldn't think of doing such a thing. Telling you isn't like telling. I never think of you as any different from Doctor Carling. Because you'd never tell anyone, Louisa, of course. You just wouldn't, would you?" She took a long drink of the rich, ice-cold coffee. "My, this is good," she said.

Mrs. Carling pulled herself up from the couch. It was almost painful to watch her get up from a chair or off a bed or couch.

She got up now and went to the glassed-in shelves against the wall. She slid the glass doors back and stood looking at the dolls ranged there on the shelves—dozens and dozens of them, mostly little ones, some already dressed in the loveliest clothes. Louisa ran a hand along the top row and selected a little six-inch Shirley Temple doll, dressed in shimmering white gauze, stiff and wide-spreading, sewed over with tiny sequins and pearl beads. Louisa looked at it carefully, back and front. She touched the hair with a careful forefinger. She put the doll back in its case.

She said, "You know, of course, Norah, that I told my husband about Catherine North. I knew you wouldn't feel free to talk to him, and it seemed to me that she must be much more seriously ill than he realized. He didn't like it any too well that you'd told me, but I explained that you were worried and he was very busy. I had to tell Evan, you know. But of course I didn't tell anyone else."

On the morning after Viola's funeral, Ralph Harland came into the Courier. He looked dreadful, white and haggard. He came across to Allie and dropped into the chair beside her desk. He said under his breath, "It's come."

"A letter? For you?"

He nodded.

After a minute Allie said, "Don't be too unhappy about it, Ralph. This is a break, you see. Viola had destroyed all hers and we had nothing to work with. Give me the letter. Now we've got something to start from."

"I'm supposed to burn it."

"Don't be foolish, Ralph. You're giving in before you start to fight. You can't keep on paying blackmail, can you?"

"I'm cleaned out already."

"How much does he want?"

"A hundred dollars." Ralph laughed. "He knows I'm pretty small potatoes."

"Give me the letter," Allie said, and held out her hand.

(Continued on Page 181)

Like playing the violin, the art of reviling, railing at, and abusing one's fellow men has to be learned when one is young. When we come to middle age, a kind of moral lethargy—which we flatter ourselves by calling tolerance—creeps over us: we cease to be capable of healthy hatred; we drop into the bad habit of looking at even the most loathsome of created beings from his own point of view, and seeing that, after all, he may conceivably have something to say for himself.

—WALTER MURDOCH: Collected Essays.



IF YOUR HAIR LOOKS LIKE THIS —

WHEN IT SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS



don't use greasy pomades, brittle lacquer or sticky hair oil...

"Suave" your hair



"The cosmetic for hair"

Your beautician will tell you there's nothing else *like* Suave to make hair miraculously obedient . . . whisper-soft, kissable . . . starry-bright . . . *Keeps* every tress perfectly in place, and safe from parching sunlight. Rinses out instantly. It's the amazing, new *cosmetic* for hair that outsells ALL women's hairdressings! Greaseless—not a hair oil. No alcohol! For the whole family. At beauty shops, drug and department stores. **50c and $1**

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It's so *easy!* "As is," it's a gay first course, salad or dessert—with no work at all for you.

Then see the life and sparkle even a few spoonfuls can add to other foods! There's nothing like it to lend extra-special looks and taste to all kinds of familiar dishes.

It takes plenty of fine, rich fruit flavor to do so much—so easily. And you can't beat DEL MONTE for that!

In DEL MONTE Brand Fruit Cocktail you get *five* luscious, fully ripe fruits—combined in just-right flavor balance. That means you can always serve it with pride — enjoy its convenience often.

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SUPER-FRUIT SALAD *(center):* DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail, chilled on crisp greens. Serve with your favorite lemon-juice French dressing.

APPETEASER *(below):* Sparkling DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail, chilled to a turn. Isn't it handy to have such wonderful fruits ready-diced, ready-mixed?

Del Monte
FRUIT COCKTAIL

(Continued from Page 179)

gave it to her reluctantly. She spread
on her desk. It was printed, an awk-
sort of printing that looked as if it
have been done with the left hand.
aper was sleazy white typewriter bond.
etter just said:

d a hundred dollars in ten-dollar bills to
Banbarr, General Delivery, New Orleans.
know why. Put the money in a small box,
into a brown-paper envelope, wrap the
ope round it and glue the flap down. Don't
e parcel with string, use tape and glue to
. The finished parcel must be five inches
ght inches. Mail it on Saturday, but not
Tressady. Send it air mail.

ie frowned over the letter. It was queer.
aid, "I'll have to talk to Danny March
t this, Ralph."
don't much like washing our dirty linen
e strangers."
le isn't a stranger. I told you. He's
e Whitney's cousin. You've got to re-
ber that you're not alone in this thing,
h. Bruce and Viola are dead, but there
ill others besides you."
Who?"
ie shook her head.
e Courier door opened again and Cath-
came in. She was terribly pale, and her
were almost black.
ie looked at her sharply and then got
She said to Ralph, "I'm glad you came
'll be phoning you."
lph saw Catherine. He was too absorbed
is own misery to notice trouble in
face of anyone else. He muttered,
lo, Catherine," and
d to pass her.
t the Courier door
ed again, and this
it was Mrs. Carling.
came in with her
y tread and said in
big, hearty, cheerful
, "My goodness, peo-
re around early to-
It isn't much more
nine o'clock. Is this a meeting, or
thing?"
ust the neighbors dropping in," Allie
ged. "How are you this morning?"
h, fine. I'm always fine. Allie, I won-
you'd do me a favor?" She carried a
parcel in her hand. She unwrapped it
and took from the tissue paper one of
eautiful little dolls. "Will you put Shir-
your window with a little sign?" Mrs.
ng asked. "Everybody comes in here, or
here, and I need a little help."
ie took the exquisite little doll. "I'd
to put her in the window. What sort of
Mrs. Carling?"

ELL, you know that the school-
round bazaar is to be the first week in
mber—they want to raffle off some of
olls, and of course I'm anxious to help,
'm just about entirely out of materials
othes. I get them everywhere I can, but
le are lazy in the summer. The attics in
sady must still have dozens of things I
use." Mrs. Carling glanced at Ralph
back again at Catherine. Her face
ged. "I suppose you young people are
g very badly today about poor Viola,"
said kindly. "It's a terrible thing, a
ble thing. One feels so sad for her
and and the poor baby. What's to be-
of the baby, I wonder?"
lph moved convulsively.
lie said quickly, "I'm sure he will have
od home. Perhaps Viola's sister ——"
, "Oh, Ralph, I know you're in a hurry;
forgive you if you run along. I'll call
in an hour or so."
rs. Carling looked after him thoughtfully
then pursed her lips. "Poor boy," she
"People say that he was fond of Viola
. After all, one never forgets one's child-
sweethearts." She took out her hand-
hief and wiped her face. "It's already
hot," she said. "Another scorcher, I'm
d. Allie, I'm very grateful to you. Do
ct a lot of nice things for me, won't you,
? I can't dress my dolls in the things one
in the stores nowadays."

Mrs. Carling went out. The two girls watched her go. Then Catherine sank down in the chair Ralph had just left. She put an elbow on the desk and dropped her face for a moment into her hand.

Allie said, "You've had another letter, darling."

"Yes."

"Just like the others?"

"More money this time."

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars. That's about all I've got left. Allie, when that money is gone ——"

"Give me the letter."

Catherine opened her hand and dropped the crushed envelope on Allie's desk. Allie straightened it out and read it. Except for the name and the city, the letter was like Ralph's. The name was Eli Pardell, the city Dallas.

ALLIE got up and went to the window. Danny March was sitting at his desk in his office across the street. Allie was about to reach for her telephone when he looked up. She waved a hand and beckoned. He got up and came across the street.

"We've got two letters," Allie said, and gave them to him. "Now we can begin to make progress, can't we?"

"This is wonderful."

"Is it?" Catherine said bitterly. "Is it really?"

Allie looked down at her bowed head. Her eyes met Danny's and she gestured toward Catherine, toward his car, pointed in the direction of Catherine's home.

Danny had bigger ideas. "Come on, Mrs. North," he said. "Let's go for a drive. Then I'll take you home."

Allie sat down slowly at her desk again. Joe came in, his rusty hair newly trimmed at the back of his neck. He always got a haircut on Friday morning. He brought in an ice-cream cone and handed it to Allie. She licked at it absently. She stood Shirley Temple up on her desk and stared at the beautiful little doll.

"Joe."

"M-m-m?"

"What was the final date for the clothing collection last fall? For Europe?"

"Golly," Joe said, and scratched his head. He went over to his big scribbled-over calendar on the wall and pulled back the flipped-over pages. "October the fifteenth," he said.

"And Armistice Day Ball was on the twelfth instead of the eleventh of November, wasn't it? Because the eleventh was on Sunday."

"Somethin' like that. I didn't go. No fancy tail coat."

"You didn't want to go anyway. Joe ——"

"M-m-m?"

"When did Bruce Whitney . . . die?"

Joe attacked the calendar again. "November fourteenth," he said. Then, "What've you got on your mind these days, Allie? You been funny all week. Some of the things you say don't make sense." He shot her a sharp glance. "You kind of falling for that Danny March?"

"Don't be so silly, Joe."

"What's silly about that? Anybody can see he's kind of sweet on you."

Allie looked at him, startled. "Joe, I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life! Danny March and I have—well, you might say we have a deal on. It's business that brings us together."

"Hmmph," Joe said. "Funny kind of deal, you ask me. Funny business."

He pulled on his green eyeshade and went to work. The office was quiet. Main Street lay deserted in the quiet of midmorning. Allie went on thinking. Across the street Horace Pottle was dressing his windows.

It was lunchtime before Danny March came back. But he had not been with Catherine all morning. He had been with the bank manager, and down at the post office.

Men that believe only what they understand can write their creed on a postage stamp.
—AUSTIN O'MALLEY: Keystones of Thought (Devin-Adair Company).



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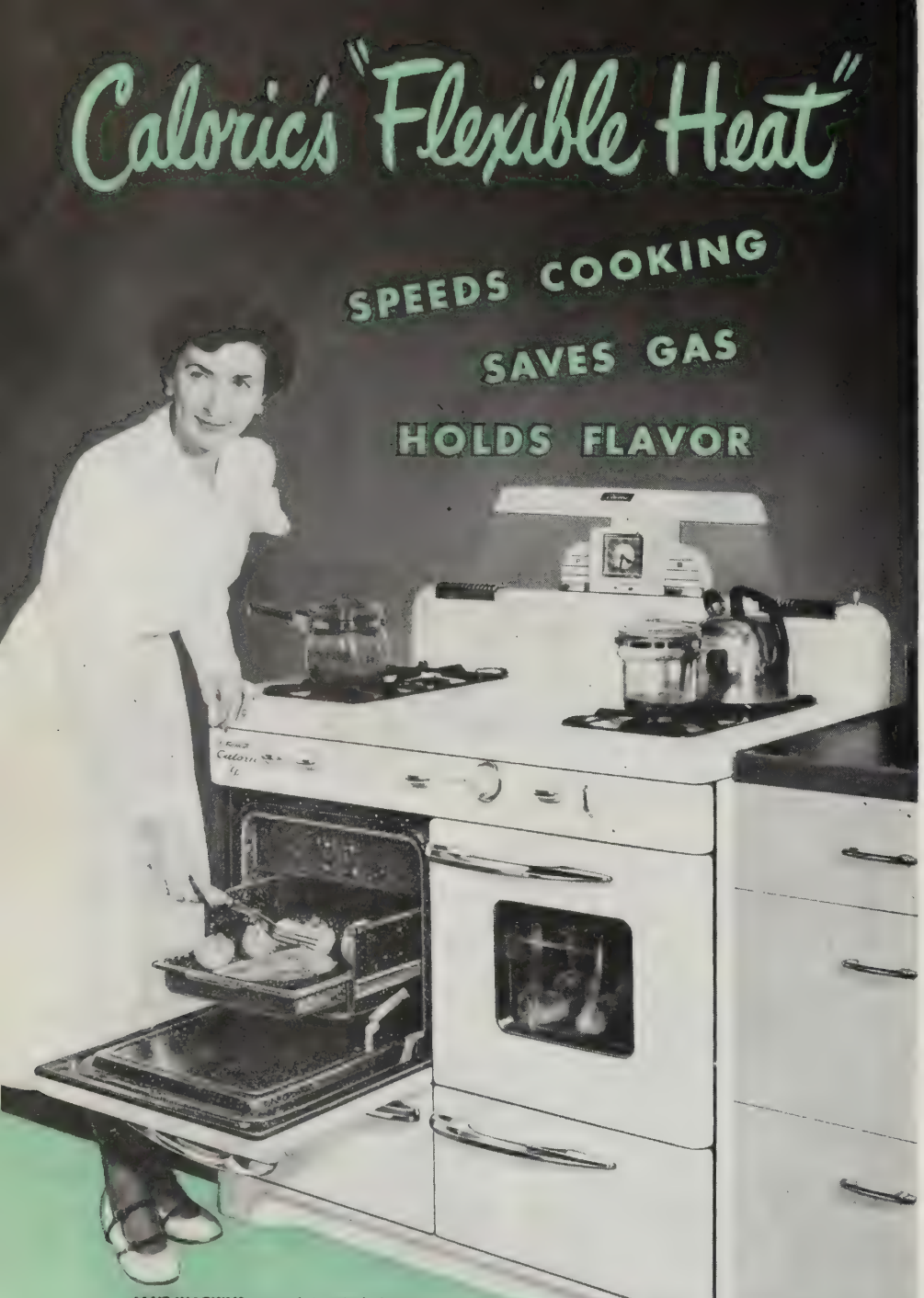
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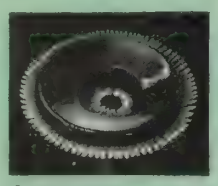
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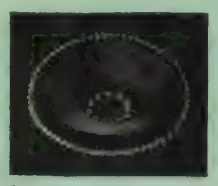
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He said, "I didn't expect to get very far at the bank. We can't be explicit enough and we're not the police. But Marsden's a decent fellow and he was willing to take my word that we were looking into something that wasn't so good for the town. I asked him to call you and confirm. Did he?"

"No; apparently you have an honest face."

"Well, he didn't have to commit himself far. Look, Allie, you got anything down at your house to eat? We can't talk here."

"Maybe soup and salad," Allie said. "I'll call Jessie." She called Jessie, who immediately got into a flutter and had to be spoken to firmly. Allie went back to Joe, haranguing Ike in the back room. "I'm going home to lunch," she said.

"He's going with you?" Joe asked, indicating March with his head.

"Yes, he is," Allie said wearily. "We'll probably elope while we're away, so don't expect me back for a couple of hours."

Danny March held the car door for her. "Who's going to elope?" he inquired. He must have very good ears.

ALLIE looked at him and felt her face flaming. But there was a way to answer. She said flatly, "You and I. You see . . . Jessie and Joe . . . they've taken care of me for so long—and they're used to me. Sometimes they forget that . . . you know, sometimes they get to thinking that I think about getting married, or having beaus, anyway. Just because you and I have driven around a little bit together, and you've been at the house a couple of times, they're making up things in their heads. Don't pay any attention."

"Don't you think about getting married, Allie?"

"Of course not," she said.

"I thought all girls did," he said gently.

"Well, but ——"

"But what?"

"Well, marriage is important," Allie said confusedly. "I mean . . . you see, I wouldn't be interested in anybody like—well, like Horace Pottle. And—you see, I always get a sort of sickish feeling when I look at the Carlings. That isn't a marriage. It can't be. A marriage ought to be beautiful, between two people who are both —— I wouldn't be interested in anybody like Horace Pottle."

"Why on earth should you be?" Danny said reasonably, stopping the car at her front gate. He put his hands under her elbows and swung her to the ground. His hands were warm.

Allie looked up at him. "I guess you've never paid much attention to me," she said soberly. "You know, I—that is, I limp quite a bit, and if you've ever noticed my hand ——" She held it out to him. "It isn't really too bad, because I didn't get sick until I was twelve, and I had most of my growth by then, so there isn't much difference. But it isn't very useful."

They walked up the path together. Danny did not answer until they got to the door. There was a big lilac tree just there, shading the doorway. Allie stepped up on the low porch. Danny stopped. He put his hand out and took hers, the left one, the small one. He scrutinized it carefully, front and back. Then, "I haven't noticed you limping anywhere inside, Allie," and bent and kissed her, quickly, on the tip of her nose.

Something terrible happened in Allie's heart. It was a thing she couldn't bear. He mustn't do this to her. He mustn't talk like this. She moved quickly and opened the door, indicated the sitting room to him and went into her own room across the hall. There she stood for a moment with her hands pressed to her face, and they were wet when she took them away. She shook her head violently and tightened her throat. She washed her face, powdered it, and went out. Danny was in the kitchen, sitting in Jessie's rocker, leaning over Night's basket where the four kittens lay sleeping.

Jessie said, "I've put your lunch on a tray. You can take it out under the apple tree. Can you manage to carry this tray, Danny March?"

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I got up and took it. Allie followed him
He set the tray down on the old painted
under the apple tree and dropped into
eck chair beside the table comfortably.
"My idea of comfort," he said. "After a
years of mess kits and canteens and
urants, I never want to eat any way but
gain."
"You'll need a rubber bib," Allie reminded
"This way of eating is very hard on
es." She filled his plate from the salad
and the cold-meat platter. "Now tell
bout the bank," she said.
"Well," Danny said, biting into the bread
ciatively, "I asked him if he had any
-looking accounts. Specifically, any
ular account that periodically took in
ers of ten-dollar bills, since our friend
s so partial to them. He hasn't. He
'What is it, a betting ring?' I said,
ething like that.' Handy to be a
r. People take it for granted you're
l up in funny stuff."
"So there's no such account in Tressady?"
"None. He seemed startled when I asked
f he had accounts with any irregulari-
He ate some salad. "The postmaster
t any use either. He says there's a lot
ail goes through this office, and he
't remember that printing or anything
letters such as
vo that came this
ing."
he two this morn-
were mailed in
ady?"
esterday."
e laid down her
She said, "I've
thinking, this
ng."
nny lifted his eyes
face.
hat's so difficult,
see it, is not the
ed way the man
hrough the banks
the post offices,
he way he finds out things. We
we know in Catherine's case that the
nation got out through the nurse. Norah
s honestly doesn't think she tells things.
he repeated the story to me with al-
no urging, and maybe she's told half
en people. Only, it's such an incredible
that nobody with any sense would pay
attention."
it's the story that gets the pay-off, it
be true," Danny said dryly.
hen maybe it isn't," Allie said. "Maybe
lly haven't found that one."
nny lifted an eyebrow and took another
of bread.
e went on. "In Viola's case, I've got an
that it was mostly guesswork. You
. . if any of us had the sort of mind
ooks for horrid things, we might have
d too. I might have myself. Maybe
ackmailer saw a couple of things that
f other people might have seen too—
e put them together and got a story.
maybe he sent a letter, just sort of
ng in the dark. And when Viola paid,
ew he was right. It might have been as
e as that."
nd Bruce?"

LL, that's more complicated. But I've
me dates. You see, we were having a
thing collection in October for Europe.
body gave everything he had. All the
gave all their uniforms, but we had to
nsignia off. What we did was to have
e clothes sent in to a central depot and
the women went and worked over
—took off insignia and went through
ts."
omen?"
len helped, too, I think. Anyway, they
ht carloads of things in. We were
ly busy at the end. Men could have
any part of the work."
ouldn't it be a coincidence if the
ly right person happened to be the one
d an incriminating letter in Bruce's
t?"
needn't have been that way. Maybe
und the letter, yes. Maybe someone else found the letter and it passed along—there was a central collection box, I remember, for all personal belongings found in pockets. Maybe somebody went through that box. You see?"

"And why and how did it turn up in his dress clothes later?"

"For pure torture's sake." She locked her fingers together. "I don't like this man."

DOCTOR CARLING, driving back to Tressady from Oriole on a humid afternoon a week later, found himself slowing the car as he approached Judge Spencer's house. It was weeks since he had allowed himself to stop there. But today he was tired, for many reasons; and the thought of going home just at this moment was something he could not face.

He wrestled with himself for a moment or two, then turned abruptly and parked in the side street round the corner from Main. He walked quickly along the hedge and turned in at the high gate. The judge and the baby were down in the summerhouse; they spent all their time in the garden together, as Doctor Carling knew well.

Catherine came to the door. She looked at him silently.

"I had to come," he said.

"Yes," she answered and moved aside.

He looked down at her. "Are you well?"

"Physically, yes."

He nodded.

She shut the door. They walked together to the big cool living room, so restful and uncluttered, so serene. "I was having tea," Catherine said. "Will you have a cup?"

He sat down on the chair opposite hers. She poured a cup of clear tea for him and put a paper-thin slice of lemon in it. The cup was fragile white milk china. She held out a plate of wafers to him, thin delicate bits of food. He took one and leaned back with the cup in his hand, and let the quiet and the austerity of the room touch his mind.

Catherine said, "You look very tired."

He said nothing. He looked at her and went on looking: at the pale soft hair and the beautiful eyes, the long graceful hands, the slender lovely body.

"Will you play for me?" he said abruptly.

"What would you like?"

"Beethoven. The Moonlight, I think."

She went to the piano. The music began to float in the air, the gentle tender melody wove itself around his thinking. He put his head back against the chair and shut his eyes. He rested. She played on and on; another sonata, a nocturne. As he listened, his mind cleared a little. If only he could come here often . . . if only he could stay here forever. After a long time the music stopped. She came back to her chair.

He stood up. He said, "I've never made any explanation before. I should have. No matter how it may appear, I am not free to make any change in my way of life. I did something some years ago which binds me forever; I created a debt I can never repay. If it were not for that I should take immediate steps." He put a hand lightly on her wrist. "There's nothing I can possibly do."

"I knew it must be like that. And . . . I did something too. Something that . . . leaves me bound. Something not even you could forget. So —"

He smiled. "I know what it is," he said. "You told me when you were ill. It doesn't matter. I know what happened, all the details. You had to do it. You acted the whole thing out for me . . . the man was mad, you know. You had to do it."

Her eyes were like midnight, luminous and yet dark. Her teeth bit into her lower lip.

"I love you," he said under his breath, and went away.

On that same day, Danny March received answers to his letters to the postmasters at

Winston Churchill was about to broadcast a speech and sent a copy of his manuscript to the Foreign Office for official approval. The manuscript was returned to him with only one correction—a correction in his grammar. He had ended one sentence with a preposition, and the Foreign Office advised him that this was incorrect. . . . "This is the type of arrant pedantry," wrote Mr. Churchill in reply, "up with which I shall not put."

—LEONARD LYONS.



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(pronounced Cam-fo-fi-neek)
THE ANTISEPTIC THAT RELIEVES PAIN INSTANTLY

New Orleans and Dallas. Dallas had no information about Eli Pardell. But New Orleans was much more helpful. It so happened that the clerk who had recently forwarded a letter to one Iles Banbarr was himself from Riverport; and although the manner of forwarding the mail was such that no record was kept, it happened that the Riverport street address had stayed in his mind because it was the street upon which he had lived as a small boy. Mr. Banbarr had sent a letter addressed to the postmaster asking that an expected parcel be sent to him in Riverport, and with the letter he had enclosed a gummed, self-addressed label which fitted very neatly over the face of the parcel which had duly appeared in the box. This on two occasions. And the Riverport address, at which Mr. Banbarr could very likely be reached, was 8 Solon Avenue.

DOCTOR CARLING did not go home to dinner that night. Instead he asked them at the garage to telephone his home and say that he had been called away suddenly. Then he went on down the highway and drove to Riverport. It was only just after six when he got to his aunt's house. He left the car on the side street and walked round the corner to ring Ida's doorbell. He rang three times before she answered.

"It's Evan," he said. "How are you, Aunt Ida? May I come in?"

"Why, Evan, dear," she said. "How nice of you to come. But weren't you here just a short time ago? No, I suppose not. Some weeks ago, perhaps. It's so nice to see you. Can you stay?"

"For a bit." He shut the door behind him and moved into the muddled-looking little sitting room after her. One small lamp glowed dimly from a corner table, littered with odds and ends: a magazine, an empty cup, a few small wrapped parcels. He glanced half curiously at the parcels and then away, not really thinking about them.

"It's so nice to see you, dear," Ida muttered again; and then, "It must be suppertime, Evan. Would you like something to eat? I think I must have something in the house. Some cheese and crackers?"

"No, thank you. I mustn't stay long." He sat down carefully in one of the rickety old chairs.

"Nothing I have would compare with dear Louisa's meals, anyway," Ida said. "Is she still as wonderful a cook as ever, Evan?"

"She does a great deal of cooking. Everything's perfectly done, as always."

"Louisa likes to eat," Ida murmured. "Perhaps one has to be very fond of eating to become a good cook. I don't believe I ever cared very much, and I remember you were never much of an eater. You haven't got fat at all. Louisa is really getting quite heavy, Evan."

"Yes."

"Smoke if you like, dear. It's so nice to have a man around to smoke. I often think I should take it up myself, for company. But of course I should always forget to buy the cigarettes or have no matches," she said. Then, "You know, when you married her, Evan, she had quite a nice figure. She was plump, but nothing like she is now. You know, Evan, she is rather a strange girl, Louisa. I must say I never quite knew why you married her, dear. Except that I know she had quite a bit of money and you couldn't manage medical school. Jack and I should have helped more there. But was it only the money, dear? It would put my mind at rest if I knew."

He said, "I was pretty young. Twenty-three. I know now that she was a great deal older than she said. She wasn't bad-looking; she was amiable, kind, helpful. I thought she was intelligent. There were a lot of things I didn't understand very well; I thought, for instance, that I really cared for nothing in the world but my chosen profession, that no woman could ever mean anything important to me." He stopped a moment. "We actually got along very well," he said, "until I . . . did that operation. And was caught. I did it because the girl was in a terrible situation, but of course that is no excuse. Probably I was weak—too sympathetic. The



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most unfortunate part of it all as far as Louisa is concerned is that she thought then, and still thinks, I feel sure, that I was the girl's lover." He said carefully, "Sometimes I almost believe that she has hated me ever since."

There was a long silence. Doctor Carling lifted one of the parcels on the table beside him and fingered it. He looked at the address absently. It was something that had been sent and Ida had not yet opened. The other parcels on the table were all addressed to her; two of them in similar flowing backhand, an odd sort of writing, on neat white labels.

"Don't you open your parcels?" he asked.

"They aren't mine, dear," she said vaguely. "I must remember to send them with you, dear. They're Louisa's . . . doll clothes, Evan, you know. Materials for her doll clothes. From people in the Missionary Monthly, I think. We use my name instead of hers just in case, you know. Although I don't see how there could be any link; I mean, Carling isn't a bit like—like your old name. Is it? And nobody knows about your changing it."

He got up restlessly. "That's what I came about tonight," he said. "Somebody does know. I would have sworn that nobody in the world but you and Louisa and myself knew of the change. Of course the judge who heard my petition to change the name knew; but because of the special aspects of the case it was kept as secret as possible. Baltimore is a far cry from Tressady, and there have been no slips. But someone in Tressady knows the truth. I've been . . . blackmailed for months."

"Evan, surely that sounds very melodramatic?"

The greatest privilege of a human being is to be able to do good.
—VOLTAIRE.

"But it's true."

"Does Louisa know?"

"She would be frantic. She has built herself up as quite a person in Tressady. To be aware that even one person knew that her husband had spent five years in the penitentiary would drive her mad." He fell silent. "I don't want to do that," he said. Then, "Ida, are you quite certain that you have never let the secret out to anyone?"

"Evan," she said tremblingly, "I know I am getting old, but I'm quite certain about that, dear. I've never discussed it even with Louisa; I couldn't. I felt very deeply about it and I couldn't mention it to anyone even if I wanted to. And anyway, dear, whom do I know? I live here very much alone, except for a few ladies from the church very occasionally, and there is no one I should talk to. No one ever comes here but you and Louisa and those few ladies. I have no one to tell, even if I wanted to."

There were sudden quick loud footsteps on the front veranda. The doorbell rang.

Ida stood turned to stone, her mouth open. "Was that the doorbell?" she said. "*My* doorbell?"

"It sounded very much like it."

"But how odd! Nobody ever comes here. And who would come at such an odd hour? Louisa comes, but always to the side door."

The bell rang again. Doctor Carling moved quietly across the floor and stepped into the dining room. "You'd better answer it," he said.

Ida shuffled to the door. It was a man who spoke to her, in a voice oddly familiar to the doctor and yet not quite identifiable. He said, "I have two registered special-delivery letters here, for this address. What is your name, please?"

"Why," Ida said in surprise, "it's Randall, Mrs. Ida Randall."

"Are these for you?" he inquired.

There was a silence, as if Ida were trying to read the superscriptions. She said vaguely, "Well, yes, they appear to be. Yes, that seems to be my name. But I don't understand . . . registered letters . . . special delivery."



"I had the laugh on my mother-in-law!"

You can't blame a girl for being a little smug about being able to give her mother-in-law advice.

Especially when it's really helpful advice. Mrs. Olga Helwing of West Allis, Wisconsin, writes us that when she was married, a kind friend gave her:

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Mrs. Helwing's mother-in-law was not so lucky. She'd been using another brand of sheets. So, when she complained that after a mere two and one-half years these sheets were "frayed and useless," the younger Mrs. Helwing was tickled to brag about her *Pequots*, which were much older and still going strong.

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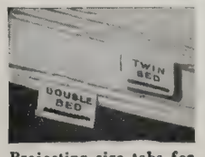
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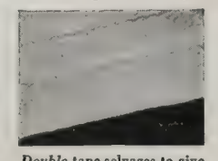
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"Will you sign for them?" the man's voice asked.

"Why, yes. I suppose I must. I don't understand ——"

"Is there anyone else in this house?"

She said, "You mean . . . at this moment? Anyone else?"

"Does anyone else live here?"

"No. No one at all."

"There are no other names in this house?"

"Nobody lives here but me. Nobody ever has."

"You don't accept mail for anyone else?"

"No," she said confusedly. "Of course not. I'm the only person here."

"This is Eight Solon Avenue?"

"Yes. The number is on the pillar. This is Number Eight."

He said oddly, "Then there can't be any mistake," and his footsteps moved off the veranda.

Ida came back into the sitting room with slow steps. Doctor Carling crossed to the archway and joined her. She was looking down at the two large white envelopes in a very puzzled way.

"I don't understand this at all, Evan," she said. "I never get special-delivery letters. Who should I get them from?"

He took them from her hand and looked down at them. He looked again. "But they aren't for you," he said. "This isn't your name, Ida. Neither of these is addressed to you. Why did you say they were?"

"But they are," she said, peering at them again. "That's Ida Randall, isn't it?"

"That one is Eli Pardell," he said. "The other is a very odd name, Iles Banbarr. Certainly neither is Ida Randall."

"Oh," she said. "But that's surely . . . oh. Oh, Evan, I know what it is. How stupid of me. They're for Louisa."

"For Louisa?" Doctor Carling asked.

"Her doll clothes. Her materials. You see, people tell each other where to send the things—maybe they write the name down and then someone has difficulty reading it. Those names look like mine, don't they, dear?"

"A little. Yes, considerably."

"If you look at the addresses on those parcels, all for Louisa, you will see that the same thing happens. I noticed it once or twice when I had my proper glasses on, and was puzzled until Louisa explained. I'm sure that's what it is." She gathered up the parcels and held them out to him. "See if I'm not right, dear," she said.

He looked at the addresses. It was true. One of the parcels here was addressed to Iles Banbarr. Another, with a similar white label, was for Eli Pardell. Odd. Two friends who had both tried to read the handwriting of a third mutual friend and were sending Louisa the same sort of thing?

"Take them all home to her, Evan," Ida said. "I know she needs them. Just a minute, dear. I'll get a large paper bag. I have ever so many."

There were many things on Evan Carling's mind as he drove back to Tressady. Catherine was first, perhaps; if not her image, then the persistent need of her and the way in which all the rest of his life lay as a barren waste around the thought of her.

He was almost at the turn of the highway when an odd thought which had been nagging at him for miles became too strong to push away. He stopped the car.

He took up Ida's paper bag from the seat beside him and opened it. He put his hand in and took out a parcel, and then another. He felt them, looked at them curiously. Some were firm and hard, some were soft and crushable. The two with the white labels that matched the special-delivery letters were firm. He turned them over in his hands. Doll clothes? Materials for Louisa's doll clothes?

The two parcels with the white labels were not tied with string. One was bound with tape, one with strips of gummed paper. The other parcels were tied with string, easier to open. He groped among them in the light from the dashboard, found a small firm one. He untied the string; a small flat box lay inside. He opened it. Inside was a piece of purple silk, shot with a deep red, to which a note was pinned. "My mother's going-away dress, made in 1898," the note said, in a spidery hand. And, "God bless your work and you."

He looked at it again. He folded the silk carefully and put it back in the box. He laid the note on top and tied the parcel up again, as well as he could. The paper didn't quite go back into its original folds. It didn't matter. He drove on.

Louisa was on the porch, sewing. Her brimming basket lay on the couch beside her; her thick, pudgy fingers flew as she fashioned the small elaborate dress. "Hello, dear," she said. "Where were you?"

"I had to go in to the city," he said.

"Oh? Serum?"

"Something like that." He laid the paper bag down on the couch. "I dropped in to see Ida for a minute," he said. "She sent you these parcels."

Her hands stopped in their work. She looked up. The light made her eyes small, pin-pointed. "Thoughtful of her," she said. "How is she, Evan?"

"Getting old."

Louisa opened the bag and looked inside. "Quite a haul."

"Yes. By the way, there are two special-delivery letters in there. They came while I was at Ida's. She was confused at first because she thought they were for her. They're at the bottom of the bag."

"Special-delivery letters?" she said slowly.

"Yes . . . rather odd. The name isn't Randall on either of them—and there are two packages addressed in the same way. An odd mistake."

She tore the bag abruptly down the side. The two letters lay on the couch. She took them up and looked at them closely. She bent and looked at the parcels. After a minute she laughed. "Oh, heavens," she said. "Those two foolish old women . . . I know what it is. How silly of them." She pushed the letters to one side. "Did you have any dinner, dear?" she asked. "There's a bowl of strawberries in the refrigerator, and some nice cold lamb. Some jellied mint too. Shall I get you something?"

"I think I'll just have a glass of milk and go to bed," he said. "I'm rather tired."

"I'll make cocoa," she said quickly. "Cold milk isn't anything to go to sleep on." She gathered up the parcels and the envelopes and went inside with them. He sat down and put his head back against the chair, relaxing in the cool night air.

Upstairs, Louisa Carling shut her bedroom door. She looked sharply at the parcels again, singled out the two with the white labels. She took up the letters—she looked at them closely. Special delivery? Registered? Neither one. An inked imitation of the post-office marking, that was all. She took up a nail file from her dressing table and slit one open.

Inside were two blank sheets of paper. The other letter was the same. Blank.

She stood thinking, her mind whirling. She laid the letters and parcels in her bureau

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Unreturning

By Sara King Carleton

Lancelot is gone, Elaine,
He has found another lass,
He will not come back again.
Gather up your looking glass.

Do not question how or why—
This the truth that you must learn:
Love that goes without good-by
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drawer under some stockings. She went noiselessly into the bathroom and opened the cupboard. There was a box of small white tablets there. She took it and slid it into her pocket. She went downstairs and made cocoa for Evan and served it to him, sweet and hot and rich, with a little salt to bring out the flavor, and nutmeg to give it added tang. It was good cocoa. She poured a cup of it for herself first, to make sure.

There wasn't much traffic on the Riverport road after midnight. Her car flew along through the cool night. The moon was up, and brilliant, so that driving was easy. She got to Riverport in much less than the usual two hours.

She parked her car, as usual, in Ida's side drive. She went up on the side porch. It was no use ringing the bell: Ida would be asleep; but she, Louisa, had a key. She had had it for a long time. It was important that she should have a key to this house. Long ago she had foreseen that something might happen, something she couldn't plan against.

She let herself in quietly and went upstairs with her flashlight. The stairs creaked under her weight. But Ida did not hear her until she was right in the bedroom. Then, "Who—who is there?" she quavered.

"It's just me," Louisa said calmly. She went into the bathroom and got a glass of water. She held the glass in a washcloth. She opened the box of sleeping pills for the second time that night. Two had gone into the cocoa; this time she needed more. Several more.

"Just . . . you?" Ida was saying. "Louisa? Is that you? What are you doing here? Isn't it the middle of the night?"

"No, it's not very late," Louisa said, and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Evan sent me," she said. "He said he was worried about you, Ida. He said you didn't seem at all well to him. He sent you something to take to make you feel better."

"But I feel all right," Ida protested. "I feel fine, Louisa. Really I do. I feel fine. Evan didn't say I was sick."

"He worried about it afterward," Louisa said. "There, it's all ready now. Sit up a bit, Ida, it's too hard to swallow lying down."

IDA sat up obediently, still groping in her vague old mind. "I feel all right," she said. "I don't need ——"

"Drink it down. It will do you good."

She finished it and lay back.

Louisa went to the bathroom and ran some fresh water into the glass. "Water," she said. "Here, hold the glass yourself, Ida. Then you won't choke."

Ida took the glass in her hand and sat up again, feebly. She sipped at the water and then put the glass down on the seat of the chair. She said, "Evan is a good nephew to an old aunt. He's a good man, Louisa. Even if you didn't always believe it. He's a good man."

Louisa went back down the stairs and back to Tressady.

It was dawn when she got there, just barely dawn. Evan was still deeply asleep. Everything was fine.

But now . . . it was time to think. Who had sent those letters? Who had sent them? Why?

Danny March got out of the police car at the front of 8 Solon Avenue. He was followed by Detective-Inspector Green, who was still a little doubtful about the long story he had heard earlier this morning. It wasn't that he questioned Danny March's word, exactly; it was that there wasn't any concrete evidence that the old woman who lived at 8 Solon was tangled in a blackmailing game. It was because there was no evidence that he had been unwilling to make this checkup call last night, by the time Danny March had got to him.

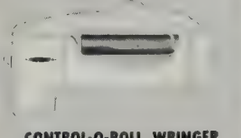
"Too late," he said. "It isn't a time for the police to call on respectable householders—if she turns out to be respectable. That's a decent neighborhood. You can't go barging into respectable people's houses asking questions about blackmail when there's no evidence."

What! Put your best tablecloth in the washer!



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"She took the letters," Danny said. "They'll still be in the house."

"In the fire, likely," the inspector said. "If she's really guilty, they'll be in the fire, and everything else. Blank paper!"

"You forget the evidence of the postmaster in New Orleans. We know that blackmail money was sent to Iles Banbarr in New Orleans and that postal clerk will swear that he sent it back to Eight Solon Avenue. The woman last night said the letter was for her and signed for it. I will swear to that."

"How do we know there was blackmail money in the parcel that went to New Orleans?" the inspector said shrewdly.

Danny told him, "Because one of the victims sent it there. To that name and box number."

The morning was slightly foggy, cool and with mist rising from the lake. The police car sat at the curb in the midst of the faint haze. The inspector peered at the house.

"Quiet's a tomb," he grumbled.

"It's only half past eight," Danny said. "She seemed pretty old—maybe she doesn't get up early."

"Milkman's been along. Other people's bottles are on their front porch. None on hers. She must've took 'em in." He pulled himself from the car. "Well, if it's got to be done, it's got to be done," he said. He settled his coat and went up to the door. He turned the metal handle set into the old-fashioned bell. The bell made a grumbling rusty sound inside the door.

"She sounded half deaf to me," Danny said. "She's certainly either half blind or pretending to be."

The inspector rang the bell again. He knocked. He knocked loudly. Nothing happened. "See if there's a back door," he said mildly.

Danny went round the house. He found the side door opening into the narrow covered porch, screened from the house next door by the tall, close-woven lattice. He glanced at it with interest, noted the few drops of oil just outside it on the drive, as if a car had stood here recently.

He put his hand involuntarily to the knob and rattled it. It turned in his hand. The door swung open. He looked into the house; the side door opened into the dining room, beyond which he could see the musty, crowded sitting room he had seen last night. There was no one stirring in the house.

This was a good time to force the inspector's hand. He went into the house, across the sitting room, and opened the front door. The inspector stared at him.

"Side door unlocked," Danny explained.

"Was it now?" the inspector said curiously. "Funny. People don't leave their doors unlocked down in this part of town usually."

Danny said easily, "A good officer on the beat would investigate such an open door just as part of his business, wouldn't he?"

The inspector glanced at him and grinned. "Maybe he would, at that," he said. "We'll just have a look round, since the old woman lives alone and leaves her doors unlocked. It's part of the service." He moved on through the dining room and into the kitchen.

Danny turned and stayed in the sitting room. He looked round him quickly, at the table in the corner where the lamp stood; it was empty now, but there had been something on it last night. He looked for a desk, but there was none. There was nothing but a wooden-framed, uncomfortable old sofa done in rubbed and worn brocade, two stiff chairs, one red-velvet semirocker that looked as if it had been won with tobacco coupons, the table in the corner, and two framed and poisonously tinted enlargements of photographs on the wall—a young woman and a young man, wedding photographs, probably taken about forty years ago; there was the high-necked floppy-bosomed blouse of the early nineteen hundreds on the woman, and the handle-bar mustache and stiff celluloid collar of the same period on the man.

The letters were not here.

The inspector met him in the dining room. "Kitchen's tidy enough," he said. "Pretty bare. No signs of breakfast." He glanced at Danny with slightly more appreciative eyes. "Your bird's maybe flew the coop," he said.

The stairs went up from the dining room. The inspector surveyed them thoughtfully for a moment, then tramped up them manfully. He called, "Anybody up there?" in a loud voice, and waited. There was no answer.

Danny followed closely. There were three bedrooms here, opening off the dingy hall. One was empty; one had a narrow bed, a bare bureau, a chair and a drawn window blind, as if it were never used. The third was Ida Randall's room, with her wider bed in it.

She was in the bed. She was dead.

The two men stood in the doorway looking at her, at the huddled bed, at the shrunken old figure lying in it, at the stiff arm holding something rigidly in the air.

JENNIFER



"Maybe you think Saturday is so wonderful, Pete—but you're not a woman!"

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"Well," the inspector said. "Well." He went on into the room. "She's dead, right enough," he said, bending over the bed. "What's that in her hand?"

"Looks like a pillbox," Danny said. "There's an empty glass there on the chair."

Ida Randall's teeth were on the chair too. Her mouth was open, a gaping cavity; her eyes were shut. Her wispy gray hair straggled on the pillow.

"Looks like she did it herself," the inspector said. "Maybe you put your finger on something, boy. Maybe you just did. Did you see a telephone in this house? I got to call the office."

"I didn't see one," Danny replied. "I'll stay if you like while you go next door."

The inspector lumbered off down the stairs. Danny turned quickly and looked through the room. He opened the drawers of the heavily varnished old bureau, with one leg propped up by a block of wood. The drawers were almost empty. There were no boxes in the room where the letters might be, where any other incriminating material might have been put. He went into the bathroom, and it was of a pattern with the rest of the house. A towel and a washcloth were on the rack, the towel pushed behind the bar in a muddle, the washcloth folded neatly in half and hung with straight edges. Danny regarded that thoughtfully. There was no medicine cabinet.

Two more officers arrived shortly from headquarters, and went methodically about the business of investigating Ida Randall and her death. They weren't much concerned; they didn't know the background, and it seemed just another old woman tired of poverty and loneliness, deciding to stop. There were traces of one of the more powerful barbiturates in the glass, the police chemist reported later in the day.

Danny asked curiously, "Why isn't there any label on the pillbox?"

"Kind of funny, all right," the inspector said. "No druggist's name stamped on the cover, no label with directions, no prescription number, no doctor's name."

They left the house just after lunchtime. By that time Danny was sure that the letters were gone. The letters, and whatever it was that had been stacked on the little sitting-room table. They were gone.

The neighbors didn't know much about Ida Randall. It was a big boardinghouse that stood next door. Most of the people who lived there were out all day and weren't interested anyway in a dull old woman who lived alone in the house on the corner. One half-crippled old man who had a tiny room on the top floor had seen her once or twice, pottering about her bit of garden. He could see the end of her driveway from his small window. There had been a car in the drive once or twice, he said, but he couldn't remember when. He had never seen anyone get in or out of it because it always stopped just beside the gate into the enclosed part behind the tall lattice, and whoever got out probably went through that gate and into the house by the side door.

Danny, standing at one side while the old man was questioned, asked once, "Did you happen to hear a car there last night?"

The old man said no. He hadn't. He slept pretty good, considering he didn't get out none. No, he'd gone to bed about nine o'clock and he hadn't heard anything.

Afterward, the inspector said, "Why a car last night?"

Danny and he were having a belated lunch downtown. "Couple of reasons," Danny said. "Where are the letters? I left them there about seven o'clock. She told me no one else lived in the house. She told me she did not accept mail for anyone else—but maybe that wasn't true. She didn't have a telephone, so she couldn't have sent for anyone. But someone may have been here—must have been here. There may even have been someone here while I was here. It seems to me I vaguely remember a car parked around the corner on the side street. And another thing. There's been time enough for the latest blackmail money to get back air mail from New Orleans and Dallas. I

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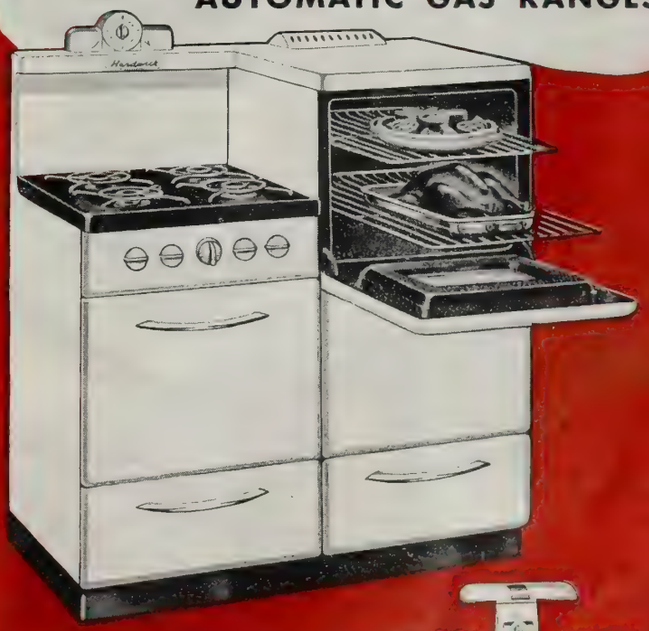


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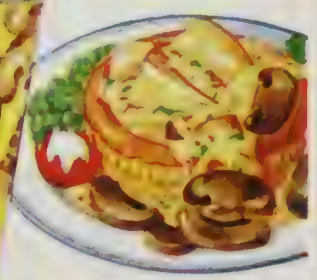
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suggest that you telephone the postmasters in both places, officially, and ask about those two boxes. They'll have been watching them; I asked them to. You may find that parcels were sent back to Eight Solon in time to have got there last night. I saw parcels, six or seven, on that small table. There wasn't any way I could get at them—when," Danny said wryly, "when you weren't available until midnight and wouldn't go then."

"Who'd have been there?" the inspector wanted to know.

"That's the sixty-four-dollar question. Somebody, I'd be sure, from Tressady. We'll do a lot of checking out there for you—grapevine stuff. Somebody will know where everybody in Tressady was last night. You can find out anything if you start asking."

"This thing's gone on quite a while, according to your story," the inspector said. "If everybody knows everybody's business in Tressady, why has it gone on so long?"

"Somebody's smart, that's all, and the thing's so unlikely in a small town." He looked across the table. "You know the facts. Would you say it was likely that Ida Randall killed herself because she was scared?"

The inspector's eyes met his. "What do you mean?"

"She sounded to me like a tool, rather than a master. She was either a very good actress or a very vague old woman. It may be that she hadn't any idea what was going on, but was only being used. In that case," Danny said, "it would be murder, you know. I think myself that it was."

The inspector folded his arms on the table. His fish began to look sodden. He said, "If you were there at seven o'clock, and saw a car on the side street . . . the old woman wouldn't go to bed for a while. Did the . . . man stay there until she went to bed and then give her the stuff? Why would she take so much?"

Danny said briefly, "Maybe he was somebody she trusted a great deal." Then, "Do you see how we're going to make a real connection between her and someone in Tressady?"

"I don't," the inspector said flatly. "That I don't. Not at the minute. I never saw such a bare way of living. No books, no family photograph album, no letters, no pieces torn out of newspapers—no nothing to show what she'd been or done or who she really was. She owns the house, but nobody knows when or how she came there—dog's years ago. She has some money in the bank, draws out fifty-sixty dollars a month. Otherwise we haven't found a thing about her. You really think it might be murder?"

Danny said in reply, "You wouldn't call the police doctor now and ask him if he'll establish the time of death?"

The inspector got up abruptly and went out to the lobby. He came in again very soon. He said. "Between one and three in the morning."

Danny ate two forkfuls of smoked salmon. He said, "I should have stayed there and watched the house from seven on instead of going for you."

DANNY had telephoned Allie just after lunch from Riverport and told her about Ida Randall. She had never heard the name. She had no idea of any possible connection between the dead woman and anyone in Tressady. But the connection had to exist.

"Whoever it is was in Riverport last night," Danny had said. "It's got to be that way, Allie. Maybe early in the evening; maybe in the middle of the night. Almost certainly in the middle of the night, for my money. I think he murdered her. I think the poor old woman was only useful to him as long as she wasn't suspicious—or hadn't anything to tell. But after I gave her the two letters she was dangerous to him. He kr someone was on his trail and he had to br it."

"It sounds dreadful," Allie had s "Murder is something else again, Dann

"Not very much else, after you've cau the deaths of two other people, young peo Not very much else."

Allie hesitated. "Do you—have you any idea now who it was?"

He said slowly, "The pillbox is qu Who'd have an unlabeled, unstamped p box?"

AFTER Allie hung up she got up from desk and walked around the office restless She stood looking across the street at Hor Pottle's shop. He might have pillboxes that shop; he had everything else. No, t was silly. Well, he might have got one fr Norah James. You had to keep coming b to Norah James. But she was a stupid g much too stupid to be worth very much a matter like this. She talked too much. criminal would dare trust himself to her any way.

Allie didn't want to think about the i mediate possibility suggested by Dann words. Doctor Carling wasn't anyone wanted to think evil of, any more th Danny did. Doctors were somehow ab evil, good doctors like Doctor Carling. A why would he want blackmail anybo He made more tha good living. Anyw how could he have t to figure out all th tortuous schemes?

Allie got up. went to the mirror ha ing round the co and tidied her h She thought, *Maybe time to take a chan anyway*, and we across the street to H ace Pottle's.

"I'm honored," told her. "You do often come into r little place, Miss J dan."

"I've got a pr lem," Allie said ruptly. She glanced up at the long shel set round the corner, loaded with bright jacketed books. "Joe's got great confide in your judgment, Mr. Pottle. He thoug you might be able to help me."

"Of course I'd be delighted if I coul he said, with his wide smile that Allie fou so unpleasant. An ingratiating smile.

Well, maybe that was only because *was* so unattractive, because he was tryi so hard to make friends and didn't know h to go about it. Maybe that was it. Words Danny's kept coming into her mind: "I do notice that you do any limping inside, Alli Maybe Horace Pottle didn't smile ingrati ingly inside, either.

She said, "There is someone in Tressa who is making trouble for some of our frien Mr. Pottle, and doing it in a very und handed and clever way. Do you know an thing about it?"

He said thoughtfully, "No. I don't thi I do. I've wondered, from time to time, there mightn't be a kind of storm cent around. I've detected a certain amount unnatural tension occasionally. Centerin about the deaths of Bruce Whitney a Viola Treherne. Neither of those deat seemed just right to me, Miss Jordan, n just natural. Young, handsome peop don't . . . die so easily, as a rule. Mrs. Tr herne's death was accidental, as has be established, but if you read psychology y know that we are all of us battling incessant with an inherent 'will to die.' We are batt grounds between the 'will to live' and t 'will to die.' Psychologically speaking, wh such an accident as Mrs. Treherne's occu the 'will to die' has triumphed. And for th to happen, there must be underlying cau You follow me?"

"You are explicit. Yes. I do."

"I sit on the side lines, in a way," he sai

The lilac began life in the Balkan mountains, where it grew wild. From there, it migrated to other countries in Europe and then was brought to America from Europe. Another lilac—*Syringa persica*—migrated from China. According to ancient legend, lilacs are the guardians of the household. They were cherished by the early settlers of America, and many a lilac shoot came over on the Mayflower. As the early settlers traveled westward, flower-loving women secretly tucked in cuttings with their household effects. Now we find lilac bushes dotting the countryside to mark the path of the pioneers across America. —FLOWER FACTS AND FANCIES (Society of American Florists).

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"You told me once, in the office, that you could interpret character by knowing what people chose to read. You interpreted Viola's character then. Can you tell me who, in Tressady, might be . . . anxious to make other people suffer, willing to make them suffer so that he might profit?"

"Does he profit financially?"

After a moment Allie said, "Yes."

"You do not speak of business? Sometimes in business there are ruthless men, as you doubtless know."

"Not business."

He tapped slowly on the ledge where he was sitting, with square, plump finger tips. He said, "Like a small boy tearing the wings off a fly simply for his own pleasure, then?"

"It must be something like that. The money isn't enough to be important."

He got up and went to his bookshelves. He ran an absent, loving hand over the books. "Your man is managing cleverly?"

"Very."

He moved on to the shelf of pocket books, to the more lurid jackets of the mystery stories. He stood for a long time thinking. He came back and sat down.

"Many people read mystery stories," he said. "If I were engaged in any sort of intrigue I should be certain to read mystery stories to get ideas. They are very popular. Judge Spencer reads a great many. It would be impossible to suspect him."

Allie waited.

"The mayor does not read mystery. He reads westerns, if you can believe it. Mr. Treherne reads nothing. The bank manager reads ghost and horror stories, but not detective novels. Mr. Harland reads serious novels and books of literary criticism. There, I've covered the town hall, the bank, the railway, the school. Oh, Doctor Carling. He reads a great many mysteries. He has little time for anything else. His wife comes and gets them for him by the armful. He must read half the night, he reads so many. His wife says he is voracious when it comes to mystery."

"What does she read herself?" Allie inquired quickly. She didn't want too much attention focused on Doctor Carling.

"Why, nothing. As she points out, she sews all the time. Her dolls are quite remarkable," Mr. Pottle said musingly. "I have often wondered . . . they have no children, you know. I suppose the dolls are a substitute."

"Maybe they are."

"Perhaps she should have had a dozen children," he went on. "She is a very capable woman and could manage the lives and affairs of a considerable family with ease. Perhaps she gets considerable satisfaction from managing her little puppets."

The door opened and four grimy infants came in: the Bryan four-year-old, the Gilchrist boy and girl and the Toomey baby, toddling along with his hand firm in Betty Gilchrist's. They wanted candy.

Allie got up suddenly. She said, "Thank you, Mr. Pottle," in a kind of odd breathlessness, and went out. Instead of crossing to the Courier, she turned north and went as quickly as she could up to Catherine's.

"Father's having his nap," Catherine said from the veranda swing. "Christopher's asleep with nothing on. He minds the heat, poor baby. You're hot, too, Allie. Why were you hurrying?"

"Catherine," Allie said abruptly, resting for a moment beside her on the swing, "would it be Doctor Carling who is blackmailing you?"

Catherine fixed her eyes on Allie's face. After a long moment a slow flood of color swept up inexorably from her long throat. "No," she said quietly.

Allie nodded. She got up. "I thought not," she said, and started back down the steps.

"Where are you going?"

"Just . . . nowhere, really. Just to think for a little. Everything seems to be making a little sense at last. I . . . maybe in a few hours we'll have it settled. Maybe we will."

She couldn't say anything more. She went on back down to the Courier. She went over to the window and took the Shirley Temple doll out. She held the doll in her hands. She





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remembered other dolls—dozens of them. Tiny humanlike figures created out of nothing but ordinary twenty-five-cent models of wax and wood and limp stuffed cotton; made into reality . . . given power, really. They went out into the world and earned money to be used for Causes; they became important. In the background, their creator could afford to take considerable pride in them. In her puppets.

Allie found herself crushing the doll in her hand. She spread the crisp skirt carefully and set the doll back in the window against the little notice card. She went down to Joe.

"I'm going up to Carling's," she said. "Danny March is on his way back from the city. If he wants to know where I am, Joe, I'm at Carling's."

"What you going up there for?" Joe demanded.

"Something about the dolls," Allie said vaguely. Because that was what she was going to talk about. The dolls.

Mrs. Carling's voice called out "Come in" as Allie rang the doorbell. She went in, to find the shades drawn and the house comparatively cool. Mrs. Carling was on the porch at the back, the porch that was screened in summer, glassed in winter; her workroom. She sat upright in a wide, old-fashioned Morris chair with wooden arms. Her face was purple and she was wearing her hat.

"Oh, it's you," she said heavily. "Should have come to the door. But I just got in this minute. Something happened to Evan's car and I had to drive him out to the crossing. I wouldn't have done it if I'd known it was so hot. It's terribly humid today, Allie. I don't think I ever saw it so humid."

Allie said sympathetically, "You do look quite done. Do you have trouble sleeping when it's so hot?"

The bright jet eyes blinked once, like a bird's. The lids dropped and then were lifted, in a hooded way. She said, "I couldn't sleep much last night. I read most of the night."

"Anything interesting?" Allie asked lightly. "I don't seem to find anything much around."

"Nothing much. Mysteries. I get them for Evan—he reads them by the dozen. I found one somewhere and read it. Don't know what it was now. What do you want, Allie?"

"I thought we might do rather a big story about the dolls," Allie said. "It would stir up interest for the bazaar later. But get your breath—I'm not in a hurry for a few minutes. Can I get you something cold to drink?"

"I'm all right," Mrs. Carling said shortly. "What happened to Doctor Carling's car?" Allie inquired. "Did he have an accident in the night?"

The sharp eyes fixed themselves on her again. "He wasn't out in the night," she said. "He went to bed about eleven and slept like a log all night. I had quite a time waking him. What makes you think he had an accident?"

"I didn't, of course. I was just concerned. Everybody's always concerned about the doctor—we're always thinking that any minute we may need him. Selfishness."

"M-m-m," Mrs. Carling said shortly. She picked up a paper and fanned herself. "Something came disconnected in the garage, apparently," she said. "It must've happened just as he stopped. It's nothing much. They're fixing it downtown and they'll go out and get him. Thank goodness." She moved a little, settled herself.

Allie said, "I called on Catherine just before I came here. She isn't looking very well. I'm worried about her."

"What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know," Allie said, troubled. "She seems to have something on her mind. I'm not sure it isn't connected with Norah James. . . . I had a little talk with Norah a week or so ago and I'm bothered. Catherine told Norah a ridiculous story when she was ill and Norah believed it. I'm afraid she's told it."

"Who to?"

"I don't know. I thought I'd ask you who Norah might talk to."

Mrs. Carling was silent for a minute. Then she said, "Is that what you came for? I thought you came about the dolls."

"Maybe I wanted to ask you about Norah, too," Allie said with a show of honesty. "After all, Catherine's my best friend."

"There's no use you coming to me. Norah doesn't talk to me." She stopped abruptly. "Did she say she did?"

"Well," Allie said, "not exactly. Not—not really. But ——"

"The girl's a fool," Mrs. Carling said shortly. "Even if she did talk to me, I wouldn't repeat anything. I'm a doctor's wife. I know better than that. Did she tell you that she told me some story Catherine told her? Did she?"

"Well," Allie said, hedging. "Well ——"

The fat hands on the chair arms clenched unconsciously. "The girl's a fool," she said again. "I'll have to tell Evan to send her away. Can't have nurses who talk, not to anybody. She's been around too long. Trouble with her is she wants to get married—her head's addled. I'm sorry I've been good to her. I'll have Evan send her away." She sounded as if she liked the idea.

"*Did* she tell you what Catherine talked about when she was ill?" Allie asked.

"Heavens, I don't remember. The girl runs on and on—you know what she's like. What does it matter? Has Catherine got some guilty secret in her life? What does it matter?"

Allie sat silent. She was thinking, making up her mind, wondering if she wasn't already sure what had to be done.

She said, "It isn't only Catherine I'm thinking of. It's a dreadful thing to have to think about, in Tressady, in our own town. But something dreadful has been going on for a long time now, Mrs. Carling. I don't think it will be long before it's cleared up, because in the last two days we've made wonderful progress. But it's horrible, what's been happening. It's already caused two deaths—three deaths, I should say," Allie corrected herself.

Mrs. Carling said slowly, "Three deaths? Whose?"

"Bruce Whitney for one. Viola Treherne."

She didn't say "Why did they die?" She didn't think of them at all. Instead, she said evenly, "And the third?"

"Someone you don't know, Mrs. Carling. A woman in Riverport."

There was a long silence. "A woman in Riverport? What woman?"

"Her name was Ida Randall," Allie said gently.

The broad face, which had been losing its congested color, purpled again. She said, "I

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Thus I Refute It

By Joan Aucourt

I wear my body like a dress
And put it on and off at will;
The silken skin, the stolid stress
Of bone, bright blood, inconstant still.

Inconstant, careless, soon put by
The fragile leaf-veined wrist and hand,
The quick, kaleidoscopic eye,
The jagged brick on which I stand.

So pain, like time, is but a stream
In which abiding may not be,
And sorrow is a frailer dream
Than either pain, or time, or me.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



don't know what you're talking about, Allie Jordan. Or why you're telling me all this wild stuff. It sounds like melodrama to me, something you're making up as you go along. Why are you telling me all this crazy story? It's nothing to do with me."

"It's hard to believe that it's had anything to do with anybody in Tressady, but it had. You see . . . the woman in Riverport was mixed up in the thing somehow, and last night she died. It looks very much," Allie said simply, "as if she had been murdered. It was quite cleverly done," she went on. "Whoever did it thought that there wouldn't be any way now to find out who it was in Tressady who was . . . making so much trouble for a few unhappy people. But of course there are ways."

"How do you know all this?"

"Danny March and I have been working on it for some time," Allie said. "He's in the city now—at least, he has been since last night. He laid a trap for the wicked person, and it's been sprung. In a very unexpected way. He's . . . on his way here now, with the city police."

"On his way here? *Here?*"

"To Tressady."

She had almost stopped breathing. She said, "Do they know who . . . they're coming for?"

"Not yet," Allie said. "But it will be fairly simple now. You see, there are bits of evidence . . . from New Orleans and Boston and Dallas, from people here in Tressady. These clever plots can't go on forever. It was blackmail, you see. And a blackmailer may be sharp and smart and quick-minded, and he's certainly unscrupulous and utterly, utterly greedy and selfish. But he is bound to give himself away because of all those things. It must be like taking drugs, starting in to a career of blackmail. You don't know where to stop—and you give yourself away. All that has to be done now is to put all the bits of evidence together and see what they add up to. It won't take long, now that the police are interested." She said slowly, "It's too bad Ida Randall died. Too bad for the blackmailer, I mean. It was only blackmail before. Now it will be murder. . . . It's a dreadful kind of mind, the blackmailer's mind—when it can set up a motivation for murder. I think it's the most evil kind of mind in the world, because it is deliberate. It is deliberately selfish, deliberately torturing, deliberately evil."

Mrs. Carling said thickly, "And you've been setting yourself up against this, then? This young upstart Danny March, and you? It's you who have been interfering in all this?"

Allie got up quickly. "I'm afraid I've been upsetting you," she said. "I'll get you a drink of ice water, Mrs. Carling. I've upset you terribly."

She went into the kitchen, with her heart beating wildly. She turned on the tap and let it run hard. She reached out and unlocked the kitchen door under the sound of the water, turned the knob, unhooked the screen. She left the door ajar. She took a glass from the shining, immaculate shelf and went to the refrigerator for ice. She opened the door.

There was a doll sitting in the refrigerator—a big doll, a doll dressed like a lady of the long-ago French court, with high powdered hair and immensely voluminous skirts. A doll, in the refrigerator? Allie lifted it out, forgetting, for half a second, the woman on the porch.

But Mrs. Carling had heard the refrigerator door. Allie heard her move; turned, with the doll in her hands. Mrs. Carling was standing in the open doorway, and her face was blotched, furious, completely insane with rage. She leaned with a hand on the door casing. She began to straighten. Her eyes were on Allie, on the doll in Allie's hands.

"Why, you little *cripple!*" she said in a thick, low voice. "You dirty little cripple!"

For half a second they stood staring at each other. Mrs. Carling's eyes were like a snake's eyes, holding Allie rigid. She moved forward.



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TRY MY CHOCOLATE MINT SUNDAE CAKE

1½ cups sifted cake flour	1 teaspoon salt
1¼ cups sugar	⅔ cup Spry
½ cup cocoa	1 cup milk
1¼ teaspoons soda	1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar	2 eggs, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, cocoa, soda, cream of tartar and salt into mixing bowl . . . Drop in Spry . . . Add ¾ cup milk, then vanilla, and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed) . . . Scrape bowl and spoon or beater. Add remaining milk and eggs and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed) . . . Bake in two deep 8-inch Spry-coated layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30–40 minutes. Spread Green Mint Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Decorate top with little "rivers and pools" of melted, cooled chocolate (½ teaspoon Spry and ½ ounce chocolate).

Green Mint Frosting — Put *2 egg whites*, unbeaten, *1½ cups sugar*, *5 tablespoons cold water*, *1 teaspoon light corn sirup* and *⅛ teaspoon salt* in top of double boiler and mix thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat constantly with rotary egg beater until mixture will hold a peak (about 7 minutes). Remove from hot water, add *¼ teaspoon mint extract* and enough *green coloring* to tint frosting a pale green. Beat until cool and thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting for top and sides of two 8-inch layers.

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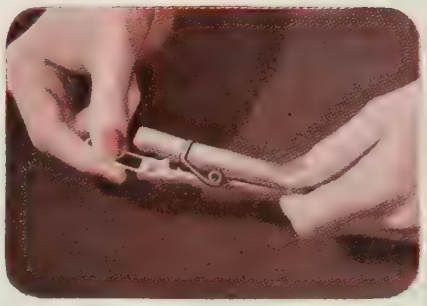
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But then, suddenly, she collapsed. Her heavy body crumpled, went inert; she slid down the casing to the floor and lay there, her eyes open, staring at Allie, her face twisted sideways, her mouth pulled down at the corner. She just lay there.

There were steps at the back door almost before Allie could breathe, and Doctor Carling came in. He saw Allie first, and then his wife.

"I think she's had a stroke," Allie heard herself whispering. "I think she's had a stroke."

He was on his knees beside her. He dragged his bag across the floor and opened it. His wife's wild eyes stared up at him, fully conscious. His hands were busy.

"What happened?" he asked Allie sharply.

"She was excited. She . . . was very angry. She fell."

"Phone the hospital, Allie, for the ambulance. We'll have to wait for a stretcher. We can't even get her off the floor. She's too heavy."

His wife heard him. But the eyes did not close.

Allie telephoned and came back. "Is it bad?" she said.

"Can't tell how bad yet. We'll do what we can."

Suddenly, away back in her throat, without moving a muscle of her face, Mrs. Carling began to laugh. She laughed and laughed, lying there on the floor, dreadful, hoarse, impossible laughter.

Her husband got up. "Why is she laughing?"

Allie said after a minute, "Don't you know what she's been doing, Doctor Carling?"

"Doing?"

"Don't you know where she was last night?"

"As far as I know, in bed." Then, "She put a sleeping drug in my cocoa. I tasted it, but it didn't matter. She was always prescribing for me. I needed sleep last night. I drank it. Did she leave the house after that? Why? For what purpose?"

A CAR drew up in the drive under the kitchen window. It wasn't the ambulance. It was Danny March.

Allie felt herself suddenly beginning to tremble. She got herself somehow to the kitchen door and pushed it open. She said "Danny!" in a choked voice, and then, to Doctor Carling, "He'll tell you. He'll tell you everything." She was still clutching the doll.

The money, of course, was in the doll, put into the refrigerator as the one safe place against fire in Mrs. Carling's absences from the house. It was the sight of it in Allie's hands that had finished Mrs. Carling completely. The doll had been her secret treasure, her dearest possession. The big hollow body held a roll of hundred-dollar bills, crisp and new—probably acquired one by one in exchange for the old tens, from different city banks. The wide-spreading skirts and petticoats were lined with them, stitched neatly between two thicknesses of cloth, hidden. Everybody's money was there, when they counted it: Catherine's, Viola's, Ralph's. There was almost six thousand dollars, some of it unexplained money, so that some person or persons unknown had been paying blackmail too.

They told Doctor Carling the story, and he accepted it at once. He could fill in the gaps.

"She hates everyone," he said briefly. "Myself above everyone. It doesn't matter why."

Detective Inspector Green worked patiently through all the evidence. He was satisfied. He discovered that Ida Randall was Doctor Carling's aunt; he insisted on a long description of her character before he crossed her off in his mind as nothing more than an unfortunate and completely ignorant tool. He wasn't told any of the private histories of the victims, but he said he needn't know. The case was clear enough.

"Now, the last thing," he said, in the Carling house long after dusk, "will she live?"

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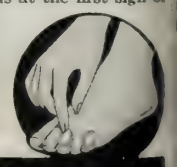
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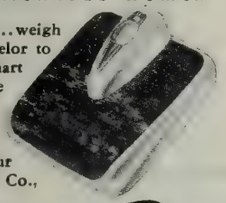
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Her husband said slowly, "Perhaps for a time. You will understand if I say that I hope she will not recover?"

The inspector said, "For your own sake, you'd better stay away from the case."

"That had occurred to me," Doctor Carling said dryly.

Danny and Allie walked home in the moonlight. They had stopped at Berger's for something to eat. They lingered a long time over their coffee, not saying very much.

Once Danny said, looking at her thoughtfully, "You took quite a chance, going up there, Allie."

"Not very much, really. I mean, I didn't realize she would have such a violent temper. I'd thought of her as calculating. I mean . . . after I began to think of her. You see . . . I began to remember her bent over that special personal-belongings box at the clothing-collection room last year, very eager, hunting for something. Everybody else had left and I went back for something. She'd said she would turn out the lights. I remembered that. I thought about Norah, probably telling her everything. I realized that if she'd been watching and counting and measuring she could have become suspicious about Viola, just as I could myself if I'd wanted to, and then of course her letter hit the mark. If it hadn't it wouldn't have mattered. It wouldn't be a thing Viola would talk about, that letter, even if it weren't true. I thought about all those things—but it was really Horace Pottle who made me see the truth, with his talk about puppets. Who made me begin to see."

"You still shouldn't have gone up there. You should have waited for me."

I don't kare how mutch a man talks, if he will only say it in a few words. —JOSH BILLINGS.

"I thought I could get her to talk. I was tired of all this intrigue and badness, Danny. It doesn't belong in Tressady. I was tired of it. I thought I could goad her into talking too much, if she really was the guilty person."

"Well, you did it," Danny said. "Ready?"

He stopped at the counter and bought a cigar. Allie looked at him in surprise.

"Don't you like cigar smoke?"

"I love it. My father smoked cigars. I always loved coming into the house when he'd been smoking. It's such a friendly smell. I was fond of my father. I loved having him home. Maybe that's why I like cigar smoke."

Danny slid the band off the cigar and carried it in his fingers. They walked up Main Street, slowly. The movie was still on, and there was nobody yet on the streets. They stopped for a minute in front of the Courier, and looked in at Shirley Temple, still proud and glittering in the window.

Danny took up Allie's left hand as they stood there, and singled out the fourth finger. He put the gold-and-red cigar band on it, and folded the extra paper over at the back. He didn't say anything. They went on up Main Street, and Allie found herself holding the band on with a tight thumb.

They went along the path through the park in silence. Going down the other side of the hill, Danny dropped his arm companionably around Allie's waist. His hand was firm and strong, holding her as they went down the hill.

He didn't stop at the gate and say good night. He went on up the path with her, and then turned her a little and guided her off across the lawn to the hammock under the apple tree. He lowered himself into it, full length, and pulled her to sit down beside him.

"I'm tired," he said. "I didn't really go to bed last night. Put your arm under my head, Allie. This darn thing won't fall down, will it?"

"It might," Allie said in a low voice.

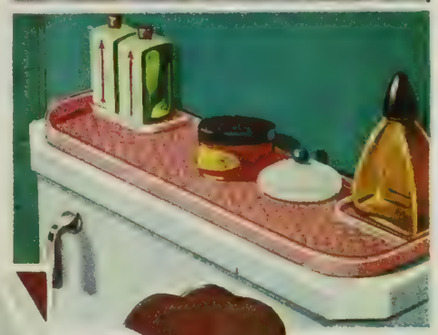
He turned her round and put his head on her shoulder. He took up most of the ham-

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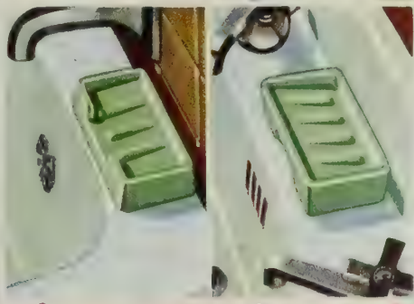
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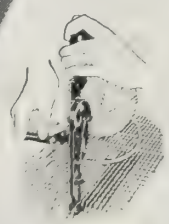




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mock. Allie perched on the edge and thought about him. She felt tired too. Tired, and as if she might be going to cry. She couldn't do that.

Danny put a foot out and pushed against the lowest limb of the apple tree. The hammock moved gently. He put his face in the hollow of Allie's shoulder. "You smell good."

There was a sudden small squeaky noise near by. It was Night, standing beside the hammock. She leaped up suddenly and hunted for a place to lie down. She settled for Danny's middle and ensconced herself there comfortably, kneading his shirt front with her velvet paws.

"Hey," Danny said, "you ought to be home taking care of the kids, hadn't you? You're a respectable old matron now, remember? Moonlight nights aren't for you any more, pal." He stroked her, though. Then he took his hand away from her suddenly and put the arm around Allie, holding her close. He said, "Let's get married tomorrow. Will you?"

Allie said faintly, "Married? Tomorrow?"

"The emphasis is on tomorrow. Will you? You haven't got any reason to fiddle around. You've got thousands of scalloped dresser sets, or whatever it is girls fuss around about. You've got lots of clothes and stuff. You haven't got anything to wait for."

"How—how do you know?" Allie asked dazedly.

"I asked Jessie. Yesterday. She says everything's all organized, and she'd make the cake today. Probably a cake would be nice," he said. "I don't draw the line at cakes. I don't care much about veils."

There was a long silence. Then Danny raised his head abruptly.

"What'd I say?" he demanded. "You crying."

"No, I'm—I'm not," Allie said. "I'm crying a bit. I never cry."

"No, but you're going to learn how," Danny said comfortably. He sat up. "We got this all backward. You're so darn strong and good and sweet and wonderful and that, I've kind of got twisted. Here," he said, and moved. "I'm the one to be the headrest in this family, not you." He put his arm under her shoulders and looked at her. "I'll have to struggle to be as big as you are, but it'll be something to work for." He bent his head. "Jessie said you'd marry me and Joe did," he said. He kissed her. It took a long time. "What about you, sweetheart?"

The words, the awful words that Mrs. Carling had said faded away. Allie lifted her hand with the cigar band on it and looked at it over Danny's shoulder.

"I'll never give my ring back, anyway," she said.

"Say you love me, Allie."

After a long time she said, "I can't say great big words like that without any practice." Then, at the look on his face, "I'll get to it, though, Danny. I can feel it . . . coming on."

Night purred loudly and moved her paws. Danny reached down a hand and scooped her up. He dropped her over the side of the hammock. "Go on and mind your own business," he said firmly. "You're interrupting."

"She's my pet kitten, of course," Allie said, "she's always been in on everything."

"Well," Danny said comfortably, and tightened his arm, "she isn't in on this

This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Macrae Smith Co.

NEW FRIENDS FOR OLD MASTERS

(Continued from Page 40)

is partly responsible. The precariousness of life has made people more responsive, more sensitive to the value of beauty. Also, millions of our men and women were compelled to travel to other countries, and their wanderings increased their experience of art. Their interest, too, was stimulated by the efforts made by the War Department to protect the important monuments abroad. A special corps in the Army composed of curators, professors of the history of art, architects, and so on, was constituted to see that works of art were preserved, properly guarded and put off bounds to the troops. These men, who were often under shell fire and suffered casualties and even death, gained the respect of the G. I.'s. As a result our Army became extraordinarily conscious of art and of the value placed upon it.

Two amusing proofs of the state of mind of our troops are offered by incidents that occurred in Germany. In Munich aerial bombardment had destroyed every monument of architecture before our ground forces had captured the city. They in turn had advanced so rapidly that they were ahead of the Arts and Monuments Officers, as this protective branch of the Army was designated.

When our G. I.'s arrived in Munich they looked around to find what they called "The Art," which should be guarded and put off bounds. Everything of architectural significance seemed to be in ruins except two buildings which looked like small temples, so the commanding officer immediately placed guards around these. When Germans passed they called out "Heil!" and the Americans stood at attention. After several days General Patton discovered to his intense irritation that we were guarding two monuments erected by Hitler to loyal party members!

As our armies advanced, "The Art" was always turning up in unexpected places. Castles were filled with stained glass from cathedrals, hospitals with sculpture from museums, and salt mines with paintings from all over Europe. A detachment of our sappers was working in one salt mine to remove a cache of dynamite when a G. I. noticed that a wall of the mine looked new. He persuaded his superior officer to let him dig through the wall and found that there was a cavern beyond. He wriggled through the hole, turned on his flashlight, and the beam fell on a large painting by Boucher. "Here's a nude! It must be art!" he shouted back.

Art, one can see, had penetrated deeply into the conscious and subconscious minds of American soldiers. But it has also taken on a new significance for us all. We need art today as we have never needed it before. In recent years, just as man's age-old struggle for existence has seemed certain to end victoriously, he suddenly finds himself face to face with potential annihilation. The weapons are there, chemical, bacteriological and atomic, and the temptation for some one to use them is seemingly irresistible. Threatened with catastrophe, a Archibald MacLeish has written, "There seems to be no place to make a stand and nothing against which to strike—only shadows and abstractions: impalpable imponderable things against which struggle is impossible. Everything a man touches seems to him impersonal, statistical, unmotivated mechanical."

Youth is always too serious and just now it is too serious about frivolity.
—G. K. CHESTERTON.

Instinctively, yet shyly, we sense in art a hope of escape, an Ariadne thread that may give us new courage to search for a way out of the intricate maze we have constructed for our own spiritual and physical destruction. By following the thread we may find a passage from our dark cave, find once more a world organized according to human values, a world in which human desires and aspirations may be satisfied. Through art we may regain the conviction that "Mankind is 'nice people' after all," as Private Erickson wrote; and when this conviction becomes universal we may hope for the end of wars.

That, I believe, is the real meaning of the comments in the servicemen's ledger. It also explains why thirty thousand people a day, nearly a million in five weeks, came to the National Gallery to see a group of paintings

(Continued on Page 198)

THIS MONTH

FLU DANGER* REACHES PEAK



Keep your guard up against the highly infectious flu virus . . . *especially now,* when flu may be raging in your community with epidemic or near-epidemic force. Remember—a single infected sneeze or cough can scatter this menacing virus in house dust . . . to infect your family, *even weeks later!* Be sure—*every* cleaning time—to disinfect with powerful, effective "Lysol" brand disinfectant! "Lysol" quickly kills the flu virus on contact. Use "Lysol" every day in *all* of your household cleaning. Highly concentrated . . . economical to use.



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(Continued from Page 196)

from the Berlin museums, which were taken under the protection of our Army from a salt mine at Merkers, Germany. These thousands of people, who waited in line, stretched, ducked, stood on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of two hundred masterpieces of the past, knew probably very little about art; but they realized, as Senator Fulbright said in arguing for the prolongation of the exhibition, that great paintings "are symbols of all that is good in our Western Christian civilization. . . . People are hungry for a glimpse of something more beautiful, more satisfying than the synthetic emotions of their everyday lives in this troubled world. Never in the history of mankind has it been more important that people be reminded that there are enduring values in this life above and beyond the materialism of our customary activities."

The realization that these "enduring values" are to be found in great works of art has changed the public's attitude toward museums. They are no longer looked upon as dusty archives or dry collections of historical documents. They are rightly judged to be treasure houses of potential inspiration and delight. Thus they are no longer considered merely places where one accumulates knowledge, but rather places where one experiences emotion. We have come to recognize that the person who says, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," is, in any case, better off than Thurber's expert, who knew all about art but *didn't* know what he liked. For in matters of art liking is more important than knowing, and is in fact the first step toward understanding.

The supreme achievements of art must be understood intuitively and spontaneously. In them poetic suggestions and profound spiritual interpretation are joined to the formal elements of art, such as volume, movement, color, composition and pattern. Their appeal is both sensuous and emotional. We enjoy them with our eyes, but the pictorial images transferred to the mind become a part of an imaginative world, where our desires and emotions find an ideal satisfaction.

Consider, for example, one of the greatest of landscapes, the famous painting of *The Mill*, by Rembrandt, which is reproduced with this article. Here the misty twilight reduces the scene to "huge and mighty forms" as inevitable and unalterable as the pyramids of Giza. In looking at this drama of the sky as it darkens to nightfall, the sensitive observer cannot but feel a profound harmony, something of the mood of detached serenity which Wordsworth described as lying at the root of poetry and which he analyzed as the outcome of emotion recollected in tranquillity. Or, as Roger Fry, the British critic, has written, "All that one has ever felt of exhilarated melancholy in face of the solemn movement from light to gloom, in face of its lingering splendor and its inevitable eclipse, returns to one before this canvas, intensified and purified of all that is extraneous to the emotion." Rembrandt in *The Mill* has given permanence to one of those momentary effects of almost supernatural beauty, which the eye can glimpse occasionally in actuality, but which it will rarely see unless trained to alertness by great works of art. It is not necessary to "know" any particular facts in order to justify "liking" this painting; it is only necessary to be ready to experience its majestic mood of solemnity and grandeur.

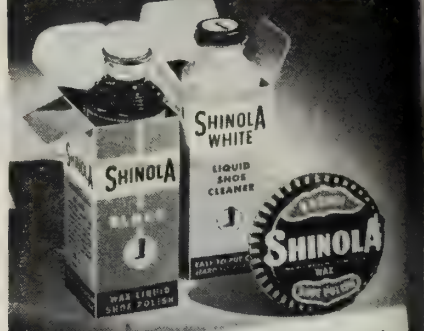
But is there then nothing to be learned about works of art? Does it follow that the tyro is as capable of appreciating great paintings as the connoisseur? An analogy to music offers perhaps the most informative answer. Even a novice, provided he is not tone-deaf, will be moved by the massive chords and the intricate rhythms of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. But when he has heard more symphonies he will be able to follow the complex development of its themes and the subtlety of its orchestration, and his pleasure will be increased. Similarly, through habitual association with paintings, one's eye becomes more sensitive, more capable of discerning quality and of reacting to the sensuous elements in the work of art, and at the same time one's mind increases its grasp of the picture's

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overtones of meaning. Reproductions are useful in this education in connoisseurship in the same way that phonograph records are useful in learning to appreciate music; but neither reproduction nor record is a substitute for the original artifact or actual performance.

Another great aid is offered by the practice of art; and to some extent the present popularity of the Old Masters is due to the sudden appearance of numberless amateur artists. People everywhere are studying drawing, painting, modeling. This gives them a new insight into works of art; and the gallery visitor who arrives with canvas or sketching pad intent on copying, however imperfectly, some favorite painting is on the road to learning what constitutes a masterpiece. If you wish, for example, to understand why Rembrandt is considered a great draftsman, look at the economy and absolute certainty of line in any one of his drawings or etchings, and then try to copy these contours; and if you wonder why he is thought to be a great painter, note the infinitudes of space in the misty background of *The Mill*, and then take up your brush and try to imitate these effects of distance! Such exercises will help you understand and respect the magnitude of Rembrandt's attainment.

The Old Masters have acquired their new following because emotionally we are drawn to the humanized world they create and because technically we are beginning to understand the immense genius they display. But there is also a third reason for their growing popularity. The museums in which they are shown are much more attractive than formerly. Instead of hanging pictures against dingy backgrounds that make galleries look like railroad stations, there is now an attempt to suggest the original settings, while avoiding the artificial effect of period rooms. And instead of crowding paintings in serried rows one above the other, care is now taken to give each canvas ample wall space so that, in relative isolation, it may be enjoyed without distraction.

Monotony is the awful reward of the careful. —A. G. BUCKHAM.

Architects have also come to realize that the appearance of the museum building should create the right mood for the enjoyment of beauty, should be an example of architecture as a conscious art in contrast to architecture as a form of utilitarian engineering. The exteriors of many of our museums now show exceptionally fine composition and proportion; their interior spaces are pleasant, at times even exalting. The G. I.'s who wrote about the National Gallery of Art were not thinking of the collections alone; they were also moved by the beauty of the building.

Trustees, architects, directors and curators in their exertions to win a new appreciation for art have been phenomenally successful. But this is partly because their efforts have come at the right historical moment. More than 150 years ago one of our ablest Presidents, John Adams, in a letter to his wife, charted the evolution of American culture.

"I must study politics and war," he wrote, "that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy. My sons ought to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce and agriculture in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain."

What a wise man predicted in the eighteenth century has now been realized with a plenitude he could scarcely have foreseen in the early days of the Republic.

In this and subsequent issues of the JOURNAL a few selected masterpieces from only one American museum, the National Gallery of Art, are being reproduced, but these will indicate something of our country's richness in the work of the Old Masters. These great paintings it is now our right, as John Adams foretold, to study, and also, and more important, to enjoy. THE END



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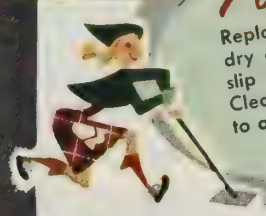
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

THE REBEL HOUSEWIFE

"I take time out for living and loving!" Meet the Smiths... unregimented Hoosiers.

by RUTH SHAPLEY MATTHEWS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIE HANSEN

"*Dear Editors:* I have read with amazement the way the mothers in How America Lives seem to manage. How they accomplish all the things they do is beyond me.

"I am the mother of four small children, the oldest 11. They are all spoiled (slightly) and present problems that floor me with the greatest of ease. I wonder what those wise mammas would do if their four-year-old son collected worms which he laid out in the refrigerator with precision and nicety, so they wouldn't 'spoil.'

"And the budgets—this is a matter I'd rather leave unexplored entirely. Even with the best intentions, my budget is a monster which prods me with a guilty conscience from one week until the next. Of course, I can't run up a pair of drapes from a 25-cent remnant that will look like custom-mades. If I try to whip together anything, it looks more like I had used the egg beater than a sewing machine.

"Sometime you should drop in on my typical family and see mom as I represent her—working in blue jeans, slightly mussed, with no apparent schedule in existence. I just schedule my time to the demands and wants of my family, and how can you go on a strict routine when the minute you start sterilizing bottles, the baby wants attention or the doorbell rings or someone calls on the phone?"

DOROTHY DENNIS SMITH responds to routine as a colt to harness, and with much the same result. While most of us occasionally dream of kicking over the traces, pitching out the alarm clock, letting the chips—and the dishes—fall where they may, do we? We do not. Dorothy reverses this order. She yearns over model schedules, housekeeping plans and budgets, but when actually confronted with any such curbs, she rebels, but laments her rebellion with a sad little sigh of introspective frustration.

In such a moment of self-examination and quandary, Dorothy sat down to the typewriter, dashed off the foregoing paragraphs and put the problem squarely up to the Journal editors.

Fair-skinned, plump, with rather unruly bobbed brown hair, she is 34 years old. Her features are definite, her eyes brown and a little dreamy, and she wears light-rimmed spectacles. These glasses do not look unusual, but they are. They are rose-hued. Dorothy views life and living, usually, with insatiable delight.

She was painfully thin until the birth of Brenda, her second child, now 8 years old. Since then she has gained weight steadily, and this worries her. She is small-boned for her 5' 6", which does not minimize her variable 140 pounds. But Dorothy detests restraint, whether in the form of girdles, elastic or whaleboned, or whether dietary. The family's favorite dessert, whipped-cream pudding, contributes somewhat to the problem.

Though the Smiths' comfortable, solidly built ten-room house presents an impressive job of housekeeping, Dorothy only occasionally goads

"*If you keep your nose too close to budgets and schedules, you pay the price in fun.*"





Dream fulfilled: to own their ten-room dream house; unfulfilled: to live on $100 a week.



Dorothy revels in shopping trips, often with rambunctious Jeffie and baby Leslie Anne. Frilly clothes for the girls are difficult to resist. Last year, clothing and cleaning bills ran up to $1132.

Hard work and a "happy house" in Frankfort, Indiana, helped to dispel the jinx that had haunted the Smiths.

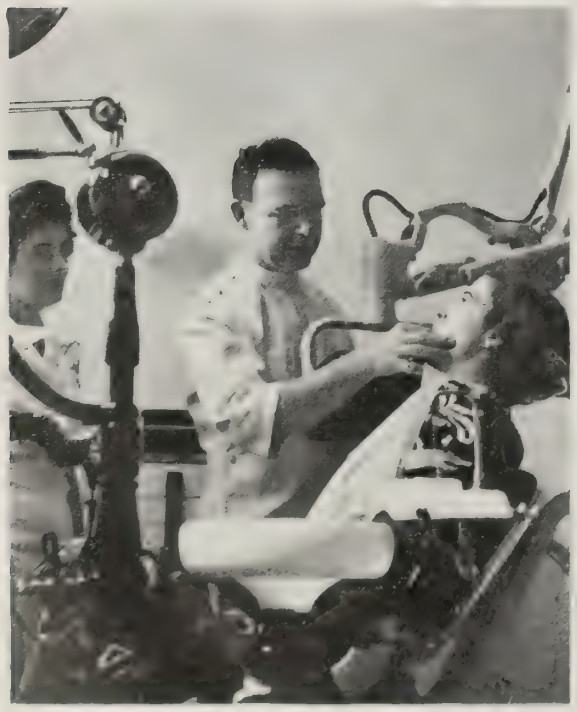
herself into planning a schedule, then abandons it with happy relief for 4-year-old Jeffie's skinned knee or baby Leslie Anne's wet britches.

She realizes that this happens, knows why, and frankly explains it. "Actually, I want it that way or I guess I'd change. It may not seem so, but I have my own system. I get things done, but I do them my way. Maybe I don't do dishes when other people do, but they are done eventually.

"I hate a messy house and I like things clean and pleasant for Thurman and the children. They are too. But if I want to go to the park with the kids or stop and read something, I do it. You might just as well enjoy things as you go along or you lose an awful lot.

"If I work till eleven or midnight to finish, I don't care and neither does the family. We really have a lot of fun."

Dorothy's husband, Dr. Thurman Smith, 39 years old, blond, pleasantly round-featured and imperturbable, comes of solid Germanic Hoosier stock tempered by way of pre-Revolutionary Carolina. One of Frankfort's busiest dentists, his practice has grown steadily since the Smiths moved to the



Dr. Thurman L. Smith, one of Frankfort's busiest dentists, dogged by illness, fire and debt in the 1930's, now has an income of $7000, modern office, new X-ray equipment.



Voted the best disposition in Frankfort by Dorothy and friends, Thurman (center) enjoys his night out at the Tuesday Lions Club supper which costs $1. Members crack: "Rotarians *own* the town, Kiwanians *run* the town, and Lions *enjoy* the town." The Smiths recently joined the country club, dues $36 a year.



Dorothy, a newcomer eleven years ago, was shocked by town's social ice but has made warm friends. Among them are the twice-monthly bridge-club group.

Down in Salem, Ind., where she and Thurman were born, their families helped found the town. A great-great-uncle was frontiersman George Rogers Clark.



The monthly Literary Guild book and 12 or 15 magazines get voracious attention, often are read in one session. Dorothy says the work can wait. "I have my own system."

quietly prosperous little city of 15,000 population, just eleven years ago. Nobody in Frankfort can remember seeing Doctor Thurman excited. Competent and steady, he eases his patients' natural anxieties with comfortable conversation. His way with small fry works like a charm. They play with the tweezers, the cotton pellets and the mirror until happily relaxed. Then, psst! In goes the filling or out comes the tooth.

These methods are based soundly on experience provided by four lively Smith offspring: Denny (Dennis Lewis), age 11, bright as a button and growing like a weed (he claims 6½ inches since Scout camp last year!): Brenda, blond and pretty, in the second grade; Jeffie (Jeffrey Lee), who has a passion for bug collecting; and 18-month-old Botticelli cherub Leslie Anne, whose busy little feet cover incredible ground in five minutes.

As a matter of fact, the Smith brood is so happily relaxed as to provoke at times neighborly comment and arched eyebrows over bridge-club tables; for example, Jeffie's idea of preserving his grubworms in the family refrigerator. The uncurbed racket of piano banging, along with an insistent phonograph or radio, leaves a permanent impression on a caller. Repression is not in the Smith disposition, and if Brenda or Denny interrupts, or the baby clutches a knickknack seven times in seven seconds, there are few reprimands, their questions are answered, baubles removed. Temporarily, serenity is resumed.

From 7 in the morning, when Doctor Smith and the two older school children get up, until sometime between 7 and 9:30 P.M. (after the last little Smith has been sent back to bed for the fourth or fifth time), the house reels with activity. Thurman briskly prepares breakfast for Brenda, Denny and himself, sends them off to the James Whitcomb Riley Grammar School a few blocks away, and is in his office in the Coulter Building for his first appointment at 8:30—sometimes earlier.

Meanwhile Dorothy, feeling a little guilty, tries to snatch a few last winks of sleep. Ever since Leslie Anne arrived, the sleeping schedule has



Dr. Smith's skill with children doubles at home and in his practice. But he avoids disciplining the kids. Greasing cadavers helped pay his way through school.

AMERICA SPENDS FOR HEALTH

BAD health costs America $27,000,000,000 yearly in national wealth and 1,300,000 man-hours of work. The vast majority of us cannot afford adequate medical care.

According to a recent Federal Security Agency survey, the average American family spends about 4.3 per cent of its yearly income on medical care. But 80 per cent of our families, with less than $5000 a year, would be hard put to finance a serious illness, and only half of them can afford a moderately comprehensive health-insurance plan.

The Government, the American Medical Association, the Blue Cross Shield Commission and many insurance companies are working out programs to meet this need.

Dentist Thurman Smith Earns Around $7000 a Year. Here's How it is Spent:

Income (monthly average)	$583.33
Income tax	50.00
Spendable income	533.33
Food	152.08
Clothing, laundry, cleaning	94.33
Postal savings	33.33
Furniture	31.50
Interest on mortgage	2.08
Gas for heating and cooking	12.90
Electricity	6.00
Water	1.25
Tax on home	10.00
Insurance	17.13
Health	8.33
Recreation	23.17
Christmas presents	14.58
Magazines, papers, books, records	16.67
Church, charity funds	9.17
Telephone	3.33
Services (cleaning; sitter)	26.75
Car—repairs and upkeep	18.75
House alteration	10.42
House payments	20.00
Personal care	4.33
Total	$546.10

"We're really a happy family," says Dorothy; "though I wistfully hope to be a model mother, right now we go merrily on our way."

been out of kilter. Leslie has her own notions about bedtime. Apparently requiring less sleep than most youngsters, though otherwise normal, good-natured and healthy, she stubbornly resists regular routine. She patters around downstairs long after the other children are sleeping, then wakens with the sunbeams. It is a serious problem. Thurman's work requires a steady hand and clear vision, for which he must have at least eight hours of undisturbed rest. So he has retired to the guest room for "the duration." Dorothy copes with a lively little roommate as best she can. The crib is in her room, and the only one perfectly satisfied with the arrangement is Leslie Anne. She chirps, chatters and scolds bright and early in the morning until snuggled into Dorothy's bed. There she tries to make amends for misbehavior by standing on her head, smothering a sleepy mother with lavish kisses.

Dorothy is downstairs by 8:30 or 9. After she has fed Jeffie and the baby, she settles in the big, well-equipped kitchen, where plants in copper pots catch the glow of morning sunlight. She wears blue jeans, a shirt open at the throat, and comfortable old red loafers on her feet, her fatigue uniform which has proved adequate for any day's emergencies. Before plunging into an ominous stack of dishes, she lingers over breakfast, fortifying herself with the antics of Blondie in the Frankfort Morning Times. She reads the paper from cover to cover, and, while deploring this habit, she cannot resist the morning pause with the comics and the news while the work waits.

From then on there are few other quiet moments. Four times a day when Leslie Anne has her bottle, Dorothy sits and rocks her, a habit she has followed with each of the children. This is disruptive to housework, but the baby loves it and so does Dorothy.

Once Dorothy goes after it, there *is* a method in the Smith housekeeping. With vacuum and dustcloth, she attacks it the way a quarterback makes a flying tackle. The daily cleaning is done in less than an hour. *(Continued on Page 206)*

Everything happens at once at the Smiths'; the telephone rings, the baby gets a spill, the man from the gas company says, "Sign, please!" for the hot-water-heater repair job. Dorothy does two big washings a week, but worst job is getting crumbs off kitchen floor. Landscaping on the lawn is accomplished with trikes and bikes and toy rolling stock.



"Do you think you will live through it?" 4-year-old Jeffie asked





Denny, a Cub Scout, is also safety patrolman at the James Whitcomb Riley School. Folds and delivers 58 Indianapolis News papers every afternoon and earns $4.50 a week. This is spent on comics, movies.

randma, who took charge of the kids while their parents had a brief breather recently. Above, he "enjoys ill health" when Brenda and a friend play at nursing.



Dorothy erects barriers in doorways to keep Leslie Anne from mischief. Special bedtime treat for those tireless feet is to climb up forbidden stairs.



It's a short life and a merry one for household pets, turtles, chicks, beetles, carp, butterflies, bugs and worms. Longest survivor is Jeffie's agile cat, which gets new name every week.



Eight-year-old Brenda shines on Sunday morning, prepares breakfast before going to Methodist Sunday school. Paid 25c a week, she tidies room, runs errands.

There's no pattern for love and laughter, no routine for happiness.



During the day, Dorothy frequently drops everything to cuddle the baby in favorite Boston rocker.

(Continued from Page 204) Mondays and Fridays are washdays. They never start at crack of dawn. But with anybody's luck, the clothes are dry by sundown. All hand ironing (shirts and dresses) goes out to a laundress. Flat pieces Dorothy does on the portable mangle, all through the week. Tuesday nights she has a date with Bob Hope and a staggering basket of mending. This is Thurman's night at the Lions Club. Dorothy whisks on buttons and stitches burst seams to a running patter of nonsense.

Thursday afternoon is Thurman's half day off. He is home with the car and the marketing is done. For all his sensible talk about a budget, he can't be trusted with a grocery list! So they market together. Bargains! Thurman, unchaperoned, falls for bargains every time. They may be cheap individually, but collectively, the way Thurman does it, it is murder to the $35 (more or less) limit for the weekly grocery bill. The car comes home loaded with a dozen cans of soup, tomato juice, grapefruit juice, four dozen ears of corn. Well, the cans will keep, but the corn won't. So the family wallows in sweet corn.

The big cleaning day is Saturday. An Amish seminary near by provides "Holiness" students for household work. Dorothy's current helper is Caroline, 20 years old and fervently religious. This quality makes for conscientious cleaning, also baby sitting on occasions. But it has its uneasy side too. "Holiness" girls, because of their background, are likely to disapprove of practically everything.

Dorothy does no canning. Case goods she finds quite as economical. Home-canned food is apt to spoil on the shelves. Anyway, with the price of produce and sugar, you don't save much. The back yard is too full of play yard, a garage and a huge old elm tree for vegetable gardening. She recalls with horror all those radishes (there must have been a gallon a day) the time Thurman planted them.

This omission disturbs Thurman, and Dorothy feels sadly remiss. Thurman's mother and Dorothy's were of the old school where preserving, jelly making and pickling came as surely with the seasons as the peaches, pears and plums.

"I'm just different," she sighs.

Sewing is another lost art to Dorothy, but she is resigned. There are so many more interesting things to do than pushing a needle through endless yards of fabric. But this has its disadvantages with two little girls to dress. Dorothy loves pretty clothes. Brenda's and Leslie's are frilly and feminine. Dorothy's mother, who lives in California, eases the problem by making the baby's clothes. Dorothy pays for materials. All those dainty handmade dresses would cost much more at Adler's, in Frankfort, or Block's, Indianapolis. Dorothy does buy Brenda's dresses there and that mounts up!

"If I could sew," she laments. Instead, she haunts the clearance sales. Jeffie's $40 snow suit was reduced to $20. Her own $80 winter coat was just half price.

Dorothy would redecorate the house frequently if she could, but must satisfy the yen by moving furniture from room to room. The Smiths get virtually every home-decorating magazine published. "Antiquing" she considers highly rewarding, though Thurman is skeptical. Dorothy feels that the $550 spent on antiques for the house was an investment. And it was. She paid $35 for the cherry corner cupboard, $90 for a Doulton dinnerware set; and $15 bought a mahogany button-leg table and two Jenny Lind beds.

She keeps the big, roomy, fifty-year-old place, with its high ceilings and polished floors, amazingly well ordered in spite of the ruggedly individual regime and six active occupants. There are five rooms downstairs. On the left of an old-fashioned entrance hall is Dorothy's parlor-living room, giddy with red rose-sprigged chintz and her treasured antiques. The windows, shadow-boxed, with chintz ruffles, compromise fashion with utility and save cleaners' bills, but the staid room, proportioned for the '90's, appears a bit startled by the frivolity.

(Continued on Page 236)



Thurman seldom takes time out for fishing sprees like this one with Denny, but he's a good hand with a casting rod. When family fun conflicts with saving funds, Thurman's arguments for planned spending usually "go out the window."

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By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal



FIRST WEEK

Height . . . 5′6″ Weight . . . 144 Pounds Bust . . . 36″ Waist . . . 30″ Hips . . . 40″

Hair-do—unbecoming. Make-up—sketchy. Grooming—incomplete and unflattering. A capsule analysis of Mrs. Dorothy Smith, who agrees the most successful way to improve your appearance is to acknowledge your handicaps, then quickly make a plan of action to take you on the right side of the beauty border! Her pictures prove her philosophy.

THIRD WEEK

Height . . . 5′6″ Weight . . . 131 Pounds Bust . . . 36″ Waist . . . 27″ Hips . . . 37″

Mrs. Smith's new waist and hip measurements are a result of diet, exercise and proper girdling. Over a lightweight but firmly elasticized girdle, she wears a waist-cincher which also flattens the midriff and upper hips. "The garments together," says Mrs. Smith, "are more comfortable and give more support than my old girdle which never fitted me."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



IN three weeks Dorothy Smith banished the bulges and excess weight she had accumulated over a period of years. With her husband and four lively youngsters to care for, Dorothy's remodeling job had to be done at home—in a minimum amount of time.

After a thorough physical examination, and with permission from her doctor, Dorothy promptly embarked on her prettifying program. In addition to her exercises and diet, described below, she took this time to experiment with prettier make-up, try a new hair-do and perfect her grooming. She discovered soft curls camouflaged a too high forehead, richer make-up gave a new glow to her face, a one-piece dress with simple lines did more to flatter her figure than two-piece suits. The results, illustrated on this page, produced one of the prettiest wives and mothers in Dorothy's neighborhood!

If you are dieting, a calorie booklet will enable you to vary your menus as well as help you choose the foods which furnish the daily body needs for protein, minerals and vitamins.

Here is a typical day's menu from Dorothy's diet:

	CALORIES
BREAKFAST	
Fruit (sliced peaches)	50
1 slice rye toast	75
1 teaspoon butter	40
2 strips crisp bacon	80
Coffee or tea	0
LUNCH	
Soup (1 cup vegetable)	90
4 crackers	60
Salad (⅓ cup salmon, ½ cup celery, lettuce)	115
1 glass skim milk or buttermilk	90
DINNER	
Meat (3 ounces roast lamb)	175
1 vegetable (⅔ cup broccoli)	40
1 teaspoon butter	40
Salad (cucumber and lettuce)	15
1 teaspoon French dressing	25
Fruit (¼ cantaloupe)	35
1 glass skim milk or buttermilk	90
Total Calories	1020

(Continued on Page 226)



★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

MARIE HANSEN



Thirty-five dollars a week feeds big and little Smiths—not an extravagant budget figure, by any means, at today's food prices.

Budget Dinners

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

WHATEVER your top figure may be for the weekly grocery bill keeping it down under is a constant struggle. It's so easy to spend more—so hard to pass up the more expensive foods displayed attractively in the markets. Mrs. Smith spends about $35 a week for food for the six of them—certainly a very economical allowance.

Whether or not you keep a record of how your food dollars are spent, you know well that to save money you have to spend extra time—time in studying the grocery ads, extra time in shopping for the best buys, often longer cooking time. It takes longer to make a good lamb stew, for instance, than to broil loin lamb chops, but there's certainly a saving in money.

Budget dinners can be just as interesting and just as much fun to prepare and include just as many surprises for the family as more elaborate meals. Here is proof. Each of these dinners will fit into a moderate-cost food budget, yet each has a new way or two of preparing the same foods you've been serving right along.

***Baked Eggplant Provençal**
Glazed Carrots and Onions
Celery
Corn Muffins—Spread
Sliced Oranges With
***Apricot Sauce**
Milk—Coffee

BAKED EGGPLANT PROVENÇAL

Partially cook ½ pound sliced bacon cut into small pieces; remove from pan. Peel and cut 1 large ripe eggplant into ½-inch slices. Season with salt and pepper. Dip into beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs. Sauté on both sides in the bacon fat. Arrange eggplant slices in shallow baking pan. Cook slowly mixture of partially cooked bacon, ¾ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 onion, chopped, until vegetables are just tender. Add ¼ cup cream and season with salt and pepper. Place a thick slice of tomato on each eggplant slice. Top with a spoonful of bacon mixture. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes.

APRICOT SAUCE

Separate 1 egg. Beat the yolk as thick as you can and combine with ½ cup sour cream, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ⅛ teaspoon salt and ½ cup apricot preserves. Blend well and fold in 1 egg white beaten stiff but not dry. Chill.

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***Meat Balls With Sauerkraut**
Mashed Potatoes
Raw Carrot Sticks
Rye Bread and Spread
***Fruit Ring**
Milk—Coffee

MEAT BALLS WITH SAUERKRAUT

Mix together ¼ pound ground veal, ½ pound ground beef and ½ pound ground pork. Add 1 onion, chopped, ½ clove garlic, mashed to a pulp with 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg and ¼ cup raw rice. Shape into small balls; brown in 2 tablespoons melted shortening, bacon fat or salad oil.

Open 1 No. 2½ can sauerkraut and arrange half of it in a layer on bottom of small covered roaster or casserole. Put the meat balls on top of kraut. Cover with rest of kraut. Pour 1 can condensed tomato soup

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mixed with 1 cup water over the top. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., 1½ hours. Serves 6.

FRUIT RING

Drain sirup from 1 No. 2½ can fruit cocktail. To the sirup add enough water to make 1½ cups liquid. Heat to a boil and add to 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin dessert, add juice of 1 lemon. Chill until thick and sirupy. Add fruits. Pour into a ring mold and chill until set. Serves 6.

★ ★ ★

***Salmon-and-Macaroni Casserole**
Canned Peas and Corn
***Carrot Relish**
***Dessert Muffins—Honey Butter**
Milk—Coffee

SALMON-AND-MACARONI CASSEROLE

Cook 1 package elbow macaroni until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and rinse with hot water. Drain and remove skin and bones from a 1-pound can salmon. Flake the fish. Combine with macaroni and 3½ cups thin cream sauce. Season mixture with salt and pepper and ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard. Add 1 cup grated cheese. Pour into casserole and bake 20–25 minutes in moderately hot oven, 375°F. Serves 6.

CARROT RELISH

Mix the following ingredients together: 2 cups shredded carrot, 4 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 4 sweet pickles, chopped, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅔ cup chopped onion, 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing, 2 dashes Tabasco sauce and a little pepper. Taste for seasoning. Makes 1 pint.

DESSERT MUFFINS

To 2 cups prepared biscuit mix, add ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup chopped citron and ½ cup currants. Beat 2 eggs. Add 1 cup milk and 3 tablespoons melted shortening. Add liquids to dry ingredients, mixing only until dry ingredients are dampened. Muffin batters should never be mixed until smooth. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake 15 minutes in a hot oven, 450°F. Makes 12 muffins.

Have dry and liquid ingredients ready to mix, but do not mix and put in oven to bake until you remove the salmon casserole. This way they can bake while you're having the main course and will be hot and fresh.

HONEY BUTTER

Cream together 2 parts soft butter or margarine to 1 part honey. This keeps well in refrigerator. Wonderful on pancakes the next morning if you have any left.

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***Cheese-and-Tomato Soufflé**
Spinach with Buttered Crumbs
***Creamed Onions with Peanuts**
Bran Muffins and Spread
Baked Apple-Tapioca Pudding
Milk—Coffee

CHEESE-AND-TOMATO SOUFFLÉ

Make a cream sauce using 6 tablespoons butter or margarine, 6 tablespoons flour, 2¼ cups milk. Cook until smooth and thick. Add 6 tablespoons tomato paste and mix well. Then add 1½ cups grated Cheddar cheese. Season with 2¼ teaspoons salt. Add 5 well-beaten egg yolks. Cool slightly. Fold in 5 egg whites stiffly beaten. Pour into 2 quart ungreased casserole and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325°F., for 45 minutes. Serve at once.

CREAMED ONIONS WITH PEANUTS

Make creamed onions just as you always do. Before serving, add ½ cup coarsely chopped salted peanuts to 1½ quarts creamed onions.

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***Chili Pork Chops**
Baked Sweet Potatoes
***Pork Relish**
Toasted Rolls—Spread
Canned Pears—Molasses Cookies
Milk—Coffee

CHILI PORK CHOPS

Flour and season 6 shoulder pork chops. Brown in skillet in a little melted shortening or salad oil. Transfer to small roaster or large casserole. Put 1 slice onion on top of each chop. Thin 1 cup chili sauce with 1 cup water.

Pour over chops and bake in moderate oven, 350°F., 1½ hours, or until tender. These may be steamed on top of range in covered skillet over low heat, if you prefer. Sweet potatoes, chops and a casserole of scalloped corn all bake well at same temperature.

PORK RELISH

Peel and core 4–6 apples. Chop. There should be 2 cups. Add 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1¼ teaspoons salt, a dash of pepper and ¾ cup sour cream.

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***Baked Corned-Beef Hash with Deviled Eggs**
Green Beans
Whole-Wheat Bread and Spread
Coleslaw
***Hot Gingerbread with Fig Sauce**
Milk—Coffee

BAKED CORNED-BEEF HASH WITH DEVILED EGGS

Open 1 can corned-beef hash at both ends. Push out cylinder of hash and cut into 6 slices. Arrange in bottom of shallow casserole. Season with salt and pepper. Hard-cook and devil 3 eggs—adding prepared mustard, salt, pepper and vinegar to the mashed yolks—and fill the whites. There will be 6 halves. Put 1 on each slice of hash.

Make 3 cups thin cream sauce. Season with salt and pepper and add ½ cup grated cheese and a little grated onion. Pour over hash and eggs. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30–40 minutes, until bubbly and brown. Serves 6.

HOT GINGERBREAD WITH FIG SAUCE

Bake gingerbread along with hash casserole. Use your own favorite recipe; or easier still, use one of the mixes. Cut into squares. Serve hot with the following sauce:

Mix ½ cup sugar with 2 tablespoons cornstarch. Add 2 cups water, blending until smooth. Then add the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 cup ground or chopped dried figs. Cook until sauce is thickened and clear. Serve over hot gingerbread.





Virginia Coates
Home Economist

Happy ending for Sunday night supper—a super-duper apple pie! Make the pie crust the simple way—with quick-mix. I've used Pillsbury's and Betty Crocker's Crustquick and they're both excellent.

Here's my own recipe for apple-pie filling. Notice the addition of Durkee's Apple Pie Spice? That's for luscious flavor! This Spice takes away all guesswork and gives you the same delightful flavor every time. It's a perfect blend of cinnamon and other spices. Ideal for all apple dishes—applesauce, baked apples, apple Brown Betty, apple tapioca, apple cakes, etc.

A New Apple Pie Filling

2 tbsp. breadcrumbs
8 medium apples (approx. 2 lbs.)
⅔ cup sugar
1 tsp. Durkee's Apple Pie Spice
1 tbsp. cornstarch
1½ tbsp. Durkee's Margarine
1 tbsp. lemon juice
⅓ tbsp. water

Line a 9-inch pie pan with pie crust. Sprinkle bottom with breadcrumbs to prevent fruit from soaking crust. Peel and core apples and slice thinly. Combine sugar, Durkee's Apple Pie Spice and cornstarch and sift over apple slices, stirring with fork until slices are coated. Place in layers in pie shell. Dot with Durkee's Margarine and sprinkle with lemon juice and water. Cover with upper crust and prick with fork in several places. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 30 minutes. Reduce heat to slow oven (325° F.) and cook 10 minutes.



Glidden

Send for other unusual recipes to Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. L3-9, Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y.



PHOTOGRAPH BY
FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Dorothy Smith wearing her three-piece black faille suit. Fresh white gloves and flowers. Vogue Design No. S-4956, 12 to 20.



Polka-dot crepe blouse with soft neckline. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6563, 12 to 40.



Afternoon Off....

Dorothy Smith, mother of four lively children, occasionally looks forward to an afternoon off . . . a chance to toss aside her house dresses and "dress up" for a matinee in Indianapolis or to prowl through antique shops (her favorite hobby). We helped Dorothy plan a minimum of clothes with a maximum wearing plan. Her three-piece black faille suit has a straight boxy jacket that can be used separately over other dresses. The skirt and top have button-back detail and a simplicity that lends itself to accessory changes. An extra polka-dot blouse to wear with the faille skirt and her printed silk dress, Dorothy thinks, will carry her through spring and summer. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY



The black faille skirt and blouse worn as a dress. Back-button detail. Perfect accessory-change dress.

Printed rayon crepe, slim waistline. Vogue Design No. 6669, 12 to 20. Make gloves to match.

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Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. **Connecticut residents please add sales tax.*

Back and Other Views, Prices and Sizes on Page 260

Extravagant Price does not make a Perfume "Great"

What is a "GREAT PERFUME?"

In "An Open Letter About Perfume"* I have explained how to choose a "good" perfume. It is more difficult, however, to explain what is a "great" perfume and how to recognize it.

It is just as complex to explain what makes a perfume "great" as it is to explain what makes a piece of music or a painting a masterpiece.

High price does not make a "great" perfume, nor even a "good" perfume.

It is true that a "good" and a "great" perfume can be made only at a price (because its making requires first class essential oils and other ingredients which are often very costly), but this price need not be extravagant.

A GREAT PERFUME must be refined and give you a feeling of beauty and happiness.

A GREAT PERFUME should be an "original" fragrance, and not merely a variation on the same theme. It should be as different as L'Origan is from L'Aimant.

A GREAT PERFUME must have a remarkable unity of odor, by which we mean that not even the most sensitive nose should be able to distinguish any specific component of the perfume. Furthermore, it should maintain this unity of odor as it "diffuses" in the open and with time. At no time may it lose its beauty and refinement.

A GREAT PERFUME will awaken in us the sentiment of mystery and rejoice our heart.

A GREAT PERFUME is lasting, yet gives one always a feeling of beauty, of joy, and refinement.

A GREAT PERFUME like a masterpiece in all other arts, wins the recognition of the public and *stands the test of time.*

NEVER FORGET THAT YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED BY YOUR PERFUME.

Ch. Coty

PRESIDENT
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*Anyone wishing a copy of "An Open Letter About Perfume" may secure it by writing to Coty, Inc., 730 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y., Attention Miss I. Florian.



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MENTAL ILLNESS

(Continued from Page 45)

Yet no one of us can say he is above the need of help. Mental illness hits one in five families—one in ten people—and strikes severely enough to send one in twenty of us to a mental hospital. And the bulwarks we once thought of as protections cannot be counted on.

Look back over the headlines of last year. The most popular boy in a small Ohio high school killed two elderly people to get a car to take out his girl. A statesman of intellect and prestige shot himself. A girl known for her beauty and glamour took an overdose of sleeping pills and left a note saying she had decided it was the only thing to do. A minister walked out on his flock and family to run off with a teen-age charmer. A competent aviator dropped a bomb on the United Nations Assembly to "blast them into peace." A woman took off her clothes and, while scores watched her, climbed out on the dome of the Capitol in Washington to take a sun bath and "think things over." Two schoolboys dropped a cement slab on a friend "to see what would happen."

There's a handful of the mental-illness cases with special peculiarities which made headlines. You know others. These days we all have friends or fellow workers who suddenly fly off the handle, take seriously to drink, can't work, or disappear mysteriously. Most of the mental illness which hospitalized over 125,000 people last year made no headlines. Most of the less severe emotional breakdowns took place in semi-privacy. But they happened just the same—happened alike to bankers and bakers, to clergymen and candy-store operators, to spinsters and to wives. Money, position, a home life, a "good" school, the law, a stable community—none of these proved a dependable protection.

What are we going to do about it? Go on ignoring our lack of treatment and take a chance it won't happen to us or the ones we love? Go on ignoring our chief places of treatment—the places we call mental hospitals and ought to call mental hells? Go on saying belligerently, "It's not my worry—there's nothing wrong with me"?

In addition to those in mental hospitals, there are 5,000,000 people in this country believed suffering from psychoneuroses; an additional 2,500,000 with disorders of character and behavior; and from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 individuals with borderline or passing emotional disturbances. These are the figures of our Public Health Service.

BUT they are not just figures. They are people, all of whom are in need of psychiatric or psychological attention. Perhaps one in twenty of them is getting it—getting it in spite of the shortage of psychiatrists and clinics, the high cost of treatment, the stigma placed on mental illness by friends and families. The rest are not. Yet those with the "borderline" disturbances—the passing fears and hostilities—might be saved from developing full-fledged neuroses by only a few sessions with a psychiatrist. Those with neuroses—emotional disturbances dominating enough to interfere with effectiveness and happiness—might be helped to adjustment before real trouble develops. And those with the more acute form of illness legally defined as "insanity" might be brought back from the world of delusions with early, concentrated care before their feet grow firmly in it and before they cause too much of the trouble which is a part of their illness. Some of them may muddle through. Most of the will not. They will crowd our jails, up classrooms, abandon our children, po our mental hospitals, cause upheavals offices and factories—and spread the "g of disorder wherever they go until th ness becomes so acute it forces recog

IDEALLY, there are three logical steps care of the mentally ill. The first family doctor. Yet the plain truth is the good chance he can't be of much help. where psychiatry is best taught it oc only 4 per cent of his medical training are few facilities where he can catch u its development now. Psychiatrists es that about one third to one half of t tients treated for physical ailments in part or in whole from psychologic ments which the average doctor ofte to recognize.

The second step should be the psych clinic or the psychiatrist. Although the ber of our psychiatric and psychol clinics mounts steadily, we have no near enough to handle the headache family problems, the delinquency, t happiness and maladjustment that alike the su the cities, the try and the

No one ca mate precisel many of the timers" in th hospitals coul had their ter suffering cut or how many have been s commitment tirely if we ha more clinics o ing as way st between the il son and the st stitution. Bu average stay state hospital i years—with half the patien turning during first year, and the other half remaining eight or more years—and you can see needlessly long this is when you com these figures with what just two concentr early-care programs have been abl do. In Ohio, for instance, an efficient, u date procedure returned nine out of te tients to their homes temporarily impr during the first year. In Connecticut, i year it was estimated that 66 menta children were saved any hospitalizati all through mental-hygiene clinics.

Despite this, there are only some clinics in the United States, though is an estimated need for one clinic for 100,000 people, or 1400 clinics. The obstacle to getting more clinics is, of co money—yet a little figuring will show t costs at least twice as much in the lon to maintain the average patient in the conditions of a state sanitarium as it to give him good, rapid treatment.

As for the number of psychiatrists av ble—there are some 4500 in this country most of them are working in mental h tals. There are only 1500 in private p tice or in clinics, and most of these are centrated in the larger cities. A psych needs hospitalization because he is so ou touch with reality that he cannot take ca himself, nor can the unknowing take ca him. The neurotic, except when he is so pressed he may kill himself, rarely n hospital care—but he does need help in ferentiating between his real problems an unreal ones. And as things are now, the a place for only the most acutely ill to

And that place is, of course, the me hospital—where there is only too often n ing but custody, not care. Some gen hospitals admit the mentally ill, but mos

(Continued on Page 216)

THIS is the opening article in a series of four on the subject of mental illness. Much has been written on this subject. The JOURNAL hopes that by bringing the major aspects of the problem together into a readable, cohesive whole it can get something done to help the mentally ill. The first article deals with the more than half a million who are hospitalized for mental disorders. The second deals with what mental illness is and how to recognize it. The third discusses methods of at-home prevention. The fourth suggests ways to better community facilities to combat and cure mental illness, the nation's No. 1 health problem today.

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(Continued from Page 214)

not. Those which do keep them only a few weeks.

The state institutions rarely can refuse any patient legally committed—no matter how overcrowded they may be. And the overcrowding in most defies words: the day rooms are jammed; the wards overflow into the halls, the basements; the number of beds and mattresses gives out and straw is brought in. The food is stretched into stew and soup, the bread that is not eaten is served again, no matter how stale it is. Untrained, unknown attendants are left alone with scores of patients in their "care"—and frustrated at being nothing but poorly paid, overworked guards, many of the good men and women quit, and few come to replace them. The nurses develop into nothing but pencil pushers and key keepers; the doctors—with an average case load of 250 patients—despair of giving treatment and apply themselves simply to keeping records straight.

Meanwhile, the individual is lost in the herd. He is a nose to be counted, a body to be showered, toileted, fed and kept quiet—not an ill person who should be helped to get well. If he is overdisturbed, he is locked in leather thongs, although a trained aide could soothe him, a warm bath would quiet him. Showers and baths are rationed; the outdoor clothes saved for visitors' day or "pet" patients; books, games, handiwork—it's a rare and fortunate patient who has any occupation offered him in the way of treatment. Yet in England today the same restraints we use are found only on exhibition as curiosities!

You cannot dismiss this with the thought that, as a group, the mentally ill now in state sanitariums are so cut off from the world that they do not suffer from these conditions under which they live. Only the very ill—a small proportion—have escaped entirely into a dream world; for the majority the conditions of our sanitariums are a constant nightmare, a pressing goad to run faster and harder toward mental suicide. Visiting a mental hospital, it is not the violence "craziness" which strikes you; it is passivity, the despair, the hopelessness which the mentally ill move, or do not m speak, or do not speak.

Part of this is in the nature of ment ness—if the mentally ill could get along other people cheerfully and co-operat they would not be mentally ill. But n the passivity you see is illness. Excep the relatively few who are extremely ill, of the hospitalized want desperately for panionship, for something to do. More as part of their recovery, they *need* it.

An intelligent woman who sufferec cently from attacks of alternating over ity and overdepression (manic-depres told me of what the terrible idleness and liness of a mental hospital meant.

"Of course," she said, "I never w have been hospitalized if I hadn't bee tearful and droopy that I couldn't do thing, I couldn't talk to anyone, an family were worried sick. But after through the worst of it—and it lasted three weeks—I was overwhelmed by slightest thing that would take me out o thoughts.

"I remember one evening when there a movie at the hospital. It was a gay pi and I wept, but about other people change—not me.

"People don't know that when you you may not respond to them but you you're not responding, and you're aware can't reach you and you're so sorry a it—but there's nothing you can do. The start coming out, or if you're ill differe like a schizophrenic, you're in and out there you are, with nothing to do, no o talk to—doomed to just sit and wait fo next meal, or the next time the bath will be unlocked, or the next visiting da

"Unless you've been in a mental hos you just can't realize how many pat are periodically okay, or in the pr of getting well, or just mildly daft. I think we don't know what it's like t



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lected and fed poorly and shut up in the st sort of places. Sometimes you can rally feel yourself being made sicker by at happens—but you learn fast that if you out, or complain, by and large they'll nk you're even crazier today than usual."

The manic-depressives form a large group he mental hospitals. A larger group, over f, are the schizophrenics, the half-awake, half-in and half-of the world. Old ple, many of them fering only from dening of the arties, which brings on bleness, memory ses, peevishness l other personality orders, form another group—most of om could go elsere if there were ne place to care for m. There are also ne psychoneurotc persons with temrary personality akdowns, many of om could live at me and pursue a ar-normal life if tpatient treatnt were available.

The rate of return from our mental hosals now averages slightly over 50 per t who stay home permanently. This figure ld be increased; there is no doubt of that. t even the incurables are human beings o through no fault of their own are ill, perate, and in need of comfort and care. There are, of course, some hospitals which betters than others—*but there is not one te hospital which meets all the minimum ndards of the American Psychiatric Association.* It is not that these standards are so gh. They call for one psychiatrist to every patients in some types of disease, one to ery 200 in others, with an average over all of 150 patients per doctor; one graduate nurse on the average for every 40 patients, one attendant for every 8, and a $2.50-per-patient-per-day budget—instead of the present average of $1.25.

A state hospital has two main functions: to give treatment aimed at cure and recovery and to take care of those whose chances of cure are slim, so that they won't endanger society and themselves. Investigations by both the civic-minded and the scientific show that practically none of our hospitals gives adequate treatment—and that very few give even decent care. For instance, an informal check of 45 hospitals made by the National Mental Health Foundation showed that only 7 had doctors available for individual consultation. Yet almost nine out of ten of all our mentally ill are in state hospitals. Most of the balance are in Veterans Administration hospitals. Private hospitals are exclusive, expensive and few and far between.

Why, then, have we let them get so bad?

One reason is our distaste and fear of mental illness. We have all got problems, and too often we'd rather run away from them than face them. As one eminent psychiatrist has noted, to be reminded of the mentally ill is to be reminded of people who have failed. We also place a trust in any hospital and all hospitals, and we have counted on the medical profession to uphold that trust. Yet in the case of state hospitals we cannot hold the medical profession to blame. They are working hard to get public support, but they

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Color Preference

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Let it be upon my head
That I love plain honest red:
Children's wagons, scooters, trikes,
Pony carts and sleds and bikes,
Circus posters, neon signs,
Country barns and valentines,
Christmas candles, holly berries,
Toy balloons and ripe cherries;
For blame or credit be it said
I love unaffected red!

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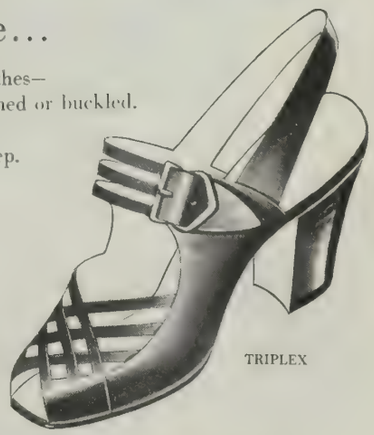
Make your feet look light and little...

Airy accents for your new lady-like clothes—Walk-Over *Lady Slippers*—pertly buttoned or buckled. With graceful criss-cross strappings or lovely opera lines to slenderize your instep.

And flattering new heels! The slim Illusion or the mid-heel—both looking higher than they actually are.

Softly tailored by Walk-Over in suede or calf, black or colors. Styles shown $14.95 (Higher West).

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need money, and they need public interest to do the job of caring for the mentally ill.

Many psychiatrists who run our public hospitals are good, honest men, willing to look squarely at the awfulness of the places they run and admit their shame. We cannot blame them for conditions, and they know it.

The blame rests upon us, the public, who have not yet faced the fact that if our problems develop into breakdowns, that if our fears overcome us, and our annoyances and doubts crescendo into false ideas of persecution and hostility, the foul condition of the state sanitarium is where we, too, may wind up—simply because there is no other place for us to go, no other care available to us.

We are the ones who support the legislature which appropriates the money for state institutions. We are the ones who grumble about taxes—or demand that we spend more money where it is needed. We are the ones who think we have put the mentally ill out of sight, out of mind. It's time we waked up to the truth that the mentally ill might be any of us; that not one of us escapes the neuroses in our society today, the number of psychoses, the deterioration that may come with increasing age.

We might also face the fact that it will save us money, in the long run, if we better our psychiatric facilities. Compare, for instance, the $5 a day for six months it costs for rapid treatment of psychosis, against the $1.25 we spend on the average four-year hospitalization of a psychotic. Or read this in a United States Public Health report: "It is only necessary to eliminate three commitments a year to mental or correctional institutions to pay the budget of a mental-hygiene clinic." Or listen to the American Psychiatric Association: "Once scientific care is accomplished in state institutions, there is every promise that within the next generation this country would never need to build an additional mental-hospital bed."

And what of human values? One million of our children now in grade school are expected to spend some time in a mental hospital. The ones we could save might be our own.

We know how to care for mental illness and much about preventing it. We know how to hasten the recovery of the emotionally disturbed. We have methods of soothing the tearful and violent, of scattering the delusions of the crazed, of making the miserable happy again—and of returning the lost to normal life. Yet we are not using our knowledge; we are actually encouraging mental illness.

We have licked typhoid and scarlet fever in this country through preventing them. We have cut deep into the incidence of T through early treatment. We have broug cancer and venereal disease into the op where we can wrestle with them. We c battle mental illness, too, if we'll unwr our minds and decide the things to be do about it—and do them. The basic principl of physical health are taught even to c scouts. It's time we approached the pri ciples of mental health with the same s of directness.

We place a stigma on mental disease. W often refuse to accept diagnosis in its ear stages. We frequently blame the ill. Y these are attitudes which help spread disord and worsen the condition of the disturbed.

It is generally held by philosophers ar psychiatrists that hate, fear, rejection ar frustration are the major causes of—and the same time symptoms of—mental illne and unbalance. We have devoted much tin and mind in recent decades to mechanic and industrial progress. We have neglecte the development of man as a total being wh cannot live by bread alone. We must no seek every approac known to us to understar and meet our emotion needs—or be broken b the stresses and strains the machine world we ha created. We have come nc to the place where we a operating at cross-pu poses: slaving for mon when it is love and approval we seek; pr paring for war while we yearn for peac chasing sensation to replace the sweet sen of personal craft and achievement. O actions may make sense to us logically; th may satisfy our minds. But if they against our emotional needs it is to no avail for our emotions are not logical.

> It is the cleverest thing in the world to be merely happy, and the unhappiest to be merely clever.
> —MAARTEN MAARTENS.

In later articles, we will discuss the form mental illness takes and what we can do a home and in our communities to help recog nize it, prevent and treat it. In this article w have been concerned mainly with the prob lem itself. Our first weapon in the batt against mental illness is knowledge. Menta illness is not mysterious. It has known cause and recognizable symptoms. Most of its vic tims recover from it with care and treatmen But like any other disease, the sooner it i detected and treated, the quicker the energ working destructively can be channeled t work constructively.

We are all under the threat not only of ou own emotional problems, but the problem of others. Our first obligation—and happily our pleasure—is to strengthen ourselves, bu we shall have small chance of true success un less we see that all who are ill get better car and that those who are not are protecte against the disease.

IDLE WOMEN . . . WHERE ARE THEY?

(Continued from Page 37)

and ironing, bottles to be sterilized and formula made. "No, I never lie down during the day, and I practically never get out with the baby. There's so much to do!"

Although these two brides consider themselves the busiest women on the street, with an apartment and one child to care for, they do no baking, no sewing and no gardening. Ten of the twenty women interviewed make their children's clothes, three bake bread, nine keep gardens, and eleven put up considerable quantities of canned and frozen foods. Nineteen of the twenty women have no hired help at all; one woman has a high-school girl to help clean Saturday mornings.

One of the busiest—as well as the merriest—households is the Nyces', who have a tiny white house with only two rooms downstairs, and five children from 10 to 2. Mrs. David Nyce, a plump, harried, but still pleasant-looking woman of 33, was simultaneously cooking lunch and giving her eldest daughter a piano lesson when I arrived. She picked up a doll, two books, a crayon set and a child's coat from a chair and invited me to sit down. As the last of her five children trooped in for lunch, she herded them to the table, sent half of them flying to wash the hands, pronounced grace, and let her ow meal grow cold as she stood up to feed th two-year-old in a high chair.

"Now there's no use asking about m household schedule," she remarked with h gentle smile. "I just do what I think is im portant, and let the rest go. One week thi summer I had thirty starched dresses to iron And to think I wanted eight children. . . Rhoda, dear, eat your beans."

I remarked on the big garden out back

"It's really a patch, it's so big," she said "We all work in it. I canned about two hun dred quarts, I guess, and put about fifty boxes in the locker. Sewing? Yes, I mak most of the girls' dresses. How often do scrub out the inside of the stove? Well about once a year." This last remark wa greeted by the children with gales of laughter

Mrs. Nyce, who was raised on a farm, on of six children of a Mennonite minister, feels that townswomen are stuck alone in the house with the children too much. On a farm, she says, there are always some extra women about to share the responsibility.

(Continued on Page 221)

Colorado

UNION PACIFIC

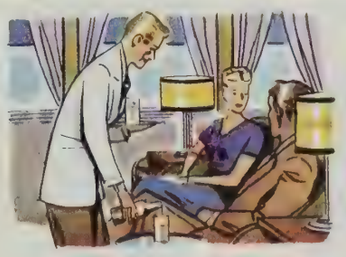


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The fast, smooth-running "City of Denver" provides overnight service *every night* between Chicago and Denver. The Streamliner "City of St. Louis" offers like service between St. Louis-Kansas City and Denver. You'll enjoy restful Club cars . . . delightful dining-car meals . . . and a sound sleep.

Arriving at Denver, you'll be completely refreshed . . . eager to heed the call of rugged mountains and sparkling lakes.

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Starduster! Chicago's Elizabeth Toomey, gracious American Airlines Stewardess, has a delicate, sensitive skin. "So I never use heavy make-up," says Betty. "Just Noxzema and powder. It's marvelous for my hands, too—I carry a jar on every flight."



Charming New Yorker, Mrs. Nathalie Drozdoff-Cherny is a concert pianist. "It's important that my hands look well cared for," she says. "Years ago I found that Noxzema helps keep them wonderfully soft and smooth. It's my face cream, too."

WHO ELSE WANTS SOFTER, LOVELIER-LOOKING HANDS AND FACE?



"Chapped, sore hands used to be my number one wintertime problem," says Mrs. Freda Henry of Pittsburgh. "But now, Noxzema helps keep them looking soft and white all winter long."

Do you? Here's an amazing story six typical women told us. Each had some little thing wrong with her skin.

See how their Beauty Problems compare to your own!

● Recently interviewers have been calling on hundreds of women throughout the country, asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of six typical women. Like thousands of others, they are using a new idea in beauty—*Medicated Skin Care.*

New Beauty Routine

It's a simple home treatment *developed by a doctor.* It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women—of all ages—picked at random from all walks of life—took part in this skin improvement test under the supervision of 3 doctors—*skin specialists.* On examination each woman showed she had some little thing wrong with her skin.

Based on Scientific Testing

Each woman faithfully followed Noxzema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens by these doctors. Here are the astonishing results of these tests:

Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks!

For Externally-Caused Skin Troubles

So if you want an aid to a softer, lovelier-looking complexion . . . if you suffer the embarrassment of rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, or hands chapped from housework or winter weather — try *medicated* Noxzema.

4-Step Beauty Routine!



1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.

2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.

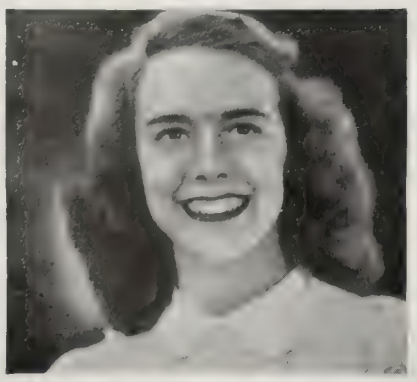
3. At night, repeat morning cleansing.

4. Massage cream lightly into face. Pat extra Noxzema over any blemishes.

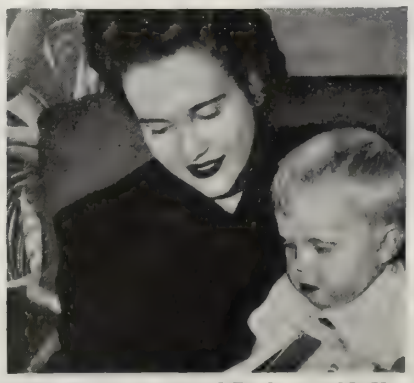
Try it! Follow Noxzema's NEW 4-Step Beauty Routine faithfully. Smooth Noxzema on your hands, too, after each complexion treatment. See if you aren't amazed at how much better your complexion and hands look and feel! **You can get Noxzema at all drug and cosmetic counters, 40¢, 60¢, and $1.00 plus tax—Trial Size also now on sale.**



"Noxzema makes a big hit with my whole family," says Mrs. Virginia Stanley of San Francisco. "Helps protect us from externally caused blemishes, rashes, and similar skin troubles."



"I started using Noxzema for adolescent blemishes as a girl of twelve," says Mrs. H. Hiestand of Boston. "Today it's my regular night cream—it helps keep my complexion looking so smooth!"



Mrs. Muriel Kelly of Rochester, N. Y., first used Noxzema for chapped hands... now makes it her beauty cream. "It's the *grandest* night cream and powder base! Helps keep my skin looking just lovely!"

(Continued from Page 218)

"Vacation?" she repeated absentndedly. "Last summer was the first time e been away from home in, let's see, twelve ars. We took the three oldest children and ove out to Michigan. Oh, it was a grand cation not having a baby on my lap."

Mrs. Nyce's weekly house cleaning is done Saturday, when all the children except the o-year-old pitch in and help.

Of the twenty housewives interviewed, irteen of them set two days a week apart heavy cleaning. Most of them clean upirs on Thursday, and downstairs on Fri-y. In one household, however, which two nilies share, vacuuming is done every day. e owner of the house is a contractor with office off the living room. "With all those n tracking dirt in all day long you have to p after it," says his sister-in-law, who runs household. (The contractor's wife has a l-time job at a Doylestown department re.) Like most of North Clinton Street, s home is thoroughly house cleaned, from ic to cellar, every spring and fall. The two men map out a major battle strategy, and complish it in a week, including scrubbing d waxing floors, washing painted walls, aning out all bureaus and closets, doing tains and washing all windows inside and t. Even the outside porch banisters are ubbed until they shine.

There were wide variations in answers to e question: "How often do you wash your seboards?" Half of the women said twice ear, at house-cleaning time. Three women l it a bit oftener, two did once a month, and one oman wiped them down ery week.

Refrigerators, as a rule, t cleaned and defrosted ce every two weeks, ener in summer. Ovens e scrubbed out, "as necsary—whenever I bake a berry pie." Win-w curtains and windows are generally shed twice a year, although with young ildren in the house the insides of windows e cleaned much oftener than this. Nine omen leave bureaus and closets untouched cept for spring and fall house cleaning, hereas five women "keep at it constantly—ver through." Eight women wax their ors twice a year, but five don't bother to e wax at all.

Surprisingly enough, the housewife who ckles these heavy jobs of house cleaning ost often is a woman with three children 1, 8 and 6), a full-time job at a grocery ore, and no help at home at all. (Her husnd works the night shift and so is able to pervise the children after school.) Mrs. artin Lehn is a pale, friendly, energetic oman of 30 who worked before marriage as housemaid (for which she earned $6 a week). Then her husband was called into the Navy, e took in seven family washes a week. Then e had her sister tend to the babies while she orked as a waitress; now she wraps meat in e 55° "cold room" of a chain store.

N her day off, Wednesday, Mrs. Lehn es the family wash; on Sundays she housecans. She gets up regularly at 6:30, fixes r three children's breakfasts and lunch xes, gulps a cup of coffee and leaves on the n for work just as her husband gets in from e night shift. At noon she hurries home and oks something she can heat up for supper night, such as spaghetti or stew. As this kes a good hour, she generally skips lunch. ome again at 6:05, she heats up the supper ready prepared and spends the rest of the vening until 11:30 either baking or ironing.

Mrs. Lehn enjoys housework and loves her mily. "I'm no career girl. I work to get ings for my family." With the $35 a week e adds to her husband's $47 weekly pay eck, she has bought a new stove and water eater and a living-room suite. "As soon as I et what I want for my home, I'll quit." Although she is home only two days a week, Mrs. Lehn manages to scour out the interior f her new stove and refrigerator every week, ashes her curtains and windows every two onths, and regularly scrubs her kitchen and ining-room linoleum every washday.

The Lehns enjoy going out to a night club occasionally, but the only couple who regularly go out together every week is the 23-year-old bride, Mrs. Good, and her husband. Since he plays golf all week end, he takes her to the country club on Saturday night. About eight of the other couples sometimes hire a baby sitter, but feel that 35 cents an hour for a sitter makes an expensive evening.

THE most popular baby sitter in the neighborhood lives at the Leathermans', a substantial brick house bordered by a blazing flower garden and an acre of vegetables. Mrs. Leatherman, a genial, plump, gray-haired lady in a lavender-sprigged house dress and matching poke bonnet, was snipping up some home-cured bacon and home-grown string beans into the pressure cooker as I arrived. A mother of four sons, she adopted a daughter to round out the family, and this 17-year-old girl is the neighborhood sitter.

Sometimes, when the demand is heavy, the 15-year-old son, David, and Mrs. Leatherman herself "sit." One night, when David's young charge woke up crying, he sent out an immediate SOS for his mother, who was baby sitting on the next block, and they did a quick switch. Mrs. Leatherman thinks nothing of expanding her household by three or four when a neighbor wants to leave children with her for a week or two in an emergency. The same neighbor is sometimes surprised with a gift of a dozen quarts of tomatoes or elderberry jam from Mrs. Leatherman's lavishly stocked cellar.

"Now then, I have no special system for work," said this cabinetmaker's wife with a twinkle, as I gazed at her gleaming windows, waxed and polished furniture and immaculate kitchen shelves. "But my daughter-in-law, she says she never saw anybody cook as much as I do. Have you had your lunch?"

A fanatic is one who, having lost sight of his aim, redoubles his effort.
—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

Although most of the women interviewed enjoy cooking, don't mind cleaning and tolerate washing, ironing brings the greatest variety of groans. Four women iron the same day that they wash, taking the clothes damp from the line. But generally, when there are young children underfoot, making a hot iron a hazardous thing, ironing is done in the evening. None of the women owns a mangle or ironing machine. Three women hand-iron their sheets and towels; the other women simply fold them away without ironing.

In the contractor's home, where a weekly wash is done for seven people, Mrs. Mitchell Braznock starts to iron at 10 Tuesday morning and sometimes continues until suppertime.

For most housewives, however, such single-minded concentration on one task is impossible. As the mother of two youngsters with chicken pox put it, "It's not the work but the interruptions."

A good example is Mrs. Clayton Fairfield, a rather tired-looking ash-blonde of 39 who was canning tomatoes early one morning when I arrived. Mrs. Fairfield trained to be an African missionary—instead married at 29 and proceeded to have four children. As we talked, her two youngest girls of 3 and 4 constantly jumped on and off her lap, twined their arms about her in smothering affection, and managed to interrupt every other sentence.

Mrs. Fairfield is up by 6, always gets her husband's breakfast ("Mercy, yes!"), does two huge washings a week, finds time to bake bread and doughnuts and pies in large quantities and, since they have no car, lugs all her groceries a long three blocks home. Every evening the family has devotions together and then everyone, parents included, troops off to bed.

Mrs. Fairfield never had to combat the horrors of the African jungles, but she can't imagine a worse time than when the four children all got whooping cough together. Unless it was the winter the oldest boy had pneumonia, followed by all four coming down with measles, then chicken pox, and finally the same boy had appendicitis.

What to get for a Birthday Present?

Inspiration!

Send lovely, dewy-fresh Flowers by Wire and *your own* personal message on the card that goes along. It's the most delightful way to say "Many Happy Returns" . . . and in such *good taste*, too.

Send a Smart Gift!

Yes, lovely Flowers by Wire are *so smart* and make such a *wonderful impression*. Inexpensive, too! An exquisite bouquet can be sent from St. Louis (including wire cost) to New York for $5.83 and up.



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Your own local F. T. D. florist or any you choose from the telephone directory yellow pages will speed Birthday Flowers *anywhere* within a few hours. The Winged Mercury Emblem on their shop windows is our pledge that *satisfaction is guaranteed!* Say "Happy Birthday" with Flowers by Wire!

In *Any* Event . . . Send Flowers Worldwide via Interflora

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For Finer Flavor...

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Compare Hi Ho with any other cracker

COMPARE *for appetizing appeal* . . . In appearance, Hi Ho crackers invite comparison with any other cracker. Note the golden-brown color . . . the uniformity of every Hi Ho.

COMPARE *for flakiness* . . . Turn a Hi Ho cracker edgewise. Note the flakiness, the delicate texture . . . sure sign of expert baking.

COMPARE *for finer flavor* . . . Taste Hi Ho . . . try them on your family and guests. No other cracker has the flavor that belongs only to Hi Ho!

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF

Like the majority of women on North Clinton Street, Mrs. Fairfield has never had a vacation since the children were born. Only four of the twenty families manage a few days' vacation a year. Mrs. Earl Frick, wife of a magazine salesman, generally flies someplace with her husband each year—he belongs to a flying club which owns two planes. Last year they flew down to Florida for a week to visit relatives. Total cost of the trip: $60.

Six of the twenty housewives have the use of a car during the day when they need it, but they seldom leave their own homes and yards. There is practically no visiting among housewives during the day. Not unfriendliness, but "I know I'm busy, and I figure my neighbors are, too," is the general feeling. Two sisters who live across the street rarely see each other.

These women seldom get outdoors except for gardening or putting up or taking down wash. The children are turned loose on the block and are seldom seen except for mealtime. Mrs. William Burnside, a pretty strawberry-blond British girl, solved the problem of her runaway 2-year-old by harnessing him with a rope in the back yard. I found her at 4 in the afternoon busily vacuuming the living room, with her 1-year-old in a play pen. She sat down with a gasp of fatigue and said, laughing, "You might say I'm sagging by five o'clock. But I recover after supper."

Mrs. Burnside has a son of 9, another aged 2, and a girl of 1—the two last only ten months apart. She is up at 6:45, dresses herself, changes the baby's diapers and puts the two youngsters into bathrobes for breakfast. To keep them from underfoot while she hurriedly prepares a hefty breakfast of hot cereal, bacon, eggs, toast and coffee, she sets one small fry in the high chair, the other in the play pen. There they wait, more or less patiently, while she eats with her husband and 9-year-old. Then she feeds the baby, puts her into the play pen to drink her bottle, and whisks the 2-year-old into the high chair. ("It would help if I had two high chairs!") The older boy is sent off to school and the dishes stacked, unwashed, until lunchtime.

Without pausing for a breather, the attractive Mrs. Burnside whips the two babies upstairs to the toilet, dresses them and makes the beds. If it is a rainy day, the children are then allowed the freedom of downstairs, the baby girl crawling after the toddler as he drags out all the pots and pans from the kitchen closet and empties the contents of his toy chest. If it is a sunny day, the little boy is tied outside to the clothesrope.

This British-born housewife takes the dust mop and sweeper to her two front rooms every day, the vacuum once a week, stopping at frequent intervals to race the children up to the toilet or to settle a quarrel. The baby gets baked potato, meat, vegetable and pudding for lunch. Then she fixes another meal for herself, the 2-year-old and Billy, home from school. After the two babies are toileted and put to bed for naps she tackles the lunch and breakfast dishes.

WHAT does she do between 1 and 4 o'clock, when she starts dinner? Well, she's apt to do mending or ironing, or paint storm windows (two coats to go yet), "or I might suddenly decide to scrape all the wallpaper off the kitchen. I like to have some free time in the afternoon for things I like to do."

She also likes to sit up until 11 watching television after her three children are bathed and put to bed. One night a week she does two loads of wash in her machine, then two more loads first thing in the morning—"gets it on the line much quicker." Every three days she does baby wash and diapers. She is also slip-covering the living-room furnitu and plans to repaint the downstairs room

Only one housewife finds time a bit heav on her hands, since her only child, now i high school, is so involved in Girl Scout cheerleading and hockey that she is seldo home before 6. Mrs. Henry Huegel, whos husband is a gardener and has taught her great deal about flowers, considered for while taking a part-time job in a florist sho Instead, she began making and selling apron for $1 and $2 in the neighborhood, and th has proved so successful that she is no longe considering a job.

WHAT recreation the housewives get i snatched in the evenings. Four of the twent women belong to evening bridge or pinochl clubs which meet once or twice a month Eight women like to go to the movies, gen erally leaving the husband home as baby sitter. Five are active in evening churc work; one belongs to a women's club. Read ing is usually limited to sitting down afte the dinner dishes and leafing through th newspaper. This is when the radio is turne on, too, although nine women listen to one o two specific programs during the day. Three families own television sets.

Questions about personal beauty car brought yelps like "Ouch!" or "That come last!" Mrs. Burnside, the pretty British gir with three young chil dren, regularly take an afternoon a week "to spruce myself u a bit." The rest limi their beauty care t washing their hai once a week or twic a month—two wome go to a hairdresser Only one housewif wears nail polish— and that because she works in her husband's jewelry store while the help is out.

How many husbands are a help about the house? Ten women cried, "No help whatever!" One husband, however, scrubs out the garbage can every week, three dry the dishes at night, and five men out of the twenty are willing to scrub and wax floors.

Only one woman in the twenty claimed that she despised housework, although her house showed signs of conscientious care. The only college graduate I interviewed, and a medical technician before her marriage eight years ago, she had a small boy in bed with a cold and was feeding another in a high chair when I rang the bell. "To say that every woman is suited to housework is like saying every man should be a bricklayer," she pronounced. "It's ridiculous." She coaxed another spoonful of applesauce into the baby and went on to tell me that her mother had died when she was quite young, and the family had been raised by a housekeeper. "She never taught us anything about cooking or keeping house—I've had to learn everything the hard way." She told me that her husband worked in Reading, Pennsylvania—too far away to commute, so that he was home only week ends—and this, perhaps, caused a large part of her feeling toward housework.

The rest of the housewives, although they look a bit worn, laugh easily and spend little time in complaining. Practically all of them earned their living before marriage as secretaries or sales clerks or factory workers, so they know what it means to hold down a job. They feel that keeping a house is physically more tiring than keeping a job, with more care and worry and responsibility, but it is also far more rewarding and satisfying.

"Your time's your own," says Mrs. Burnside. "As long as my work doesn't pile up, I like housework fine," remarks the mother of the two boys with chicken pox. "It gives you a sense of accomplishment," says another. "Work is the important thing in life; that's what brings happiness," believes Mrs. Nyce, mother of five. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Disappointment

By Hilda Conkling

Spring skipped laughing
Down through the day,
Spring went dancing,
Her heart was gay!

Then, in the star time,
A fox stopped to stare,
He saw Spring weeping,
Snow caught in her hair.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BRING FLORIDA SUNSHINE *right into your home!*





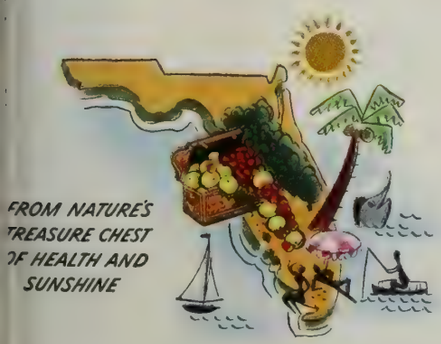
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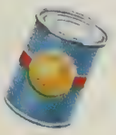
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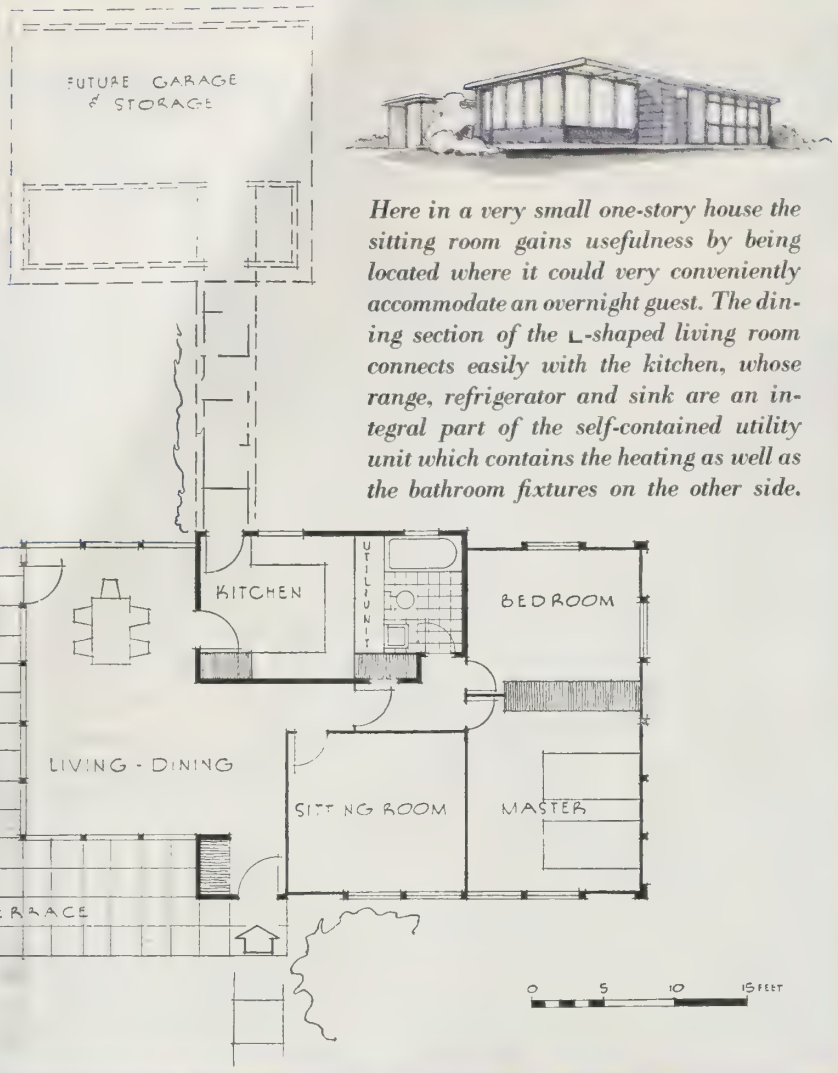


FLORIDA ORANGE JUICE

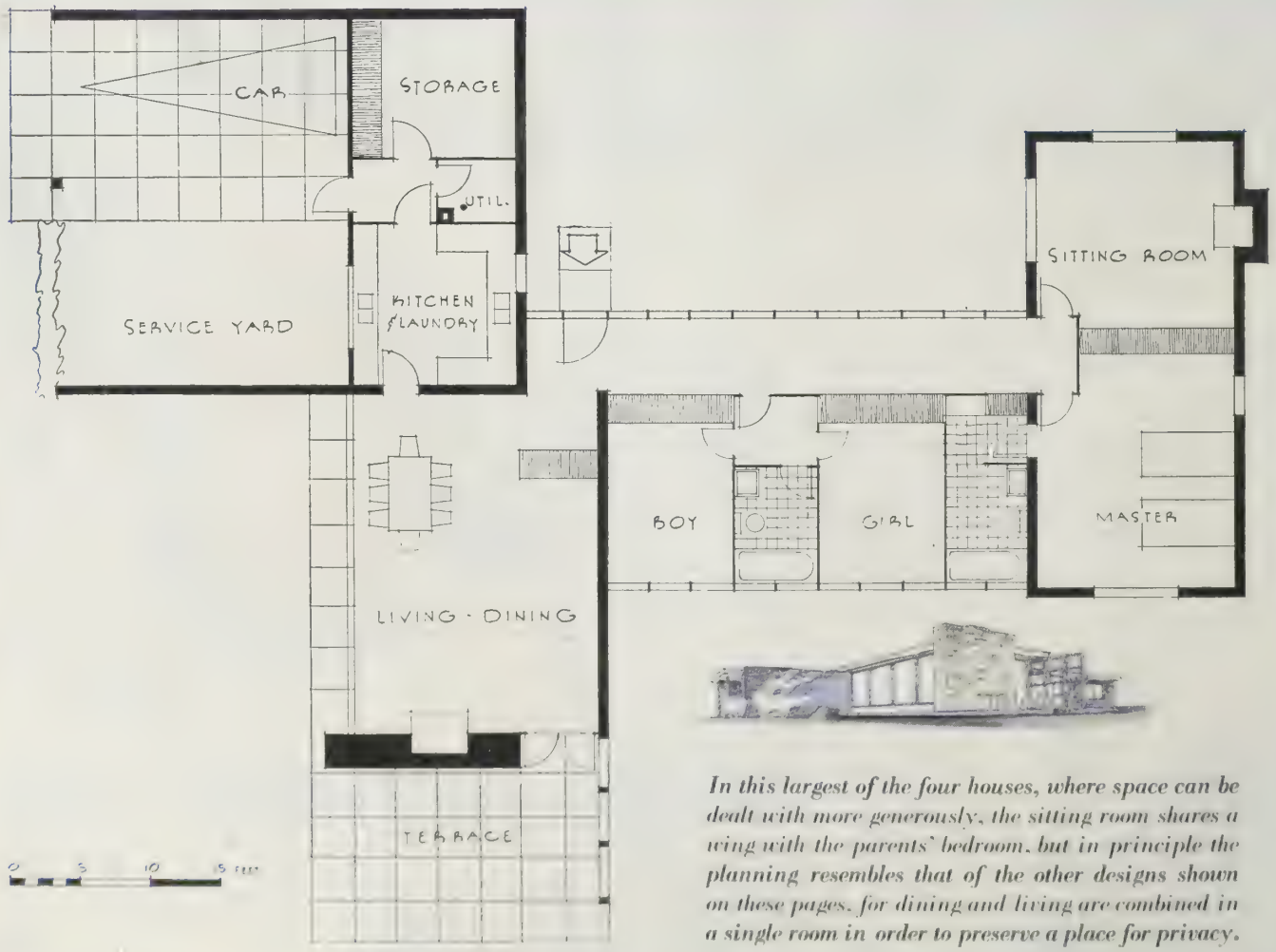
FRESH  OR  CANNED

make ROOM for privacy

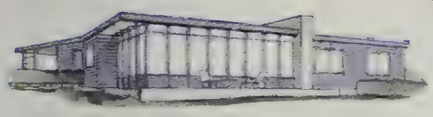
By H. T. WILLIAMS



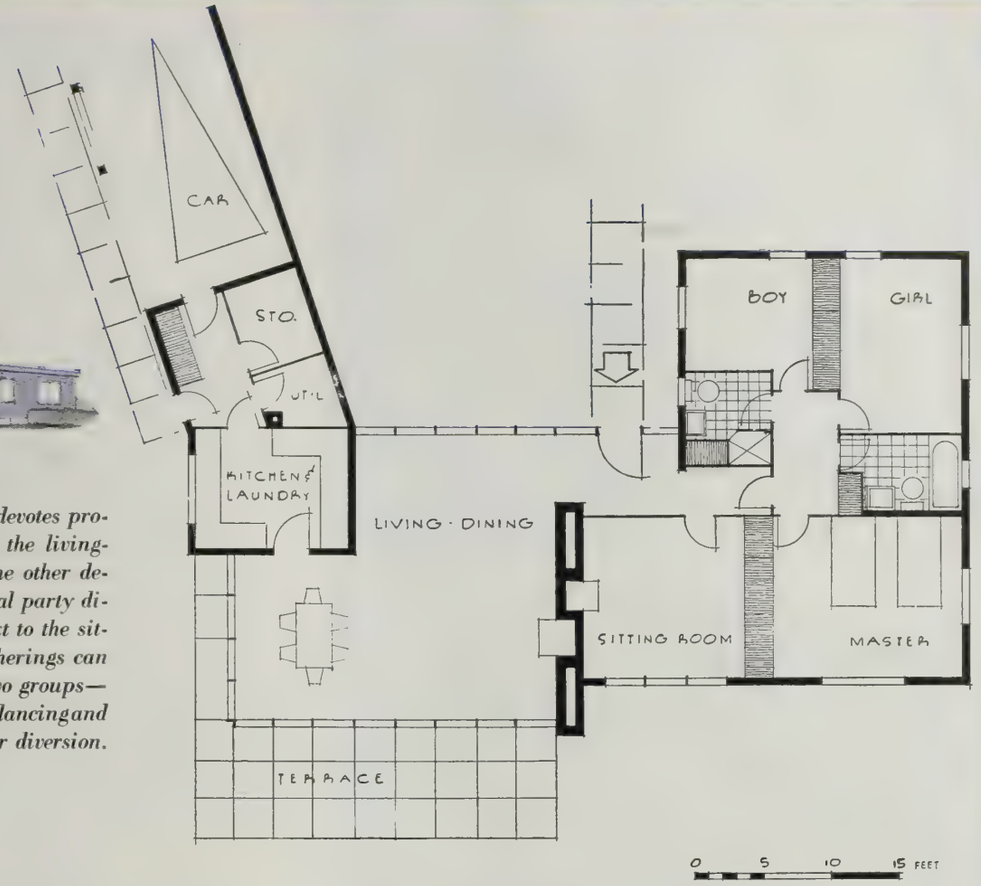
Here in a very small one-story house the sitting room gains usefulness by being located where it could very conveniently accommodate an overnight guest. The dining section of the L-shaped living room connects easily with the kitchen, whose range, refrigerator and sink are an integral part of the self-contained utility unit which contains the heating as well as the bathroom fixtures on the other side.



In this largest of the four houses, where space can be dealt with more generously, the sitting room shares a wing with the parents' bedroom, but in principle the planning resembles that of the other designs shown on these pages, for dining and living are combined in a single room in order to preserve a place for privacy.

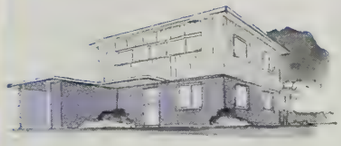


This house of medium size devotes proportionately more space to the living-dining room than any of the other designs, creating a space of real party dimensions, but still right next to the sitting room, so that large gatherings can separate if they wish into two groups—young and not so young—for dancing and conversation, or for any other diversion.

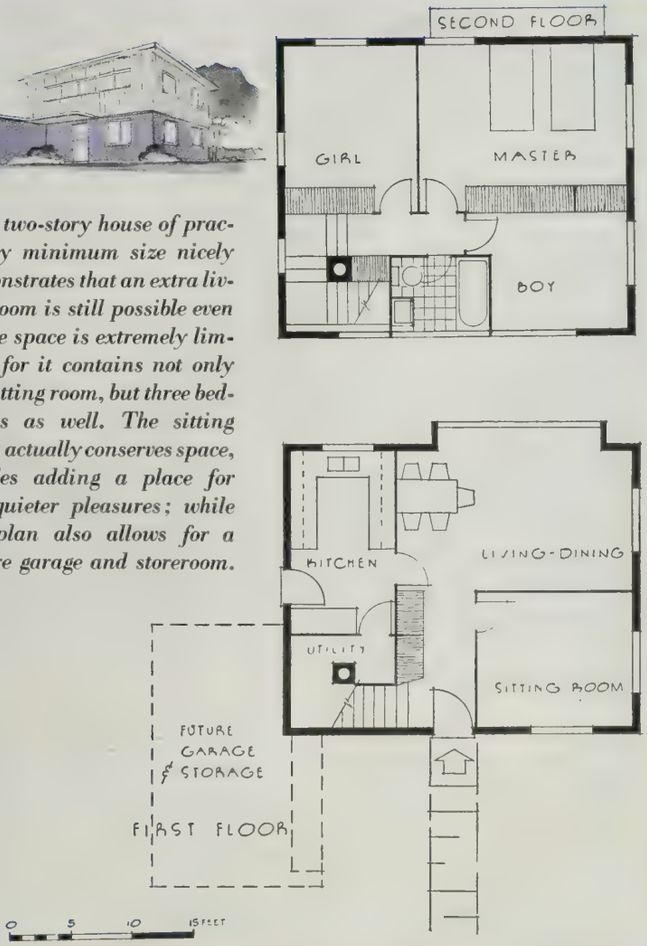


PRIVACY not only for energetic youngsters but also for their peace-loving parents has long been a problem; and how to supply this privacy without increasing the size of the house is a still more pressing problem in these days of high costs and scarce materials. The houses shown here have been especially designed as four solutions. They are small, and yet that needed room to which mother and dad can retreat from table tennis and the rumba has been included in them by allotting to it the space usually given over to the dining room. Unruffled in its quiet, it could be called a sitting room or study, and used for the choicest treasures of the household, the best pieces of furniture, the cupboard of fine china, the breakable bric-a-brac. It gives the young people full freedom in the regular living section, where they would rather be. Dining, too, takes place in the large cheerful living room, a living room in the widest sense, intended for work and play.

In these plans you can see how such an arrangement keeps both parents and children out of one another's hair. It takes pretty concentrated planning and different, less conventional thinking about the use of the available space. But the new room thus allowed for is so important in the lives of so many families that the extra planning is more than worth the trouble it takes to every domestic architect and builder who has the homeowner's welfare in mind.



This two-story house of practically minimum size nicely demonstrates that an extra living room is still possible even where space is extremely limited, for it contains not only the sitting room, but three bedrooms as well. The sitting room actually conserves space, besides adding a place for the quieter pleasures; while the plan also allows for a future garage and storeroom.



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Shown above, the new Super Bodyguard—$49.75. Other Englander Red Line mattresses (twin or full size) or matching box springs to $79.75.

MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION

(Continued from Page 209)

Middleweight Reducers

Exercises to flatten and firm your waist, abdomen, hips and thighs.

1. Lie flat on back, arms at sides, legs straight, knees rigid, toes pointing to ceiling. Hold legs together and slowly describe a wide circle with them. Three times to right. Rest a moment. Three times to left. Gradually work up to six circles in each direction.

2. From first position, described above, hold legs together and raise them slowly, breathing in as you begin. When you have raised them as high as possible, slowly lower them to original position, breathing out. Repeat five times. Gradually work up to ten.

3. Lie flat on back, hands clasped under your head, knees raised, feet on floor. Now, lift hands and head off floor as far as possible, pushing chin into chest, and pushing hollow part of back into floor. Slowly lower head and arms to original position. Repeat five times. Gradually work up to ten.

4. Lie flat on back, arms at sides, legs straight. Now raise upper part of body to a half-lying position, supporting weight with palms of hands and buttocks. In this position, draw knees up to chest, then stretch legs up and out as far as possible. Return legs to first position on floor. Repeat three times slowly. Gradually work up to eight.

Chin Slimmers

To help tighten flabby chin muscles and form a prettier throat.

1. In a sitting position, lower your chin into your chest. Then slowly describe a wide circle, swaying your head sideways to left, then to back, holding chin high, then to right and back to original position. Pause and repeat, going in opposite direction. Do exercise in each direction three times. Gradually work up to six.

2. Raise your chin as high as possible and slowly swing your head from right to left. Repeat five times. Gradually work up to ten.

If you would like to plan a similar beauty program for yourself, be sure to check with your doctor first, and follow his advice on diet and exercise.

FRAIDY CAT

(Continued from Page 54)

cheeks and the front lock of his hair was down in his eyes. "Oh, dear!" father said, taking a big breath and trying to stop laughing. He wiped his eyes and pushed up the curly lock of black hair. "Oh, dear!" he said. "He doesn't even come up to your ankle!"

"He comes exactly up to my ankle," mother said, and her eyes looked bright and gray-green and flashing like a traffic signal. "Just nipping height," she said.

"Woman, woman," father said, mopping his eyes some more. "Timidity, thy name is woman," he said.

"Is that so!" mother said. "Is that so, Mr. Know-it-all? Well, let me show you a thing or two," she said. "Where's last night's paper?" She found it in the pile in the basement. "Look at this," she said.

Father read. "Very interesting," he said.

"What's it say?" I said.

"It tells about a fireman who risked his life to rescue a dog from a burning building."

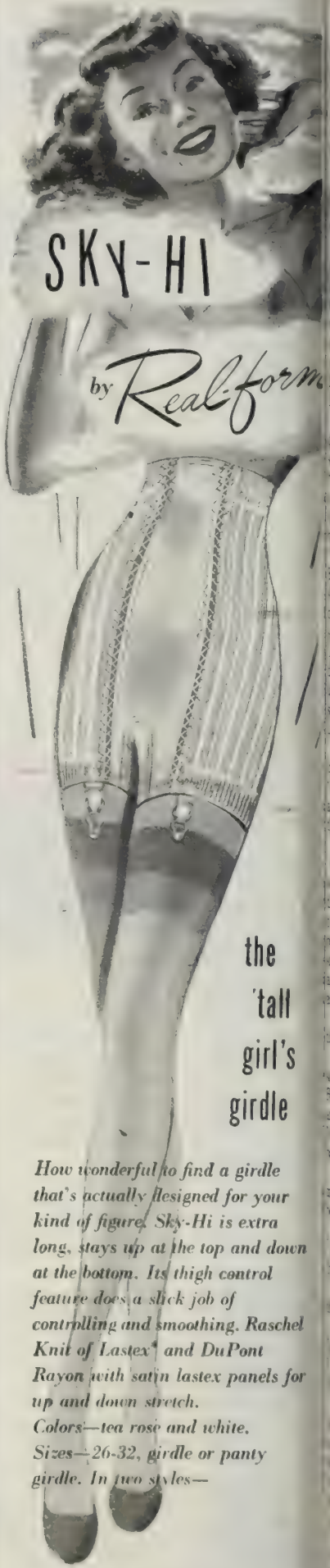
"Let's see," mother said. "Where?"

Father showed her.

"That wasn't what I pointed to and you know it," mother said. "If you ask me, the man was insane. Here, this," she said, pointing. "Read that."

"Oh," father said. "Space filler. Something I never read. Very nice space filler for the woman's page too."

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"What's it say?" I said.

"Why," father said, "it states here that the female is the stronger sex. Let's see." He looked at the paper again. "She can endure more, has more fortitude and is more courageous. Get that," he said, "more courageous. Your mother," he said, "belongs to that sex."

"Everyone's afraid of something," mother said. "I'm afraid of Poochy. Coming over and acting as if he owned our yard! He stands there and barks at me while I hang out the clothes. If I stoop down and get something out of the basket, he snarls and shows his teeth."

"Very gallant," father said. "He disapproves of your working so hard. He seems to be gone now," he said, looking out the window.

"I can go ahead with my work then, I suppose," mother said. "I hope they called him in." But in a minute she was running back in. She called to father. She was really angry now. "Oh, I could shoot him," she said. "I could shoot him. He's in the basket. On top of the clean clothes. He snarled at me when I came near. If I ever get my hands on him, I'll shoot him."

Father was going out the door. "You could get your hands on him any time now," he said, and then he ran through the screen door before mother could answer. He got the dog out of the basket and helped mother rinse the dirt out of the clothes. "What I'm trying to picture," he said, carrying the basket out, "is you holding Poochy and shooting him." He put the basket down and picked up a shirt and gave it a good hard shake. He moved his pipe to the other side of his mouth and started to hang the shirt up. "You gonna do it at arm's length or just in your lap? And with what?" he said. "You got a gun?" He laughed and laughed.

"Believe me, it won't be in my lap," mother said, "and turn that shirt around, Mr. Smarty. You hang shirts by their tails, not their sleeves."

The only thing more expensive than education is ignorance.
—ANON.

It was about a week later and father was out of town. We sat in the living room and all the lights were on. The dining-room light, too, and in the kitchen and study and the porch light. Mother was reading a book, only she wasn't reading. She was listening. Pud and I were working with stamps. Bumps was asleep on the davenport.

"Hey, Pud!" I said. "Still want to trade that ——"

"Sh-h-h-h!" mother said. "For heaven's sake, sh-h-h-h," and she looked over at Bumps. Bumps turned over and one of his arms fell off the davenport and hung down. Mother went and carefully put his arm back up.

"Aw," I said, but I said it softly, "why can't you put him upstairs to bed where he belongs so we could talk?"

"All by himself?" mother said. "I wouldn't think of it."

"You put him up there all by himself all the time," I said.

"When father's home, yes," mother said. Just like anybody could understand that. So I traded a stamp with Pud and kept real quiet doing it. "Listen!" mother said.

She sat real still, her eyes turned, but her head was straight front. There was a kind of a slithering noise on the basement steps. Pud started to get up and mother held up her finger quick and Pud stopped stock-still on his knees and there it was again. I thought I really ought to go and see what was wrong; I was the oldest boy. I ought to be the man of the house. I started to get up real softly. Mother stood up too. We walked toward the basement door. Mother held me back when we got near. She stood listening. Then she took one tiptoe forward and looked around down the dark basement steps.

It happened again! It was a noise like sliding. It was something, that was sure. It wasn't just something we had imagined. Mother reached out and pulled the basement door shut slowly and quietly. Then she locked it quick and bolted it, not making a sound. And then we could hear more noise in the basement—like sliding. And then a thud!

Mother looked in front of the phone book and then she dialed a number. The police were there in nothing flat. There were two of them and a lot of light and noise and if there are two things that make you not afraid any more it is a lot of light and noise that you know what it is. We had all the lights on downstairs, but it was terribly dark outdoors till the police came. They had bright spotlights and flashlights and they lit up the outdoors too.

The men were big and loud and they had guns in their belts and it felt good to have them in the house. They said, "What's the trouble, lady?" and mother shifted Bumps to her other hip and said:

"My husband is out of town and someone's in the basement. I've got him locked in."

"Oh?" the one with red hair said, turning his head clear around to look at her.

Mother showed them where the basement door was. They turned the key. They made a lot of noise doing it.

"Sh-h-h!" mother said. "You'll scare him away."

"You want him to stay?" the black-haired one said.

"Sure," mother said, "till you catch him."

Finally they got the basement door open. They almost broke it down trying to open it before they turned the bolt too.

"Lady, you sure locked him in," they said.

"He'll never be there now," mother said.

"Is there another door?" they said.

"No," mother said, "but there are windows."

They took out their guns. Mother backed up.

"*Be careful with the guns!*" she said.

The red-haired one took a new grip on his gun and smiled at mother. The other one put up his hand and made a quick little forward motion with it.

"Leave it to us, lady," he said.

The policemen disappeared. We could hear them going down the steps, loud and fast. Then there was a big bump that shook the house and a shot. And then there was another kind of a crash.

Mother pushed us back into the living room. She put Bumps up on the davenport. "Get up there," she said to us, and we did. She got up too and put her feet up.

We could hear mumbling in the cellar and scraping and bumping and walking around downstairs too. We could hear the fruit-room door opened and shut again.

Then they were coming up the steps. They were coming real slow. We all sat on the davenport and waited. They came to the open door into the living room and stood leaning there.

Mother sat up straight. "What happened?" she said. "Did you shoot him?"

The red-haired one stood up from leaning against the doorway. He pushed back his hair and looked at mother like he didn't like her very well. "All I shot was a rafter," he said through the side of his mouth. "Unintentional."

The other one stepped into the living room. "Lady," he said, "don't you know about safety first? Like if you got something to be carried to the basement, carry it all the way down, instead of leaving it lay on the steps. Like you left all them newspapers and magazines."

Mother's face changed. "Oh, dear," she said, and her voice was very sorry, "you slipped on the papers!"

"Yes," the policeman said. "Bill did. I slipped on him."

"Oh, that's terrible," mother said. "Let's see, where'd you get hurt? I'll get the iodine."

The one in the doorway put his one hand on his seat and pushed mother away with the other. "We don't need help," he said. "We got first aid. Come on, Mac," he said, and he started limping toward the front door, stooping a little.

"Oh, don't go," mother said. "We did hear a noise."



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"I looked everywhere. There wasn't nothing," Mac said.

"You didn't look everywhere," mother said. "There *was* a noise."

"I even looked in the cupboards," Mac said. "I looked behind the furnace. I looked under the steps."

"Did you look in the fruit room?"

"In the fruit room too," he said.

"In the darkroom?" mother said.

"All the rooms was dark," he said.

"The room next to the fruit room," mother said.

"The painted one?" he said. "No, I didn't look there," he said. "It said not to. I can take a hint."

"That's where he is, then," mother said. "Look there," she said, "but be careful!"

"Careful!" Bill, the red-haired one, said. "Me. I'll wait."

Mac went downstairs. In a minute he was back. "All clear," he said. "Nothing." He was putting his gun back in his holster. They started to go.

"He could have sneaked up when we were talking," mother said. "Maybe he's upstairs."

They stopped dead still for a minute without looking around. I think they were counting to ten. Then they came back. They didn't talk. They went upstairs. They tromped around all over. They came back down. They didn't miss anything. We followed them around. Back porch, kitchen, broom closet, coat closets. They went out in the study. Mac went over to the outside door to the study and grabbed the doorknob.

Mother screamed. "No!" she screamed. "Don't open that door!"

Mac dropped the knob like it was hot. He looked around at mother.

Mother laughed a kind of tinkly little laugh. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much for searching the house."

Mac stood staring at her. "Just what is wrong with that door?" he said.

"Huh-ha," mother laughed. "It's a—huh-ha—just a . . . bee," she said.

"A bee?" Mac said.

"Yeah," Bill said. He was standing kind of bent over and his hand on the back of his pants. "In her bonnet," he said.

"I caught it in there," mother said. "I don't know how it got in the house, I'm sure," she said. "I had to watch it for hours till it lit on the screen door and I quickly shut the door and shut it in."

Mac grabbed the knob. "I ain't afraid," he said. "I'll get him!" He grabbed his gun.

"Oh, no, please don't," mother said. "He might get out and then where would we sleep?" she said. "With a bee in the house."

We all felt good when they were gone. "My goodness," mother said, "the police are wonderful, aren't they? I certainly know what to do after this when I'm afraid. My goodness," she said, "we pay for it in taxes, why shouldn't we use it?" She wasn't a bit afraid any more. "Let's have a snack," she said, "before we go up."

So we had milk and cookies by the kitchen table and we didn't even have the rest of the lights on.

"If anyone *was* snooping around," she said, "they'd be afraid to now, after the police were here."

It lasted a couple of nights. Mother was very brave. But the third night she said, "I know what I'll do. I'll put up the Army cots in my room for you and Pud. Bumps can sleep with me."

So we did. And mother got us all in and locked the door. It was real cozy and fun all being in one room, only a little warm with the door closed. It was the middle of the night when I woke up. Mother was standing by the window and I could hear a noise downstairs, as if someone was softly trying to do something to get the front door open. I got up and went over beside mother. We couldn't see a thing. The bushes hid the door and the walk. But there wasn't any car out in front. The burglar must have walked.

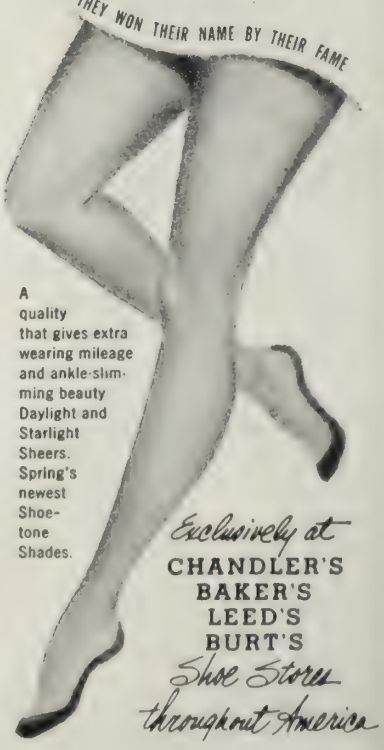
Mother said, "Listen!" and we could hear them at the back door.



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"Did we hook the screen?" I said.

"Not in back," mother said. "It's broken. But I locked the door. I put a chair under the knob."

Mother dialed the red O in the dark. She told the operator about it.

"Get the police," she said.

It took them a long time to come. They were the same ones. But they weren't noisy this time and they just had flashlights. We could see them get out of the car. They looked kind of tired as they walked up the walk. They even turned back and reached in the car and got something. They sure weren't in a hurry.

"Hisssst," mother said from the window.

"Good evening, good evening," they said. They both stood and looked up at us. They were eating candy bars.

"Sh-h-h!" mother said.

"How's the bee?" Bill whispered real loud, peeling the paper down lower on his candy bar.

"It died," mother whispered back.

"Aw!" Mac said. "The poor little thing. Comin' down to let us in?" he said.

"There's nobody inside," mother whispered. "He's outside—in back."

"You don't say?" Mac said. "In back, huh?"

"Yes. He's trying to get in."

"Who locked the doors?" Mac said.

"I did," mother said.

"He hasn't got a chance," Mac said.

"Not a chance," Bill said.

"Well, catch him anyway," mother said out loud and they went away.

We waited and listened. We could hear voices talking. And then there was a clatter downstairs. A clatter that went on and on

In times of crisis we must avoid both ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change.

—JOHN STUART MILL

and on. It even woke Bumps. Mother grabbed a robe. She opened the bedroom door just a crack. The noise was still going on. It sounded like something had fallen down and that made something else fall and that made still something else fall and you wondered if it would ever stop.

Mother's voice sounded very little. "Who's there?" she said.

The noise stopped and it was very quiet. Mother looked around at me. She motioned Pud and Bumps to get up in the bed. She clutched her blue robe together at her neck.

"Who's there?" she said a little louder.

"Just us cops," someone said.

"Well, goodness me," mother said. "What in the world are you doing? You're certainly the noisiest cops I ever knew."

Mac came around into the hall. "Just opening the door, lady," he said.

And then we could hear someone else talking and Bill came in the hall too and father!

"Where did you come from?" mother said. "I thought you were in Fargo."

"I came from Fargo," father said. "I was trying to be quiet so as not to wake you."

"Wake me," mother said. "Wake me! I never go to sleep till daylight."

"Is this your husband?" Bill said.

"Well, naturally," mother said. "He had a key, didn't he?"

"Yeah," Bill said. "That's right. That man the other night didn't have no key, did he? That's what we thought."

"What man?" mother said.

"The one that wasn't in the darkroom," Mac said. "The one that kept sliding downstairs on papers."

"What?" father said.

"Oh, he's just trying to confuse you," mother said. "The papers slid down without anybody on them till they came. And they slid so hard they chipped the basement refrigerator with their bullets."

"What?" father said.

"The only thing was," Mac said, "the key didn't work so good in the door, so then we wondered."

(Continued on Page 231)



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Furniture

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 229)

'But you went right ahead and helped him
'" mother said.

'Doors stick sometimes," Mac said. "That's
r business, helping people in trouble. We
lped him push."

"We didn't know," Bill said, "that you
d piled all your kitchen stuff by the back
or. That was kind of silly of us, wasn't it?
ot to know that much?"

"Yes," mother said. "The hook on the
een door was broken. So I had to put a
air under the knob."

"And kettles on it?" father said.

"Sure," mother said, "so I could hear
meone if they got in anyhow."

"Heavy sleeper, aren't you?" father said.
"I thought a chair under the knob was
re," mother said. "I didn't think anyone
uld budge it."

"We didn't budge it," Mac said. "It
oke."

"It broke," Bill said, "and the door came
en and we fell in and all hell broke loose."

"Brave little woman you got there," Mac
id to father. He was sucking a cut place on
s hand.

"Oh, my, yes," father said. "She belongs
the stronger sex. More endurance, more
rtitude, more courage."

"Come on, boys," mother said. "Come on
ck to bed. I believe the disturbance is over."

The disturbance wasn't over though. I
uld hear the police and father laughing and
lking downstairs. They were still doing it
hen I went to sleep.

"How long did you and your little friends
rouse last night?" mother asked next
orning.

"Not long," father said. "We had a sand-
ich. I made some coffee. Have to stay on
e good side of the po-
ce. Second false alarm
a week.'

"Poof!" mother said.
That's what the police
re for and there was
othing false about the
arms. If you ask me they
ere very rude to me," she
id. "They implied that
was a scaredy cat."

"Well, don't you care," father said. "They
idn't mean it, I'm sure. They know you just
all them because you get lonesome. And *I*
now you're brave. It said so in the paper.
ou have endurance and fortitude and cour-
ge," he said.

Mother threw her napkin at him. Father
aught it and tossed it back.

"Look," father said, "today I don't work.
et's just for once take the day off, huh?"

"Like what?" mother said.

"Like we'll get hamburgers and grill them
ut in the yard. I've worked hard enough on
hat yard, let's enjoy it for a day."

So we did. It was a cool day and Pud and I
ade the fire and helped grill the meat and
ather fried potatoes and mother sliced to-
natoes and we had corn on the cob. It was
eally neat.

Bumps crawled around the yard most of
he time picking up things we didn't know
ere there and sticking them in his mouth.
He had on a white sweater and it was so full
f leaves and twigs that after a while he
ooked as bad as Poochy before they take
im down to have him trimmed and combed.

Mother sat back in a big chair after we
ere through eating. She was drinking coffee
nd nibbling cookies. The telephone rang and
ather ran in to answer it.

"I'd let it ring," mother said, "but then
e'd always wonder. We ought to do this
very week," she said.

I could hear Poochy barking and I hoped
e wouldn't come over and spoil mother's
un. She was looking all around the yard for
omething. She must have thought Poochy
ight come running over too.

"This is what we built the grill for, my
oodness," mother said. "This is why we
uilt out here where there was a lot of
space ——"

All of a sudden mother stopped talking
and drinking coffee and nibbling cookies and
her eyes looked like shooter marbles and I
wondered what was wrong and then she was
gone. She streaked through the shrubs at the
back of our yard and made straight across
the alley, across the vacant lot, straight for
Adam's barbed-wire fence.

It was Bumps. He had crawled across the
vacant lot and under the barbed-wire fence
in with the bull. It was Bumps mother had
been looking around for. And there he was
sitting inside the fence, examining something
he had found on the ground. He didn't even
know the bull was there. He was just trying
to eat twigs.

But the funny thing was mother. She didn't
run to Bumps at all. And then I saw why
Poochy had been barking. That crazy little
mutt didn't know when he could stop scaring
people. He had been trying to scare Lemmy.
That's what he'd been barking at. And
Lemmy had had enough. I could hardly
stand to look. Poochy was lying real still
right underneath him and Lemmy was mov-
ing around a little bit wondering where
Poochy was, I guess. He knew he had given
him a biff but he didn't know how hard and
he was looking around for him, snorting and
ready to biff him again if he hadn't run away,
and his great big feet might light right on
Poochy any minute. Except for mother. I
was so scared I couldn't even scream, watch-
ing mother.

Mother crawled under that fence, not once
taking her eye off of Lemmy. She walked
almost without moving and still almost as
swift as running. She walked with so little
motion it was almost like floating along and
all the time she had her eye on Lemmy. She
never once stopped looking at Lemmy. Not
even when she got there and stood real still
for half a second and then stooped down and
scooped up Poochy, still
moving steadily, without
jerking or sudden motions
to make Lemmy excited.
She scooped Poochy up
and had him in her arm
and then she turned and
screamed. She screamed
like mad and ran straight
for Bumps, still holding
on to Poochy.

The desire to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals.

—SIR WILLIAM OSLER:
Life of Sir William Osler.

And that did it. Lemmy looked around and
raised his head and stopped thinking of what
had happened to Poochy. He saw mother. He
thought it over for maybe half a minute and
then he took after her. I don't know. They
say Lemmy is gentle. Maybe he was just
running to see what the excitement was
about. Maybe he saw Poochy in mother's
arm and was running to finish him off. No-
body likes little dogs biting at their legs.
Maybe he didn't know why he was running.
Anyway he ran and he must weigh a ton the
way his running sounded. And mother
screamed and screamed and screamed and I
couldn't stand to look for a minute and when
I looked again mother was still ahead and she
swooped down and scooped up Bumps in her
other arm and she lay down and rolled under
the fence with both arms full of white woolly
bundles full of twigs and leaves and Bumps
was screaming now and mother just sobbing
and her clothes were caught on the fence and
I ran and helped tear her loose and Lemmy
stood by the fence and watched.

Father and the Wehrbacks and most of
the other neighbors were there then, every-
body talking at once and Mrs. Wehrback
holding Poochy and Poochy all right again,
licking her face, and someone was carrying
Bumps and father was helping mother into
the house and someone called a doctor from
up the street because mother was bleeding
and everyone was saying how brave mother
was.

And all of a sudden I knew. By the time
the others got there Poochy was up on his
feet, wobbling around and not looking like
Bumps at all. So nobody else knew. They all
thought mother had run right in under that
bull to save Poochy. But I had seen Poochy
and Bumps both bundled in her arms, both
looking like woolly balls mixed up with twigs
and leaves and I knew mother had thought
it was Bumps when she ran in after Poochy.
But I didn't tell anyone.

(Continued on Page 233)



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AHOY, THERE! Dad calls it his "S. S. Hideaway"—where he makes scaled ship models. During daytime, the skylight floods this converted attic space with natural light. At night, when landlubbers come aboard to inspect the fleet, the friendly wood stove keeps them warm. Notice how the floor pattern gives the room a look of generous width. It's Sloane-Blabon's new diagonal pattern 1681 in Inlaid Linoleum, edged with Koroseal* Cove Base. A breeze to keep in shipshape cleanliness!

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How to Have a Hobby Haven

Exciting new diagonal patterns in Sloane Quality Linoleum Products inspire these inviting hobby rooms.

HE'S NEVER LONELY! Young Pete, the radio amateur, spends his evenings talking to fellow-hams all over the country. When not on the air, he's busy building new equipment. He designed his attic "radio shack," too. The handsome floor is inexpensive Sloane-Blabon Resilient Enamel in the new diagonal pattern 5290, edged with Koroseal Cove Base. Good looking and so practical!



MOTHER PUTTERS WITH POTTERY! Yes, this beautiful room, complete with modern electric pottery kiln, was once waste attic space. But mother has a wonderful sense of color and design. You can tell by the floor. It's Sloane-Blabon's new Inlaid Linoleum diagonal pattern 1692, with Koroseal Cove Base trimming. Mother is practical, too! She knows it's easy to keep this floor sparkling.

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(Continued from Page 231)

And the next day was when mother got the medal and they took her picture for the paper. Mother sat in father's chair with her feet up on a stool because she had bandages on her legs. She had them on her arms too and she had one on her head and they had cut her hair around it.

First the reporter asked her all about it and she told him. She looked at father and she told him how it was nothing, any woman would have done it, women are all like that, they have endurance and fortitude and courage, only men don't realize it.

"You must be very fond of the little dog," the man said, "to practically risk your life to save him."

"Uh," mother said.

"And what," the reporter said, "went through your mind when the bull caught up with you?"

Mother turned white. "Did he catch up with me?" she said.

"You can't pretend you outran him with those bandages all over you," the man said. "Did your whole life go through your mind, like when people are drowning?"

"Uh," mother said. "No—I could feel the animal's hot breath on my neck and I only wondered if I could get to the fence in time to save Poochy and push Bumps under. When he knocked me down, I only thought of what would happen to the dog—and the baby."

The reporter called some men from the car out in front then and they came and set up this camera and mother was fixing her hair and then the photographer turned around to the hall and said, "O.K. You come in and hand her the medal and we'll take one of that," and I don't know why he was the one to do it, but there was Mac.

"Why, hello, Mac," mother said and oh, her voice was sweet. "How are *you?*"

"I'm fine," Mac said. "I present you with this here medal from the Animal Rescue League for your great show of bravery in the rescuing of a helpless little dumb animal." He kept looking mother in the eye all the time he said it and he didn't smile.

"That's good," the photographer said to Mac. "Now do it again and I'll catch it. When I say 'Hold it,' stop talking and hold still."

"I present you with this here medal," Mac said, "on behalf of the Animal Rescue League for your great show of ——"

"Hold it!" the man said and the light flashed. "Now," he said, "go ahead and present it to her."

"I present you with this here medal," Mac said, "on behalf of the Animal Rescue League for your great show of bravery in the helpless—in the rescue of a dumb—here, take it," he said. "I said it once."

"You said it so nicely," mother said. "I just loved to hear it."

"And I got it all down," the reporter said. "Great show of bravery," he said, "in the rescuing of a helpless dumb animal."

Mother beamed.

"Now," the photographer said, "where's the dog? I want one of you holding him on your lap and ——"

"Oh," mother said, "really? Wouldn't it be better to have him just kind of standing beside me?"

One of the men brought Poochy in and the photographer turned to take him. Mother looked at father. He just stood watching, like anyone watches interesting things, like it was no affair of his.

"My lap got hurt too," mother said. "He's kind of heavy."

"Put the dog down easy," father said to the photographer. "She has abrasions on her limbs."

Mother made one more try. "His feet are dirty, I suppose," she said, and then the photographer put Poochy on mother's lap.

"Just put your hand on his head," he said, and mother did, very carefully, and they took the picture and mother took her hand away quick and said, "Take him away," and so I did.

After they were gone, mother held the medal up and looked at it.

"Not bad, is it?" she said, raising her eyebrows and looking at father. "What *was* that," she said, "that you used to say? Something or other, thy name is woman, or something like that?"

"Gentility, I guess it was," father said. "Allow me to congratulate you, my dear. Be right back," he said. "Got to move the hose."

He went out in the yard and moved the hose and then he sat down on the bench and smoked a pipe. He kept chuckling and laughing little laughs and once he took the pipe out of his mouth and laughed till he cried. Pud and I were swinging in the hammock. I went over and looked where he was looking but there wasn't anything funny.

"What you laughing at, anyway?" I said.

Father stopped laughing. "Women are wonderful people," he said, but I couldn't see why that made him laugh. "And," he said, "your mother is a wonderful woman."

"She sure is," I said. "Did Lemmy hurt her very bad? I couldn't stand to look."

"Well," father said, "this is just between us men. It wasn't Lemmy, it was the barbed wire gored mother. She was pretty tangled up in it, you know."

"Well, it was still pretty brave, wasn't it?" I said.

"Of course it was," father said. "How bad you're hurt isn't the measure of your bravery. It's facing the chance of getting hurt."

"You can get just as bad hurt with barbed wire as with a bull," I said.

"Sure you can," father said, "but it was the bull mother faced and," he said, "she is a very brave woman because she is very afraid of animals. She's amazing, that's what she is," he said. "To go in and pick up Poochy right in her arms was showing more courage than I gave her credit for, even without the bull."

"Yeah," I said, "and when she saw it was Poochy and not Bumps, she held right on, she didn't throw him down."

"What?" father said and then I remembered I wasn't going to tell that.

"And look at the way she held him on her lap for the picture. She was sure brave about that," I said.

"Yes," father said, "unwilling though she was. But what was that you said about Bumps? What's that!" he said. Mother had screamed.

We ran in. She was way over to one side in her chair and she was looking at the ceiling and she looked like she was facing a dragon.

"Quick!" she sobbed. "Get it! Quick!"

Father grabbed mother's medal. He put it up to the ceiling and got it. It was a spider hanging down from the ceiling and it was almost as big as a small fly. Father took it very carefully on the medal out to the back yard. He was holding his mouth tight shut. He whisked the spider off the medal on to the ground. Then he looked hard at the medal and started to shake. He sat down on the step and laughed fit to kill.

"Timidity, timidity," he said, "thy name still is."

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Loveless

By Ethel Jacobson

Wanderers upon this earth,
Wrapped round with darkness from our birth,
Without a sun or star to guide,
We tread a barren countryside.

And if you stop and take my arm,
Stranger, stranger, where's the harm?
This heart will soon be still as stone
That beat an hour against your own.

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PHOTO BY HAROLD POWLER

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The designs for the draperies and chair coverings shown here, by an expert modern needlewoman, Marion Cheever Whiteside, can be ordered from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Ask for Pattern No. 2540, enclosing 25¢.

by Henrietta Murdock

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

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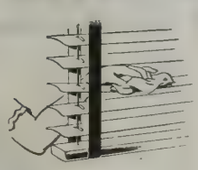
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THE REBEL HOUSEWIFE

(Continued from Page 206)

The hall leads into a library with big brick fireplace, upright piano, easy chairs, tall windows. Everyone gathers here. At the left are the "company" dining room, furnished with antiques, and a glassed-in play porch. Beyond is the large, well-planned kitchen wher the family usually eats. There is a lavatory downstairs—and of course a back porch. Upstairs are four sizable bedrooms and a bath, and above is the storage attic.

Walking down South Clay Street, you'll recognize No. 409, where the Smiths live, without looking at the number. The big old elm and maple trees lace branches all along the way. The homey, turn-of-the-century houses are all quite similar, with gabled eaves, wide verandas and well-kept lawns. But there's something added at the Smiths. Jeffie's tricycle and Denny's bicycle are on the sidewalk. On the terrace are a wagon or two and a pile of rocks, and up on the lawn a tub with a weary mud turtle in it.

You'll hear a commotion somewhere on the place. In the back yard, Jeffie, pint-size entomologist, specialist in anything that crawls or flutters, is chasing a butterfly, catching bugs, worms and spiders, yipping with a vibrance that would down a cloud of katydids.

Or he may be quiet—with the electric repeater tootling over and over his favorite, well-worn phonograph record, Woody Woodpecker, a character with whom he has much common. The mud turtle on the lawn, a chicken in the garage and the pile of rocks on the terrace are Jeffie's too. He upended Dorothy's garden so often grubbing for worms that she gave up, planted perennials and handed over the remains to Jeffie. Now he has added a rock collection to his varied pursuits.

Chubby Leslie Anne, despite Dorothy's vigilance, is a collector in a small way too. She wanders happily and with the unpredictable speed of lightning, picking up odds and ends, popping them into an exploratory little mouth. In the midst of a peaceful evening with everyone watching home movies, Leslie Anne was suddenly, inexplicably sick. Up came her supper and along with it—a dime! Denny, Cub Scout and prosperous paper deliveryman, better at earning money than he is at keeping it, had scattered dimes on the floor. Jeffie, of course, found one too.

Denny, with his shy, winsome smile, has provided his share of excitement. For a while he had an offhand habit of wheeling his bike into traffic. The narrow escapes were too close for anybody's comfort. Forcibly reminded by the family, he now looks before turning.

Only 8-year-old Brenda, quietly self-sufficient, goes her own serene way. Recently she, too, has been bidding for attention. The familiar "Why?" pipes through the conversation until Dorothy puts an end to argument.

If Jeffie, refusing his bath, pouts for a half hour with small, red, lower lip outthrust like a shelf, if he lops off all the tulip blossoms, planting them his way, with the stems in the earth, he makes up for it a dozen times a day, Dorothy says. The screen door will bang shatteringly and in comes Jeffie screeching with blood-curdling penetration, which to anyone less experienced than Dorothy would herald disaster, "Mom-eee, mom-eee, mom-eee!" She knows what to expect. Jeffie throws his arms about her, pulls her face down to his. "I love you, momee," he whispers in her ear, kisses her; then, with a bang, he is gone again.

"What *can* you do with a child like that?" Dorothy asks helplessly, completely melted by the embrace. "Oh, I do spank Jeffie sometimes, but it doesn't do much good." Then meditatively, "Of course, when Denny was Jeffie's age, he was just as stinking as Jeffie. And you see how Denny has changed? [And he *has!*] I'm hoping Jeffie will."

And if the irrepressible little Smiths shock the nervous systems of those less prepared than Dorothy's, there are warm bonds that bind the family group together. They are a self-sustaining unit socially. With their home movies, abundant toys, books and phonograph records, and in their pleasant big yard, they are satisfied with their home and they

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MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

enjoy one another. Thurman and Dorothy have a talent for playing with their children.

On hot summer evenings everyone bundles into the ancient Hudson and they are off to the drive-in for hamburgers. They ride till they are cool, then come home. Total cost of the meal, $1.65; it's fun, it's relaxing for papa and it saves work for mamma.

In answer to the question, has she any pet economies, Dorothy and Thurman laugh. "No pet economies." What about a housekeeping allowance? No allowance exactly; she gets the money when she needs it. A savings plan? Well, yes, they try to deposit $50 a month in postal savings but usually dip into it for out-of-the-ordinary expenses. For instance, the home freezer, the clothes dryer and garbage disposal which are on the tentative purchasing list, *would* save time but *not* the bank account.

The Smiths finished paying for their house last July. Besides the bargain-price attraction, $4500 in 1942, Dorothy liked its atmosphere, a happy, "lived-in" place, she felt. She wants to keep it that way. Thurman is in full agreement, having missed much of the happiness and security of a normal family life during his adolescence. His mother died when he was twelve. And though he argues for a system of planned spending, he is as reluctant as Dorothy to say "No," particularly if fun for the family or comfort is involved.

Dorothy's homemaking and acquisitive instincts are strong. Like a happy mother bird feathering her nest, she yearns over antique tables, colored glassware for window shelves, ivy-patterned chintz for Brenda's room.

Old mammy says, "I allus say ma prayers 'cause dey is jes' some things I doan know what else to do about."

These temptations are difficult to resist as the opportunity arises. Long-range planning and cool calculation definitely do not appeal.

Except for hospitalization, they are adequately covered with insurance, and payments run into $565 a year. Thurman pays all household bills except food and clothing. Dorothy manages those. This past year's clothing bills look like the national debt, she moans. Her wardrobe needed complete overhauling because of her pregnancy the year before. But she is careful about her own clothing expenditure: $30 is top price for a dress; the new brown velvet from Adler's cost that. Her only extravagance is shoes. She owns twelve pairs.

Allowances for the children? Brenda gets 25 cents for running errands and watching Jeffie. Denny earns $4.50 a week from his paper route. He doesn't save much because he pays for his own weekly movies, buys his own comics and Scout manuals. Denny loves to read, is an A student and learns too easily for his own good. He is forever buying presents for the family. When Denny and Jeffie lose Thurman's tools (which they frequently do), Denny replaces them from his own pocket money, though no one asks him to do it.

What about the budget? Oh, that headache! Thurman stoutly maintains that a family on their income (around $7000) should live on $100 a week. He is stubbornly repetitious on the subject. With no rent bill or mortgage interest, and taxes low, he seems to have a case. Exchange courtesies and good health keep medical expenses at a minimum.

Doctor Smith's organization expenses run close to $120 a year. He enjoys the sociability of the Lions, Masons, Elks and his dental fraternity, Delta Sigma Delta, and these contacts are necessary in his profession. He is also treasurer of the Frankfort Boy Scouts. Recently the Smiths joined the Frankfort Country Club. (Dues for half a year, $18.) They must entertain at home occasionally, but none of this is costly.

Thurman and Dorothy love musical shows and comedies. They drive to Indianapolis for perhaps six road hits a year such as Annie Get Your Gun and Life With Father. Their $36 subscriptions (for the two of them) to the

(Continued on Page 239)



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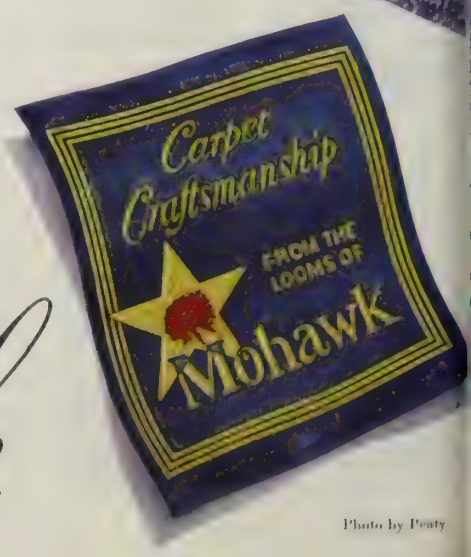


Photo by Penty

Mohawk

(Continued from Page 237)

University concerts are treats that
's such as Fred Waring, Xavier Cu-
Hoagy Carmichael. Club dues, par-
vies and shows come to $298 a year.
y feel, would indeed be barren with-
diversion.

he allotment of $200 for newspapers,
agazines and the children's records
ut of line worries Dorothy. But the
agazines a month do double duty at
n's office. "And," she reasons, "we
ke vacations. We've had only one to-
the fourteen years we've been mar-
Last year, Thurman took a needed
nt to Arkansas on a hunting trip,
pensive safari, for he drove the car.
y costs last year, $281.77, were per-
it high, boosted by a few whopping
s to her mother in California; and
as the item of $321 for cleaning help
y sitting, but that meant the differ-
ween drudgery and relaxation. Food
cluding milk and meat), $1825, were
t whose weren't? Clothing bills and
were terrific, $1132 in one year: $200

rothy's new
e, $161 just
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Smiths are
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are going, but
e dogged by
easy feeling
ey should do
r job of man-
nd nevertheless
ll have fun.
ry is no
er in the
old though. Only since they estab-
themselves in Frankfort have they
le to relax a bit and banish the grem-
t previously seemed to haunt them.
an, whose father had a modest hard-
usiness in Salem, has worked hard
f his life. He made his own way
h dental school, hashed in restaurants
en greased cadavers for medical lab
e expenses and still was an A student.
when he failed to show up at dental-
registration in the fall, because of lack
ls, the dean got him scholarship money.

summer's night when Thurman, a soph-
was vacationing at home, he wandered
he Coke bar where the school crowd
ed. There he saw Dorothy, 14 years old,
nated conversation. Thurman was shy
d never had a girl. But he wanted this
sked a friend to introduce him, dated
mediately. There were movie foursomes,
ing rides with the crowd in crazy jalop-
When Thurman returned to Blooming-
tters whisked back and forth with in-
ng frequency. Other beaus came and
for Dorothy, but this romance stuck.
was a quick student, finished high school
and entered business college in Indian-
at 17, too young, her mother consid-
to be on her own in the city, so she went,
nd made a home for her and Dorothy's
er sister, Jennie Mae.

urman was now in the University Den-
hool in Indianapolis, having completed
ntal work in Bloomington. He main-
d that a man should be established before
ying, but Dorothy felt differently. She
proved of long engagements, had
ed other protracted romances fade and

Southern Belle—'49 Style

LOUISE HASTINGS is mistress of a 1563-acre plantation in the "Gone With the Wind" country near Atlanta. There's rarely a week without guests in the chintz-hung guest room or a party for at least 40 celebrities and "kinfolk." But along with that, she's a clubwoman and lecturer. She makes all her own clothes, gardens, cooks "like an angel," yet is never too busy for sociable time out with her children and husband, Donald, president of the Hastings Seed Company. Read

Welcome to Floweracres

BY THELMA STRABEL

How America Lives

The April Journal

die. Six years of dental education, followed by time to build a practice, was a strain few engagements could survive, she believed.

At the end of his junior year she persuaded Thurman to toss economic misgivings to the wind, and on a sunny Monday morning, late in April, equipped with a $6 gold wedding ring, which she still wears, they eloped to Franklin, near Indianapolis, and were married in the Presbyterian parsonage.

THURMAN fidgeted and stewed through the ceremony and a long-winded sermon. The minister, recognizing an elopement, outdid himself with fatherly advice. The bride, without a bouquet, in an aging brown suit with three-quarter-length jacket, wore a cloche which came far down over her ears and helped to conceal her amusement.

The sermon nearly upset the wedding trip, a brief one, although important to the bridegroom—a return trip on the interurban train so he might get back to the dental clinic. With luck, they made the trolley, jolted back to Indianapolis, where they kissed goodby and parted until the following Saturday.

In the next five years Dorothy understood why her family had urged against marriage "on less than a shoestring." Those anxious first years tested the promises she had made so lightheartedly, "For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness . . ."

The strain of hard work took its toll in Thurman's health. Immediately after graduation, there was a badly complicated tonsillectomy. This prevented him from making a first choice of practices that were open. He had to take a small one in the little town of Eaton, Indiana, starting on a $200 loan with second-hand equipment. There wasn't so much as a movie or library in Eaton, but they bought an $80 jalopy. Returning from a ride one night, they found Thurman's office burned to ashes. At that dark moment, Thurman heard of the opening in Frankfort. Suddenly Dorothy was taken with mastoiditis and was ill for weeks (though an operation was averted). Soon after that, Thurman was back in the hospital for an appendectomy. By the time he returned, Dorothy found she was pregnant.

Finally in 1938, the Smiths, with four-month-old Denny, arrived in Frankfort. They were still in debt. The first years were an uphill struggle. But eventually, with a growing practice, Thurman began to see light.

Scarcely on his feet from misfortune, he was confronted by the wartime order requiring doctors and dentists to volunteer professional service or face the draft. Thurman volunteered. Time and again he received notices to report, only to have them canceled.

A civilian dentist's life was no bed of roses, either. There were those, as there always would be, who were acrimonious because he was not in service. He is still unhappy about that. Then it was necessary to keep brutal hours, and take no holidays or vacations.

But gradually, since the war, it has been possible to take it easier, to be home on Thursday afternoons, to play with the children, the movie camera and the home movie projector, to picnic occasionally and to have the things which money can buy.

Still, something is lacking. At times they prefer to forget. But they know that this missing element is "security." How can one live fully, drink deeply of these precious years, yet leave the draught in the cup for the future? The Smiths want the answer. **THE END**



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WE ALWAYS HAVE EACH OTHER

(Continued from Page 43)

"You'd have to go, you know you would," I said. "You know you think he's wonderful."

"I wouldn't do it unless he took you too."

"Listen, Sophie," I said, "I think loyalty is the most important trait anybody can have, but remember what you're always telling me. Let him take you home, and then if he asks you for another date, you can ask him to get someone for me."

"Well—all right," Sophie said. "How do you think I ought to act?"

"Oh, not exactly indifferent, but not too eager. You know."

"Betty Harris is the eagerest thing in skirts and the boys eat it with soupspoons," Sophie said bitterly.

"I know. But Betty Harris looks like Lana Turner and also has a tennis court," I reminded her.

"Oh, well," Sophie said, "if all else fails, we always have each other."

Even though she was joking, it warmed me. I would have made any sacrifice for Sophie and I liked to think she would have for me. She had plenty of battles with her mother about me, which took courage because her father didn't dare to say "white" if her mother said "black." Mrs. Jessup had the money in that family and it made her sort of bossy. Anyway, I got the idea that she didn't want Sophie to spend all her time with me when she could go around with other girls. Girls with brothers or male cousins. And Sophie never said it, but I was sure her mother had plenty to say about making friends with good-looking girls and not sticking exclusively to one who would never get a boy to take her out. I didn't much mind what her mother had said because it showed how loyal Sophie was to me.

ANYWAY, there was the party. My father took us and Sophie's father called for us. There were ten girls and eleven boys. In the beginning most of the boys stood in a group near the radio and talked about cars. I didn't mind because Sophie and I talked to the girls, and it was fun. Besides, I didn't have to worry about whether anybody was going to dance with me for a while. After about half an hour, Dick Lovell came over and asked Marion Sell to dance. She was even fatter than Sophie, but she was a wonderful dancer, and it started things off with the others. I had that feeling like a leaky faucet in my stomach, but I smiled a lot. Now and then one of the boys asked me to dance, but I didn't enjoy it as much as I should have because I kept wondering if they were doing it to be polite. Sophie had quite a few dances. She looked all flushed and pretty, and in between times when we were left to talk to each other, she acted funny, as if she weren't really listening to me, and she laughed a good deal. When her father called for us at twelve-thirty, she made faces and said she didn't want to go, but nobody else offered to take us home so we had to leave with Mr. Jessup.

We got together the next morning and talked about the party. Sophie said the refreshments were awfully poor, and she'd be ashamed to serve so little. But the crowd was nice, she said. Really a cute bunch. I said I thought they were swell and didn't the girls look pretty. I said everybody always looked swell in summer clothes.

"Did you ever see anything like Marion's dress?" Sophie giggled. "I mean I'm overweight and I know it, but at least I wear a girdle and I stick to simple clothes."

"You looked stunning," I said. "That navy linen gives you a good figure."

"No, but really," Sophie pursued, "bright green with ruffles! Will you please tell me what a nice boy like Dick Lovell sees in her?"

"Sophie," I said, "be honest. Would you go out with Dick?"

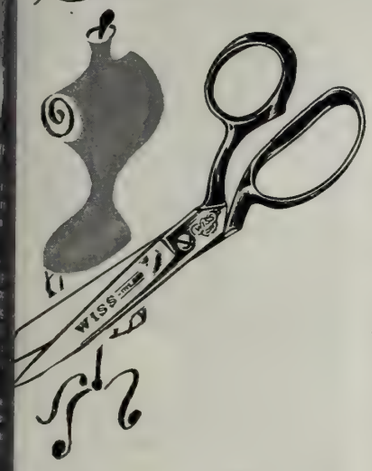
"Not necessarily, but that doesn't mean he isn't ——"

"He's a creep," I said flatly. "How can you compare him to Gene Hay?"





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"Gene danced with me three times," Sophie said, smiling.

"I think he would have asked to take you home, but Lola had fixed it for him to be with Frances."

"He seemed to like her, what's more."

"Frances! Why, she hasn't got any more figure than I have!" I yelled.

"She's little," Sophie said, "but she's rounded. You notice sometime."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said. "Soph, you don't know how I hate my looks. I'm the only girl we know who has no figure at all. I'm a mess!"

"You're just developing late," Sophie said generously, "and look at how lucky you are. You'll always be able to eat anything you like. I wish I didn't put on ten pounds every time I have a piece of cake."

"Tell the truth, Sophie," I said. "Would you rather look like me or you?"

Sophie didn't answer that. But she looked at me sharply, and she said, "Listen, Babe, you're a lot better-looking than you used to be. You're going to be ——"

"What?" I interrupted. "An old maid?"

"Interesting-looking."

"Whatever *that* is!" I felt terribly let down.

"And you have a lot of personality."

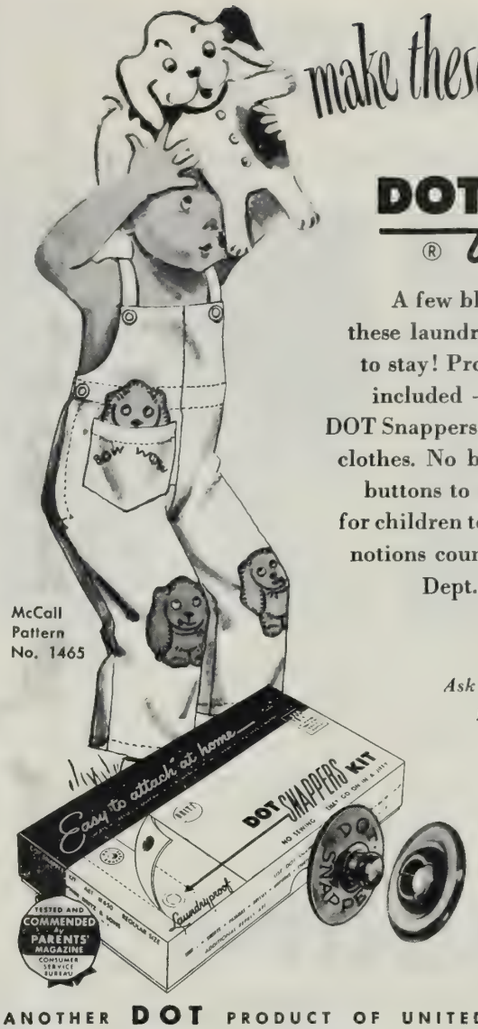
It was nice of Sophie, but it didn't make me feel any better. That night I looked in the mirror for a long time, but the more I stared, the worse I seemed to be. I was so flat, so lacking in softness. My very skin was flat and dull, and my eyes were less interesting than any dog's. And nobody, not even Sophie really, understood what a curse it was to be that thin. My mother and father were no help—they just bawled me out for not eating enough, and said I had plenty of time before I began worrying about boys. Mother said that Sophie was the kind who would appeal to one particular kind of boy and she'd go with him for ages and then marry him because there wasn't going to be anyone else. She said my day would probably come after all the dollfaces were faded, but that only made me feel worse. It separated me from the other girls, and it pulled Sophie and me apart. I wanted, with a truly terrible anxiety, for both of us to be popular now. At once.

All during that summer, we kept saying we'd give anything if only we could have dates for our birthday. We had the same birth date—September first—so it made it even more special. We used to spend a lot of our evenings imagining where we would go, what we would wear, the flowers we would receive. Sophie pictured herself in black with orchids, but I knew I'd never be the black-and-orchids type. I put myself in silver with deep red camellias. We had dazzling visions of night clubs where people gaped and celebrities begged to be introduced to us. We got so extravagant, we laughed at ourselves. Sophie's escort was always Gene Hay, but mine was no one I knew. He was an imaginary creature whom Gene would bring for me—a kind of super blind date who would fall instantly in love with me. We named him Gilbert Van Dyke, and he became pretty real to us. So real that once when Sophie said something about Gilbert in front of mother, I blushed and Sophie giggled. Mother wanted to know who Gilbert was, but I said he was just someone, and mother looked at me in that funny way she had and said, "Isn't everybody?" Then Sophie and I laughed some more, and that ended it.

Caruso also acquired fame as an enormous eater. Yet here he yielded first place to the oversize contralto, Ernestine Schumann-Heink. Seeing her in a restaurant with a huge steak in front of her, Caruso exclaimed, "Steena, you're not going to eat that steak alone, are you?"

"Certainly not," replied Schumann-Heink. "With potatoes."

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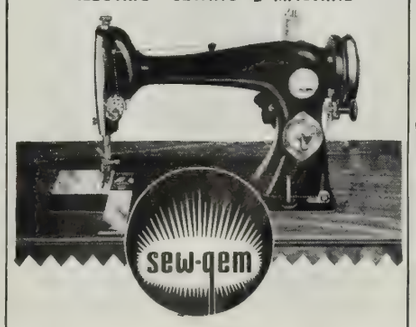
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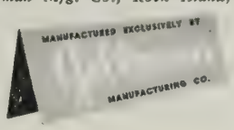


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Somewhere about the middle of August my parents suggested a birthday party—a joint one. They said we could invite anyone we wanted. It sounded fine and we made lists. But then we found out that the most interesting and desirable people on our lists were going to be away for the Labor Day week end. I think if Gene Hay had stayed home, we would have had the party anyway, but we saw him in the village one day and he told us he was going fishing with his father and his uncle. That finished our party.

"Well," Sophie said finally, on August thirty-first, "you come over to the house for dinner. Mother's going to have a cake for me and we'll give each other our presents anyway."

"I'm going to dress up," I said. "I think I'll wear my new sand-colored dress if it isn't too hot. And high heels."

"All right," Sophie said. "I'll wear the blue, just as if we had dates."

"Listen," I said in my cynical voice, "you never know." We knew, though.

I got three cards on my birthday. One from Sophie. One from my Cousin Marjorie, who lived in California, and one from Amy Page, in school, who kept a list of everybody's birthday. My mother and father gave me a dressing table which was wonderful, and mother gave me an extra, the way she always does—a bottle of perfume to go on the table. They asked me a couple of times if I didn't want to go out with them that night—to dance or see a show in New York or anything I liked—but I said no thanks, I would rather have dinner at Sophie's. They were nice about it and daddy said well, if I changed my mind, a woman of sixteen had that privilege, and I should tell him.

I DRESSED just as carefully that evening as if Gilbert Van Dyke himself had suddenly materialized in our front hall. I did my hair a new way—pulled back and held by a barrette, with a little fluffy bang on my forehead. It took a lot of courage to cut the bang, but I felt reckless and who-cares. It didn't look bad, though. It made funny slanting hollows in my cheeks, and my eyes looked nicer. I put some of the birthday perfume behind my ears, and looked a long time at the way my feet and legs looked in the high-heeled opera pumps.

"Sweet sixteen and never been kissed," I said to the mirror. I don't know why a corny saying like that should have made me want to cry. I went downstairs sort of quietly, hoping my parents wouldn't notice me and make a fuss.

Daddy was in the living room and he looked up. "Let's see," he said.

I came in slowly.

"Your hair's different. It's pretty cute."

"Well, thanks." It helped.

"What's more, you're getting kind of cute yourself. That the new dress?"

"Oh, daddy," I said impatiently, "you don't have to ——"

"I know I don't, Baby. It happens to be true. I'm glad you're not one of those curvy, dimpled creatures with big blue eyes."

"Well, I'm not glad!" I said. "I'd give anything in the whole world to look like that!"

Daddy got up and swatted me on the backside. "Have a good dinner, Baby, and give my congratulations to Sophie. What are you giving her?"

"A compact."

"Swell," he said. "Your mother's across the street for a minute. Shall I tell her good-by for you?"

"Yes, please." I wanted to go. I felt like saying something mean and bitter for no reason at all, and it would have been rotten of me.

I took the long way to Sophie's, walking slowly and consciously in the high heels. I kept looking down and thinking how different my feet looked. The new dress was longish, too, and I felt different and not like myself at all.

Sophie met me at the door and I could tell she was excited about something. We kissed for Happy Birthday, and I gave her the package.

"Come up to my room first, Babe," she said. "I want to give you yours."

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We ran upstairs and she closed her door.

"What goes on?" I asked. "Don't you want to see your present?"

"Of course I do, dopey. But listen—who do you think is coming to dinner?"

"Gene Hay!"

"Oh, don't be a goop! But this is really fantastic!"

"Well, *who?*"

"A fellow." Sophie always said she thought "fellow" sounded better than "boy."

"Really!" I squealed. "Who?"

"The crazy thing is his name, Babe. You'll absolutely die!"

"I'm dying already. Tell me!"

"Gilbert."

"Oh, no!" I gasped. "Sophie, this is stark, staring crazy! I can't stand it! Don't tell me his last name is Van Dyke or I'll pass out."

"No," Sophie said, "it's Parkley. But the Gilbert part—isn't that something?"

"Who is he, Soph? Why is he coming?"

"Well, his mother is a friend of my mother's. She lives in Indianapolis and Gilbert's coming east to start at Princeton. He came early to have some time in New York, so he called up mother from the city to say hello for his mother, and she promptly asked him to hop on a train and have dinner with us. Daddy's at the station now to call for him."

Sophie's mother called at that moment that we should come downstairs.

"We have to hurry and be down when he comes," Sophie said. "Here's your present. If you don't like it, they'll change it."

It was a scarf. Brown. I never wore brown because it made me sallower, but I said it was swell and she said the compact was swell. Sophie combed her hair some more and then we went downstairs.

I would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to me, than why they were. —CATO.

Mrs. Jessup said Happy Birthday to me, and added that she hoped I liked the scarf because she had helped Sophie choose it. I said it was lovely, thank you. She looked at me rather carefully.

"You look quite well, Janet," she said, "and your dress is becoming."

"Thanks a lot," I said. It was nice of her to flatter me on my birthday, but it wasn't like her at all. Besides, she had such an odd way of saying it as if I had done something clever but not very polite.

Just at that point we heard the car drive up, and the voices outside. Mr. Jessup opened the front door and then we saw Gilbert.

I never expected he was going to be so special. Tall—at least six feet—and very brown, with blue eyes and a sort of smooth look. He was about eighteen or nineteen, but he wore marvelous clothes. A gray flannel suit, a white button-down shirt and a maroon knit tie. The boys we knew at school never dressed quite like that. I felt grubby next to all his magnificence.

"Helen, dear, this is Katherine Parkley's son Gilbert," Mr. Jessup said to his wife.

"How do you do?" Gilbert said. "My mother's told me about you and what good friends you both are."

"Gilbert, this is a real pleasure!" Mrs. Jessup said. I had never seen her smile so broadly. "Come right in and make yourself at home. This is my daughter Sophie."

"How do you?" Sophie said. There was a tiny silence. "This is my friend Babe Betts."

"Hello," he said, and this time he looked at me.

I said hello, and then Mrs. Jessup said dinner was on the table and wasn't anybody hungry.

I didn't say very much during the fruit cup. Mostly Mrs. Jessup asked Gilbert about his mother and about Indianapolis, and then about Princeton. She kept dragging Sophie into the conversation, saying she'd be going to college next year and how she was growing

(Continued on Page 245)

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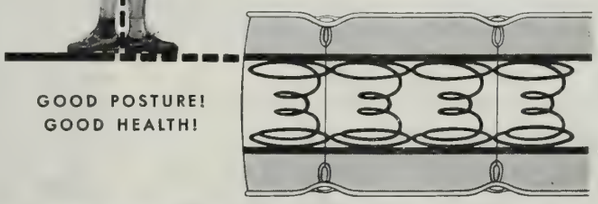
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ntinued from Page 243)
nd all that. Finally one of those silences came, and Gilbert turned

d I didn't get your name awfully id. "It sounded like Babette. at?"

I said, feeling foolish, "it's Babe ds silly, doesn't it?"

'Babe' for?"

My parents always call me that everyone else does, only they Babe. I guess I'm so used to it think how it sounds."

n't look the baby type," Gilbert with those cheekbones. What's me?"

I said. I wanted to sink into a e none of the others were saying y were just listening.

you Janet if I may," Gilbert said. ce, so sort of sure of himself in an natural way. If I could *someday* with a boy like that ——

going to be a doctor, Gilbert?" asked.

not that intelligent!" He grinned.

ntioned bones, and it seemed so

ll, I like to fool around with art e to be an illustrator if I can talk ut of four years of college. Maybe e switch to art school after two way, I guess I notice bone struc- ple. It's what reall- makes a th looking at, if he bones are has lovely high cheekbones and hin line."

I was going to float through the t so pleased. It was the first real I had ever had from a boy. I ically, and tried to catch Sophie's was busy cutting her roast beef. ss!" Mrs. Jessup laughed. "If that desirable, Janet, you cer- raving beauty. I'm always telling nother ought to feed her better, Gilbert, because she's like a little picked chicken in her bathing suit."

"I eat like a horse," I said. I felt suddenly uncomfortable; I didn't like being talked about. Mrs. Jessup had trampled on my compliment with both feet, and it wasn't mere tactlessness.

"Of course you do, dear," she said. "I'm only joking. I almost wish Sophie didn't like ice cream and cake so well. But the boys do seem to go for curves these days!"

I looked at Sophie again, expecting her to say, "Oh, mother, *please*," the way she usually did, but she didn't say anything.

Dinner went on, through the salad, through the handsome birthday cake, and Mrs. Jessup did most of the talking. Mr. Jessup never said very much, and Sophie was unusually quiet. Gilbert talked to me once or twice, but he always had to stop to answer some question. Finally Mrs. Jessup got up and asked Sophie to help her bring the coffee into the living room because the maid always fussed if they didn't have it at the table. Gilbert walked in with me and we sat down on the sofa while Mr. Jessup tried to get something on the radio.

"How old are you, Janet?"

"Sixteen tonight."

"Is that all?"

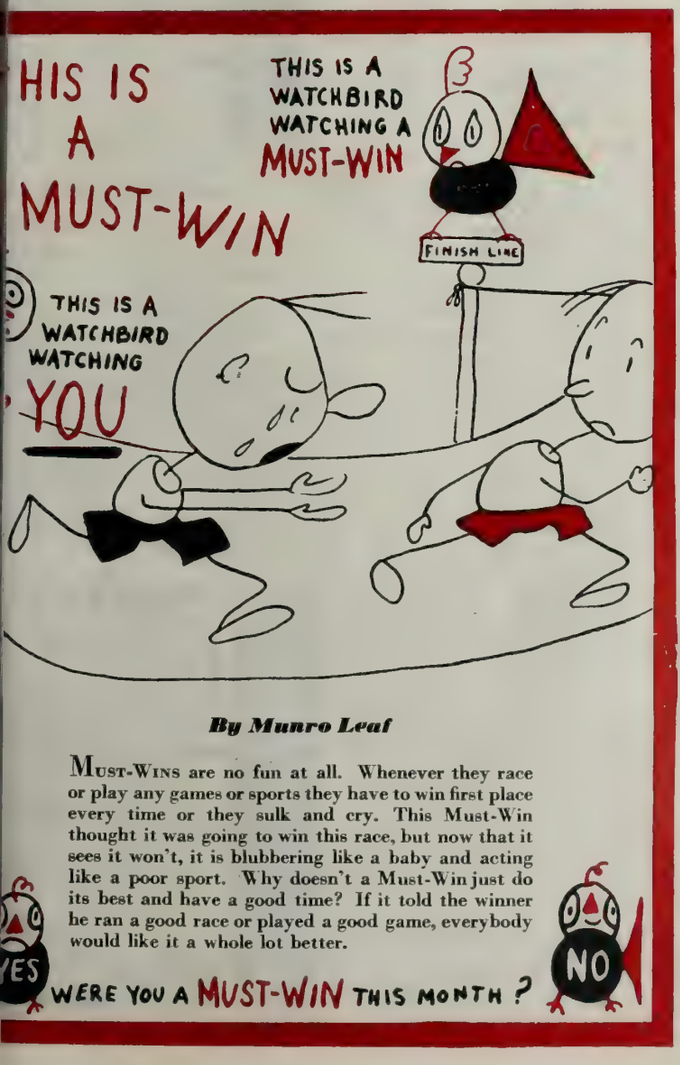
"Why, do I look older?" I was terribly flattered.

"It's not that you look older," Gilbert said, "it's just that you have a . . . well, a sophisticated face. That's a stupid word to describe it, but I can't think of any other. I wish I could do a sketch of you, no fooling."

I was so overcome that I was on the verge of telling him how everyone else thought I was homely, but just then Mrs. Jessup and Sophie came in with the coffee.

"Janet, dear, I have a message for you," Mrs. Jessup said. "Want to come outside a moment? Sophie, will you pour the coffee, please?"

"Excuse me, please," I said to Gilbert, and I followed Mrs. Jessup way out to the back hall.



By Munro Leaf

MUST-WINS are no fun at all. Whenever they race or play any games or sports they have to win first place every time or they sulk and cry. This Must-Win thought it was going to win this race, but now that it sees it won't, it is blubbering like a baby and acting like a poor sport. Why doesn't a Must-Win just do its best and have a good time? If it told the winner he ran a good race or played a good game, everybody would like it a whole lot better.



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"Dear, I'm going to talk to you, friend to friend," she said. I couldn't imagine why she kept calling me "dear." Usually she ignored me.

"Uh-huh," I said uncomfortably.

"Janet, I think I'm right in assuming you are very fond of Sophie."

"Well, of course," I said. "She's my best friend!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that, dear. Best friends do a lot for each other." She paused. "I'm going to ask you to do something for Sophie."

"Naturally," I said, feeling a lot better. "Just tell me what to do. Is it a surprise?"

"Well," she said, "you know you're getting to be a rather striking little girl."

I just looked at her. What could I possibly do for Sophie that she thought needed such a crazy build-up?

"No, really," she insisted, as if I had argued about it, "really, you've always been scrawny and rather plain, but I've noticed lately that you're filling out a bit. I honestly think that someday you're going to be quite attractive. Interesting-looking."

"I *hope* so," I said. I was utterly mystified.

"The thing is, Sophie has had such a dismal summer."

"We both have," I said. "Neither of us has had one single date."

"Anyway, I would like her birthday to be a really happy one. Sophie's a year older than you, and younger sisters sometimes have to give in to older sisters!" If only she wouldn't get sticky and coy. "Maybe Gilbert will ask her to go out somewhere and show him around. Frankly, dear, don't you think we should leave them alone?"

I must have been stupid because I couldn't seem to understand what she was driving at. I just stood there, and waited.

"Don't you see what I mean, Janet?" Her voice was suddenly sharper. "I think that with two attractive girls around, Gilbert would have a little difficulty giving his full attention to either one. Let's see to it that there isn't any . . . competition." She put her arm on my shoulder.

I SAW. It took me a long time, but finally I saw. "You mean that you'd like me to go home?" I asked.

"It sounds horrid, Janet dear, but you understand, don't you?"

"Sure," I said.

"You don't mind?"

"No."

"Well, you really are a good friend. Sophie's a lucky girl to have such an unselfish friend." She hugged me slightly and I moved away.

"I'll just go in and say good night, and explain that I have to go home early," I said.

"You needn't even do that, dear. I'll just explain that your mother needed you and you had to go in a hurry and asked me to say good night to everyone for you."

"But Sophie will think I've lost my mind!"

"No, she won't, dear. Sophie and I planned our little plot while we were getting the coffee. Sophie knows how loyal you are, believe me!"

"Sophie knows all about it?" I repeated. "Well—thank you for a lovely dinner, Mrs. Jessup." I began to walk away.

"Wait, dear." If she didn't stop calling me "dear," I thought, I would not be able to keep from kicking her. "My suggestion is, why not go out here by the back door so you won't have to pass the living room and get all involved in a lot of questions? Isn't that much more sensible?"

I must have stared at her for a long moment, because she got a little red, and said:

"Well, thank you for being such a sweet, loyal friend. Good night, dear."

I said "Good night" and I went down the back steps. I felt awfully sick and my knees were shaking. I looked at my watch. It was only eight-thirty, so I couldn't go home for at least another hour, otherwise mother and daddy would want to know why I was home so early.

I began to walk. I didn't care that I was crying. I didn't even know it until it started to drip into my mouth and off my chin. I walked for a long time. I passed some stores and the movie house and the library, and all

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of a sudden I found I was past the village, so I turned around. If I took it very slowly, I wouldn't have to get home until nine-thirty.

I didn't realize anybody was walking with me until a boy's voice said, "Hey, what are you doing all alone? I thought today was your birthday." Incredibly, it was Gene Hay.

"I thought you were going away for Labor Day," I said. I must have sounded accusing, but I didn't care.

"My mother called it off at the last minute. She wanted dad to take her someplace or other instead. Didn't you have your party?"

"No."

"Where's your side-kick? Isn't it her birthday too?"

"She's home."

"Well." He looked embarrassed for a minute, then he said, "How about letting me buy you a soda for Happy Birthday?"

"Why not?" I said.

We went into Joe's, where all the kids go after school, and we sat down at one of the tables. There weren't many people there, mostly grownups. Gene had a chocolate soda

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lines to a Little Girl

By Ruth Mary DuBois

Dark brown braids that shine in my hands,
Slip in my hands,
As I plait them down to the rubber bands
And the bright red bow.

Slim brown body that twists and turns
And feet impatient to go.

Curious, headstrong, heart-stabbing sweet—
How shall I temper the fine-drawn doe?

How shall I know the fateful time
For you to go your way
More than mine?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

and I had a malted. I left most of it; it was still hard to swallow. We talked about people at school mostly, and I wasn't being worried, so it was easy to talk to him. I just said what I felt like saying. We stayed about twenty minutes, and then Gene walked me home.

"Well, good night," he said, when we got to my house. "I'm awfully glad I bumped into you, Babe. I enjoyed it."

"Me too," I said. "Thanks, Gene. Thanks a lot."

"Listen," he said, "if I give you a ring one of these evenings, would you like to see a movie or something?"

I wanted to say I'd love to, but I just couldn't. "Oh, you never know," I said. "Well—thanks again, Gene."

"Good night. I'll give you a ring."

"Good night," I said.

Blessedly, no one was home. I undressed and washed and got into bed. Then I got up again and turned on the light, so I could look in the mirror. I looked at myself and I thought about how Sophie would call up first thing in the morning, and tell me how sorry she was about the whole thing, and maybe she'd say her mother had made her do it. And I thought about how I would ask her if she had had a nice evening. And I would say I hoped so because *I* had. And then I would tell her about meeting Gene Hay, and having sodas with him, and having him walk me home and ask if I would go out with him. And after I had said it all, I should be feeling much better. It should make me feel simply swell.

But I knew it wouldn't. I knew it would make me feel awful. I put out the light again, and crawled into my bed and wished I were fifty years old. **THE END**



You'll be tempted like Eve!

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"Apple Design"—8 piece Apple Dessert Set
$1.25 per set*

Yes, this enticing "Apple" Dessert Set will gladden the heart of every woman. It's so beautiful—so crystal clear—so sturdy—so very practical. Each piece is a masterpiece of design and sparkling beauty.

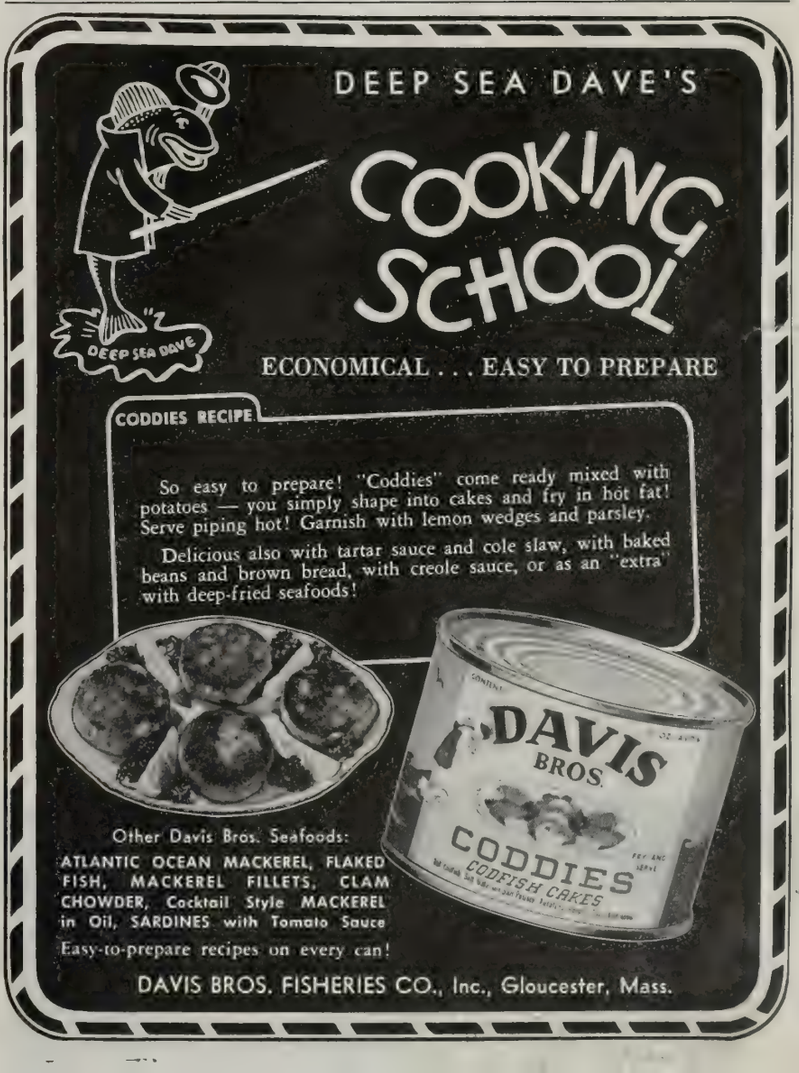
Crystal loving hostesses will get a real thrill serving desserts, fruits, cereals and sea-food in these dishes. Just the thing for serving baked apples and gelatine desserts.

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DEEP SEA DAVE

CODDIES RECIPE

So easy to prepare! "Coddies" come ready mixed with potatoes — you simply shape into cakes and fry in hot fat! Serve piping hot! Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

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Adds flavor and color in COOKING . . .

New magic for meatless meals! . . . And you can lend extra variety and interest not only to Lenten dishes but to a great many meat dishes, simply by adding tomato flavor! Just open a can of Campbell's Tomato Soup, and use as is! For example:

HALIBUT GASCOYNE

1 pound halibut (or other fish)
2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup grated cheese
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
Hot biscuits

Broil halibut in shortening in skillet over low heat about 15 minutes, or until done. Heat soup in a double boiler; add cheese and stir while cheese melts. Remove bone from fish and break into rather large pieces; add to soup; heat thoroughly. Serve on hot biscuits. Makes 6 servings.

Clip these suggestions for your recipe file.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

TOMATO SOUP

Delicious as a POUR-ON sauce . . .

Makes meats, egg dishes, leftovers, *taste* better and *look* better! Try this omelet:

6 eggs, separated
¼ cup milk
1 teasp. salt
Dash of pepper
1 tablesp. butter or margarine
½ can Campbell's Tomato Soup

Heat oven to 325°. Add salt and pepper to egg whites; beat until stiff. Beat yolks until well thickened; add milk. Fold yolk mixture into egg whites. Tip skillet to grease sides. When butter is bubbling hot, pour in omelet. Cover and cook over low heat until omelet puffs, about 10 min. Uncover and bake at 325° until omelet is golden brown and firm to touch, about 20 min. Heat tomato soup, just as it comes from can. Fold omelet. Pour hot soup over it and serve. Makes 4 servings.



Quick and Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUEI

TIME to begin packing away winter and looking toward spring. Time to change your menus too. Sprinkle them with firsts—the first rhubarb, the first strawberries, the first tiny pink potatoes—as a lure to the appetite. Fortunately, most of the good things now making their annual reappearance in the markets take little time and effort to prepare. Follow the simple ways with them really to enjoy their best flavors.

HASTY AND HOT

Quick Shepherd's Pie
Green Salad
Rhubarb Sauce

To make a good stew takes time and long, slow cooking, unless you have a pressure saucepan to speed up the process—but you can now buy beef and gravy in cans, which makes a good base for stews or casseroles. Add leftover or canned vegetables—or top with mashed potatoes and bake. With a good salad, crisp rye wafers, rhubarb sauce and hot coffee, you will feel that you have dined well.

QUICK SHEPHERD'S PIE

Open 1 can beef and gravy. Heat with ¼ cup water and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Add 1 teaspoon grated onion. Pour into casserole. Top with mashed potatoes made with potato powder, hot milk, seasonings and butter or margarine—use proportions given on package. Potato powder is new on the market—produces good mashed potatoes instantly. Fluff onto beef. Bake 20 minutes in hot oven, 450° F., or place under broiler until freckled with brown.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Chicken-Celery Soup
Eastern Sandwiches
Strawberries and Cream

When you're not in the mood for a momentous meal, hot soup, a hearty sandwich, topped off with strawberries and cream and coffee, make a satisfying supper. Try combining canned cream of celery soup with cream of chicken soup, for a change.

EASTERN SANDWICHES

Sauté ¼ pound hamburger and 1 tablespoon chopped onion in 1 tablespoon shortening or salad oil until meat is brow Stir frequently during the browning p ess. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt an little pepper. Beat 3 eggs slightly as yo for scrambling. Add ¼ teaspoon sal little pepper and 1½ tablespoons water. Pour over the cooked beef and c over low heat until eggs are just set. slowly as it cooks, just as if you scrambling eggs plain. Have them fl and moist. Put between slices of butt bread or toast. Serve hot. Makes 4 s wiches. You'll want 2 apiece.

EGGS AND YOU

Scrambled-Egg
Special on Asparagus
Bacon
Hot Spicecake with Applesauce

At least one night a week you're boun depend on eggs for your main dish, but needn't be monotonous. There are n ways to cook them—many versions of e You need something good to finish off meal. You could buy spicecake, but not make it from a mix and buy the a sauce instead—canned or frozen? A ho smell—that of spicecake baking. B than gardenias, if you're tired and hur

QUICK SPICECAKE

Use your favorite white-cake mix fo easy spicecake. Add ¾ teaspoon alls ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon meg and ½ teaspoon cloves to the mix fore adding liquid called for. Follow d tions on package for mixing. Lastly, st ½ cup seedless raisins and ½ cup chop California walnuts. Bake in 9-inch-sq cake pan or a bread-loaf pan that has greased and lined with greased wax pa Bake according to directions for loaf c given on the package for time and temp ture. Cupcakes are even quicker. If you the small paper baking cups, so much better. You won't have a pan to wash. might wish to divide the mix—using for spice cupcakes or 1 layer—adding

course, only half the liquid and half the above ingredients. This cake is good warm or cold—keeps well for several days. To make your meal even quicker and easier to prepare, you could bake the cake the night before.

SCRAMBLED-EGG SPECIAL ON ASPARAGUS

Break 4 eggs into a bowl. Add ¼ cup cream and 1 package cream cheese broken into pieces. Put 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in skillet. When good and hot, add eggs and scramble gently—but do not cook as firm as you would for breakfast eggs. They should still be very soft but not runny. Serve over quickly cooked fresh or frozen asparagus and top with strips of bacon. Plain boiled new potatoes cooked in the jackets and crusty rolls with sweet country butter taste good with this spring-time dish, if you happen to have them on hand.

PLENTY AFTER 8

California Shortcake
Cucumber Salad
Fruit Compote

On occasions you're very late getting home. The shops are closed. Your dinner depends on the results of a forage in the refrigerator and cupboard. Packaged mixes and canned foods on the shelf and fixing from the refrigerator can make a delicious supper—light but satisfying.

CALIFORNIA SHORTCAKE

Melt 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine in saucepan. Blend in 1½ tablespoons flour. Add 1 cup milk gradually. Stir until thickened. Add ½ cup chopped or sliced canned mushrooms, 1 cup cubed cooked ham, if you have it on hand. If you haven't, use a ½-pound can tuna fish. Drain off the oil and flake the fish in large pieces. Season with salt and pepper. Just before serving, peel ½ avocado cut into cubes and add to sauce. Serve on split hot buttered biscuits made from a mix. Toast will do if you don't want to bother making biscuits.

MARCH MOOD

Brook Trout *or* other Pan Fish
Sour-Cream Potatoes—Peas
Lemon Sherbet

Trout are a bit on the expensive side, but everyone is entitled to a treat now and then. Cook them simply. Remove the heads—I do, some cooks don't—dust lightly with salt, pepper and flour and sauté in hot butter or margarine. A squeeze of lemon and maybe a little chopped parsley is all the dressing needed for perfection. Butterfish or smelts are delicious cooked this way, too, and much less expensive than trout. Frozen or canned peas will speed you on to your dead line, and left-over cold potatoes heat up to perfection if done as follows. Extras to plan for: buy the sherbet and some crusty rolls. Have the coffee strong.

SOUR-CREAM POTATOES

Cut 4 or 4 leftover cold boiled potatoes into small cubes. Mix ½ cup sweet cream and ½ cup sour cream together in a saucepan. Add 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, and the potatoes. Simmer until potatoes are heated through and some of the cream has become absorbed by potatoes. A sprinkling of finely cut chives or parsley over the top is a good finishing touch when you serve them forth.

DINING OUT AT HOME

Veal with Cheese-and-Tomato Sauce
Spinach
Fresh Fruit Bowl
with Almonds or Walnuts

Have you ever eaten Veal Parmigiana in a good Italian restaurant? If you have, you've probably longed to reproduce it at home. It's a simple dish, easy to make. Italians use *mozzarella* cheese for this dish, but that isn't so easy to come by unless you live in a big city. Any good melting cheese does very well, whether authentic or not. Serve it with a green vegetable, bread sticks, and finish off with fresh fruit and nuts and small cups of black coffee. You'll have a good dinner and at much less cost than in a restaurant.

VEAL WITH CHEESE-AND-TOMATO SAUCE

Have 1 thin slice veal cutlet cut into servings and pounded thin. Season with salt and pepper. Dip in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs. Brown the veal quickly on both sides in 3 tablespoons hot melted shortening or salad oil. Heat 1 can tomato sauce. Put the browned cutlets in glass heatproof pie dish and pour tomato sauce over them. Top with ¼ pound *mozzarella* cheese, sliced thin, if you would have your dish authentically Italian. Use other cheese, of course, if this type is not available. Run under broiler until cheese melts, bubbles and browns.

À LA CARTE

Shrimp Caprice
Green Salad
Ambrosia

We've learned a new way with shrimp. Shrimp Caprice was featured on a fancy restaurant menu at a fancy price. We tasted well and came home and produced this dish at a far from fancy price. You can dine à la carte too.

SHRIMP CAPRICE

Shell and devein 1 pound cooked or frozen shrimp. Or you could use canned shrimp, drained. Make a medium cream sauce using 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons flour and 2 cups chicken broth. Cook until thickened. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, a little pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated onion and 1 teaspoon fresh dill or ¼ teaspoon dried dill. Dill really gives this dish its special flavor. You can use dill seed, which comes in packages, if you can't get fresh or dried dill. Reseason to taste. Serve over freshly cooked rice.

AMBROSIA

Peel and slice 1 orange and 1 banana. Cut 4 or 5 dates in pieces and mix with fruit. Serve in sherbet glasses. Sprinkle with shredded coconut. Chill.





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are your double-guarantee of goodness. You'll find both on delicious, nutritious beef, veal and liver. For Gerber and Armour are working *together* to bring your baby the best possible all-meat nutrition.

Nothing but the best—with no work! Luscious, lean meats with tempting true-meat color and flavor—and *complete high quality proteins.* Ready to serve, because Gerber and Armour did all the work for you! No wasteful, time-consuming scraping! And like *all* Gerber's, from Cereals through Desserts, the meats are prepared to please you, baby—and the doctor!

Far less expensive than home-cooked meats! Safer, too, because of their scrupulous preparation. Gerber's Strained Meats for tiny infants, Gerber's Junior Meats for older babies are *one modest price!* And there are several servings in every can!

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3 CEREALS • 20 STRAINED FOODS • 15 JUNIOR FOODS • 3 STRAINED MEATS • 3 JUNIOR MEAT

(Continued from Page 253)

So they walked away very gently indeed, but Betsy knew better than to hope she'd forget. Just one more time, to add to their collection.

They carefully didn't talk for a while. They walked to the flower market, and looked at thousands of roses, and Joel bought her three long-stemmed violets, paying a nickel. He waved away an offer of a few more, thrown in on the sale.

"We mustn't be ostentatious," he said, pinning them to the lapel of her gray suit.

They walked along the water front, and ate fish and chips from a paper bag. They called on a friend of Joel's, who sold newspapers in a neat little shack by the subway, and who gave them the latest news on Russia. They met a lady from out of town, who wanted to be directed to an address on a slip of pink paper, and they took her to the address in a taxi.

They ate steak and fried tomatoes in a smoky little restaurant where Joel knew practically everybody. That was where Betsy met Alda—at last. She had begun to wonder if there really were such a person, for all Joel had said.

Alda was slim and dark, with noteworthy legs and a smile that began slowly and then went places. She came walking in the door as Betsy and Joel were leaving. She took one look at Joel, and flung her arms wide. She did it with a flourish and a casual air, but it landed her with her arms around Joel.

"Joel, my angel—I thought you'd be in China."

"No. Not China," said Joel. He took Alda's little green hat that was cocked over one eye, and set it on the back of her head. "It's been six months. Where've you been, Alda?"

"Greece," said Alda. "Then over to Buenos Aires. Back by way of Tampico." She let go of Joel and stood back to look at him, her face bright with gladness. "Where've *you* been, Joel?"

"Right here," said Joel. "I've been working on a project." He looked around for Betsy and drew her forward. "Meet the project," he said. "Betsy Morris, Alda Fane."

"How do you do, Miss Morris," said Alda.

"How do you do," said Betsy, with an equal lack of mad enthusiasm.

"Well," said Joel, looking back and forth, "well, I guess we'll drift. I'll ring you, Alda. Where are you staying?"

"Same old stand," said Alda. "If you don't ring me, I'll send you a wire. So long."

Outside on the sidewalk, Betsy said thoughtfully, "So that's Alda."

"Yeah." Joel lit a cigarette, watching the process. "Guess I've told you; she free-lances for the papers. Covers ground. She wants to get around, like me."

Betsy countered that cautiously. "You don't do work like that, Joel—that has to take you all over the lot."

"No," he said. "But I get all over the lot, and I find the work when I land there."

"Crazy jobs," Betsy said. "Any old job. And you come back broke."

"Maybe it was a mistake, telling you so much," Joel remarked. "But at least I never kidded you."

"No," she said. "You never did."

She remembered the night she'd met him, almost half a year ago. When the spark wildfired between them, and they both knew. "I'm going to be crazy about you," he had told her then. "I want to see you and go on seeing you. We'll run well together, Betsy. But you might as well know, I'm not the marrying kind." And she had said, "Now that's settled, we can relax." That's how much of a fool she had been, half a year ago. Now she knew that nothing was settled. Nothing except the way they loved each other.

Going along the dim street, they turned on a brighter avenue. They weren't looking in windows now.

"I've got to get going pretty soon," Joel said restlessly. "And it's not just meeting Alda. This town is going stale on me. When the wind blows from the river, and you hear the boat whistles, and that deep roar as one gets under way—Betsy, Betsy, don't you want to go?"

Eagerness leaped in her, answering, and she fought it back. "You're talking to the wrong woman," she said steadily. "I'm Betsy, remember? I'm the dull little housewife type, remember?"

Joel touched her shoulder so she looked at him. "You're the one that stopped me. You're the one I want."

That much she had, and she held on to it for a moment. She didn't need ships and planes, when everything she wanted was Joel. And if the only way to keep him was to go with him ——

Then she held hard to the facts she knew. She had a clear picture of the years ahead, if she went with him: an endless succession of little blank rooms in boardinghouses; and Joel waking up sometime to the other things he wanted, that he'd be too old to get; and the two of them, slipping down to dingier rooms and a dingier future. You couldn't give children that kind of life.

She remembered the years she'd been on her own since her parents died, and the terror running darkly under her feet, that she would get sick and lose her job. Joel had had good luck, so far. He didn't understand that when you walked on a thin footing of good luck, you could break through it—with an accident, with illness, with your money lost—and then you sank and the dark current



"We're playing nicely together, mother. I'm making clay animal crackers, and Jill's eating them."





RICE COMES INTO ITS OWN!



New Uncle Ben's Rice Recipe

Rice and Cheese Casserole

2 cups medium white sauce:
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
dash cayenne
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
3 cups hot cooked Uncle Ben's Rice
2 cups grated American cheese
paprika
½ cup well-buttered bread crumbs

Add Worcestershire sauce to white sauce. Alternate layers of rice, cheese, and white sauce in well-greased 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle each layer lightly with paprika. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until cheese is melted, 15 or 20 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve piping hot. Serves six.

For the first time, rice has a delicious flavor all its own. And, most important, here is rice with the natural vitamins retained! It's Uncle Ben's—and it's as different from rice as you know it as night from day!

Nothing that cooks takes less trouble than an Uncle Ben's. No steaming. No rinsing. No watching or stirring. And it always comes out light, white and fluffy. Never sticky or gummy—you can keep it covered in the refrigerator for days. Every grain stands apart.

You can get Uncle Ben's *Converted* Long Grain Rice now at your food store. If it isn't there, ask your grocer to order some for you.

Write for your booklet of twenty-four tested recipes. (Enclose top from package.) © C. R., Inc.

CONVERTED RICE, INC., HOUSTON, TEXAS

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caught you. She knew; she had lived in too many hall bedrooms with voices coming through the walls, desperate voices of the people who were caught in terror. Joel talked to many people, but not to the ones who had failed.

"Betsy," he was saying now. "Betsy, you think too much."

"Do I?"

"So let's get married and go to South America," he said, as if he were offering a brand-new idea.

"Why do you ask me, Joel, when you like being free?"

He smiled through the shadowy light. "Because I want you with me all the time."

They walked half a block before she answered. Past a golden window and a dim blue window and a tall dark doorway. "We don't have the same idea of marriage, Joel. You want a legalized permanent affair."

"At least I want it to be permanent," he said.

"And I want a home that stays in one place," Betsy said. "Where you can plant something one year, and see it come up the next. You know I'm like that. Why don't you go away and forget about me?"

"Would you forget so easily, Betsy?"

"No," she said.

"Sometimes I try to tell myself your way is right," he said slowly. "And that I could learn to stay put. And there'd be you, and maybe kids. Sometimes ——"

"You . . . might like it," she said, and once again she was hoping, and eagerness sprang into her voice. "If we had any kind of place that just belonged to us. I'd look across the room and—and see you, Joel."

"I'd wake up in the night, and you'd be there," he said. Then his voice changed abruptly. "This is no good. I'm not going to kid you or myself."

Betsy said bleakly, "You told me, Joel, the first time. You told me you weren't the marrying kind."

"I don't want marriage tied up with a house and job," he answered flatly. "I'd be like a dog roped to a wire, running back and forth."

"And yet you ask me to marry you, Joel."

"To take you with me, that's different," he told her. "I've got to have you somewhere in reach, Betsy."

He wanted to take her along—that was the difference between him and the other men of his kind, who were always moving on. That was a clue to him, she thought, but she didn't know how to read it.

"If you loved me enough, you'd marry me my way," he was going on. "But you've got marriage all mixed up with a house and a little checkerboard life."

"You don't love me enough," she said back to him. "If you did, you'd want a real life with me, and a family, and making our own place. You want your fun, and me on the side. You've never truly asked me to marry you. You don't know what it means."

He stared ahead, hands in his pockets, shoulders hunched a little. And the same weight lay on her.

"Take me home, before we get angry this time," she said.

"We haven't settled anything," said Joel.

But he took her home, and as far as the door of her apartment. And there he took her in his arms, and all the fierceness that burned behind their talk sprang free. So that no holding was tight enough, and every touch raced on to more. He kissed her savagely, but when he spoke his voice was almost gentle.

"So you don't love me, Betsy. So I don't love you. Say that again now, my darling."

She was silent, but her hands locked tighter behind his shoulders.

"You belong with me, Betsy."

"Yes." But she stood away from him as she spoke. "We don't mean the same thing. Don't talk now; I can't take it."

"I'd better go. If I come in, I'll just make it tougher for you."

"Yes."

"Good night, Betsy. Tomorrow afternoon?"

"Tomorrow afternoon."

She didn't go in till he was out of sight, and when she lay in bed she kept thinking round and round trying to find a way out. Joel had a pattern of marriage that he hated: the idea of a house, and its responsibilities, and all the ritual of chores. She'd been stupid, telling him about the kind of house she'd always wanted. If they had an apartment, would that leave him free enough? An apartment didn't lock you into a rigid checkerboard life.

There was that apartment of Stell's, vacant now. If she took him to see it the next day, maybe he'd like it. He might consider it, anyway, for a while, and they could move on when he wanted a change. There ought to be some middle ground, some way they could agree, when they loved each other so.

And so, the next afternoon, once again she was letting herself hope a little. Once again she dressed for him, carefully, slowly. Getting ready for Joel was next best to seeing him, while she could float in anticipation. Maybe today ——

Joel came for her in a car that he had borrowed from a friend. He wore a tweed suit and no hat. "We need a change of scene," he told her with one of those swift grins of his. "We'll get out of the city."

"Can we stop somewhere first?" she asked. "There's an apartment I want to look at."

"Going to move?" he asked her very casually.

"Could be," said Betsy, not wanting to go off half-cocked till he'd seen the place.

Manners are the happy way of doing things: each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. —EMERSON.

They went swiftly through the streets that they usually walked along slowly, and the city changed for Betsy. Now all the stretch of it belonged to them, because they could dip into and out of a street and dismiss it, they could gather rows of buildings in a glance and link them quickly with other buildings on beyond.

Stell's apartment was empty now, but the superintendent knew Betsy. He took them upstairs and left them before the opened door.

"So you're apartment hunting," Joel said, glancing warily about.

There was a square hall, and a long living room with windows that looked out on the river, and a big tiled kitchen with a dinette opening off, and two bedrooms and two baths. The space stretched out luxuriously, uncluttered with furniture.

"Look at all the kitchen cupboards!" Betsy exclaimed. "And a wonderful oven."

"What's the matter with restaurants?" asked Joel.

"Murals in this bathroom—look. Lovely purple fish swimming on the green walls. Imagine taking a bath with those cute fish all around you."

"When I take a bath," said Joel, "I want no fish present."

They went on to the living room, and Betsy stood there, seeing how the room could look with furniture from her own apartment; seeing it lived in; seeing a home for her and Joel. He would come home at night, and the lamps would be lighted, and he would close the door and shut the city out.

She said aloud, "If we put the lounge in front of the windows, we could sit there and see the river."

Joel rocked back and forth on his heels, surveying her, his gray eyes bright. "Betsy," he said dryly, "isn't this place a little large for you to live in alone?"

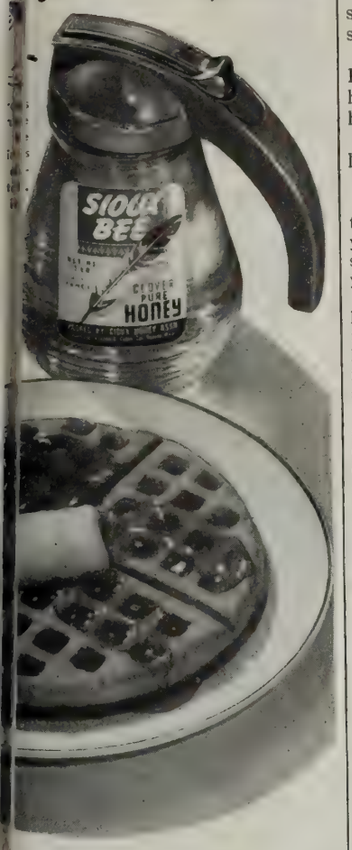
"Well ——"

"Betsy dear, are you trying to sell me an apartment?"

She grinned ruefully. "No harm trying."

"You think I'm stubborn and selfish, I guess," he said slowly. "Maybe we're two different kinds of people, and you'll always want roots, and I'll always want to keep going. But—I keep on trying, too, to pull us together. Because now I've found you, I

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don't want to go on alone without you. Because I love you, Betsy."

"I know," she said. And now the room stood bare, and she and Joel would never sit watching the river.

Joel was rummaging through his pockets. He pulled out a letter and opened it and handed it to her. "Letter from my mother," he said. "Maybe you'd better read it."

The writing was very clear, fat curves and loops, on heavy cream paper:

Joel my dear: I was delighted to get your letter, and I do want to know your Betsy. Now you have found the right girl, at last you will settle down. There is nothing so rewarding as your own home.

Perhaps it has unsettled you, my dear, to have heard your father's foolish talk, about all the trips he wanted to take, and the traveling he never did. But as you know, your father finally realized his duty and responsibilities, and has settled down contentedly.

You must bring Betsy to see us. And what are your plans? You will have a house, of course? Apartments are dreadful little shelves on a wall. And as soon as you are settled, I shall send Betsy the Royal Worcester china, and your great-grandmother's glass—quite a cabinet of it, you know—and since you say her own mother has gone on, I shall want to stock your house with linen. I trust you do not share the modern fancy for twin beds.

I shall be so happy, thinking of you at last safe in your own dear little home.

My love to you and Betsy,

MOTHER.

Betsy read slowly to the end, and handed the letter back to Joel. She faced him directly. "Well?" she said.

"There's not a thing right in that letter," Joel said grimly. "Except the bit about my not sharing the modern fancy for twin beds." He walked across to a window, and stood tapping two fingers irritably against the pane. "China and glass and linen, and a house tied around my neck. My dad never got content, he just gave up. They didn't go anywhere in the summer because the grass got so burned. They didn't go in the winter, because the only time dad pried her away from home for a decent trip, the pipes burst all over the basement." He added, "My mother is a truly charming person, and I'm fond of her, in case you wondered. But that doesn't stop me from seeing the facts."

"I THINK you have the facts all messed up," Betsy challenged him clearly.

Joel swung around. "Oh, yes?"

"I mean, about your mother making a home seem a duty and a drag on a man. It isn't very polite to say, but—what makes you think all women are like that?"

Joel said doggedly, "Dad said to me once, 'Pick the right kind of girl. Don't put yourself in jail for life.'"

Betsy said, "You've picked the wrong kind of girl. You'd better go back to Alda. She'd hop a plane with you any day."

"Never mind Alda," Joel told her.

"Let's get out of here," said Betsy.

As they left the apartment, she took one long look back. But Joel strode straight on ahead.

She could see how he'd got wary of settling down, Betsy thought. With his eagerness for new places, and then the years of watching his mother and father, it was understandable. But just knowing how he got that way wasn't much help.

When they were in the car again, Joel headed out of the city. He didn't talk, but once when his eyes met hers in the mirror, he smiled swiftly. They reached the river, and drove beside it. The trees grew greener and the air blew cooler, and the tall buildings were out of sight.

Joel said suddenly, "Betsy, I guess it's fish or cut bait. I'm going away. In a couple of days. Will you come with me?"

The question hung between them; and she couldn't answer. So she was up against the sharp edge of the decision, and still she didn't know.

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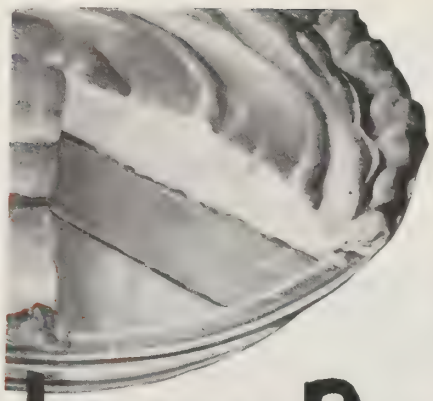
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had never dared tell him how much she wanted to see those other countries. She had never shown him the travel folders in her bottom drawer.

"I guess it's the old people that scare me," she said, thinking her way aloud. "I see them all the time in the city. Sitting on benches, sitting in doorways. Licked and hopeless and afraid. I want to marry a man who will build his life so strongly that we'll always be safe."

The car swerved slightly as Joel's hands jerked on the wheel. But he didn't answer.

"I guess it's the irresponsible way you float around that scares me, Joel. Not just your wanting to go places, but the way you never take hold."

"Don't I?" he said. "Let's hear the rest."

"No," said Betsy. "Not now. Let's have today."

"All right," Joel said. "But you've got to decide, Betsy. Because I'm going."

No matter where they drove or what they talked about, Betsy couldn't get away from that. Joel was going. With her or without her, Joel was going.

They went past little houses, the kind of houses that Betsy wanted and Joel hated. They went past a little pond, a place to swim in summer and skate in winter, but Joel wanted seas that never froze over. They crossed little roads that led to friendly towns, but Joel believed that small-scale living was a trap.

When they got hungry, they stopped at a roadside tavern, and sat at the counter. A tall boy with heavy blue tattooing on his forearms cooked their hamburgers on a shiny grill.

"Navy?" Joel asked him.

"Yeah. You?"

"Yeah. Long time ago, wasn't it?"

"You telling me, brother? And here I sit, frying chopped-up cows on a toy stove."

"You should get a lot of trade on this road, anyhow," Joel said.

"All the time," the boy said. "Cars going one way, cars going the other way. All those guys going places, and here I sit. Someday I'm going to walk out of here, and not even stop to lock the door. And I'll keep going." He brooded over his hamburgers, and gave them a shove with a knife.

Betsy said, "You've found another soul mate, Joel. Lot of unrest in this country, isn't there?"

Joel grinned at her. "I thought we were staying off that subject."

"We seem to stumble over it most anywhere," she said.

But she didn't say any more, and listened peaceably while Joel and the boy talked over a few countries they'd been to and a few others they wanted to go to. She wondered if most men were like that, only it didn't show under the harness marks and routine pace.

Joel had told her he wasn't the marrying kind; maybe he would never stay still long enough to fall into any routine pace. It had been bad luck for him, meeting her. Marriage wasn't on his schedule, and he was trying to force it in where it didn't belong. Did she love him enough to cut loose from him sharply, so he would be really free? Couldn't she stop thinking of herself, and let him go?

Driving back to the city, she sat close to him with her hand deep in the pocket of his tweed coat. A pack of cigarettes and about ten packages of matches, and her hand, in that pocket. Her face was against his shoulder, and the tweed coat didn't smell of peat smoke or tobacco or even Russian leather; it smelled like Joel, and she never wanted to be farther away from him than that. She watched his hands on the wheel, easy and firm, and wanted them touching her instead.

But when they were back, slowing in front of the house where she lived, she told him. Quickly, while she could.

"We're no good for each other," she said. "Being together makes it worse. We'll never work it out, Joel."

She couldn't see his face clearly, but his voice was newly harsh. "You aren't going to marry me, Betsy? You aren't coming with me?"

"No," she heard herself say a long way off.

"I've nothing more to say," he told her slowly. "We've said it all."

"Tell me good-by, Joel."

He reached for her then, and one hand touched her face, and she knew that if he held her, she couldn't let him go. She fumbled for the door handle, and slipped out of the car.

"I can't do it that way, Joel. Say good-by, as if it were any other night."

She waited for him to say it, as if that would release her, as if that final word would help. But he moved abruptly, and the motor quickened and then the car shot away from her down the street. For a moment she stood there uncertain, as if he had forgotten, and would come back to say good-by. He didn't even go away like anybody else.

Well, she'd done it. She wouldn't be a drag on him. She wouldn't wander around the world with him, looking back over her shoulder at other people's houses. Then it hit her all at once that he was gone. Had she been crazy, telling him to go? Hadn't she understood what it would be like?

She didn't go inside, she walked along the street. She had expected to be hurt, badly hurt. But she hadn't expected this complete emptiness, with no place to go that mattered and no one to see who could help. The emptiness stretched away into the future, because she wasn't a whole person any more, without him. She had heard about that; now she knew how it felt.

She knew where she was walking too. She was walking to the hotel where Joel lived. She never thought that he might not go straight home, and she didn't plan what she'd say to him. She just kept on walking. And stray thoughts floated into and out of her head, with no link or control.

She'd be a nuisance to him, in the wandering life he wanted—but he had asked her just the same. He lived at a good hotel, though he'd come home broke. He made enough money, wherever he went. "I have a college degree, and I have a pair of hands for ditch digging," he'd said once. "I like the little jobs, where you don't knife another guy to get ahead," he had said. If she was afraid of the future with him, it wasn't a very trusting kind of love she had.

She knew his room number, and when she got to the hotel she went straight up. The door of his room was unlocked, and she knocked and walked in.

Alda sat in a big chair, watching the door. When she saw Betsy, a change broke across her face, too quick to read. "Welcome," she said. "Our host is missing."

Betsy closed the door, but she stood beside it. "I guess I shouldn't have come," she said.

"You don't have to worry about me," Alda answered. "I came to say good-by. I'm moving on."

"You had a key," said Betsy.

"No. Just a chummy way with maids. I told you, you don't have to worry about me. Only marry him and get it done."

Betsy said as frankly, "Why do you say that, when you want him yourself?"

"Because I haven't a chance. We found that out, some time ago." Alda picked up her hat from the table, picked up her handbag. "How long are you going to keep on stalling him? . . . Oh, yes, he's talked to me. You needn't begrudge me that; you have everything else."

"You're the right kind of woman for him," Betsy said.

"You think I didn't try?" said Alda. "And look at you, with the one thing I want—and you don't grab it. You're the only one Joel ever asked to marry him—and you don't care."

"I'd be wrong for him," Betsy said. "All domestic."

(Continued on Page 260)

He will not go far, who knows from the first whither he is going.

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(Continued from Page 258)

"It's those—those wife things he wants in you," Alda said. "But he's afraid they'll bite him. . . . What am I doing, standing here trying to sell him to you?" She walked close to Betsy, to reach the door. She looked away. "So long."

"I see why Joel likes you," Betsy said. It was the best she could do.

Waiting a moment for Alda to go on ahead of her, she didn't look around the room. She didn't want to see his things and his room when he wasn't there. And presently she snapped out the lights and went away. She could leave a note for him at the desk. No, better, she'd go home and keep on phoning till she got him. Alda thought she was pretty weak and selfish. Probably Alda was right.

And now she knew that if she missed Joel, if he went away that night, she would follow him. Alda had given her one important thing: a humbleness she had never known before. Who started the idea that women should expect to be provided with a tidy house and a tidy life when they got married? Well, she knew better now.

She walked along the dark sidewalks, not seeing anything clearly, wanting only to get to her apartment and the phone. When she reached her own place, she climbed the stairs quickly. One more flight, one more turn.

She saw Joel, sitting on the top step. By the time he stood up, she had reached him. "I went to your place, looking for you," she told him.

He held on to her shoulders so tightly it hurt. "I drove around the block, and came back."

And then they were both sitting on the top step, and Joel held her hands, and she couldn't look away from him.

"We could go into my apartment," she said vaguely. "People will fall over us."

"Do them good, shake them up," said Joel. "Betsy, you've licked me. I couldn't say good-by. I couldn't keep on going anywhere away from you. How about apartment over by the river? How ab house with a lawn to mow?"

She was laughing now. "I couldn't to you. Are we going to take a boat plane?"

"Look out—we'll change places, and to fight all over again," he said.

"We could travel awhile, Joel. All places and jobs of yours. Maybe I'd w keep on. Or . . . maybe you'd like married, and want to put down some yourself. We could try your way fo years, and then come back and give m a try."

"Our personal five-year plan. L Betsy. It's a deal. Because I'm not to settle down yet. But—I promise we'll come back to stay. That's sure."

"Why, Joel?"

"Because you want that and need And if I can't live without you, then I' for you. Make me like it, Betsy."

"No business job," she told him. nine-to-five routine. We could do—oh, thing. We could go out west and prunes."

"Plums, you mean," Joel said, grinni her. "It's an idea."

"But first—we go away. All the p All the places you want," Betsy said.

He pulled something out of his pocke dropped it in her lap. It was the silv strainer, with the little carved dragon handle.

"You got it for me!" she exclaimed.

"You wanted it," he said.

She leaned against his shoulder, an she didn't have to send him away. His reached out and covered hers.

"We'll take it along on our travels, said. "And if we don't start back enough—if you want us to go Betsy ——"

"Yes?" she said.

"Well," said Joel, "just strain me of tea."

THE

Back and Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Patterns on Pages 66 and 67.

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House of Storm

By Mignon G. Eberhart

How the New South Lives

By Thelma Strabel

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Journal Contents



ESTHER BUBLEY
(Photography, page 36)

"Wisconsin is my home state, but I attended the University of Minnesota and studied photography at the Minneapolis School of Art. Prospective employers there seemed of the opinion photography was a man's work, so I came to New York and started doing fashions and stills for Vogue Studios. At present I'm doing magazine and industrial photography. Illustrating the JOURNAL series on mental illness was the most interesting assignment I've had."



KENNETH P. KEMPTON

"I have taught writing at Harvard and Radcliffe for 35 years, holding the rank of lecturer. This is good because it allows students to call me any old thing instead of 'Professor.' But I almost never lecture. I try to get students to *think* and talk about writing, which is harder but more rewarding. I have written long and short stories and articles since getting out of the Navy in 1919. *Finders Keepers* (page 66) is No. 259, and it was just as hard to write, and just as much fun to sell, as No. 1."



NATHANIEL BENCHLEY
(Round Trip, page 50)

"Please return photo, as I filched it from my wife's dresser, and she probably will notice its absence in a month or two. For words to describe me, I'm stumped. Such material is usually (1) personal history, of interest to nobody except a psychiatrist; (2) a pseudo-humorous self-portrait, which the subject wishes he had never written the minute he sees it in print. I was graduated from Harvard in 1938, worked on newspapers and in the Navy. I'm 34."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **April, 1949**
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MARGUERITE HOLT.

Standard practice with us, when we are asked to comment on friend's offspring, is to regard the infant for an appreciable time with silent awe. Then, as if we could contain ourselves no longer, we explode, "Some baby!" ED.

Sex in Modern Stories

La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Dear Editors: I've taken the JOURNAL fifty years and I'm stopping now. Why must *all* stories have sex someplace?

Sincerely,

MRS. W. F. BENTON.

Dissatisfied Reader

Magazines could, perhaps, get along without sex: the world would have a harder time. ED.

More Than Money

Logansport, Indiana.

Dear Editors: Articles proclaim at length the hardships, the long hours, the extra work, the worries, the social stigma of being a teacher. But they leave out the most important item—the joy of being a teacher!

I am a teacher, and I know. It is a great thrill to me to have the privilege of being teacher, mother, nurse and playmate combined to "my children."

Sincerely yours,

MARIAN C. TEETOR.

In a justifiable demand for increased salaries, many teachers find "joy of teaching" a banal expression; nevertheless, it is a pleasure to teach and all good teachers know it. ED.

Youth in Old Age

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Dear Editors: I am hoping sometime you will do an article about a middle-class, middle-aged couple, who have reared their children and perhaps helped with their grandchildren. I think there are many thousands of us, relaxed and rested a bit after the strenuous years, who are now b ginning to see through the mist. The yea of hard work, too little money, frustr tions, fears, disappointments, adjustmen and much good living leave many youth ful dreams unfulfilled. Maybe they aren dead and some of them are good. Perha in the ten, twenty or thirty years tha may yet be ours we should become so al sorbed in building up our measure of talen there would be no time for worrying o being depressed (two of my sins). I am no thinking of folks who have enough mone so that they have time on their hands. I'm thinking about people like my husban and me who have to finish paying off th mortgage, replace our shabby old car, i fact have to keep working to buy our dail bread—but we know now more surel than we did in our youth that "man doe not live by bread alone."

I am so grateful to the JOURNAL's pres ent editors. For a while before they took charge I thought it went down. I believe Edward Bok knows and approves th way Mr. and Mrs. Gould are carrying o his great work. I say "great" because i is—to inspire and educate as the LADIES HOME JOURNAL does.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY OHLSON

We hope Bok approves the Goulds. We know the Goulds approve Bok. ED.

Good Enough to Eat

Onarga, Illinois.

Dear Editors: We love the L. H. J., and the best part of it is Miss Batchelder's page of food. I have used many of her recipes for special entertaining and they never fail to steal the show. Sincerely,

PEARL HERR.

Do Men Want Wives?

Knoxville, Tennessee.

Dear Editors: The number of women who are not entirely satisfied with their marriages suggests that:

1. Modern marriage is not so satisfactory as marriage was 50 years ago.
2. Modern women expect more of marriage than their grandmothers did.
3. Modern women are more articulate than their dissatisfied grandmothers.

Certainly men need to do their part to make marriage happier, but since they are usually tired of being bossed by their mothers, sisters and teachers by the time they get married, they are ordinarily stubborn and difficult to manage and must be approached from the blind side. For the mournful truth is that All Men Are Bachelors (a title for which I hope to write a story when none of the children is younger than seven; subtitle: All Most Men Want is to Be Let Alone).

Women, although more blessed than men with the capacity for social reform and the fine art of living, are ordinarily stubborn and difficult to manage, and must be sneaked up on from the blind side too. For the sad truth is that All Women Are Maidens—and for a few words of kindness, for affection and appreciation, what responsibility they will assume, what monotony endure, what love pour forth!

Very truly yours,

MRS. J. D. GOELTZ.

Men Read in Self-defense

San Diego, California.

Dear Editors: My mother was a subscriber for the very first JOURNAL, and up to the time of the cyclone in St. Louis we had the first copy. We could not keep house without the JOURNAL. My daughter and I quote its contents until the male members of the family have to read it in self-defense. Sincerely,

LOUISE WILLIAMS.

(Continued on Page 6)

dreft washes dishes so clean it helps protect your family's health

as no suds ever could before!



Health Authorities say the way you wash dishes and the kind of suds you use, can mean the difference between sickness and health

• Danger may lurk in your dishpan. Doctors have found that germs breed in dishwater film. Even dishes you've washed and polished carefully can carry this film—can carry sickness to the very ones you wish to protect.

Dreft Leaves No Germ-Breeding Film

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New, Quick Dreft Way

Wash your dishes in Dreft's abundant, lasting suds. Give them a hot rinse (the hotter the better). Then let them drain dry. It's just as easy and quick as that!

So heed the warning of Health Authorities . . . help protect your family's health. Wash your dishes healthfully clean—with DREFT.



More suds! Mild-to-hands suds!



Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference . . .** and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use . . . Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. **Prove this to yourself** with the free jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.

use FRESH and stay fresher

(Continued from Page 4)

More Than Any Sermon

Fresno, California.

Dear Editors: With the publication of John Gunther's Death Be Not Proud, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has reached a new significance. Not since the New Yorker magazine made a special edition of John Hersey's Hiroshima has a magazine rendered such a fine public service.

I have bought twenty-five issues of the February JOURNAL to distribute in my church (I only wish I could substitute it for my sermon, for it says more than I ever could say) and I intend to buy twenty-five or more copies for distribution among various Societies. It is a joyous duty for a minister to bring such witness to the grandeur of life and spirit to the attention of his congregation.

Our deepest thanks go out to Mr. Gunther and "Frances" for sharing his son's life . . . and death . . . with us. Because of this account alone Johnny has not lived, or died, in vain. Because of him others will strive toward valiancy.

Sincerely,
MIELS NIELSEN.

Everything a Girl Desires

Terre Haute, Indiana.

Dear Editors: I'm eleven years old and I love school, but I do think boys have more fun than girls, and I will admit I worry a lot about the war (by the way, I'm a girl). I like to collect things about baseball and I love to swim and skate, but most of all I love to watch a baseball game. I like to read funny comic books and baseball stories.

If I was a boy I would like to be, first, a baseball player. Second, I would like to be a comedian. Third, I would like to be a policeman. But since I'm a girl I would like to be a reporter, housewife or a Wave or Wac.

Lots of luck,
SHARON BABER.

Does Your Doctor Like You?

Alhambra, California.

Dear Editors: All of us discuss the qualities which make us like our doctors. Being married to one, I've heard the other side in case histories of people who try too hard to be good patients or are pests.

An ideal patient will be reasonably brave, but a doctor wants you to tell him when you're suffering and to feel that he will not consider it the insult direct if you ask for a consultation before a major operation. Make a list of symptoms, remembering that slight ones can sometimes be of great diagnostic value, and point to the spot that hurts. "Stomach" to the patient may mean various parts of the abdomen, and "throat," anything from an area just back of the tongue to a point so low the Johnston office would require covering.

There are perennial problem patients: those who don't follow instructions, miss appointments, buy new radios but can't pay their bills, make incredible demands (like the clinic patient who asked the doctor to cut his toenails!), come dirty, giggle, whine, or call at two A.M. for no good reason. There are women who pursue. There are grown-up babies, like the man who literally killed himself in two days by refusing to stand the minor postoperative discomforts of a restricted-liquid diet (he drank salt water from his ice bag), intravenous injections and blankets. He left a pregnant wife.

The worst are those who diagnose themselves or let neighbors and druggists do it, interpreting the uses of new drugs and procedures to suit; those who take their own medicines along with prescriptions without realizing that drugs interact (one heart case, on a no-salt diet, remained swollen with fluid for months before it was discovered he was taking baking soda daily); those who demand penicillin or X ray without regard to the ailment.

Modern doctors recognize hypochondria as an illness in its own right; of more concern are people who stay away from a doctor too long—even when they know they should go.

There are charming, co-operative people whom the doctors are delighted to see, hate to hurt and sometimes must grieve over. Even the habitually maddening patients can display a courage, strength and unconquerable humor which awe and make a doctor proud to serve.

Sincerely,
JERENE CLAIRE CLINE.

(Continued on Page 8)



if you're 5 ft. 6 in. *and over*

SKY-HI



Tall girls! Only Real-form makes a Raschel-Knit girdle just for you. Sky-Hi is extra long . . . stays up at top and down at bottom. It slims your thighs . . . does a super job of controlling and smoothing. Raschel-Knitted of Lastex and DuPont Rayon with satin lastex panels for up and down stretch.*

Sizes 26-32, tea rose and white, girdle or panty girdle.

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Shop...sightsee...play over the border in Canada



You'll find colourful handicrafts, hand-loomed woollens . . . china . . . furs

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1. New, interesting—"foreign" atmosphere. **2.** A million square miles of scenic playground. **3.** Friendly cities, hospitable people. **4.** Friends and relatives waiting to welcome you. **5.** Lots to do—sports, recreation, sightseeing. **6.** Near—easy to get to—no border "red tape". **7.** Your vacation dollar buys more, goes further.

No Passport Needed.

CHOOSE A ROMANTIC new setting for this year's vacation. Help yourself to a million square miles of scenic playground . . . mountains and lakes . . . coastal shores and virgin woods . . . friendly summer colonies and casually smart resorts where you golf and swim, ride and relax.

Here, too, are cities with a foreign flavour: new sights to see, new things to do, old friends to visit, choice items to "pick up" on shopping expeditions. Plan your over-the-border vacation now. Write for detailed information, or use the coupon.

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Are you in the know?



What would you do in this situation?

☐ *Smile and switch* ☐ *Keep on dancing* ☐ *Play deaf*

You're swaying on a dream-cloud with the prom Heathcliff. So? He's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you smile and switch to the lethal lad. When your *calendar* tries to cut in on your bookings—switch to the comfort of the new Kotex. Talk about a dream-cloud! You'll find the new Kotex has downy *softness that holds its shape* for hours! Yes, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it—dance after dance, you'll stay comfortable. (And so wonderfully self-assured!)



For the lowdown on that N.M.I.T.—

☐ *Read his palm*
☐ *Pry into his past*
☐ *Ask your brother*

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't help you, but you can depend on (guess who!)—your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, depend on *Kotex*—to prevent revealing outlines. The special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex don't show, don't tell! And that exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection.



Which "shortens" kingsize tootsies?

☐ *Shell pumps*
☐ *Buckles n' bows*
☐ *Dark-hued shoes*

You haven't a Cinderella-size foot? Any answer mentioned above can keep you out of her step-sisters' class! Shell pumps, with low-cut vamps. Big silver or cut steel buckles or soft perky bows—to flatter your instep. Dark shoes, to make these tricks more effective. Choosing the style that's for *you* is important—and so (on certain days) is your choice of Kotex absorbencies. Try *all 3:* Regular, Junior, Super—see which answers your own needs best.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

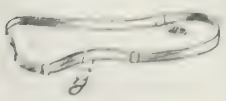
3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

—*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.—

How to prepare for "those" days?

☐ *Be a blu gnu* ☐ *Break your dates* ☐ *Buy 2 sanitary belts*

Brighten up! Freshen up! And why not be prepared with *two* Kotex Sanitary Belts—so you can change to a *fresh belt* when you change to dating togs? You see, the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. It's all-elastic; doesn't bind. So, for extra comfort, buy the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Buy *two—for a change!*



Kotex Sanitary Belt
Buy two—for a change!



(Continued from Page 6)

Something Worth a Long Look

Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Editor: What do men notice about women? It's a matter of age, my boy, a matter of age.

Fifty or more years ago, I took a quick glance at face and eyes, and a long, long look at—ahem!—their legs, if worth a long look. Now I look to see reflected in eyes and faces what the years between have taught.

Very truly,
H. R. BOWDEN.

No person is really responsible for how he looks at 20—at 60, a woman's face is what she has made it, for good or ill.
ED.

How to Reduce Hips

La Grange, Illinois.

Dear Editors: I thought you might like to pass on to your women readers a marvelous way to reduce large hips. By accident (or should I say because of tender knees?) I stumbled upon this secret. Instead of getting down on my knees to wash baseboards and floors, I stand and bend over to do the job. This requires a lot of bending up and down. It sure does the trick! Yes, I dieted, but dieting didn't do the whole job. From my waistline up I didn't lose in proportion to the ten inches that disappeared from my hips.

Yours most sincerely,
MRS. M. LAMBERT.

Lifelong Friend

Ellsworth, Wisconsin.

Dear Editors: I've had the JOURNAL since I was eighteen, and I'm now seventy-six. I still love it.

Sincerely,
EMMA S. HANSEN.

The Other Cheek

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: The German prisoner who worked for so long in my garden has gone home to the Russian Zone. "To be a prisoner of war in England was better than it is to be a free man here," he writes. He cannot go back to his own profession, and I gather he has to be very careful what he says. They have in their one room only an oil lamp, in which they have to burn crude oil. His little girl has had neither stockings nor boots for three years. Only one happiness they have: A new baby is to arrive shortly. So, in this mad world where everything seems topsy-turvy, I am now knitting madly for the offspring of my late enemy, wondering rather apprehensively whether I might divert a layette some kind person is sending me from America, in this direction. However badly off some of us are, we are *not* as badly off as these poor people now are, and I remember that Marshall Aid is to be no respecter of persons. But I can't help remembering the letters I had after you published that German-prisoner story of mine, so many of them implying our duty over here was not to turn the other cheek, but spit in their eye.

I have just heard the most ingenious way of getting more foreign currency to spend abroad than we are lawfully allowed. A great deal of ingenuity is going on thinking up these kinds of schemes today—the only bright spot being so few have any chance of putting them to work. You apply for permission to export a dog, which I gather isn't very difficult, and the dog must be of the female sex, well bred and mated to one of her own kind. You so arrange matters that she brings forth soon after you arrive in France, Switzerland or Italy, and there you have five or six dogs to dispose of, but only one you need account for. Neat, ain't it?

Love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK.

Magnetic Personality

Mohamedi Manzil,
Mohammedali Road,
Bombay.

Dear Editors: The magazine women believe in has a magnetic attraction to a humble folk of male species like myself. I always run to read it.

Truthfully yours,
ZEINOOL T. BANDUKWALA.

OVER 30?
"YOU CAN LOOK YOUNGER!
says
HELENA RUBINSTEI



Estrogenic Hormone Cream

"Time writes no wrinkle" on th face that uses Estrogenic Hormon Cream! For Helena Rubinstei with her long research in Estr genic Hormones has locked int this most luxurious of creams thi vital ingredient which restores t aging skins the substance tha makes young skins glow. Her sc entific experiments proved tha constant use of this modern miracle cream can retard the loo of aging skin!

If you're over thirty—if you'r in your 40's, 50's, 60's, this is th one cream you should never b without to help prevent an smooth out the lines you deplore

Use ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREA faithfully for 30 consecutive days See how quickly your skin look younger, firmer, fresher!

ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM 3.5
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for younger looking throat

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655 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y

I never saw your hair so Pretty



IF YOU WANT OTHERS to admire your hair . . . if you want to keep it looking its healthy best . . . be on guard against infectious dandruff which can so quickly play hob with it.

Simply make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing routine as countless fastidious women do (men, too.) It's simple, delightful, efficient.

Infectious dandruff is often easy to catch, hard to get rid of. You can pick it up from seat backs in cars and buses, or in trying on a hat, or from a borrowed comb. Its early symptoms—flakes and scales—are a warning not to be ignored. You see, infectious dandruff is usually accompanied by the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale). Many dermatologists look upon it as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Listerine Antiseptic kills the "bottle bacillus" by millions on scalp and hair. That's why it's such a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff . . . why you should make it a part of your regular hair-washing —no matter what kind of shampoo you use.

Even when infectious dandruff has a head start, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic is wonderfully helpful. Flakes and scales begin to disappear, itching is alleviated, and your scalp feels marvelously clean from that antiseptic action. In clinical tests, twice-a-day use brought marked improvement in dandruff symptoms within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

★

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF



THE TREATMENT—Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with fingertips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

What a thrilling difference in your skin with your *First Cake* of Camay

There's magic in a lovely skin! The magic of love and romance! And how thrilling to know that your skin can be softer and smoother with your *first cake* of Camay!

Give up careless cleansing. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay care on scores of women.

And almost all won lovelier complexions—each using *one cake* of Camay. Test Camay yourself—the directions on the wrapper show the way to greater beauty.

Read about this Lovely Bride

Cathie's childhood dreaming place was High Point, on the Appalachian Trail near her home. The first day she and Carlo Adams climbed up there, all her dreams came true. He proposed!





Cathie's satin-smooth complexion is something to see! It's so clear—it actually glows with beauty! She says: "My very *first cake* of Camay brought out the natural loveliness of my skin!"

MRS. CARLO ADAMS
a beautiful Camay Bride of Monroe, New York
portrait painted by James Ays



Married a month — Carlo remembered that "first anniversary" with a red, red rose! And Cathie can't forget what nice things Camay has done for her. She's on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet forever!



Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Ladies' Home Journal

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, *Editors*

Uncle Sam Has a Dirty Neck

KEEPING physically clean is a topic for family conversation only when the children forget to wash their hands before dinner. In well-scrubbed society, sanitation is seldom mentioned; but when it concerns the strength and health of a nation, perhaps it ought to be. In this cleanest of all countries, how sanitary are we? Are we getting any cleaner?

In April, 1850, Lemuel Shattuck, a distinguished Bostonian, completed the first comprehensive sanitary survey of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts "in order to ascertain the causes which favorably or unfavorably affect the health of its inhabitants." His report revealed the inadequate public sanitation of that time. He was the first in this country to dramatize the need for better housing, better water supply and sewerage, preventing stream pollution, improving refuse disposal, public-health education and other aspects of preventive medicine.

The reason for public interest in such matters is obvious: in problems of sanitation and public health no one is an island unto himself. Progress has been made since that Shattuck survey, but not enough to match the needs of a growing population and cumulative sanitation neglect.

A Nation-wide Inventory of Sanitation Needs, published in Supplement No. 204 of Public Health Reports, shows that 6000 communities in this country still lack any public water works; more than 9000 communities need sewerage systems; more than 33,000,000 people in rural areas lack satisfactory sewerage facilities of even the simplest types; about 70,000,000 people in 8300 communities need modern facilities for collecting and disposing of garbage and other municipal refuse; the past decade has seen a major deterioration in modern water supply and sewerage facilities in our metropolitan centers. In the very capital of the United States, approximately 100,000 persons still draw their drinking water from yard hydrants and rely on privies.

In many respects sanitary conditions in this country are worse than they were 100 years ago. According to Dr. Abel Wolman, Professor of Sanitary Engineering at Johns Hopkins University, "it is doubtful whether there is a single stream today that has not deteriorated in a major sense in its quality since 1849. There is not a single city in which housing conditions are not essentially worse than those at which the Shattuck report directed severe criticism. There is not a city in which the conditions of the atmosphere are not immeasurably worse than when Mr. Shattuck leveled his attack at this phase of the environment."

In making the world a better place to live in, here is a problem which does not require working with abstractions and uncertainties. It is something on which every City Father and just plain father (and mother) can lay hands and go to work.

American and Un-American Social Security

By **DOROTHY THOMPSON**

THERE is far too great a tendency in our country to approach every question in a partisan spirit, to make alignments according to labels, to make words into magical fetishes, and to try to categorize public persons and public measures as being for or against righteousness.

Among the words which have been imbued with white-magical power are "liberal" and "progressive," while in contrast the words "conservative" and "reactionary" appear in a black-magical light—so black, indeed, that few would admit the adjectives as applicable to themselves.

All these words have, by the form of their use, been deprived of any exactitude of meaning. The word "liberal," if it retains any part of its original meaning, indicates devotion to liberty and to a humanistic society. The word "progressive" has been given an entirely endowed meaning. It is associated with progress, which means movement forward; and that certain movements forward are bound to prove, in the long run, good for society is taken for granted. This despite the fact that while we speak favorably of progressive education and progressive politics, we also speak of progressive tuberculosis and progressive insanity.

The tyranny of words, with their constantly shifting overtones of good or evil, modern or old-fashioned, thus dulls our perception of what is being done or advocated in their name.

Actually, the words "liberal" and "progressive" are at this time adjectives used to lend a rosy aura to just one program: an ever-increasing control of the Federal Government over the incomes, expenditures and lives of an ever-increasing number of the population. Those who oppose this are "reactionaries," although the whole previous history of liberalism has recorded revolts *against* the power of the state over the people.

And although our forefathers, apparently better philosophically trained, always drew a sharp distinction between the state and the people and were well aware that the power of the state is always aggrandized at the cost of the people, the tyranny of words has helped to mask this fact and make the state appear as synonymous with the people and representative of the highest beneficence toward them.

(Continued on Page 12)

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Economy cake goes Easter-elegant with BAKER'S COCONUT!

IT'S EASTER—and your heart says, "Make a lovely cake!" while your budget says, "Go *easy!*" But luscious Baker's Coconut can help you do *both!*

First, make your most economical cake and frost as shown above. Then drift it high with tender, snow-white Baker's Coconut. And behold—an Easter Glory Cake!

Baker's Coconut is now in stores everywhere. Use it often to glorify thrifty desserts! On fruits, Jell-O, custards, rice pudding, salads.

Products of General Foods





CHOCOLATE PIE. Make Jell-O Chocolate Pudding with 1¾ cups milk. Add ½ cup Baker's Coconut. Cool. Turn into pie shell. Top with meringue, sprinkle with crunchy-fresh Baker's Coconut and brown!

NEW RECIPE BOOK! Send for colorful, idea-packed "Coconut Glamour Desserts." Yours for only 10¢! Address Baker's Coconut, Box B 49, Battle Creek, Mich.

AMBROSIA. Combine snowy Baker's Coconut and cut-up Sunkist Oranges.

Bread Pudding. Top with luscious Baker's Coconut instead of cream.

Cold Cereal. Sprinkle with coconut. Kids love it!

This is made possible by the humanitarian arguments by which all extensions of the number and power of state functionaries are advanced. The New Order is to be a "welfare state," looking after the lives of its children from the cradle to the grave. This state is made to appear in the role of a benevolent parent protecting its little ones.

That the state *of itself* has no resources whatever for taking care of anyone is not, of course, emphasized. The state itself cannot feed, clothe or house its own functionaries. These, and all institutions conducted by the state—education, defense, courts, penal institutions, welfare services—are supported and paid for, not by the labor of the state but by the labor of the people. The state is entirely at the receiving end, taking the fruits of labor and returning them in one form or another minus overhead charges. The overhead charges are the costs of bureaucracy and bureaucratic institutions, which are entirely parasitic on working society.

By common consent the state is a necessity. By common consent there are social tasks which can be accomplished only through the taxation power of the state and through state institutions. No thoughtful person will pretend that a public-school system is the *best* way to educate children through primary and secondary grades. The contrary is proved by the choice of private schools for their children by parents who can afford them, and by the better preparation of these children for institutions of higher learning. But nobody can think of how all children can obtain the rudiments, at least, of an education except through a public-school system.

Similarly, everyone recognizes that only the institutions of the state can provide for the national defense—though so far in its history the people have prevented the entire male youth from being turned over for a year or more to the armed forces, in peacetimes.

> No folly is more costly than the folly of intolerant idealism. —WINSTON CHURCHILL.

We recognize, without question, that it is the function of the state—Federal, state or local—to preserve the public domain, to build roads, to take measures to conserve the soil even when it is in private hands, to prevent floods, to dispose of refuse, to take financial measures calculated to balance the economy, and, when employment is slowing down from lack of confidence of capital, to revivify the economy by public works, and to care for those who, from whatever infirmities, are unable to care for themselves.

But always, in our American history—and until recently among all English-speaking peoples—we have opposed turning over to the state anything that *can* be done by the people themselves, as individuals or organized groups. The American mind never accepted the idea that there was some moral superiority or superefficiency in the activities of state functionaries over private persons, or privately organized groups. And, indeed, experience, on the whole, showed the contrary.

It is a revision of this attitude which is new—not new in the world, but new in America: to attach special prestige, benevolence or superiority to anything undertaken by the state, and to turn over to the state ever-increasing control over everyone's personal income, all in the name of "social security." The process by which this is done is to tax all current earnings on the promise of future benefits and as insurance against future hazards—of unemployment, old age and, now, illness.

Now, many arguments are made for and against these measures, along the line-up "Progressive" versus "Reactionary"—in modern translation, "Righteous" versus "Unrighteous." But, if a small voice may say so, what is actually progressing is that people retain fewer and fewer of their earnings, have less and less money to provide for their own security and receive in return dubious benefits.

If a man takes out a well-drawn [in]surance policy for the benefit of him[self] his family, its accumulation pays [in]terest; he can suspend payments [at] times by lengthening maturity, a[nd] pay it up entirely or accelerate its m[at] in good years; he can borrow again[st] an emergency; he can draw an incom[e] it in his old age; and if he dies its fac[e] is paid in cash to his family.

No state insurances have any [of] features. They pay no interest on t[he] ital invested; they cannot be delayed celerated; and they can be drawn [on] for only a single purpose. If any company offered such policies, it wou[ld] few takers.

If an earner saves money and in[vests] in a house, in an area of low taxes, h[e] antees himself a roof over his head ar[d] the possibility of income. The fam[ily] double up and take a boarder, for in[stance] If he saves money and invests it in [a farm] of land, he can, with his own industry the land support, or partially suppo[rt] If even he buys an automobile, he c[an] der necessity, turn it into a taxi; an[d] merely puts his savings into a savings it will eventually double at compou[nd] terest.

THESE are only a few of the ways Americans, time out of mind, hav[e] vided for themselves. The Americ[an] sumption has been that the average ican family can conduct its own affa[irs] spend and invest its money more effi[ciently] than the state can. And this *must*, in [the] be so, since every adult person best his own needs and his own talents.

Now it is pr[oposed] that every An[erican] must be compulso[rily] sured by the [state] against illness, an[d] vided by the stat[e] medical treatment ill, this care to b[e] for out of a tax on pay rolls. L[et us] entirely aside the arguments of ican physicians as to what this coll[ectivi] bureaucratization of medicine has to medical standards wherever tried ing out of account the burden that th[is] ple always bear, under such syste[ms] malingerers and hypochondriacs—w[hile] American people get their money's in return for a sum extracted from pay check?

From long and intimate acquai[ntance] with this form of state medicine in many and Austria, I can answer: The not. And admitting that serious ill are often family catastrophes, coul[d] be better helped in other ways?

Certainly. Americans have helped selves over costs of hospitalization by schemes, in which the payments a[re] than $40 a year for the entire family have helped themselves from becom[ing] by more intelligence in nutrition and ing. And there are many ways in whi[ch] state could help them, not by taki[ng] medicine and all the people under reaucracy, but by *helping people to* themselves.

The state can and should expa[nd] public-health services; it can and s[hould] give grants-in-aid to poorer states for ing, especially in rural areas, moder[n] pitals, open to all qualified physicians. turn for a certain number of hours per of genuinely free care to the really ind[igent] Poor people don't need taxes on pay c[hecks] They need charity and mercy. Ame[rican] physicians of the very highest capaciti already giving $1,000,000 per day i[n] services, and with widened opportu[nity] would give more.

When people are ill they need m[edical] Much financial distress from illness from having to pay doctors' bills, but losing wages. No doctor can help any over a common cold or through a viru[s] One needs to stay in bed, in order n[ot] get pneumonia. State medicine won't the victims of such illnesses that cost t[he]

(Continued on Page 121)

"Conversation Pieces" from the K

Shrimp
star
salad



Easter Ham "Eggcitement"

WHY don't you plant a bright border of Easter flowers around the platter that holds the resplendent Swift's Premium Ham? They're edible posies . . . of tinted Swift's Brookfield Eggs and cucumber (or parsley). To reveal all the matchless flavor of Swift's Premium, *follow the easy cooking directions on the tag that comes with every ham.* Then under that crackling, golden glaze each rosy slice will be juicy and tender . . . with the distinctive mild-yet-zesty flavor that never varies. Year after year you can count on this unchanging perfection . . . from Swift's Brown Sugar Cure and special way of smoking the hams over hardwood fires. You know at first taste why Swift's Premium is America's traditional favorite . . . by far the best-liked ham of all!

Details from your dealer!

. . . The good-to-eat flowers are simple to make. Ask your meat dealer for free printed instructions when you order your Easter ham . . . or write Martha Logan, Dept. PH-1, Swift & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

2 STYLES! Blue Label for easy cooking at home; Red Label for ham that's fully cooked, ready to eat.

ter feasting—
il favorite
Ham

True mayonna
at its finest

made with really choice ingredients, including pure



Easter Glory Cake

Make a thrifty two-egg cake using recipe on Swans Down Cake Flour box. Then go Easter-elegant with this luscious, fluffy Baker's Coconut frosting. De luxe eating—at very little cost!

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
⅓ cup water
2 teaspoons light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups Baker's Coconut

Follow frosting directions on Baker's Coconut package. Spread on cake and sprinkle with flavor-fresh Baker's Coconut. Fill nests in coconut with jelly beans.



Economy cake goes Easter-elegant with BAKER'S COCONUT!

IT'S EASTER—and your heart says, "Make a lovely cake!" while your budget says, "Go *easy!*" But luscious Baker's Coconut can help you do *both!*

First, make your most economical cake and frost as shown above. Then drift it high with tender, snow-white Baker's Coconut. And behold—an Easter Glory Cake!

Baker's Coconut is now in stores everywhere. Use it often to glorify thrifty desserts! On fruits, Jell-O, custards, rice pudding, salads.

Products of General Foods





CHOCOLATE PIE. Make Jell-O Chocolate Pudding with 1¾ cups milk. Add ½ cup Baker's Coconut. Cool. Turn into pie shell. Top with meringue, sprinkle with crunchy-fresh Baker's Coconut and brown!

NEW RECIPE BOOK! Send for colorful, idea-packed "Coconut Glamour Desserts." Yours for only 10¢! Address Baker's Coconut, Box B 49, Battle Creek, Mich.

AMBROSIA. Combine snowy Baker's Coconut and cut-up Sunkist Oranges.

Bread Pudding. Top with luscious Baker's Coconut instead of cream.

Cold Cereal. Sprinkle with coconut. Kids love it!

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



Before . . . spring tonic . . . after

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

HUNTERS claim that the bighorn sheep are the most difficult animals on the North American continent to stalk. Their eyes are equal to man's plus a fine pair of six-power glasses. They live on inaccessible peaks. And they are very clever. According to Andrew Russell, student of wild animal life, they actually play organized games. Some friends of his saw a remarkable exhibition through binoculars. High on a mountain crag stood a ewe, below her a steep, hard snowdrift which ran down a hundred yards and then a precipice which dropped off sheer into airy space. At first alone, the ewe was soon joined by a group of lambs and young rams—her children and no doubt her grandchildren. Then, to the amazement of the binocular watchers, she jumped down into the snowdrift with her feet set, sliding straight for disaster, and, when only a matter of feet from the lip of the cliff and a terrible plunge to a sure death, made a four-legged Christi turn, and began climbing back again as fast as she could to the crag she had come from. One after another the rest of the group followed her glissade, each making that turn on the edge and climbing back for another try. They were still at it when it got too dark for the watchers to see.

•

L. H. J. readers, and Philadelphians in particular, will be interested to read **QUEEN STREET STORY,** a novel by ***Anne Paterson,*** a JOURNAL editor, about old Philadelphia. It is the story of a young doctor in the 1880's working in the seaport section of the city—with fascinating details about the medical practice of that day and about the dramatic life of the water front.

•

"I know a woman who is without superlatives, perhaps because she is herself superlative," writes ***Burges Johnson*** *in* **THE LOST ART OF PROFANITY.** *"When most deeply moved she says nothing, though her eyes betray her. Her silences are generally so eloquent they force others into a silence of sympathy or of puzzled respect. Just as graphic artists have learned the value of white space, she too has learned it or has instinctively known it always. Her most emphatic sentences are in low tones surrounded by margins of white silence, and others pause to listen."*

Ugh! She is the kind that other women thoroughly dislike. She's affected or she suffers from super self-satisfaction. But a man would fall for those long silences. He'd take them as a personal tribute. . . . Otherwise **THE LOST ART OF PROFANITY** is quite a book—scholarly and wise and filled with neat examples. What, wonders Doctor Johnson, would the unsophisticated visitor from Mars think of the heroic-type salesmanship with which we surround ourselves:

"With a taunt in her smile and a haunt in his kiss."

"She's murder bait—tempting, tantalizing, beautiful!"

"A story of exquisite yearning comes to the screen to storm your heart with drama and magnificent adventure. . . in fabulous Technicolor!"

Jonathan Swift suggested two hundred years ago that there might be a therapeutic value to swearing, since it vented spleen which might otherwise

(Continued on Page 16)

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"As soon as I washed his mouth out with soap he said it again . . . but that time I couldn't blame him."



Easter Ham "Eggcitement"

WHY don't you plant a bright border of Easter flowers around the platter that holds the resplendent Swift's Premium Ham? They're edible posies . . . of tinted Swift's Brookfield Eggs and cucumber (or parsley). To reveal all the matchless flavor of Swift's Premium, *follow the easy cooking directions on the tag that comes with every ham.* Then under that crackling, golden glaze each rosy slice will be juicy and tender . . . with the distinctive mild-yet-zesty flavor that never varies. Year after year you can count on this unchanging perfection . . . from Swift's Brown Sugar Cure and special way of smoking the hams over hardwood fires. You know at first taste why Swift's Premium is America's traditional favorite . . . by far the best-liked ham of all!

Details from your dealer!

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2 STYLES! Blue Label for easy cooking at home; Red Label for ham that's fully cooked, ready to eat.

High note for Easter feasting—
America's traditional favorite

Swift's Premium Ham

The Wise Wife Buys Waxtex!



Easy-to-Use
FOOD SAVER!

Waxtex is waxed through and on both sides to protect against air, drying out, moisture, odors. Wrap *all* foods in Waxtex for lasting freshness and flavor!

FUMBLE-PROOF
Dispenser Box



This wise wife saves time, avoids lost motion with the fumble-proof Waxtex dispenser box—the roll just can't pull out! Protected metal cutting edge gives easy, even tear. Lift flap—Waxtex is always at your finger tips.



(Continued from Page 14)

be harmful to the human system, and H. W. Bibbier, philosopher and scientist, supports his theory. "The Japanese," says Bibbier, "are less given to profanity than any other race on earth. Under emotional stress they remain silent. This pent-up emotion probably accounts in some degree for their readiness to commit suicide."

•

With unforgivable carelessness this column told an anecdote about an ancestress of Dorothy Canfield Fisher in which the pioneer woman "got out of the wagon at every stop." "Not much!" writes Dorothy Canfield. "This was 1764, and in the untracked heart of the virgin forest. Those lively young settlers who were the first Vermonters came in on horseback, over a narrow, winding Indian hunters' trail, the only path in all that region. There were mighty few wagons anyhow in the American colonies in the middle of the 18th century, for the good reason that there were mighty few roads." The anecdote was about the earlier Canfield lady seeking soft water, and in her note, D.C.F. adds: "We have always laid the prodigiously sound Canfield health to drinking that pure soft water."

•

Double Muscadine, by ***Frances Gaither,*** is one of those mysteries that you can enjoy doubly because it is literature besides. "My goodness, Br' Kirk, you needn't be as polite as all that," Sis Hat said once as, coming in weary from hog-killing labors, she sank into the chair he sprang to set for her. "Hit's like it wears a body out to be always saying thank-you to homefolks." This may sound like hillbilly talk, but Sis Hat and her brother-in-law Kirk McLean are the aristocracy of Waverley, the finest cotton plantation in their part of Mississippi. This was back before the Civil War, when that state was coming into her glory, and slavery was a respected institution. The story concerns the trial of Aimée, a beautiful slave girl from New Orl*eens*, who had strangely enough become the cook at Waverley. She is accused of poisoning the young son of Kirk McLean, and of trying to poison the whole white household. It is an absorbing tale.

•

Come spring—"when well apparel'd April on the heel of limping winter treads"—birds and baseball players get ready for the fray. According to

REPRINTED COURTESY COLLIER'S
by Sydney Hoff



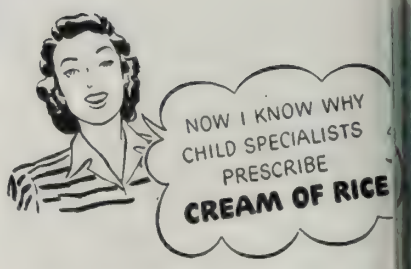
"DiMaggio, Ruth, Greenberg—they've all struck out with bases full."

scientific count, a mother wren between dawn and sunset of one day fed her babies 1217 times!

•

Maurice Hindus, traveler in Europe and Russia, commentator on people and conditions under process of political

(Continued on Page 18)



1. QUICKER NUTRITION
2. MORE ENERGY
3. EASIER TO DIGEST



3 advantages over any wheat, oat, or baby cereal

Gives more nutrition faster. New life begins to pour into the system *in a few minutes! Gives more energy!* And...Vitamin B_1 B_2 and Niacin are added—*plus iron*—for rich, red blood and better growth! *Is easier to digest!* Many doctors recommend Cream of Rice as one of baby's first cereals.



*Test data available upon professional request.

READY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!

FOR EXTRA RICH BROWN DELICIOUS
GRAVY



Use
KITCHEN Bouquet

Here's the gravy secret good cooks have known for over 70 years—Kitchen Bouquet offers the easy, never-fail way to get *extra* rich, brown, delicious gravy! Kitchen Bouquet adds no artificial flavor—simply steps up true, rich meat taste. Helpful recipe folder with every bottle.

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S

Westinghouse



NEW! COLDER COLD MADE POSSIBLE BY THE EXCLUSIVE AUTOMATIC HOLD-COLD CONTROL

NEW "ARISTOCRAT-10" *(Left)*
The prize of all Refrigerator-Freezers! Oversize, full-width Freeze Chest freezes food, or stores over 43 pounds. Holds an extra 13 pounds in the Ice Cube Storage Tray. Butter Keeper, Meat Keeper, adjustable shelves.

NEW "DE LUXE-11" *(Right)*
Stores 35 pounds of frozen foods, besides actually freezing foods. Special Meat Keeper, 2 large, extra-deep Humidrawers for fruits and vegetables, and plenty of shelf space.



THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE! This marvelous, new HOLD-COLD CONTROL gives you the intense, COLDER COLD in the Freezer that keeps frozen foods safely . . . freezes them more swiftly . . . makes ice cubes faster . . . holds ice cream firm and smooth.

IT AUTOMATICALLY HOLDS TEMPERATURES STEADY AND SAFE in the Main Food Compartment. Gives moist cold *only where needed* . . . for fruits and vegetables . . . keeps them market-fresh.

WINTER OR SUMMER . . . NOTHING TO TURN . . . nothing to touch! The HOLD-COLD CONTROL *automatically* adjusts to temperatures selected, regardless of outside climate, humidity or temperature.

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS A

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SEE THEM AT YOUR RETAILER'S

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TUNE IN TED MALONE . . . EVERY MORNING, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY . . . ABC NETWORK



(Continued from Page 16)

change, has now visited the critical areas of the Near East. IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE is his most interesting comment upon Persia, Egypt, Iraq and Palestine. He leaves politics pretty much alone, and pays heed instead to agriculture, a subject on which he is especially knowing, having been brought up on a farm in Russia and worked on a farm in upstate New York when he came to this country.

What the Jews have accomplished in Palestine is the solution, he is certain, of the misery and low standard of living of the other nations of that region.

"No Moses guided by divine inspiration has struck with the rod," says he. "The Jews have hunted for water, have dug for it, have lifted it to the surface. They have cleared the pestilential swamps, all but one, and have vanquished the malaria-carrying mosquito which for centuries has been the scourge of the Arab population of the country." He quotes Lawrence of Arabia, writing thirty years ago about Jewish achievement in Palestine: "The success of their scheme will involve inevitably the raising of the present Arab population to their own material level, only a little after themselves in point of time, and the consequences might be of the highest importance for the future of the Arab world." However deep their enmity for Israel at the moment, Hindus adds, the Arabs can no more disregard its successful solution of problems identical to their own "than a sick man can disregard the penicillin a physician prescribes for him because it cured a neighbor whom he hates."

After all, there is nothing the Jews have done that the Mohammedans cannot do too. What about Spain made into a peninsula of fertility under the Moors, for some four hundred years, and dried up into a desert again under the Castilians?

•

Two practical books, of varying importance, have come in to this desk this month. A MANUAL FOR BABY SITTERS,

REPRINTED COURTESY COLLIER'S
by Perry Barlow



"Oh, dear! Our **sitter** *is going to have a baby!"*

by ***Marion Lowndes,*** could be subtitled "A Manual for Grandmas." What to do with the baby left in one's care, what songs to sing to him, what games to play as he toddles, what book to read when he can understand, besides what to give him to eat at any age, and what telephone numbers to call in emergencies, is gathered together compactly and sensibly. The big impact for us was that there is a *course* for baby sitters! Yes, and its director, Gladys Romanoff, writes the foreword to the book! (Little Brown and Co., Boston, Mass.)

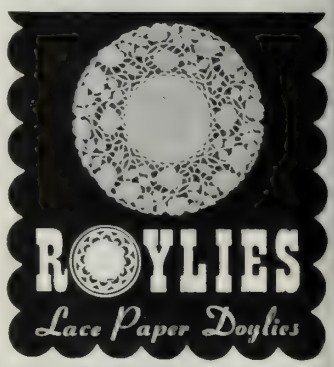
The other very valuable book is DIABETIC MENUS, MEALS AND RECIPES,

(Continued on Page 21)



How to give every me
...more appeal!

Give every meal an inviting look wi
crisp, white lace-paper Roylie place ma
Use matching Roylies under glasses, d
serts, etc. Beautiful as real linen. Cost l
than laundering of linens. Get Roylies
every meal in many shapes, sizes, patter
At 5 and 10's, naborhood, dept. sto



Trade Mark "Royledge" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



The Most
Beautiful, Colore
POPULAR-PRICED Curtains in Americ

The magnificent, colorful Beacon Luxury Sheer, illustrated, headlines a diversified array of Beacon-Net Curtains for spring. Lovely, lacy textures with beautifully colored patterns. All washable. At fine stores, or write for your dealer's name. Beacon Looms, Inc., Dept. J, 261 Fifth Ave., New York.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

beacon-nets
washable curtains
FOR EVERY ROOM IN THE HOME



Spring blooms in these rooms!

Dine and shine in this Daystrom room that sings a song of Spring. You'll live lightheartedly with this new dining set, for every bright inch swishes clean with a damp cloth! The dinner-for-eight-size table is trimly topped with long-wearing, work-sparing plastic, gay as a daffodil. Two center extensions slip swiftly in when extra company comes. Woods-green Duran covers the comfort-curved chairs. All Daystrom furniture is designed for modern living, in superb chrome *electroplated* on sturdy steel. Thrift-priced at department and furniture stores everywhere. Dining sets, 4 chairs, from $49.95* to $144.50*. Host chair, $19.95*.



Three for tea? Anyone can cultivate a social swinging of the gate with this settee that's made for three. It's new—in three units! Deep, restful springs invite carefree lounging. And it's so easy to keep the washable Duran fresh and new—the chromed surfaces shining as sixpence! New, too, is the rakish little red roll-away that makes serving so simple. Perfect for parties and like an extra pair of hands in the dining room. 3-piece settee, $134.50*. Roll-away, $24.95*.



Don't worry! All Daystromite table tops are laminated plastic—resist heat, scratches, stains! They're even cigarette-proof!

-it's DAYSTROM furniture!

DAYSTROM
AN ASSOCIATE

Furniture for casual living—featured by stores from coast to coast

DAYSTROM CORPORATION, Olean, N. Y. • Daystrom Pacific Corporation, Pasadena, Calif.

**Prices higher in West and South. Subject to change without notice.*

THE

NEW

STERLING

PATTERN



FOR WOMEN

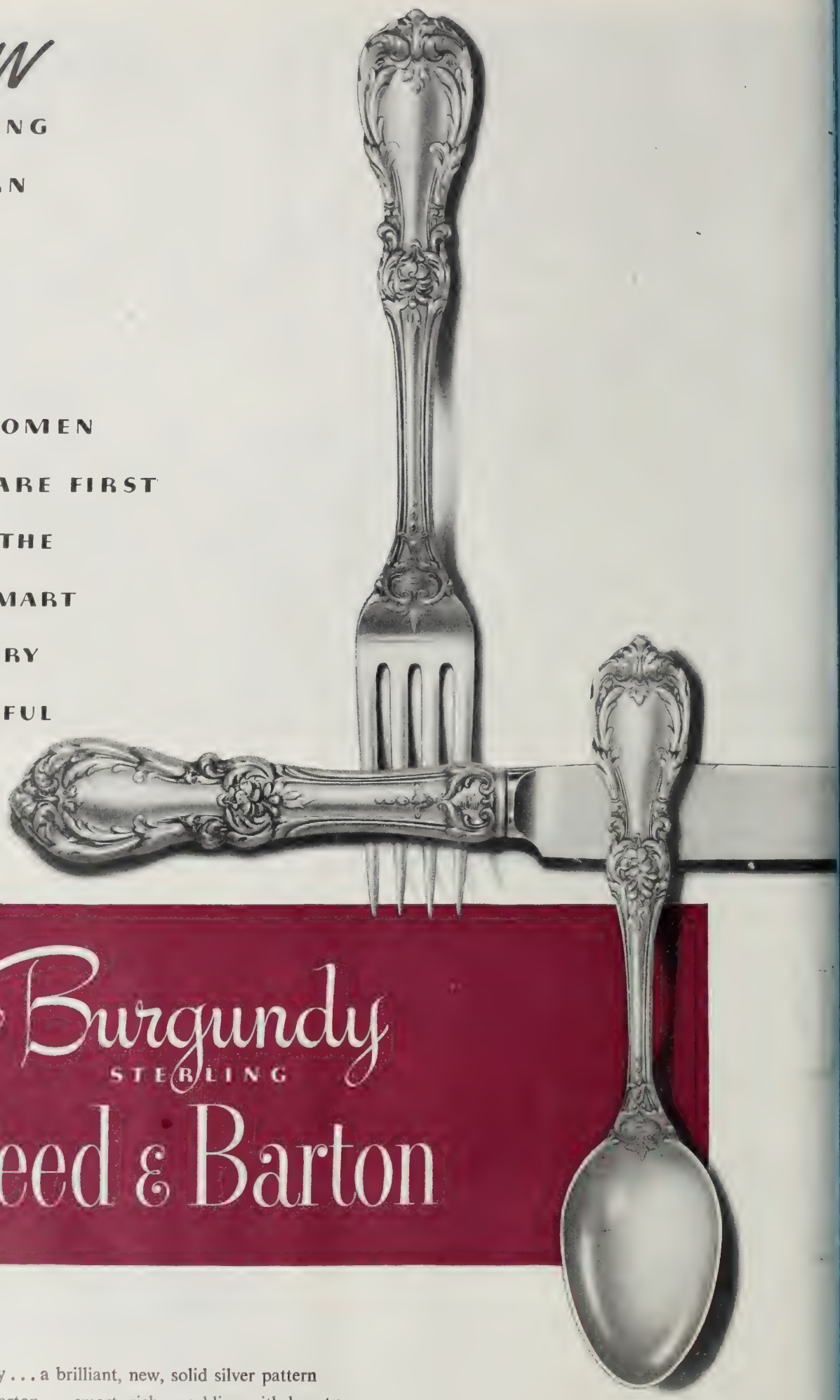
WHO ARE FIRST

WITH THE

VERY SMART

AND VERY

BEAUTIFUL



Burgundy
STERLING
by Reed & Barton

$28.75 the six-piece place setting, tax included, at leading jewelry stores and silverware departments.

Burgundy . . . a brilliant, new, solid silver pattern by Reed & Barton . . . smart, rich, sparkling with beauty. A lovely, French-inspired design created for the woman who wants her table to reflect the timeless appeal of good taste.

WRITE FOR FREE FOLDER ON BURGUNDY. OR ENCLOSE 10¢ FOR HELPFUL BOOKLET "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS." BOX 990, DEPT. L, TAUNTON, MAS

VOCATIONAL COUNSELOR . . .

at Valdese High School

THE scene was a June morning in the high-school auditorium of a small Southern town. Halfway back in the audience of admiring parents and relatives of the sixty-odd graduates sat a small smartly dressed woman. She was listening intently to the oratory of the commencement speaker.

"You are now ready," the speaker told the graduates as usual, "to enter a larger sphere of endeavor. You are about to take your place as useful citizens in a complex society."

Ready? Mrs. Dell B. Wilson frowned. She knew Bill Perkins, her young cousin, was not. In fact, she was sure he was very confused. His best friend, big Jim Thompson, wasn't ready either. Skillful with his hands, an excellent athlete, Jim didn't want college, couldn't afford college, and showed obvious talent for a trade. But the local high school hadn't offered any vocational guidance, so Jim had struggled with history and Latin. How much would they help him in getting a mechanical job? Dell Wilson wondered.

That was four years ago. Since that commencement day, Mrs. Wilson has become a full-time vocational counselor serving five small high schools in Burke County, North Carolina. She trained herself for the work, organized and introduced the service in the schools. Now she is wondering how many more minutes she can squeeze into her working day and still have time to do her best for her husband and three sons, Henry, 19, John, 16, and Douglas, 11.

Her real decision came when young Tom Bryan, with a recently acquired A.B. degree, came to her with the usual postgraduate problem. "'What can you do?' every prospective employer asks me. Why didn't somebody tell me four years ago *(Continued on Page 202)*

EDWARD BURKS—SCOPE



Frankie Kard, of Valdese High School, will have help from her vocational-guidance counselor in achieving her dream of happy home life on the farm.

From School to Job

By MARGARET HICKEY

DURING the war Americans learned one simple lesson: just this—the worker who does the *best* job *likes* what he is doing. Whether he lays bricks or smashes atoms, a man should have faith in his job, and faith in himself. Yet many workers potentially competent never find their niche. Guidance is badly needed. Call it what you will—job counseling, human engineering, vocational guidance—the goal is the same: we ought to find the *right* job for the *right* person.

Who needs this guidance? Many bewildered youngsters, unskilled and untrained, who have been persuaded that they can step into high and easy wages, with boogie-woogie during office hours; college students being trained for overcrowded fields in which they might be misfits anyway; adults with yesterday's skills that will be antiquated tomorrow.

Vocational guidance is a service comparable to public health and public education. It ought to be available to everybody. Fortunately, it is provided for veterans by Federal legislation. It is making jobs and brighter futures possible for thousands of our ex-servicemen who otherwise might be vocational casualties. But only 1600 of our 30,000 high schools have guidance facilities. That we have failed to make school interesting and profitable to many students is illustrated by the fact that twice as many children leave school today before 16 as in prewar years. And the number of 14- and 15-year-olds at full- or part-time work is three times as great as in 1940 (Bureau of Labor Statistics). We have failed these youngsters. For their younger brothers and sisters we must provide the counseling which will encourage longer time in school and better preparation for work after graduation.

"What can I *do best?* What training do I need for *success?*" Anyone from 16 to 60 may ask these questions of the Allegheny Vocational Counseling Center in Pittsburgh. Its doors are open to schools, to clients of health and welfare agencies, to business houses or industrial plants. A nonprofit organization supported in part by the Buhl Foundation, the Allegheny Center is an outgrowth of a war agency which tested individuals for work in war industries. Now the staff of vocational counselors, part-time physicians and a psychologist gives comprehensive physical, mental and aptitude tests for a minimum fee.

Seeing actual working conditions helps many young people gain insight and ideas about job possibilities. The Vocational Guidance Committee of McCook, Nebraska, has introduced an annual high-school "Seniors' Career Day," with visits to farms, stores, offices, shops, schools and hospitals. Last spring 400 students from 37 schools in Nebraska and Kansas registered for the day's activities. The Camp Fire Girls and Girl Scouts of Staten Island, New York, are given similar job-discovery tours through arrangements made each year by the local Business and Professional Women's Club.

Jobs for young people *without college training* is the chief work of the fifty-year-old Junior Vocational Advisory Service in New York City, headed by Mrs. Beardsley Ruml. This agency works hand in hand with the New York Employment Service and the Veterans Administration. The excellent staff knows job problems and job opportunities for these beginners and puts this valuable information at their disposal.

A new departure in this service is assistance to young people recently released from mental hospitals. The staff hopes soon to be able to train inmates of such institutions for gainful and satisfactory work. **THE END**

When you see this MADE OF Durene REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MERCERIZED COTTON on this —buy it!



Why? . . . Because that trade-mark "Durene" is your assurance of extra strength, lasting lustre, extra comfort, easy washing. And that goes for T-shirts, sweaters, hosiery . . . yes, and a lot of other good-feeling, good-looking items. Durene is mercerized cotton. And merchandise bearing the Durene name is subject to the Durene quality control plan; which includes regular, impartial laboratory tests. Snap up anything made of Durene, and you'll do a good deed for your budget.

Reference Library

TIME ON YOUR HANDS?

EVEN a few minutes every day are reasons enough to begin a handiwork project. It may take several months to complete; but if you have always wanted a lovely appliquéd quilt or your own hooked rugs, put those extra minutes to work and begin now. You will be delighted with your progress, proud of your results.

QUILTS

2503. BRIDAL QUILT. What bride wouldn't cherish this as a wedding gift? Each block depicts a wedding tradition of different countries. Figures and designs are appliquéd. Thirty blocks make up quilt. 25c.

2349. SATURNIA SOUVENIR. A modern pieced quilt done in block effect. Lovely in white, rich red and brown. Three colors used throughout. 25c.

2348. FRIENDSHIP'S PLUME. Dark scalloped border with plume pattern forming center design. Appliquéd. Requires only two colors. 25c.

2347. IRIS. Iris-and-blade design decorates entire quilt top. Appliquéd. Not done in blocks. Narrow dark border. Three colors necessary. 25c.

2346. SUNFLOWER. Bold flowers and leaves form deep border. Appliquéd. Done in brown, yellow, green and white. Brown, yellow and green form edge of quilt. 25c.

2345. ROSE TREE. A Swiss design done in delicate feminine colors. Rose tree forms center design. Double roses form border. Appliquéd. Three shades of pink, green and white used. Narrow green border. 25c.

2344. POMEGRANATE. Another appliquéd pattern arranged in blocks. Three pomegranates on each stem. Three shades of red, green and white. Alternate blocks have single-blossom-and-leaf design. 25c.

2343. OHIO ROSE. An easy appliqué pattern with open rose in center of four buds. Bud-and-vine border. Not done in blocks. Three shades of rose, green and white. 25c.

2342. SNOWFLAKE. A pieced quilt. White background with design composed of two shades of the same color. Blue or yellow is lovely. 25c.

2341. TRUMPET VINE. A graceful pattern on a white background. Appliquéd. Slightly scalloped edge. All-over design. Two shades of red and one of green are used for the flowers. Edge of quilt is bound in green. 25c.

2340. LOTUS. A beautiful quilt done in green, white and shades of red. Inspired by an Egyptian frieze. Has scalloped edge. 25c.

PLACE MATS

2489. PLACE MATS. Fifteen different designs for table sets. Some to crochet, some to embroider, one with daisy insets. Make some for entertaining, others for everyday use. 25c.

HOOKED RUGS

2013. OXEN-AND-PLOW SAMPLER HOOKED RUG. A pastoral scene including two houses, two farmers, two oxen and a plow. The size is 24 by 40 inches. 15c.

2014. SQUARE-MOTIF HOOKED RUG. Pattern is made up of concentric squares in contrasting colors. Must be traced on burlap. Size is 24 by 54 inches. 15c.

2015. HOLLY HOOKED RUG. Holly leaves, stems and leaves form a colorful border on a neutral background. A paper pattern to be traced. Size: 27 by 40 inches. 15c.

2016. SCROLL HOOKED RUG. Graceful scrolls form border. Large floral design high-lights center. Background is done in several colors. Size: 27 by 49 inches. 15c.

2017. FLORAL HOOKED RUG. A quaint, old-fashioned design. Edge of rug is dark, design is done in light shades. Rose and buds form center. Size: 22 by 44 inches. 15c.

2018. BOUQUET HOOKED RUG. Scalloped border. Large floral bouquet in center is only design. Size: 24 by 40 inches. Can be done in four or more colors. 15c.

KNITTED DRESSES

2560. KNITTED ONE-PIECE DRESS. A lovely, short-sleeved tailored dress. Tiny collar, buttons up front of waist. Slenderizing rib stitch. 20c.

2557. TWO-PIECE KNITTED DRESS. A popular design for the younger set. Done in two-tone yarn. Cardigan top, full skirt topped with a wide cummerbund. Push-up sleeves. Collarless. 20c.

2552. KNITTED AFTERNOON DRESS. Round, shirred neckline, tiny gathered sleeves, flared skirt. Two bands of gold thread form outline yoke, also accent hemline. A narrow gold belt is worn with dress. 20c.

2479. KNITTED TWO-PIECE DRESS. Make this for summer in white and your favorite color. Collarless, short-sleeved, check-stitch top jacket is worn over all-white, rib-stitch skirt. Add a belt with a bright, unusual buckle. 15c.

OTHER KNITS FOR SPRING

2556. JACKET SWEATER. A Christine Hunter design. Buttons up front. Corners of opening turn back to form collar. Edges and pockets bound in ribbon. 15c.

2549. COLLARLESS CARDIGAN. Make this in bright yarn to wear over a light summer dress, or with a white shirt. Shaped at waist. 15c.

2548. KNITTED VEST. Smart with a tailored blouse and skirt. Tweedy look by using two tones of same color. Low V neckline. 15c.

2494. SLEEVELESS PULL-OVER. Make a smart cable-knit cashmere. Wear it inside or over skirt. Add a belt or bright pin. V neckline. 15c.

2480. SLEEVELESS BLAZER. Knit this in white with edges of blazer trimmed in contrasting color. 15c.

2474. BATHING SUIT. Bra-and-shorts style in easy-to-knit pattern. Bra is strapless. 15c.

2471. CARDIGAN. Another cashmere favorite. Neckline is trimmed with three rows of black braid, one row trims front opening. 15c.

2470. SLIPOVER TO MATCH 2471. Short sleeves, may be worn over skirt with belt. Neckline is also trimmed with three rows of braid and tassels. 15c.

2468. POLKA-DOT SWEATER. A nubby knit with short sleeves, low U neckline, just-below-waistline length. Use a bright color on white. 15c.

2467. JACKET SWEATER. This summer addition is done in basket-weave stitch. Has tiny collar, short sleeves, buttons up front. 15c.

OTHER FEATURES

Lists are sent free on request. They give title, number and price of all our booklets and patterns.

2008. LIST OF DEPARTMENTAL BOOKLETS. For your home, garden, beauty, entertaining and child care.

1695. SUB-DEB BOOKLET LIBRARY.

1660. LIST OF JOURNAL HAT AND BAG PATTERNS.

2333. CHILDREN'S PATTERNS LIST.

2076. THINGS-TO-WEAR PATTERNS. Aprons, blouses, accessories.

1571. REFERENCE LIST OF KNITTED AND CROCHETED PATTERNS.

1752. HANDICRAFT-PATTERN LIST. Things for you to make for your home, your children, gifts or yourself.

We will gladly send any of these booklets and patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes or Savings Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Penna.

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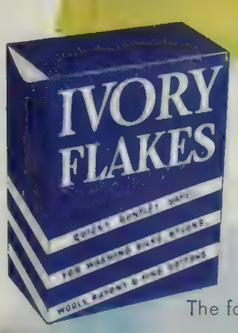
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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Of all the ills of marriage, jealousy is the most deadly and unnecessary.

The Jealous Wife

Type I: AGGRESSIVE

Elizabeth is possessive, envious and obviously jealous. Dominant and aggressive, she burns up if her husband looks at another woman, or if another woman shows any interest in him. She creates violent scenes, and tells off the intruder in tempestuous and unrestrained language. Ever watchful, Elizabeth is suspicious of her husband's every action; demands xplanations of the most trivial incident—why was he ten minutes late getting home, what was he talking about so intently with Mrs. Jones, where was he when she phoned the office?

Type II: FEARFUL

Jane is quite different. She's a quiet, sweet girl, not pretty, but attractive and wholesome. She is married to a handsome man, debonair and charming. When he pays the slightest attention to another woman, Jane is crushed. Her usual self-consciousness is magnified; her slightest blunder produces an agony of embarrassment. Timid and hypersensitive, she silently eats her heart out, always fearing she is losing her husband. But she doesn't confide in John, and he is puzzled, discomfited and—though he is a patient man—sometimes irritated by her downcast moods, her remoteness and her too frequent tears.

Type III: REVENGEFUL

Vengeful and spiteful, Tania is constantly trying to get even with her husband. She has little evidence to suggest that her husband is involved with another woman, but it is easy for her to exaggerate anything he says or does. When jealousy engulfs her, she makes overtures to some other man, hoping to reverse the situation and make her husband jealous. Her tactics have led her to undignified, even improper conduct, and she and her husband are gradually losing their friends.

DISSIMILAR as they seem, each of these three women typifies the same basic fault—jealousy—in one of its commonest forms. All love their husbands, but by giving away to jealousy, each is risking the very thing she prizes so highly, her husband's affection. For few persons, male or female, can continue to love a jealous mate.

Elizabeth's shrewishness and unreasonableness in private, her outbursts in public, have destroyed her husband's love. Jane's morbid sensitivity, her apathy and lack of spirit are likely to drive her husband to seek fun and companionship elsewhere. Tania's scandalous behavior has undermined the respect her embittered husband once had for her. Sooner or later, unless she mends her ways, he will divorce her.

Though husbands as well as wives are subject to jealousy, women are more likely to be jealous than men. Among the many components of the jealous attitude are resentment and revenge, fear and suspicion, and lack of self-confidence.

Almost invariably, the jealous person feels inferior and distrusts her own ability. Disregarding the fact that he chose her in the first place, she doubts that her character and personality are sufficiently attractive to hold her man. She feels secure only when she absorbs his exclusive attention.

Unfortunately, many jealous people do not recognize their problem. For jealousy masquerades in many guises; it may take the form of self-pity or nagging or ridicule. If you suspect or know that you are jealous, you must accept these principles before any improvement is possible:

1. Jealousy solves nothing; on the contrary, it aggravates the problem, or may even create one where none existed.

2. Jealousy frequently has little objective basis. Perhaps your jealousy is a symptom of your own emotional immaturity.

3. A jealous person is hard to live with. Love does not flourish in an atmosphere of suspicion.

4. A husband usually resents his wife's lack of trust and may turn elsewhere for appreciation and understanding.

5. Affection, love and fidelity can never be won by demand, nor exacted as a right. They can only be earned by continuing effort.

With these principles in mind, adopt a systematic program to improve the situation:

- Accept the fact that your own emotional attitude is at least partly responsible, and concentrate on improving that, rather than trying to force your husband into a pattern acceptable to you. Easier said than done—for jealousy is one of the hardest faults to correct—but worth a try.
- Search for, and try to correct, any basic flaws in your marriage which may drive your husband to seek solace elsewhere. Friction over money, religion or in-laws makes the other woman more attractive.

Take pride in the fact that your husband chose to marry you. Realize that you first won him by competing for him (consciously or unconsciously) and that is the only way you can hold him. Are you as attentive as ever to grooming and cleanliness, to clothes, to your qualifications as a companion?

Of course, if your husband is a genuine philanderer, you have a real problem, and one which can be solved only by his conscious effort as well as yours. But even in this case, jealousy will not help.

Are You Proud of Him?

For you to take pride in any man, his achievements and habits must please and delight you. Answer *yes* or *no*.

1. Do your women friends admire him?
2. Are you proud of his personal appearance?
3. Do you respect the kind of work he does?
4. Is he cordial to your relatives?
5. Are you proud of his general reputation?
6. Is he respectful and considerate of older people?
7. Does he keep his temper in heated arguments?
8. Is he careful about cleanliness?
9. Does he compare favorably with your friends' husbands?
10. Are you proud of his community interests?
11. At a party, does he show you enough attention?
12. Does he try to get ahead in his job?
13. Are his voice and speech habits pleasing to you?
14. Does he have any special talent you are proud of?
15. Will he co-operate when you entertain women friends?
16. Does he use profanity or obscenity?
17. Is he immoderate in any drinking he does?
18. Does he often make sarcastic, cutting remarks?
19. Are any of his mannerisms offensive to you?
20. Does his behavior in public ever shame you?

All but the last five questions should be answered yes. Credit 2 points for each correct answer to the first five items and 1 point each for the last fifteen. Any score above 20 indicates real pride in your mate. With a score of 11 or less, recheck to see if you have been too hard on him.

Occupation: Housewife

MANY jobs in this world deal with abstractions, with ideas or services remote from the everyday necessities of life, but homemaking is not one of these. The tasks involved in homemaking are immediate and tangible; no wife and mother need ever feel her job is unnecessary. Yet many housewives do feel that housework, if not superfluous, is certainly frustrating. Engaged girls often resent the prospect of keeping house—though expecting to be supported. What are the objections to housework?

Monotony. Though there are many repetitive tasks in housework, so are there in any job. Train yourself to perform the routine tasks as early in the day and as efficiently as possible, and to busy your mind with ideas while your hands are occupied making the beds. Plan a little break when you have finished—a second cup of coffee, or five minutes with the paper. While you can't eliminate irksome chores, have you used all your ingenuity in minimizing them?

Housekeeping requires little intelligence. With this all too common attitude I cannot agree. Cooking, sewing, counseling your children, freshening a room by rearranging furniture—these are creative tasks demanding imagination and talent. And while washing dishes may not be very stimulating, there's always a challenge in devising short cuts for such chores.

Long hours. While there's some truth in the old saying that woman's work is never done, a well-planned schedule and a systematic approach will help. Even so, every housewife should arrange to get away from home at regular and fairly frequent intervals. If you can't afford a baby sitter, perhaps you and a friend can take turns "sitting" for each other.

Lack of companionship. Unfortunately, many housewives, especially mothers of young children, do lack adult companionship during the day. Telephoning to friends, turning on the radio, going next door for a midmorning cup of coffee—all these help; as does the plan of regularly scheduled time off for mother.

But the real solution to this problem, as to other occupational handicaps of housewives, lies in your mental attitude. Learn to regard housework as a means to an end, and the end as the creation of a home.

Efficient housekeeping keeps your house clean and orderly, provides nourishing meals punctually served. But creative homemaking lies in the winter bouquet of greens and berries gathered from the fields; in a meal assembled with an air of welcome and a minimum of flurry when your husband unexpectedly brings friends home for dinner; in knowing when to let your son disrupt the dining room to play train with the chairs. Housework is a craft; homemaking is an art. Both are essential. The craft runs your house—but the art gives it spirit.

Do You Agree?

My young wife is continually flirting with other men. Does this mean she doesn't love me?

Not necessarily—she may be continuing a girlhood habit. Have a serious friendly talk with her, pointing out how her behavior upsets you, and how it can hurt you both socially.

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That's what he thinks

THE SUB-DEB • *Edited by* MAUREEN DALY

. . . and nobody, but nobody, can be as self-happy and as self-centered as the high-school male who considers himself a grade-A Heathcliff, the answer to a maiden's prayer. But ask any high-school girl (and we asked ten of them just to be sure!) what little boys are *really* made of and the answers are enough to make a smart boy sit up and make changes. Girls like boys, naturally—but they'd like the boys even better if they would consider a few of the important pointers listed below. All summed up, it goes this way:

• *"Boys seem so scared about etiquette—why don't they just read a good book on it in private and learn what is right."*

"But don't overdo it because no manners at all are often better than a boy who acts like a male Emily Post!"

Girls like boys whose manners are "a natural," who remember little things like pulling out chairs, and helping a gal with her coat, not just on the first two or three dates, but *always*. And for an added attraction, a really swell fellow will use his best manners with a girl's family, greeting mother cordially when she answers the phone, remembering to stand when even the littlest sister comes into the room, and checking with his date early in the evening about her dating dead line, so he can deliver her to home and hearthside right on the dot! And girls prefer boys *who will find out things ahead of time*—just how much a dance bid costs, how to make proper introductions, or reserve a table at a restaurant, and the facts about getting on and off a bus or streetcar (the boy gets *on* last, pays the fare and then gets *off* first to help his girl down). In short, to get rated a dream and a half by the women in his life, a boy should learn the rules *carefully* and then follow them ~~*casually*~~, as if he'd known them all the time!

• *"Why don't boys ever pick clothes to suit their complexions? Girls are so color-conscious, and boys should be the same."*

"Suits should not be too loud . . . and boys should wear dress shirts only in white, or light, solid colors."

The size of the wardrobe should fit the size of the wallet, of course, but girls agree they like their men best in loud sports coats, corduroy jackets or bright sweaters for school, and navy or gray suits (with a narrow stripe or two) for date wear. Evening clothes for a big formal dance are extra special, but a fellow can still make out like mad in a good dark suit. The favorite shirts are white, or light colors, with button-down collars; bow ties lose out one to nine, in favor of wool knit ties, knotted Windsor style. No hats allowed on dates, the girls say; loud Argyle socks go over like Rover; and the new giant-sized crepe-soled shoes are fine for school if the boy keeps a more sober pair in his closet for nighttime wear. There was a warm vote in favor of umbrellas for boys ("You don't have to get wet just to be masculine!") and all the females agreed that Gorgeous George types with loud tropical shirts, faddish haircuts, peroxide "lucky streaks" and too-pegged pants were "just too embarrassing to date."

• *"I'd like variety on my dates—not the same old movie and hot dog."*

"Boys in the neighborhood too often just come over to a girl's house—why don't they ever pay back invitations by taking a girl out?"

Fellows who use the telephone techniques of "Guess who?" and "What're you doing Friday night?" are just plain lethal like Latin. Girls want to be asked for an ordinary date at least two days in advance, two weeks in advance for big occasions. And they're ma-ad, simply ma-ad about the smooth character who will open the conversation with an outright bid for a date, stating the where, the when and the what they will do that evening, so a girl can make blue jeans or blue chiffon wardrobe plans accordingly. Most girls would rather have a boy show up five minutes late for a date than five minutes early (who wants to get caught with her cold cream on?), and unless it's love like Lamour, most girls prefer double dating for fun. Only a slow schmoe would suggest "sitting this one out" at his girl's home *every* evening, but each girl agreed she would rather sit home playing records with the right boy than just sit home! As final chatter matter, movies as date doings get too tedious when a boy might suggest bowling, swimming, roller skating, basketball or horseback riding, and one good play or concert can be as good as three Montgomery Clift movies combined, according to many female fancies.

• *"I'm tired of orchids—a couple of iris heads, a pale pink camellia or a few bright daisies are just as nice."*

"Why can't we bring back exchange dance cards—variety is such fun at a formal dance."

It's all "just too sweet and you shouldn't have done it," the girls agree, for boys who send too big, too expensive or too thoughtless corsages for dances. The gals prefer the boy to ask what color dress his date is wearing, where she wants to wear the corsage (hair, shoulder, pinned to her evening dress or tied to her wrist) and *then* make his choice of color, size and type of flower accordingly. For a formal dance, a car is an almost "must" demand—either a cab, the family jalopy or a double-date arrangement. A good date will call ahead to a restaurant or night club for "afterward" reservations if necessary, will make brief but poised conversation with the chaperons and see that his girl gets an exchange dance or two on this special evening. And since the usual high-school gay fray lasts until well after midnight, no fellow should expect to be asked in after he brings his date for the evening to her own doorstep.

• *"If a girl doesn't want to be kissed good night, never force the issue."*

"I guess almost every girl would like to go steady sometime, but only in the old-fashioned meaning."

Only a schmoe type would force a girl to kiss him if she doesn't want to, and only a super-schmoe type would talk about it afterward if she does. Going steady shouldn't be just another way to pass time, but have the real "engaged to be engaged" meaning, even in high school. If a boy gives a girl his class ring, it's his prerogative to break it up later if he wants to—but it's a gal's choice about how to return the ring, and when. Necking is just everybody's personal problem, the girls agree, but no boy should try to kiss a girl until at least the third date, nor even mention going steady until they've passed the ten-date mark. And once the moonlight-and-roses stuff is all over (most girls "don't expect to get really engaged in high school"), no sulking, no gossiping, no telling it all to the other boys—a girl always wants to go right back where she started as "just friends."

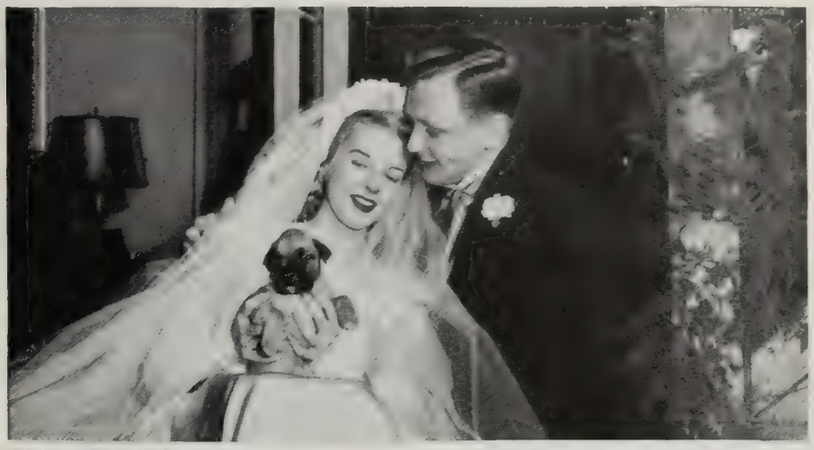
Having Any Fun?

Movie date on Wednesday, gym dance for Friday, doggie roast on Saturday? Or are there big blank spaces on your calendar where the fun should be? Then maybe you can use a hint or two on how to be a good date. Just send five cents for the Sub-Deb booklet, RATING FOR DATING, No. 1228. Write to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Long Island Wedding! Bermuda Honeymoon!



dding Bells Chime—sweet harmony as Frances Louise Ward weds piano-heir Charles hler White in St. Aloysius Church, Great Neck, Long Island. Charles beams his pride—ances looks luscious. Her cream-smooth complexion? Ah, that's Woodbury's beauty trick!



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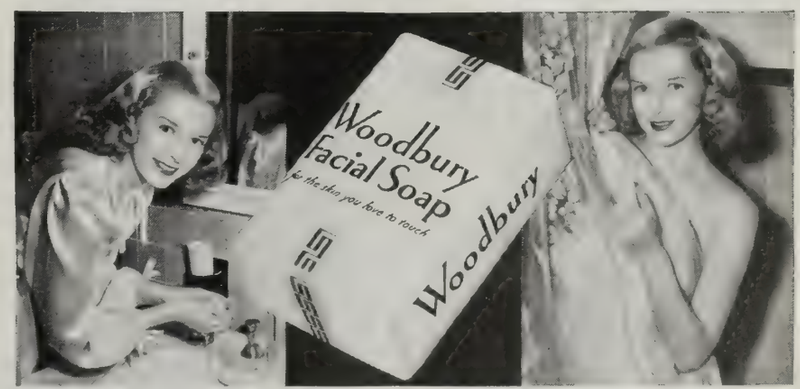
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y so alarmed, Charles? It'll taste as sweet as nces looks! Smart Frances, *she* knows secret sweet-to-kiss skin is—*Woodbury*. True beauty p, made by skin specialists. Made extra-mild.



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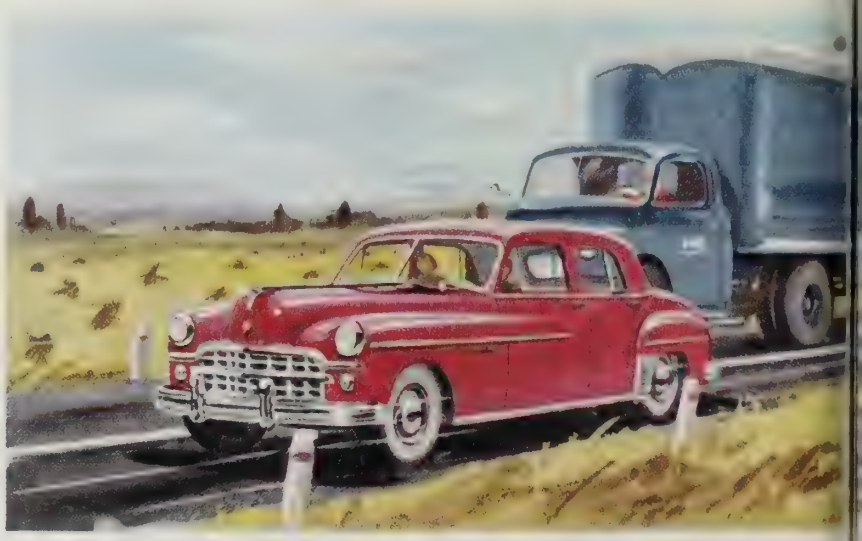
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The Woman I Admire Most

By JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

ONFRONT any man with the question as to which of all women he admires most, and he'll combine truth and safe domestic policy by assuring you it's ne feminine member of his family. But be him further, and bar these, and you'll d his admiration has a remarkable range, m a woman who exists only in his dreams very-much-alive First Lady of the Land. To unearth these private preferences of male, we asked each of these well-known n to name for us the woman he admires st, and tell exactly why. Here's what y answered. Their varied ideals confirm suspicion that few men admire women the same reason.

"The woman I admire feels that her intion is infinitely more reliable than all n's wisdom; that the rules of sportsnship and fair play are to be abided by y when she is winning; that logic is a bolical plot against her sex; and that all chanical gadgets are apt to blow up at y moment. I admire her most because re are most of her. In fact, I've never own any other kind."

—Gardner Rea.

"My girl is Lillian Russell. The only e I wish I had a few more years on my oulders is when I think I might have seen in one of those plumed Gainsborough ts. Probably it's because I'm so crazy out the theater and she represents the st exciting period of it, when Broadway s really diamond-dusted."

—J. Carrol Naish.

"The kind of woman I admire most is the er Phi Beta Kappa type. I'm all for the iny gal, the one who knows Picasso m Prokofieff and Arnold Toynbee from urman Arnold. I know there's one big ch to this. If America could produce lots such admirable women, how could we ke our men marry them?"

—James A. Michener.

"I admire the Southern planter's wife d daughter of the Civil War. Reared in tury, she found her world suddenly sted apart by a war which she knew in heart was a lost cause. She saw her n killed and her home destroyed by the s of an invading army. But from the es, she helped to construct a new world, gracious, as living, and infinitely more ble than the old."

—Frank G. Slaughter.

"The woman I admire most is Mrs. eanor Roosevelt. Because, though she is t beautiful, she has something greater d more elusive—charm. Because she can derstand the frailties of human nature, d still love humanity. Because she has a nd of her own, yet is open-minded alys toward the opinions of others. Beuse her heart is warm, and whatever misces she may make are in the direction kindness. Because she has never stepped t of her femininity and is a loving other and grandmother. Because she beves in the importance of the home, d is a hostess so gracious that kings d paupers have felt equally at home th her. Because she gave her husband stinted loyalty and support in whatever undertook. Because she was and is a eat humanitarian, combining in herself e best in women everywhere, great or mble, of whatever time or place."

—Paul I. Wellman.

"Some would call her old-fashioned. She esn't keep the radio going all the time, and she isn't always nagging me to go to the movies. Nor does she explain to me or anyone else in sight what is wrong in Outer Mongolia. When I think of all the things she doesn't do, I could give her a great big kiss. She's Whistler's Mother."

—Will Cuppy.

"I see her face dimly through a veil of suffering. Her hands are swiftly skillful; her eyes, compassionate. She really consists of three women: morning nurse, day nurse and night nurse."

—Erle Stanley Gardner.

"The woman I admire most taught me German in Pittsburgh's Central High School thirty-five years ago. She was not pretty, but her loving-kindness radiated upon all of us in the dark schoolroom like noonday sunshine."

—W. E. Farbstein.

"She was an eight-grade teacher in a little Michigan town, who had never been more than two hundred miles from home. But she gave to starved minds a sense of the world, and an insatiable thirst to know about it."

—John Tebbel.

THE WOMAN I MOST ADMIRE

The wonderful woman whom I adore
Is always exciting, never a bore.
She doesn't believe that conversation
Is strictly a one-way dissertation;
She seldom if ever has got my goat
With dull, interminable anecdote,
Or, without my interest or inquiry,
Gushed out a detailed oral diary
Of what she's seen and done and said
From the minute she first got out of bed.
She's perfectly happy when she's alone
And doesn't spend hours at the telephone.
She sometimes admits that she is wrong.
And her looks in the mirror are not too long.
In short, she has every feminine virtue
Without the feminine faults that hurt you.
BUT she's only a dream just to make you smile.
There really ain't any such animile.

—Gelett Burgess.

"The woman I admire most need have but three traits: she must be honest, considerate and affectionate. I wouldn't care what she looked like—all women are beautiful."

—Frederick V. Fell.

"I rate women highest in the animal kingdom."

—Howard Dietz.

"I still go for that old-fashioned girl who looks like she knows what to do when the baby starts crying."

—Dick Haymes.

"The woman I admire most writes all her letters with a ballpoint fountain pen, produces her own clothes with home-grown sequins on the skirt, never needs new shoes, gathers her own pearls for her necklaces, stays out of beauty parlors, and is nice to dream about on June evenings at the seashore. She seldom says a word and invariably disappears in the mist when a fellow opens his eyes. She's a mermaid, of course."

—Frederick C. Othman.

"Lena Horne—because she is beautiful. Because she is the only lady whose name outside a theater would draw me in."

—James Mason.

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Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



N April, 1899, this country paid Spain $20,000,000 for the Philipnes, Guam and Puerto Rico. There as a lynching in Georgia, a tornado Northern Missouri, and a miners' ot at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Wilam K. Vanderbilt was married at ewport, and Massachusetts got ound to revoking the order which anished Roger Williams in 1635.

The custom of having the gas ghted in the bedrooms in early ening and burning until bedtime obs the air completely of its freshess, and the majority of people eep with their windows shut ght. No wonder so many girls ffer from muddy complexions," ates the April, 1899, JOURNAL.

a piece called Eggrolling on the resident's Big Yard: "On the top of e State, War and Navy Department ilding is a large ball on a pole. When e children see this ball slide down the ole they know it is twelve o'clock and the watches and clocks all over the untry are regulated by Uncle Sam's me there is no question that the moent has arrived for opening the lunch xes."

Rice throwing at weddings is beg discontinued by the better eleent of people," reveals Editor ok. "Carnations are substituted, r rose petals, or dainty handfuls f violets."

Under no circumstances should eggs e boiled in a teakettle and the water sed for tea," reprimands Mrs. orer.

For a steamer trip to the Continent ut in your bag a hot-water bottle, sevral changes of muslin and flannel unerwear, hose, gloves, etc.—not foretting your visiting cards."

The summer baby requires lightweight wool shirts with high neck nd long sleeves. Flannel in some orm is absolutely necessary next o the skin."

Ninety-five per cent of all Amercans earn under $3000 a year," vrites Editor Bok.

Serving a formal dinner: "Clams nd oysters are served first, followed by soup and the fish course. Then a small entree, like chicken patty served with bread. Then the main meat dish, with one or two vegetables and fruit sherbet. Then the game course with baked macaroni or lettuce salad. A simple but elegant dessert finishes the meal, such as frozen pudding with whipped cream."



Journal about Town



JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Sally Victor's hatorium—where international accord really goes to the head.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

IT was still winter in the Workshop when *Dawn Crowell Norman* went up to preview *Sally Victor*'s spring hats, making the collection look timely right now, with Easter only a couple of weeks away. Also, what the designer said to Dawn in connection with her hats seems timely too: about how wonderful it would be if people all over the world could only get together the way her hat materials get together in her workrooms. Smooth straws from the Philippines, braided straws from Italy, ribbons and flowers from France, straws from Switzerland, more flowers from Czechoslovakia, and Quaker nets from Pennsylvania. Maybe, she pondered, that would make for peace. Peace for people. With hats, however, Miss Victor makes one major stipulation. They've got to be pretty.

●

Louise Whitehouse's waiter in a restaurant a while ago asked her if she had a brand-new dollar bill she'd let him have for a few minutes. In a few minutes he brought it back, but she says she'll never have the heart to spend it, because by some fantastic folding he'd made it into a ring that fitted her finger

JOSEPH DI PIETRO



A new way to carry "mad money."

to perfection, as you can see. But you'll have to work it out for yourself. We haven't the faintest idea how he did it.

●

Looking for a puppy recently to pose with a girl for a possible picture, we discovered that one of the leading model agencies now books dogs as well as girls. The dogs' owners get regular models' fees (the puppy we looked at was $10 an hour), and bring their pets to work complete with brushes, combs and other grooming accessories. Most popular breeds for pictures are cockers, fox terriers, dachshunds and great Danes. When the puppy came to the Workshop, someone here asked its mistress if her puppy had been very busy modeling lately. "Thank goodness, yes," said the owner, a model herself. "It's the only one of us who has."

●

George Bernard Shaw has suggested enlarging the alphabet from 26 to 40 letters, which brought the remark from someone that "the only practical purpose Shaw's idea could serve would be to make alphabet soup more nourishing!" . . . According to one psychologist, "Women are the stronger sex. They should help their men live longer. They should get up in busses to give their seats to men. This, and marrying younger men, would remove one of the problems of old age—those eight years of widowhood." . . . *Ingrid Bergman* (nearly 5'9") dislikes high heels, plays emotional close-ups in stocking feet or standing in a shallow trench, and wears high heels only in a scene depicting loneliness—"a woman walking alone on a dusky street looks far lonelier in high heels." . . . Highest average pay for stenographers is in San Francisco: $48.13 a week. Boston is lowest: $37.31. . . . The average man gets 1567 haircuts in a lifetime.

●

It's enough for JOURNAL readers to know that a new revised edition of *Ann Batchelder's Cookbook* will be published this month. As the jacket says, "This book has been written by the most beloved food writer in America," which is just what every JOURNAL reader knows.

●

Listening at noon the other day through our Workshop window to the carillon of St. Thomas', up the street, playing a chorale from the Bach St. Matthew Passion, we were reminded that it is the New York churches, much more than all the opera, symphony concerts and recitals, that make this the world's most musical city. The lists of programs in the papers, especially near Easter, are staggering, not only in their number and in the quality of their performance, but in the varied feast they offer the true music lover—the finest works of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn; of older giants like Palestrina and Purcell, up through Brahms and Verdi, and on to moderns like Honegger and Hindemith—most of them free. And the more you like music, the more comfortable you find the pews.

●

If what one of the biggest fisheries out on the Coast tells Alice Blinn comes to pass, you will soon be able to get shoes with uppers of salmon leather—something like reptile skin.

●

Having heard a while back about *Lois Schenck*, a budding actress, who between jobs was inspired to make her living by shining shoes outside the Broadway restaurant where many producers come to lunch, we decided to check up on this pretty and very enterprising bootblack. As could be expected, she's been doing mighty well. Three television shows, twelve radio shows, fourteen modeling jobs, and a small part promised in a movie with *Loretta Young*. But what she wants most is a part in a play. So in bad weather she shines shoes at theatrical functions (where producers are likely to gather), and when the weather's good takes up her stand again outside Sardi's, where along with plenty of attention she attracts as much as $15 a day in fees and tips, and many offers of jobs, about which she claims she can now afford to be choosy. "Who are those girls dressed just like you, shining shoes in Shubert Alley?" we asked her. "Oh, they're rehearsing for my part here, when I leave this play," said Lois.

EUROPEAN



"Tom the Bootblack" à la 1949.

hous



My wedding dress has come, she was thinking. *And I'm going to see the lawyer soon about my will and all that. . . .*

of Storm

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

The house alone knew the shocking secret it had witnessed, but that secret held a threat for all who stayed there.

By MIGNON G. EBERHART

AGAIN the house was listening, and the passive, patient strength of its audience lapped into the room, surrounded her, flooded between her and the letter she was writing. Nonie put down her pen and listened too. It was about three o'clock of a hot, tropical afternoon, the siesta hour, so everyone else in the house was drowsing, yielded to heat and custom. At such times, Nonie had already discovered, when human alertness and authority were in abeyance, the island, the tropics, the sun, the lush green growth, the murmur of the sea came into possession, reclaiming their own.

The house itself, however, seemed never unaware, never quite subservient to the people within, or the tropics without; it always watched. And listened.

Or so it seemed to Nonie and had seemed so during almost the entire three weeks of her stay within it—ever since, in fact, she had come to the green and lovely island, in the middle of the blue-and-purple Caribbean, Beadon Island, which was now to be her home. And it was sheer fancy to feel that the house . . . well, listened. It was absurd and more than a little unfair to Royal Beadon, who was to be her husband, and to Aurelia Beadon, who was to be her sister, both of whom had welcomed her so warmly and kindly to their home. Her home soon, Roy had said, for always. So she would conquer that formless uneasiness.

Actually, the house was very quiet. There were sounds, but they were identifiable sounds. There was the sound of the sea; she was never quite unaware of that. On clear days the winds blew, rattling the stiff Spanish bayonets and the palms and the bamboos, stirring the glossy thickets of mangroves, waving the uncut cane pieces like prairie grass. And just at that instant, from somewhere in the garden came the sound of a clear small trumpet, from the throat of what the natives aptly called a bugle bird.

The shutters had been closed before noon; the room in which Nonie sat was shadowy and she had turned on the green-shaded table lamp on her writing table so there was a pool of light around her and upon the white note paper. Outside in the garden the bugle bird sang again. Nonie went back to her letter.

". . . and of course the whole island is given over mainly to sugar plantations; there is only a handful of landowners: the Beadon place, Middle Road adjoining it (that is owned by the Shaws) and one or two others. There's a tiny village, called Beadon Rock, and all through the island there are little clusters of cottages where the laborers and field hands live. None of the house servants lives in the house, but every plantation has its cluster of cottages. Roy's place, as you know, is called Beadon Gates, and is very beautiful; or rather, I should say, was very beautiful. During the war, of course, not much was done. Roy says the machinery is all but obsolete, but that's because of the difficulty of replacing it. And nothing lasts long in the tropics."

She paused. How to explain to Aunt Honoria, whose world was *(Continued on Page 127)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

This woman suffers from schizophrenia. She lives in a world of her own and must be cared for in every way. She is being treated with electric sh

WHAT IS MENTAL ILLNESS?

WHEN Mrs. Templeton was in her late forties, she began to cry rather easily and feel very depressed. Sometimes she'd pace up and down, moaning softly to herself. On really "bad days" she'd wake up so unhappy she didn't feel like getting up and she would lie in bed, her face pressed against the pillow, doing nothing all day except now and again when she sobbed like a child. On these days, her meals didn't interest her and neither did her family or friends; and when her husband tried to cheer her with small presents, she'd barely glance at him or them.

She also became short-tempered—quite unlike the smiling, gentle person she'd always been. She was touchy where once she'd been able to take a joke; irritable where once she had been gay and laughing. Her husband was annoyed at first in the change in her, but he was a kind and thoughtful man and he soon began to wonder if perhaps his wife was ill. He enlisted the help of their progressive family doctor, who recognized in her behavior the symptoms of involutional melancholia, an emotional illness to which women in the change of life are particularly susceptible. She agreed to go to a near-by psychiatric hospital for treatment. Within five months she was home, able to take up her normal life again, cheerful and happy.

The breakdown of Mrs. Templeton—that's not her real name, of course—is not unusual. The happy ending to her story, however, is. Had

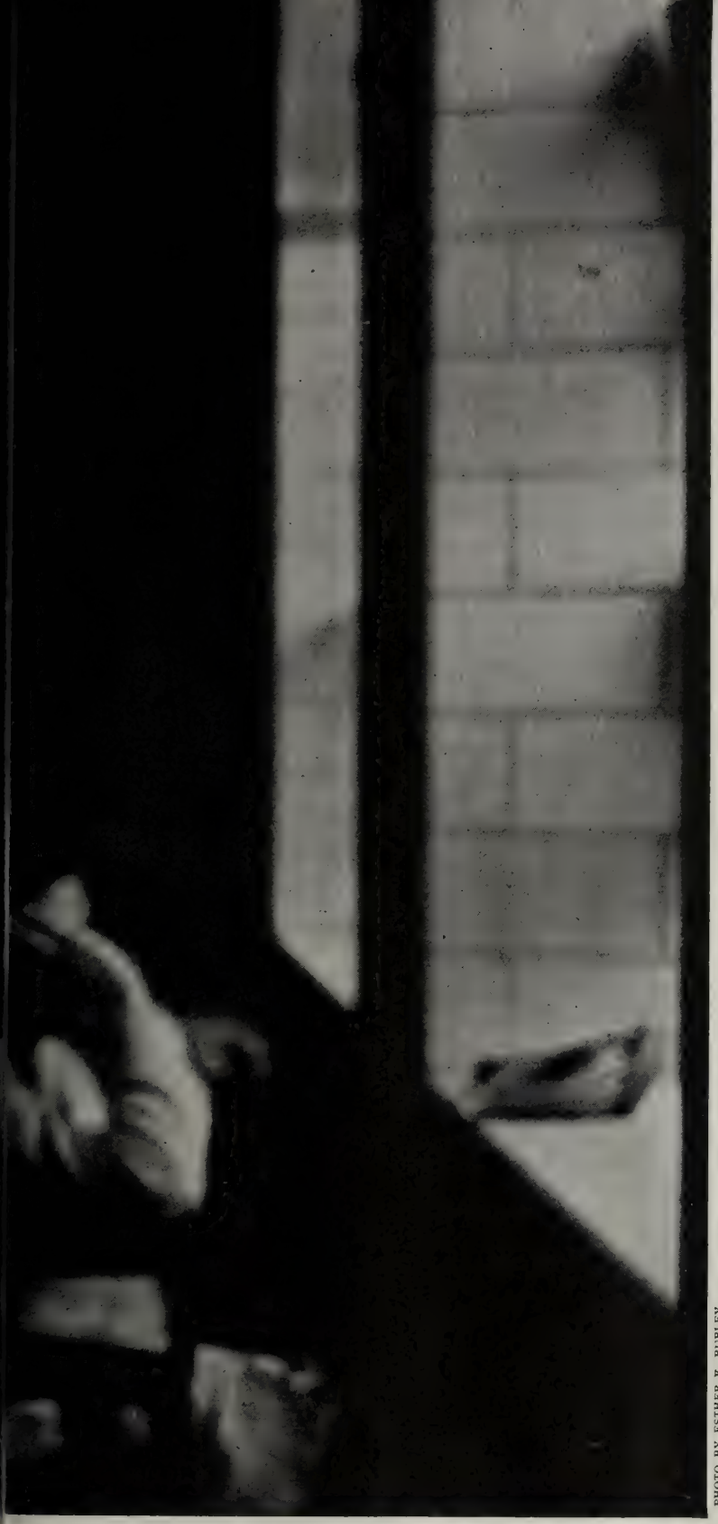


PHOTO BY ESTHER F. BUBLEY

ere is hope for her recovery.

To refuse to face the symptoms of mental illness is like locking the door and throwing away the key.

by JOAN YOUNGER

she not had speedy, up-to-date treatment, she stood a chance of from two to fourteen years' suffering—probably in a mental hospital. It made the difference between life and living death that her husband realized early she was ill—and that her doctor was knowledgeable enough to judge the nature of her illness.

Thousands of other women are not so fortunate: although shock and hormone treatments have proved tremendously fast and powerful in treating involutional melancholia in its early stages, over 3000 women entered state mental hospitals last year in such an advanced stage of this disease that recovery may take several years if modern treatment is not available.

This shocking state of affairs is common not only in cases of involutional melancholia, but in all manner of mental illness. Although by present reckonings one in twenty of us will be hospitalized for mental illness sometime during our lives, we know so little about this sort of disease that we run the risk of not knowing what's wrong with us until we're in an acute, hard-to-treat stage.

Centuries ago, people whose minds or emotions became disordered were believed possessed of demons. Despite the fact that today mental illness is as treatable and curable as is any other major disease, we still fail to understand most of those who suffer with it, and when they become too "troublesome" we have them "put away" where we hope they'll get good custody—and are indifferent, through ignorance, as to their treatment.

The precepts of good physical health are taught to first-graders, yet few adults know the precepts of good mental health. Mental illness is not mysterious, although there is much to be learned about it. It has causes and effects and general symptoms. We needn't be psychiatrists to understand when someone is mentally ill—any more than we have to be surgeons to suspect a diseased appendix when someone complains of an acute pain in his right side. On the other hand, we needn't go to extremes. It is as dangerous for the untrained, lay person to attempt to diagnose and treat the illness of the mind as it would be for a Scout with a first-aid merit badge to take out an appendix. But it is not dangerous for any of us to learn the principles of sound mental health and to know what irrational or emotionally dominated behavior and outlook is.

Let us take a look first at what mental health is, so that we may understand better what mental illness is. A state of mental health is a state of happiness; our life, our behavior, is purposefully directed toward what we want in our inner hearts. A lot of camouflage has been draped over our basic desires, probably to protect them from injury, but it's been repeatedly found that when these trappings are stripped away we all want to love, to be loved, and to have some reason for being. It is only when we have failed to learn how to live in order best to correlate these needs with socially acceptable behavior that we go astray and appear to be seeking something else.

"Let us define mental health," Dr. Karl Menninger says in his book, The Human Mind, "as the adjustment of human beings to the world and to each other with a maximum of effectiveness and happiness. Not just efficiency, or just contentment, or the grace of obeying the rules of the game cheerfully. It is all of these together. It is the ability to maintain an even temper, an alert intelligence, socially considerate behavior and a happy disposition."

When satisfaction and happiness do not come naturally, we unconsciously feel driven into a defensive position. Then—still unconsciously—we start using methods to protect ourselves from unhappiness. Usually these "defense mechanisms" are sound in the original situation, but they become fixed and part of us, and we use them in all sorts of situations where they don't apply at all, where they are actually obstacles to our happiness. Take for example a child who finds his parents harsh. To protect himself, he becomes self-effacing, meek and mouselike. He develops quite justifiable fears and worries. Unfortunately, however, as he goes into the world, he does not cast these aside. Instead he feels fear when there is no threat. He worries when there is little to worry about. He hides himself when there is nothing to hide from. He thinks he is acting "normally"—for his anxieties are very real to him. Maybe a kind and understanding person comes into his life and rebuilds some of his strength—but more likely, his anxieties grow with his responsibilities and, under special strain, he breaks down. The drive to be happy, to feel "good," seems to be a major part of our drive to survive.

Psychiatrists describe most emotions which interfere with effectiveness and happiness as neurotic emotions. If the emotion is so strong as to blot out almost all response to anything but itself, it is a sign that a psychosis exists.

Just as all of us are now well, now ill, physically, so are we all subject to bouts of mental illness in varying degrees. Just as we do not rush to a doctor with a sniffle, there is no need to call on a psychiatrist because of one fit of temper or one flood of tears. We heed the *(Continued on Page 234)*

The Lure

Did you ever know any good to come of trying to explain a black eye?

By MARJORIE CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

AFTERWARD, looking back, Linda thought that the turning point had come with Mr. Abercrombie. So we'll begin with Mr. Abercrombie, although there is also the time of year to be considered. And the mortgage.

Mr. Abercrombie, of course, was a man, a man in the bond department of the bank where Linda worked. But more than that, he was a straw—a revolting, double-purpose straw, which showed the way the wind blew and at the same time broke the camel's back.

The time of year was the late spring, the beginning of the Decoration Day week end, to be exact: a wonderful, impelling time of year anywhere, but especially terrific on Long Island, where, as if at a signal, awnings and lawn furniture garnish every home, boats of every kind and vintage shake out their owners' flags and putt-putt all over the bay, long lines of cars point their noses toward the parking fields at Jones Beach, and everything burgeons.

The mortgage was—a mortgage. It had been a grim necessity. It had seen Linda through school and had kept her nice little nose very close to the grindstone ever after. The paydays which might have meant mild whoopee, of one sort or another, had meant instead careful calculation on the part of Linda and her mother of how much could be saved to reduce the mortgage. And now it was all paid, and Linda fancied the tidy little red brick chimney on the Thorpe house was standing a good deal straighter, with its incubus removed.

What Mr. Abercrombie had asked about Linda had been repeated to her because the head of the stenographic department, Mrs. O'Connell, had thought it was funny.

"He asked me"—Mrs. O'Connell laughed—"if you were a new girl. Imagine his not ever having noticed you! I told him no, you had been here at the bank for five years." She looked at Linda's stricken face. "He said you did very nice work," Mrs. O'Connell finished lamely.

Linda, the Invisible Girl. Ha, ha, it certainly was funny to be invisible, at twenty-two, to good-looking men like Mr. Abercrombie!

"Why," Linda said, "that's terrible. I mean—that's terrible, isn't it?"

Personnel had chosen Mrs. O'Connell wisely. Now she sat on the corner of Linda's desk. "Yes," she said confidentially. "It is pretty terrible, Miss Thorpe. But it's not fatal, so don't look like that! You're young, and small, and slight, but you don't *do* much for yourself. Maybe if you tried your hair a different way ——" She drew back and studied Linda, who blushed. A buzzer sounded. "Oh-oh," Mrs. O'Connell said, "that's for me. I must run. What you need is to—to bring yourself out more, have something really outstanding, some striking characteristic. You're such a *good* little girl, Miss Thorpe! You'll have *(Continued on Page 111)*

Ed said, "I never saw such a mouse on anyone! It's a whing-ding."



If You Ask Me

by
Eleanor Roosevelt

Please give me some advice in regard to necking. I will be twenty-five in two months, I am an only child, live with my parents, am considered nice-looking, and rather shy. I have been a stenographer for three years and I am a church member. I have only dated five boys several times and each date ended in a necking bout. Is necking something that everyone does and no one admits? Do girls who refuse to neck ever get married?

My dear young lady, I think you are not very grown up in spite of your twenty-five years. I would advise you to have a few more dates and perhaps you will find among your friends boys who do not insist on necking. Probably most girls today have had some necking experiences, but I do not think that really has anything to do with whether you get married or not.

Do you believe that Christianity has failed or that the United States is not really Christian but just a nation that gives lip service? Don't you think the United Churches is what is needed instead of the United Nations?

You put a great many questions into one, it seems to me, and each of them might well take a book to answer! Certainly, Christianity has not failed, but Christianity is something that is accepted or rejected by the individual, and even when he accepts it he may still not live up to it all the time or even part of the time. Nations are made up of individuals, but I do not think it would be fair to say that a nation has rejected Christianity because either among its citizens or in its government you found certain things which you did not think were compatible with your particular interpretation of the doctrines of Christianity.

Whether you believe as a Protestant or a Catholic, or a Jew or a Moslem or a Buddhist, it is the fruits of your belief as evidenced in your daily life that are of concern to your fellow human beings. If you believe in God, you naturally think that as a Supreme Being He will not judge you by your conduct alone, but also, with His infinite knowledge, for your intentions, taking your temptations into account and sometimes giving you credit for your victories.

The United Nations is an instrument, a piece of machinery, through which human beings, imperfect as they are, strive for greater perfection. The churches on earth are in much the same position, only they supposedly strive for greater perfection only in the spiritual field, whereas the United Nations has to deal with both the spiritual and the material. We cannot do away with either; they have different functions, but the two functions complement each other and are valuable together.

It has been reported that you signed a petition favoring the placing of a statue of Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston. Whether their conviction for murder was right or wrong, do you mind giving your line of reasoning whereby these avowed anarchists should receive any notice from decent people?

I did not sign a petition to place a statue of Sacco and Vanzetti on the Boston Common. I did sign a manifesto on the anniversary of their death and joined with others in suggesting that Gutzon Borglum's plaque be placed on Boston Common. It is a very beautiful thing with some very remarkable words: "What I wish more than all in this last hour of agony is that our case and our fate may be understood in their real being and serve as a tremendous lesson to the forces of freedom so that our suffering and death will not have been in vain."

It is true that these men believed in the philosophy of anarchism. Their trial lasted seven years, and many people believed that it was not a fair trial and that they never were proved guilty of the pay-roll murder with which they were charged. They were actually put to death "less upon the evidence than for the crime of holding extreme opinions."

Curiously enough, it was the same type of hysteria which swept our country at that time after World War I, as is sweeping our country again today. This type of trial has certain ties with the lynching mobs, and even with the Nazi killings of the Jews. I do not know that I agree with every expression to be found in the manifesto, and it was so stated by most of those who signed the manifesto. I believe so strongly, however, in the democratic processes, in the refusal to consider a man guilty until his guilt is proved, and in the wiping out of the kind of hysteria which stirs up in people the mob spirit in the way which is being done again, that I will do all I can to remind us of our basic freedoms. Anyone who holds advanced liberal opinions is labeled "communist" without the need of any proof these days, which creates a dangerous situation, since it endangers free speech. I have fought the ideas of the Russian communists in the United Nations and I have upheld the democratic ideals, and I believe that these ideals require us to fight for the rights of individuals to have freedom of thought and speech and action, always conditioned by the provision that one cannot advocate the overthrow of the Government by force.

An argument has arisen among some of my fellow workers and myself. Is it a tradition or custom for the presidential candidates of the two major parties to exchange votes, or do they vote for themselves?

I haven't the remotest idea what a candidate for office does about his opponent. I never asked my husband how he cast his ballot, but I would suppose that if you believed in your party and in your own ability to fill the job, you would naturally vote for your party and the electors of your party.

I am a rather young housewife who for four years has been working to help my husband make a down payment on a little home. Do you think I could safely quit my job now and keep house as I have wanted to do all my life, or do you think that conditions in the future might be such that I'd better keep my job?

Not knowing you and your husband, it is a little difficult for me to decide just what conditions you mean. If you are talking about world conditions as a whole, I would tell you that nearly all people have to make such decisions as face you without too great a sense of security. Do you suppose our ancestors, when they decided to embark on the Mayflower, were sure what conditions they would meet in the future? It seems rather improbable.

If I were you, I would talk the situation over with your husband and decide what would give you the greatest sense of achievement and happiness. Then I would go ahead and do it and meet whatever comes in the future as best you can when it confronts you.

Would it not be possible to outlaw the Communist Party in the United States, although we are supposed to be a free country where everyone can express his convictions?

I think it would be highly unwise to outlaw the Communist Party in the United States. How would you feel if you were a citizen of the U. S. S. R. and decided that you preferred to have a more democratic form of government and you were outlawed because of it? That is practically what would happen to you in Russia today, but that has never happened to us in the United States. We are a free country, we can express our convictions with only the limitation of not advocating the overthrow of the Government by force. We can use all the persuasion that lies in our power. We trust, however, that democracy will so completely meet the needs of the people that there will always be among us people who believe strongly enough in it to fight for it with words and by deeds. We must prove that the people's well-being is satisfactory because of the way we use our democracy and that there is no value in making any change.

In almost every newspaper and magazine there are articles and pictures of Europe's homeless children. There is a kind of desperate irony in these accounts to my husband and me. We have been trying for three years to adopt a child and, although we have been approved by an adoption agency, we are told we must continue to be patient because there are sixty families waiting for every available child. Cannot something be done to bring these homeless European children and childless American homes together?

Yes, I think undoubtedly something can be done, and if I were you I would go to the Joint Distribution Committee and find out from them what you can do. I am sure there are orphan children coming here whom they would be glad to place in a good home.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the Ladies' Home Journal. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the Journal.



ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

The terrace light was switched on, and his father stood in the entrance, his collar unbuttoned, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his eyes blinking wearily through the glasses. With his bald head and his weary eyes, his father looked sort of vague and timid. Sometimes David could hardly believe that he was a rich man with a successful business of his own.

"You're home late," his father said. "Did you have a good time?"

"Fine," David said. "I'm a little drunk."

"Come on out. It's a nice night. It'll clear your head."

David went past his father, onto the terrace. It was a nice night, all right. The breeze was sharp against his cheek. The sky was clear, and there was a big moon. It cast a blue haze over the terrace, reflected on the glass-topped table in the center, and glinted off the three bottles of beer that stood on the table.

His father moved around to his beach chair and stretched out. There was a half-full bottle of beer on the arm of the chair. He picked it up and took a long drink.

"Have a bottle," he said.

"I've already had too much."

"Foolishness!" his father said. "Beer won't hurt you. It puts hair on your chest."

David shook his head. "I don't want any more hair on my chest." He went to the railing and looked down at the street lights flickering twenty floors below. The sound of horns honking came up to him faintly through the autumn air. He turned to his father. "Did you just get back from the club?"

"I didn't go to the club tonight. I stayed home."

David looked at him sharply. "All night? What'd you do that for?"

His father laughed softly. "I wanted to. I didn't feel like pinochle," he said.

David sat down opposite his father in a straight-backed metal chair. He continued to watch his father uneasily. "Are you sick or something?" he said. "You stayed away from the club a lot lately." *You should have stayed with him*, he told himself. *You had no business going out tonight.*

"I like to be by myself for a while," his father said. "A regular nursemaid!"

David looked at him a moment longer, then relaxed and reached for a bottle. "What'd you do all night?"

His father put down his beer and lighted a cigar. "I listened to the radio. They gave a fellow five hundred dollars to put on his wife's girdle. Can you beat that? They're *(Continued on Page 102)*

Company for Dinner

By **FLORENCE JANE SOMAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

MIMI GAMBERT entered the apartment by backing in with her weight against the door, balancing her bundles carefully. A strand of hair had blown across her face, and her eyes still watered from the stinging slap of the wind on the street. All the way home from the subway she had projected herself toward this moment when she could shut the door upon the bitter day and the memory of all the tedious errands she had had to do. Now, as she placed her parcels on the hall table and flexed her aching arms, she gazed around her with an audible sigh of pleasure. The lamps glowed, the cushions on the sofa and chairs were plumped high and smooth and the coziness of the apartment seemed to reach out to her chilled and tired spirit like a comforting hand, stroking and soothing.

God bless my little gray home in the west of Manhattan, she thought.

Her mind roamed to the hours ahead. Soon Dick would be home; he would get into an old shirt and a pair of faded slacks and they would sit down to dinner, talking quietly and easily against the background of music from the radio. After dinner he would read for a while and then play the piano and she would get into bed with a book and a bag of potato chips, reveling in the security and coziness about her as the wind, whining shrewishly, shook the windowpanes. It was the kind of evening she loved. The thought of it now caused a wave of utter felicity to wash over her, flooding her heart with warmth, bringing faint tears to her eyes. *I'm so lucky*, she thought; *I guess I have just about everything.*

She put away her things, picked up some of her bundles and took them into the kitchen, humming lightly. "Hi, Agnes!" she cried to the colored woman bending over the sink. "Even the polar bears in the zoo are wearing their red flannels today!"

"Yes'm," said Agnes glumly.

Mimi sighed. *That one got about fifteen on the laugh meter*, she estimated. But then, expecting to get a laugh out of Agnes was in a class with waiting for the Liberty Bell to ring. "I'm late," she said, "but there's plenty of time. We're going to have an easy dinner tonight—hamburgers, mashed potatoes and salad. I brought cake."

"Yes'm," said Agnes. "Did you bring potatoes?"

Mimi's hand flew to her cheek. "Oh," she said, "I forgot. I knew there was something else."

"I wrote it down," Agnes said. She seemed resigned.

Mimi frowned. "I don't know what happened to that list," she said. "I must have lost it." *And no wonder*, she thought guiltily; *the inside of my purse looks like a rummage sale.*

"Yes'm," Agnes said again. "I'll loan some from Miz Haas. She took lemons last week."

"Do that," Mimi said, relieved. "And get through early tonight, Agnes. I don't want you to be too tired for The Dinner tomorrow night."

In her mind, the dinner for the Fergusons the following evening had long since acquired capitals. Now the thought of its imminence caused a tangled little knot of nervousness to gather in her chest. It was such an important

(Continued on Page 249)

***If he forgives me this time*, she thought,**

will he the next?



She was shocked at the bitterness in his voice. "Oh, sure," he said, "everything will be just fine and dandy!"

From the entrance drive, Brandon composes beautifully into central body and symmetrical wings—the design, it is said, adapted by Thomas Jefferson from English architectural plates.

BRANDON

And across the James, two pages away, another Virginia masterpiece . . . Berkeley

By RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

BRANDON and Berkeley belong to that assembly of superb colonial mansions along the lower James, whose beauties were brought to your attention just a year ago in the JOURNAL with Westover, Carter's Grove, and the Wythe house at Williamsburg. All were built within a span of thirty years, beginning in 1726 with Berkeley and ending with Brandon, neither of which houses could ever have looked better than it does today. You might say the same of the neighborhood's whole pre-Revolutionary aspect.

Most of the houses, in a region whose fame in recent times has been revived by the restorations and reconstructions at Williamsburg, are in a sense hidden assets of this community; being off the beaten track and rarely open to the public. Brandon and Berkeley have never stopped keeping the plantation spirit alive. At Brandon, the present owner speaks with pride of the yield of corn; at Berkeley, they manage a magnificent herd of Herefords; life, though now in modern dress, goes on as ever. Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry no longer come over from Williamsburg as they did when it was a day's hard ride (now an easy hour by car); but the houses look essentially the same—just as elegantly reflecting the taste of their early days, which was something to celebrate, as you can see.



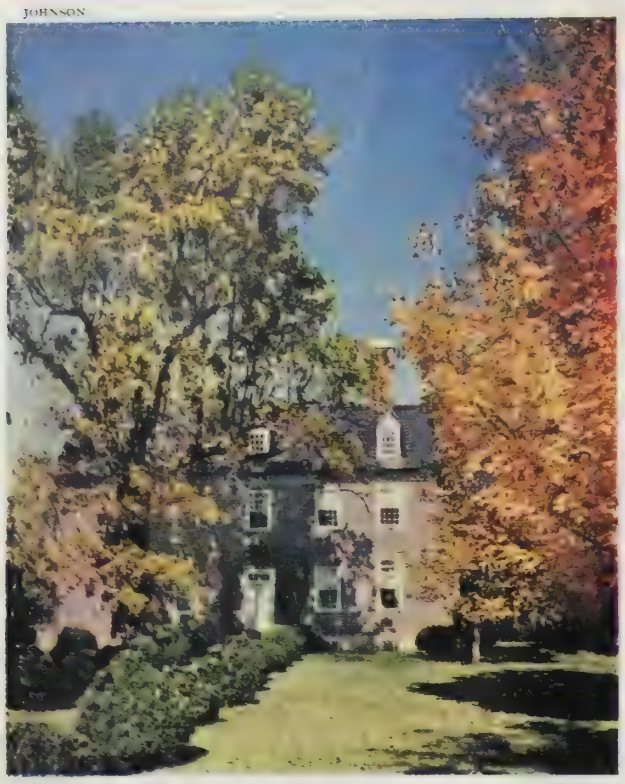


Through the doorway on the north side of Brandon's entrance hall you can see the spacious gardens leading to the James.

Sully's portrait of Peyton Randolph dominates the drawing room, with its original paneling and magnificent Aubusson.

PRATT





The river front is a fine example of the early Georgian fashion.

BERKELEY

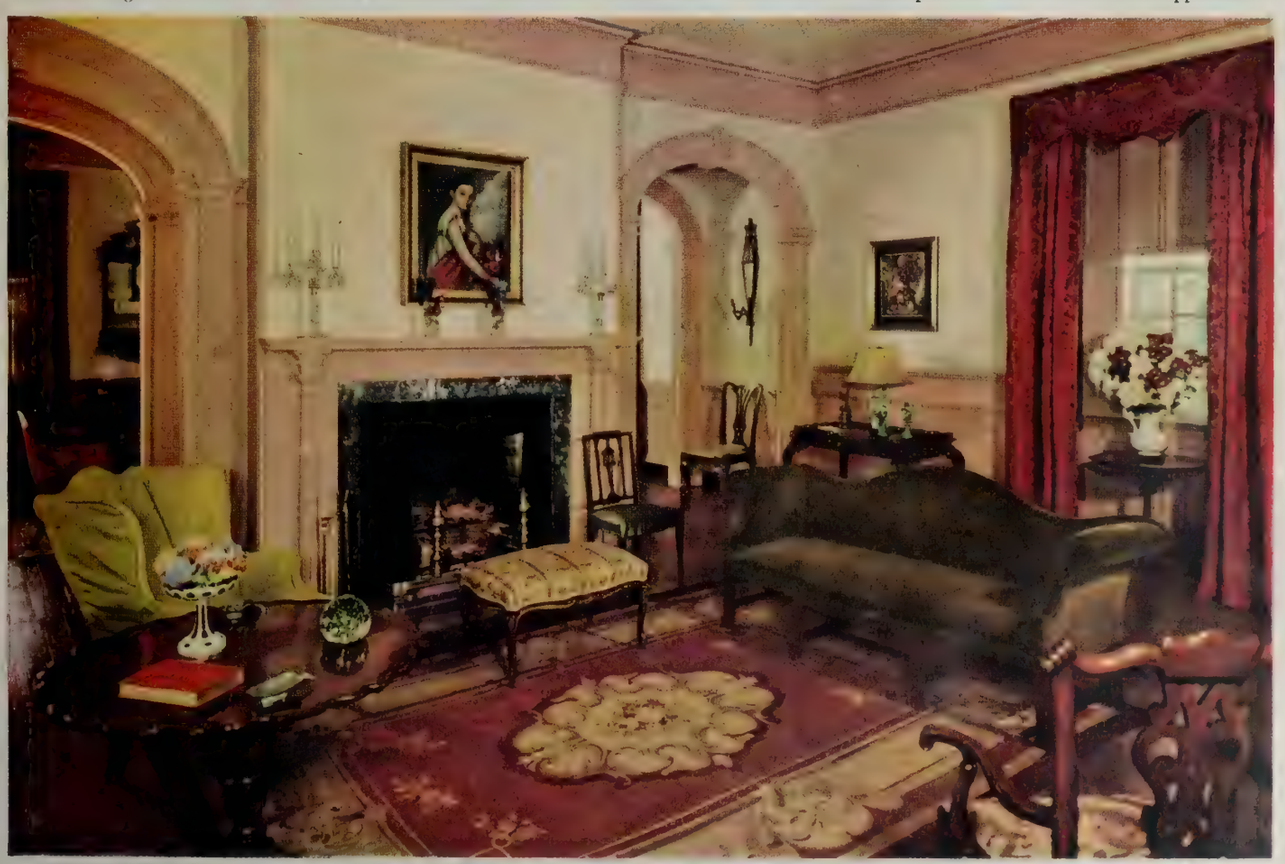
Both Berkeley and Brandon have had their ups and downs during their long lives, but now, their careers have been resumed in the manner to which they were first accustomed. Berkeley has been more recently restored than its distinguished neighbor at some distance across the river, and was more of an undertaking, the outside of the older house at some point having been covered with plaster; and while it had never been shelled from British gunboats on the James, as Brandon was, still bearing the scars on its garden porch, it had been served rather ruthlessly at times, and its splendid condition today is a tribute to its present owners, who have had the courage to treat it colorfully to fine effect. Both houses, being private homes, are open to the public only during Virginia's annual garden pilgrimage which, this year, is the last week in April.

Handsome archways connect the north drawing room with its counterpart on the opposite page, together called the "Great Room." Barrel chair is Sheraton.



Portrait of Benjamin Harrison, the "Signer," and once owner, looks out on the old English silver, Hepplewhite chairs, Waterford glass and Chinese porcelain.

Aubusson rug and Louis XV settee add a French touch to this section of the "Great Room." Other pieces are Sheraton and Chippendale.



INTERIOR PHOTOS BY WESLEY BALZ-JOHN JOYCE, INC.

Round Trip

By NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

IT was on a Wednesday that James Thomas and his wife decided to take a vacation. Wednesday was the day Miss Kemp, the nurse, was off, and Lynn Thomas had their two small children to take care of in addition to her regular work around the house. This involved no especial hardship for her, since the children could be left to their own devices in the back yard, but on this particular Wednesday there came a kind of pile-up of minor irritations, and by evening Thomas was calling the airlines offices. He made reservations for Sweden, where he had never been, but where, he had heard, it was restful.

The Thomases lived in one of twin houses on the Upper East Side in New York. Thomas was a playwright, and he had bought the houses because he wanted a place where he could work in comparative seclusion, undisturbed by aspiring young dramatists, out-of-work actors and people with great ideas for plays he should write. He had a soundproof workroom built in his basement, and there only the most piercing screams of the children filtered through to interrupt his train of thought. The other house was rented to a Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins.

On this day, later known as Black Wednesday, Thomas arose at seven-thirty and took a leisurely bath, leaving himself plenty of time to breakfast and get down into his workroom by nine. While Lynn dressed Roger, who was three, and James, Jr., who was eighteen months, Thomas wandered down to the kitchen and started the coffee. In his mind he was organizing the dialogue for a particularly difficult scene, and he juggled three characters' lines around as he stared at the gas flame. The coffee bubbled up and he shut it off and poured himself a large cup. With an orange in one hand and the coffee in the other, he drifted into the dining room, sat down near the window and looked out into the garden.

After brooding aimlessly for a while, he drained his coffee *(Continued on Page 220)*

If you get far enough away, even your own kids can look like angels.





Words were no good for what he wanted to tell her.
"Don't kiss me," she said, "I've got on lipstick."

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS



Point of no Return

By John P. Marquand

CONCLUSION

CHARLES came to New York early in January in 1930. He had taken the midnight train from Boston and he had checked his suitcase in the parcel room at Grand Central Station. He had eaten breakfast in the restaurant on the lower level, staying there as long as he decently could, reading the New York Times. He knew almost nothing about New York, but he did not feel either lonely or confused. He felt that he was in a new country.

Outside the station, the streetcars and the traffic were already running in a steady stream under the ramp at Pershing Square. The Stuyvesant Bank would not be open for two hours, so he walked up Fifth Avenue to the Eighties, then down Park Avenue and along Madison. Looking in the shop-windows was like carelessly turning the pages in a book while waiting somewhere. The depression had not fully gripped New York. There was still a sort of shining plenty.

That first morning at the Stuyvesant Bank was not very different from all the later mornings except that the details had more depth and breadth than they ever had again—the converted brownstone front, the illusion of leisure, the small fire near the front door burning in the open grate. There was none of the untidiness of E. P. Rush & Co. Everything was spick-and-span in a polite, aggressive way, as offices were in New York.

Gus, the doorman, looked younger then, but he already gave the impression of being a trusted chauffeur in a wealthy but dignified family. "Morning, sir," Gus said. He was the first person who said good morning to Charles in New York City and it had not been wholly necessary, but it may have explained why Charles went to the hospital every few days to see Gus after Gus had slipped on the icy sidewalk and broken his hip. The gesture had not hurt Charles because Tony Burton called at the hospital himself and so had nearly everyone else after Tony Burton went, but Charles had gone first and he had never thought of any favorable impression it might make.

Joe was there, too, and Joe, too, looked younger. He was already part policeman, part greeter and part club doorman. "Are you looking for someone?"

"I wonder if I could see Mr. Arthur Slade," he said, "if he's not too busy."

He always remembered that Joe did not tell him to wait, or that he would see whether or not Mr. Slade would see him. Instead he walked with Charles across the room. Arthur Slade was seated behind one of those two assistant-vice-president desks.

"I don't know whether you remember me or not," Charles said, but Arthur Slade remembered him.

When Arthur Slade asked if he would like to walk around upstairs and see the trust and the tax and the statistical departments, nothing had been said about his working at the Stuyvesant. Charles was already experienced enough to know that it was wise not to be too eager. When Arthur Slade introduced him to Walter Gibbs, who was one of the key men in the statistical department, and then excused himself because there was something he had to attend to downstairs, still nothing definite had been said. It was a compliment, though he did not know it, to be left in the statistical department talking to Walter Gibbs, but even when Arthur Slade returned and took him back downstairs and introduced him to Mr. Burton and Mr. Merry nothing was said directly. The whole problem of personnel was handled in a rather haphazard manner in those days, except in the statistical *(Continued on Page 75)*

★ Copyright, 1948–1949, by John P. Marquand. This is a condensed version of the book published under the same title by Little, Brown & Co ★

Hidden possibilities

Many an attractive girl who has modestly settled for a trim and tidy look has bee



doing herself an injustice. What she need

is a new perspective on prettiness. Here ar

three types to illustrate three basic principle

of beauty. By Dawn Crowell Norman

Beauty Editor of the Journal



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PE[illegible]

THE STRONG-FEATURED TYPE. "Athletic" is a description apt to haunt her. Or she's "tweedy" . . . "suity." She's popular and talented in so many other fields no one expects her to shine with feminine appeal too. But she can combine both qualities for a perfect personality balance. These pictures of June show you what can happen when a girl discards tailored severity to experiment with femininity. Prettiest changes: Shorter, curlier hair to give a new illusion of roundness to her face. A creamy powder base, warm beige powder, bright pink lipstick for her face. A soft-shouldered, tiny-waisted dress to show off her figure. Delicate accessories to add to her fragile-lady look. Beauty is often half illusion, half reality. Any girl who learns to combine the two cleverly is sure to find her prettiest self.

COLOR

HAS A THOUSAND WAYS TO CHARM . . .

A new dress comes like a half stranger to your door. You lift it from its box and tissue. You slip into it, to reassure yourself, to be *sure* you were right. Yes, you *were* right, but — in return for your critical appraisal, it gives you back an impersonal stare. It needs something. It doesn't belong to you.

Color is the top-drawer secret, used most easily, most often, by women who have "a way with clothes." It is the magic chemical that makes a thing becoming, or young, or gay. It is the mark of identity, the source of change. And the top drawer that collects bright ribbons, pins, flowers, belts and scarfs is an incomparable treasure chest for bringing ideas to the light of day.

Color near your face is flattery, plus décor. Think of the pink rose under the hat brim, the pale gold scarf tucked into the dark coat collar, the blue jewel on a black dress, the mauve blouse with the navy suit, the citron-yellow vest, the scarlet polka-dot tie.

Color at your waistline is a fashion—the coral or the sea-green shantung sash on the black shantung dress, the red-leather belt on beige wool, the cork-color pigskin on a gray coat. Color in your gloves is a pretty gesture—pink or mauve satin with a navy afternoon dress, fresh chamois yellow with any daytime wool.

And if you've loved gay-colored shoes ever since your first pair of red sandals, make a point of them now and then. They go with many clothes, and with any slim foot and ankle.

Color is close to the heart as well as the eye. Almost every woman has a natural love for a certain color. Wearing it is a tonic, and a compliment, and her own handwriting on her clothes.

If you haven't such a lifelong personality color, you may discover one suddenly, in a dress, a ribbon or a strand of beads at your throat.

Or, you may have a natural gift for putting colors together. Most of us are too conventional. Unusual combinations can be dangerous, but many we've seen are distinguished: the deep red rose on the mauve coat, the pale pink scarf with the claret-red jacket, pink and yellow carnations in a sash or at a neckline, a turquoise sweater with a purple skirt, a pink or mauve silk blouse with soft brown tweeds.

Independent thinking pays off. (Anybody can put red with navy blue.) And if color sense isn't a natural talent, it can be cultivated. These dos and don'ts should be red-penciled:

DON'T be afraid of color.

DO try colors that are in fashion, but

DON'T wear them if they're not becoming. Your color never goes out of style.

DO cultivate a personality color, but don't overdo it. As your own coloring changes, you may discover a new complement color.

DO collect accessories in color, but

DON'T wear hat, shoes, bag and scarf in the same bright color. Two of an accent shade are usually enough.

DO watch shopwindows, magazines, other women, but

DON'T be purely parrot. Your own ideas are often best for you.—R.M.P.

We Find:



Straw cloche, inserts of red ribbon; polka-dot tie; gold safety pin.

Capezio's red pump; neckpiece of pink linen, roses, Hattie Carnegie.



A pink shantung sash with fresh pink carnations for any basic dress.



...way with pearls: tied with a chiffon ...erchief. For a simple black dress.



Darling of the spring bag collection; deep or pastel shades of linen, George Morris.



A chin-high wing-collar vestee of printed rayon to wear with a gray flannel suit.



Satchel bag, gloves and change purse to match by Renee Montague.



DRAWINGS BY BIDI

WHITE ORGANDY BRIDE . . . APRIL, MAY AND JUNE

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal

ANSWER to a dream . . . something shee
white and billowing, organdy over crin
with panels of fan pleats, Val lace edging.
long fringed white-taffeta sash. The wisp
jacket comes off to show your shoulders
white sash is changed to a blue one, an
have your dancing dress for summers to

ONLY twice in a lifetime . . . do you ha
complete new wardrobe—when you're
and when you're married. This is a lucky
for spring and summer brides, for spe
modestly, and finding clothes that you
Your head is in the clouds, but concen
concentrate.

A SLIM crisp rayon suit, well cut, the w
man likes to see it . . . a pure-silk polk
dress . . . a bare-top paper-taffeta print
a jacket . . . a pretty pastel wool jersey .
gray flannel skirt with a matching cash
sweater . . . a coral-red finger-length coat. T
five (plus a bathing suit and a cotton d
will make a trousseau.

ACCESSORIES, planned with loving care: A
white ballibuntl hat, banded with leather
your suit, with white beads for the taffeta .
coral-red felt cloche to match the coat, an
wear with the suit or jersey dress . . . a bl
leather bag, right with suit or coat, a nat
raffia one with silk or jersey dresses. Sl
white, gray and chamois gloves, off-w
linen or straw pumps and black pumps cha
about happily.

DRESS BY CEIL CHAPMAN . . . VEIL BY JOHN FREDERICS



Your veil, a white lace mantilla; short lace
gloves, pendant pearl earrings;
your bouquet, white lilacs and ivy.



Coral gabardine coat goes with everything, $69.95;
in suède cloth, $45. Flannel skirt, sweater.



Bare-top jacketed taffeta for afternoon, without
its jacket for evening, $69.95.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





Sand-color crisp rayon suit, $25.00. Change
with blouses, scarfs, hats, gloves.

Tricolor polka dots, pure-silk all-day
dress, any hour, $35.00.



A lightweight wool in every trousseau.
Blue jersey, $19.95. Dress up with pearls.

COAT BY ETTA GAINES, TAFFETA BY CEIL CHAPMAN, SUIT BY ALVIN HANDMACHER, POLKA DOT BY CLAIRE SMITH, WHITE HAT AND BLACK BAG BY MR. JOHN, STRAW BAG BY HATTIE CARNEGIE.

FASHION

FINDS OF THE SPRING

By Ruth Mary Packer

These *pure silks*
and *pretty cottons*
for North,
East, South or West



Town cotton, a two-piece check for the South now, everywhere later; $25, by Ben Barrack. Cloche by John Frederics.



Pure-silk polka dots, pink and turquoise. Fashion in the slim accordion pleats and bow neckline. By Claire Smith, $39.95.



Natural silk shantung, a two-piece dress you'll love to wear with natural straw hat and bag, short cotton gloves, flower at your neckline; $29.95.

Sleeveless pretty silk print afternoon dress, design of gambling lambs, white and red; $39.95.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEOMBRUNO • BODI





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Silk shantung suit—slim, dark and cool, for now and all summer. Bright navy blue, white pearl buttons, lovely with white hat and gloves. By Morgan Fauth, $29.95.

Two-color silk shantung—the fashion of the one-piece dress that looks two-piece; Claire Smith, $35.

Afternoon cotton, lacy printed voile with bands of black lace insertion, by Claire Smith, $29.95. Wear with a veil.

The Dress You Love Most... *By Nora O'Leary*

The dress you love most might be a black-and-white crepe two-piece dress that can be worn as a suit . . . or a navy blue sheer with white organdy touches. It may be a polka-dot silk classic—your own ingenuity adds the reverse-dot gloves and stole . . . or an authentic Lanvin design made up in a beautiful tie-silk print. Whatever your choice, it is sure to be the dress you feel most comfortable in, the dress you get the most compliments on, and the dress you look prettiest in. It will be made of one of the lovely new fabrics from a pattern collection of becoming new designs. It will be the kind of dress your husband or beau beams upon with pride each time you wear it.



DRAWING BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD

Navy blue sheer to wear now and on through the summer. Wear with or without collar. Vogue Design No. 6720, 12 to 18.



Black-and-white two-piece casual suit. Belted jacket, slim skirt. Pate pockets open from sides. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6729, 12 to E

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in yo city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money orde from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Gree wich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Av Toronto, Ont. *Connecticut residents please add sales t

Back and other views are on page 2 15



Lavender-and-white polka-dot silk classic shirtwaist dress. The skirt can be gathered, or tucked as shown in the picture. Vogue Design No. 6765, 12 to 20.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



© VOGUE



Gray silk shantung; slim bodice, soft skirt-front. Junior Vogue Design No. 3258, 9 to 15.

Lanvin-designed dress—new in a group of Paris Original Models—now in Vogue Patterns. Vogue No. 1052, 12 to 20.



Most comfortable of dresses: kimono-sleeve top and trim midriff. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6735, 12 to 18.

Twelfth and last of a JOURNAL Series

PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER



FRANCE: The older Redouin boys have a room of their own. Two small children sleep in the kitchen with their parents, leaving another room which is "too nice" to use. The boys were quick to make souvenirs of the JOURNAL photographer's flash bulbs (left).



JAPAN: All the Okamotos have to do for fresh air is slide back one of the walls of the room. This is a living room by day, bedroom by night. The children go to bed immediately after the supper dishes are done, arise at 5:30. They wear plain cotton kimonos to bed.



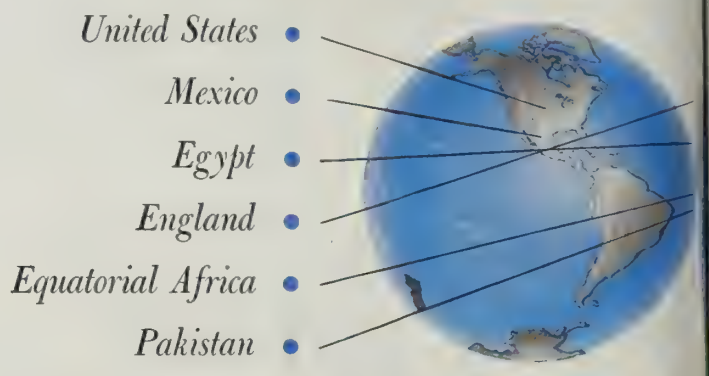
GERMANY: Rolf Stieglitz, age four, is already a big boy for his crib. He shares a room with his parents and is normally fast asleep by the time they come to bed. On his pillow are embroidered the words "*Gott Schuetze Dich*," which means "God protect you in your sleep."



EGYPT: The three el Gamel boys sleep together in this huge four-poster bed. They wear nightcaps and *galabiyas* which resemble nightgowns but are worn in Egypt day and night. Their parents share a similar bed in another bedroom with a baby sister. Winter heat comes from charcoal braziers.



PAKISTAN: At dusk the Usn set their *charpoys* (beds) ou the night. It practically n rains here, so the family al



THIS IS THE

IT is noon in Iowa and dusk in England. While Bruce Pratt eats his lunch at school, Peter Hiatt gets into his pajamas. His sister Joan is already in bed with her favorite doll, and mother has promised to read Little Red Ridinghood—if they are good. But who wants to go to bed before dark? When Mrs. Hiatt reaches the room, bringing the bedtime cocoa, she finds a pillow fight. She is quick to forgive, and reads the story anyway.

In Europe it is the sleepy time of day. The Guercini boys kneel on the tile floor by the big brass bed to say their prayers in Italian. In Germany, Frau Stieglitz gives a good-night kiss to little Rolf, who will soon outgrow his crib. There is horseplay at bedtime in Egypt, when the el Gamel boys vault into bed. Theirs is the fanciest of all, with its four tall posts canopied with lace, and a bright pink spread. In Mexico, Señor and Señora Gonzalez make their bed on hard boards, with the baby suspended from the ceiling. In Africa, the twelve children of Zamba Aluma sleep on grass mats, boys in one hut, the girls in another, while each of his wives has a hut of her own.

ITALY: The Guercinis go to bed later than most of the other families, but are apt to siesta after lunch. They have three fine feather mattresses. Their sheets are now of cotton, whereas before the war they were linen. Furniture is all supplied by the landlord, who gets fifty per cent of their crop.



MEXICO: The Gonzalezes all tire early, as they have no el tricity to prolong the day. T parents sleep on a straw m

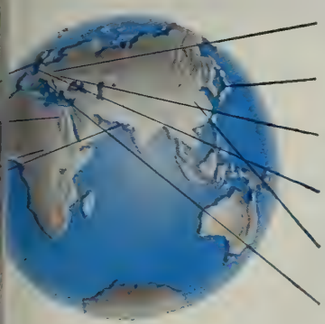




utdoors, wearing their
clothes and seldom us-
ers, as the nights are
hot in the Indus delta.



UNITED STATES: Since this picture was taken the Pratts have remodeled the upstairs of their Iowa farmhouse, and now Arleen has her own room. This helps solve the problem of getting to bed at night, but makes it no easier to get up early in the morning. There are 20 cows to milk before breakfast.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

by ***JOHN GODFREY MORRIS***

WORLD AT BEDTIME

The Balogh children, in the cold Carpathian foothills, sleep under quilts of down. The Usmans sleep through the hot night in Pakistan with only the sky for a coverlet. In China it is often humid, and Mrs. Ho fans the baby through the fretful night. In Japan the Okamotos share their resting place with the swallows that nest under the eaves. The children wish their parents a "pleasant rest," and then stretch out on straw mats, covering up with *futons* (quilts) and taking care not to lie with heads to the north, for that is the position for corpses.

One by one, in the firm order of age, the world's children are tucked in for the night. There is a moment of peace, a time for quiet renewal of the love between man and wife. The evening fire burns low, and finally flickers out. One hemisphere is already asleep.

For schools, "People are People the World Over" is now available in a series of filmstrips. Address Young America Films, 18 East 41st Street, New York 17, N. Y.

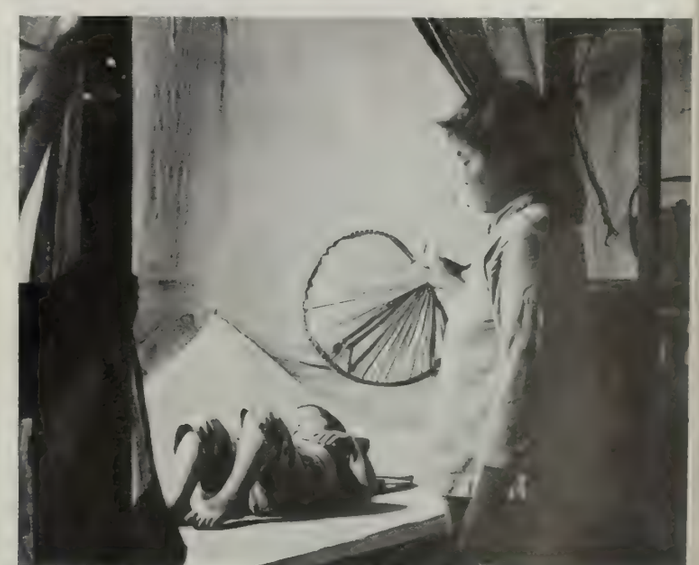
PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and Pakistan), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany).



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A telltale unwashed foot projects from the bed of the little Baloghs. There are three boys and one small girl in this bed, which would seem to be about capacity; however, it makes for winter warmth. The boys wear old shirts as night dress.



EQUATORIAL AFRICA: Zamba Aluma's five sons (by his first wife; he has two more by his second) sleep in this one hut. Draga and Kili share a homemade bed while Alinda, Dada and Atige sleep like stacked spoons on the mud floor. Shorts suffice, as it is warm.



CHINA: The Hos have four bedrooms, each large enough for one small bed canopied with mosquito netting. The mattress is thick straw covered with reeds. It is the custom for boy babies to sleep with father, girls with mother, until old enough to sleep alone.

id on boards, the boys on
or. They use heavy wool
ts of Indian design, as
ights are often chilly.



ENGLAND: Mrs. Hiatt marvels at the bedtime energy of her son and daughter, here shown in pillow combat. They share the same room in winter, but the Hiatts separate them in summer, for they keep each other awake on long summer evenings. One bedroom is kept empty for rainy-day play.



She was crying ...

... then she slung her arms round his neck ..

..he'd put his foot in it somehow.

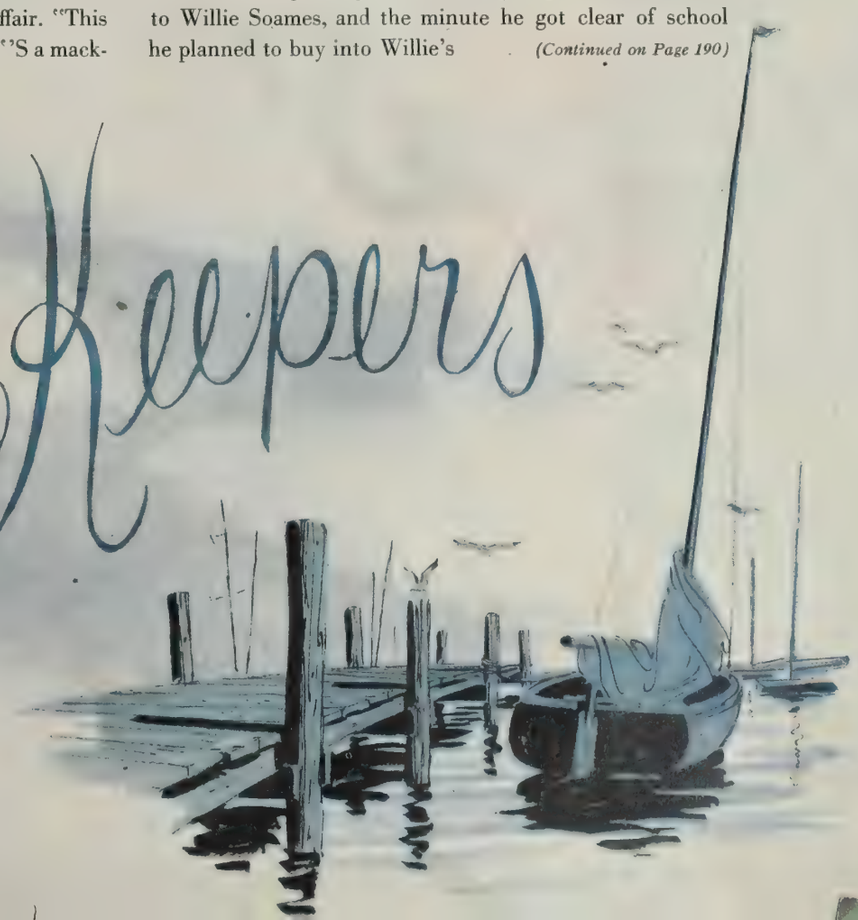
..and up on her toes and kissed

Finders Keepers

How long can you be in love and not know it?

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF



AS usual, Andy Marr wasn't giving thought to girls of any kind. Coming up through the schoolyard before first bell, he was looking over his new mackerel jig and laying plans and feeling prime. Tinkers running in the bay at last. And he and pa, keeping house since mum passed away a year back, and mostly botching it, couldn't hardly wait to get a taste. Nobody'd wish a finer September day. Easy enough to borrow Wes Brier's skiff. High water at five would make a couple hours' fishing after school let out. No great shakes at showing how he felt, certainly, yet Andy had to let himself whistle a little, low between his tongue and upper teeth, at all this fair prospect.

There were kids all over the yard, whooping it before the bell called them inside—all grades through high in the one big building. Pete Sproule and some more of the senior crowd, guys and girls both, were loafing and kidding on the porch steps. Andy headed that way, still hefting the red jig in his hand.

"Whatcha got, whassat there?" this voice flew at him sudden as sin. He looked, and he began to grin. She was a skinny little thing, more like a boy; looked hungry, was his first idea. She'd just caught a ball and got set to whip it back, but froze there, staring over her shoulder at that jig in his hand as if it was something and then some. Wasn't raised hereabouts, that was certain.

"You ever hear," he asked her, teasing, "what curiosity done to the cat?"

She let her arm drop and stood there big-eyed, all adrift. "N-nope."

"There, no need weep over it." All girls odd, this one odder than most and kidded too easy. He knew now who she must be, one of these charity campers from beyond Middle Hill. City poor she looked, so pale, her washed-out plain dress, the way she talked and all. But how come? Two weeks was all they stayed there. That camp always closed down Labor Day. What was she, playing hooky from home and going to school down here? It was none of his affair. "This here?" He told her, since the poor thing asked, "'S a mackerel jig." He made a move with his arm like jigging, up and down slantwise, to show her.

Boy, her black eyes sparked. "You goin' fishin'?"

It was comical. "I might." He started along past.

"Lemme come?" she hollered after him. And when he turned, amazed, she drew in a vast breath, tucked up the corners of her mouth so her teeth showed, and nice and polite added, "Pl-ease?"

"Look." But you couldn't tell her. Time they got her age, girls didn't go fishing unless touched in the head. Be like a boy going up to Portland to one of these beauty parlors. Himself, he wouldn't be seen fishing with a girl anyways. Least of all an outlander.

Then the bell let go. He hurried inside, thinking good riddance. But no. In his home room, happening to look round later, there she sat a few rows off, her red mouth still saying "Pl-ease" that way at him, only now silently. Later she showed in his math and history. It wore him down. Why couldn't she pick on somebody that took to girls—Pete Sproule or Dillon Brewer or Hen Pruett? He knew he was sizing it up bigger'n it was, but couldn't seem to help it. She didn't belong here anyways. She'd stir up trouble or get into it, or both. He couldn't make out how pa and the others on the board had allowed it. Not that they, or anybody else paying taxes, had a right to act choosy. It was a poor town, poor-proud, getting poorer fast and too proud to do a thing about it. Like somebody had an ingrowing toenail but too lazy to cut it.

So he forgot jig and tinkers, fell to brooding. And, as usual, came to mind pa's proud ambition to make him into one of these sassy lawyers. Law. No more suited to that than she was to this town. He knew what he wanted. Had his plans and some money, had near five hundred saved working summers since he was ten. He liked here, not some away-off stinking city studying at law. Liked outdoor, woods and water. Liked gas engines, tinkering engines. He'd talked to Willie Soames, and the minute he got clear of school he planned to buy into Willie's

(Continued on Page 190)

Spring's in the air

BY ANN BATCHELDER

IT has been my observation, over a good many springs, that nature loves yellow. April comes and the fickle dame seems to have forgotten all about green, and goes gallivanting all over the place with yellow. Take the forsythia. Take a lot. It is draped over every post and every wall and it's so eager to get itself into the limelight that it doesn't even wait for its own leaves to come out before it is flaunting itself in a blaze of yellow beauty and, like as not, deceiving folks into thinking it's time to set out the geraniums.

Then there are the dandelions. Spring claims them for her own. They are the jewels that she loves best to wear. Some foolish people *hate* dandelions. And it is true that they don't add much to the billiard-table type of front lawn. But I'd worry if we didn't have them. How short their little lives are. Blown away when their span is done, they come no

(Continued on Page 97)

PHOTO BY STUART POWER


MENU
Shrimp Cocktail
with Chutney Sauce
Glacéed Ham Slice
Scallions on Toast
Creamed Potatoes in Tomato Cups
Spiced Apricots Cheese Biscuits
Asparagus Salad—Egg Garnish
Fruit Compote—Spongecakes
Demitasse
(Planned for 6)



Line a Day

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 Deflation: Having taken up bridge again, after a lapse of years, I felt inclined to boast a bit. The other day I came out with, "Well, I set So-and-so at five spades, doubled," only to get the reply, "Don't you care, you can't win *all* the time!"

2 As far as I can make out, the slice-of-toast-and-black-coffee breakfast diet is definitely out of style. Breakfasts that are *breakfasts* are in.

3 Speaking of breakfast reminds me week ends in the country will be coming along soon. For those late-but-hearty eaters try this on the crew.

4 Make some good large griddlecakes, one for each person, and allow an egg to each cake. Boil the eggs about four minutes, peel, chop in a bowl, season well, adding a little cream and butter. Spread the egg mixture on the cakes, roll them up and anchor with toothpicks. Heat in the oven. Serve with crisp bacon.

5 The serene avocado wears many a new bonnet. Peel and mash a ripe avocado, beat it into puréed sweet potato, season with butter, salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Add diced pineapple, and heat. Serve very hot with ham or chicken.

6 Forget the fry-and-frizzle for once, and do pork chops simmered in pineapple juice. Then put them in a hot oven, 400°F., for about twenty minutes to braise in the juice. They will be tender as chicken breast.

7 For Sunday-night supper if you tire of rarebit, peel and slice a pound of fine, firm, white mushrooms and cook for five minutes in a little cream and butter—or margarine. Don't let them brown. Set aside.

8 *Chapter 2:* Now cut two pairs of fine sweetbreads (prepared for cooking) in pieces and toss in hot butter until they're a delicate brown. Put the sweetbreads and mushrooms, with four hard-boiled eggs, sliced, in a large casserole. Season, and fill the casserole with a rich, light cream sauce, well seasoned, and fold together with a fork. Cover with fine cracker crumbs, dot with butter and bake until the sauce bubbles and browns. This is delicious.

9 I've just received a grand Vermont sage cheese, straight from its home base. All of a year old, creamy and soft and a little on the crumbly side, sharp but not biting—it lines up with the finest cheeses known.

10 For instance, I made some tiny baking-powder biscuits, about the size of a fifty-cent piece. I softened the cheese with a little cream, then put it between the split, hot, buttered biscuit, and it was a two-bite hit.

11 Halve some small tomatoes, fry them until tender. Sprinkle with sweet basil, season with salt and pepper. Arrange them on slices of French toast and on each put a perfect poached egg. Pour a good sharp cheese sauce over all.

12 The business of corned beef comes before the meeting now. Make it into cakes; fry them to a crisp brown. Put a poached egg on each one and cover with hot tomato sauce. This tomato sauce comes in cans, and what you can do with it is wonderful.

13 It will do no harm to try adding a little deviled ham to a spaghetti sauce. Green salad is a must with macaroni and spaghetti dishes.

14 *From an old cookbook:* "The young bride should watch carefully for leaks in the household economy. Many a devoted husband has turned into a barely tolerant housemate on account of too lavish a use of the housekeeping money." Eternal vigilance, and so forth.

15 Now that asparagus has commenced its annual and welcome invasion, you may sit back and practically let nature take its course. The delicious dishes where asparagus plays the leading role are legion.

16 For example, cook the tips of asparagus in boiling salted water until tender. Takes only a few minutes. Drain them, season with salt, pepper.

17 *Chapter 2:* Arrange the tips in a shallow casserole, cover with cream of chicken soup. Sprinkle with fine crumbs, grated cheese, and brown under the broiler.

18 Many folks are devoted to tea and teas. And they like to eat too. Little hot biscuits, split, buttered and filled with soft or shaved maple sugar, are hits.

19 Cream of mushroom soup is useful in a dozen ways. As soup, try garnishing with browned croutons.

SPRING SONG

Let there be summer in your heart,
Away with this complaining.
No leaf, no bud has any part
In sighs because it's raining.
And hark, I hear the linnet's cry,
That's rare as sleigh bells in July.

20 Scatter very finely chopped browned almonds or chopped pistachio nuts over cream soups. Both the idea and the result are very desirable.

21 If the family turn up their collective noses at *spinach*, make some spinach griddlecakes and note carefully (in your not-impossible diary) their reaction.

22 Cook up a batch of spinach and force it through a sieve. The purée must be thick, so don't have the spinach weeping like the bride's mother. Drain it well, for this receipt will put a new interest in the life of spinach. The next step follows.

23 When the purée is ready, make a griddlecake batter, using half milk and half cream, season with nutmeg, salt, pepper, and a teaspoon of sugar. Beat a cup of the spinach into the batter and bake like any griddlecake. Serve with scrambled eggs and bacon.

24 A good many words have been written about stuffed tomatoes. The tomato surprise is ordinarily as surprising as a collar button on a shirt. But here's one that *is* surprising and surprisingly good:

25 Use smallish tomatoes, peel and scoop out insides to make a container—for the surprise. Mix together canned salmon, anchovies cut fine, a little horseradish, a minced shallot and a little minced gherkin. Bind with mayonnaise, season, and fill the tomatoes.

26 A party omelet is made with lobster Newburg folded in just before the omelet goes to its destiny. Crab meat ditto is wonderful too. Creamed chicken you know about.

27 Try mixing one-third corn meal with the flour you dip onion rings in for French-fries. Soak onion rings in milk and dry first. Remember?

28 Up in New England the good cooks say, "A dish is as good as its seasoning." That is simple truth.

29 Little thin slices of freshly baked ham, spread with prepared mustard and sandwiched into hot, split, buttered baking-powder biscuits, are as popular at a party as Clark Gable at a barn dance.

30 Next month is fishing time again. When *he* brings home that dreamed-of string of trout, caught by *himself* or bought from a small boy equipped with a bent pin, give them everything you've got. Fry them in salt-pork fat or bacon. Have, to go with the trout, salt pork and cream gravy, baked potatoes and a deep-dish apple pie and cheese. And coffee ad lib. Enough said.



Just as sure as you like Chicken...
you'll like Campbell's CHICKEN SOUP



CHICKEN The delicious taste of chicken fills the golden gleaming broth. Your every sip says "Mmm, chicken!"

CHICKEN The fluffy rice that makes this chicken soup so extra nourishing is steeped in the chicken broth.

CHICKEN Tender pieces of chicken, both white meat and dark, are measured in with a generous hand.

S TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Bean with Bacon · Beef · Beef Noodle
ean · Bouillon · Cream of Celery (*new!*) · Chicken with Rice · Cream of Chicken (*new!*) · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Consommé
owder · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Green Pea · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

That unseen woman within you

—can make you over...

if you will only let her



Mrs. Vanderbilt's flawless skin shows the exquisite care she gives it. "The best creams I know are Pond's," she says, "they're *perfect* for my skin."

MANY WOMEN feel in their hearts that they have missed *full* self-realization.

Many live always with a numbing sense that they are of little importance.

Yet they *need not* accept this—help is *within themselves. You* can feel it within you—an inner drive for happiness. The close *interrelation* between this Inner You and the Outer You, the almost uncanny power that each has to change the other—can change *you* from drabness to joyous self-fulfilment.

Never think of yourself as cut to a set pattern. You are *not*—you are changing every day. You can *direct* this change. Let the strong, beautiful Inner You help you to lift your life *up*.

This inner force in all women is tied inextricably with need for physical attractiveness. This is the real reason that nothing so shakes your confidence, your whole outlook, as the uneasiness that comes from *not looking as you should—not appearing at your best.*

It is also the reason that nothing so bolsters your faith in yourself as the warm, sweet knowledge that you *look lovely*—and that this outer loveliness *is actually drawing others closer to the true You within.*

Right now—today—start an inspiring *new way of living*, that will send a new and lovelier *You* flooding out through your face and lift you right out of the class that nobody notices.

Base this new way of living on the great laws of health and beauty: Exercise each day—so circulation keeps renewing you! *Relax*—let go a few minutes at least twice each day. You'll be amazed how this soothes and lifts *your spirit.* Enough sleep regularly. A balanced diet. Enough water. *Cleanliness.*

And then—*your face*—that constantly changing *outer* expression of *You* that always seems more fascinating than anything else about you. A new understanding of its care will bring the real *Inner You singing through it* for all your world to see and love.

New "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Never underestimate the little miracles that can be wrought by simple daily habits. That luminous look—for instance—which *true cleanliness* gives to skin. The fineness and softness of texture that can come to you through faithful, meticulous grooming. Yes—the gratitude of skin for the care you give it is a lovely thing to see.

You'll find it takes no time at all to give your face this Pond's new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on *both sides* of your skin. *From the Outside*—the Pond's Cold Cream is softening, smoothing and cleansing your skin, as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this new treatment is stimulating the blood in your cheeks to beauty-giving activity.

Mrs Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's charming, mobile face sends a fascinating challenge from her vivid Inner Self ... gives to all who see her a lovely, stirring picture of the truly magnetic person she is.

You really should not wait another day to give your skin this rewarding new beauty care. Do it *always at bedtime* (for day face-cleansings, too) *—this is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream—lots of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore-openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, *immaculate.* Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

Now—see *your* face! Rosy! Sparkling clean! So soft! This new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is beauty care you'll never want to miss—because it works! As lovely Mrs. Vanderbilt says, "This treatment leaves my face feeling refreshed and *immaculate.* Pond's is a *beautiful* cream!"

Is yours Dry Skin? Is it "After 25" Skin?

Dry skin requires a *special* cream—one that will give your skin *more oil.* From 25 on, many women find their natural skin oil starts *decreasing.* Lots of you will lose as much as 20% of this natural oil before you are 40. If you have *any* tendency to dry skin, give your face the *extra* softening help of *lanolin-rich homogenized* Pond's Dry Skin Cream. A wonderful cream—*very* rich, yet *never* sticky—you'll love the way dry skin really seems to drink it up.

For Powder Base— a special greaseless cream

If yours is skin that does not like a *heavy* foundation, it *will like* the different *featherlight* foundation Pond's Vanishing Cream gives. Completely greaseless—it leaves no "coated" look. You have no shade problem. It leaves only a smooth, protective film that's transparent on your skin. Powder goes on smoothly, looks more natural—and lasts!

Discover, too, the quick "beauty-lift": a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream can give you. Just cover your face (except your eyes) with a cool, snowy mask of the cream. After 1 full minute, tissue off. See your skin look clearer, brighter, silkier—immediately!

Have the "Angel Face look"

You look sweet and smart and completely natural when you wear Pond's Angel Face—the newest kind of new make-up that is actually foundation and powder all in one. Not a cake make-up, no wet sponge; not a greasy foundation, no smeary fingertips—Angel Face goes on with its own downy puff. It gives you a complete make-up that stays on much longer than powder. It's never drying, it's never greasy. And it can't spill in your handbag or "snow" over dark dresses. You are just bound to *love* Angel Face—and you can choose from five heavenly shades.

Then—for your lips—you will find there is subtle flattery in Pond's satiny-pink "Lips" shade—"Dither." A perfect shade for Spring—it is completely adorable on blondes—and is downright bewitching on brunettes.

Don't ever just take your face for granted. Every face needs loving care and understanding to look as lovely and happy and bright as it should. *What are you doing for your face?* It is the *You* that others see first, remember. Do, then, help it to show this You with real charm and distinction—at *your very best.*

Always remember—The you that others see first is in your face!



It is not vanity

to develop the beauty of your face. You owe it to those who love you—you owe it to *yourself.* The lovelier you look, the happier you'll feel—and you will find this greater happiness brings the real Inner You closer to others.

Seven favorites among the beauty aids Pond's makes for You—used and trusted by lovely women the world over



Spring Garden

THE GLORIOUS NEW DESIGN IN SILVERPLATE BY HOLMES & EDWARDS

Sweet *Spring Garden!* So gay, so adorable!

At last, all the bright glory of springtime has been captured in silverplate by master designers.

First, you see tiny flowerets deeply carved upon a gleaming surface . . . and at the very tip, a gay surprise! Bursting forth in all its fresh beauty, is a delicate budding flower. A brilliant touch, that forever will give distinction to Spring Garden.

See Spring Garden at your favorite silverware counter today. The beautiful 52 piece service for 8 is only $68.50 with chest. And it's Sterling Inlaid* silverplate, to stay lovelier longer . . . a pattern you'll love and cherish forever.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Special Introductory Offer!

1 Five O'Clock teaspoons new Spring Garden design, for only $1.89. Ideal for desserts, ice cream and sherbet. At all jewelry and department stores for a limited time . . .

*The most used surfaces and faces of the silverplate are protected with two blocks of sterling silver at backs of bowls and handles . . .

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POINT OF NO RETURN

(Continued from Page 53)

artment. Arthur Slade must have vouched him because the conversations were all eral and no one asked him anything defi- about his previous experience. An hour t have elapsed before Charles said he t not take any more of Mr. Slade's time thanked him for showing him around. It only then that Arthur Slade asked ther he would like to try it in the statisti- department.

"You can't tell," Arthur Slade said. "It ht be worth trying. How much were you ing at Rush & Co.?"

f course they could not pay him what he been getting at Rush & Co., but there a future in the statistical department. were a part of the family. It was like . Rush & Co. again—one big happy fam- as though all families were necessarily py. Yet the Stuyvesant may have been e like a family than many other business nizations. There were the same jeal- es, the same incompetent poor relations, same feuds. There was also a sort of loy- , as much as there could be loyalty to as and grim an institution as a bank.

harles had been like a mountain climber ging to a precarious foothold up there in statistical department. There were no a desks, so he had been stationed at a le in the corner, and one day Arthur Slade come up from downstairs, which was sual. Arthur Slade was a little like a com- sioned officer that morning, entering the erly room to speak to the sergeant major.

"Oh, Walter," he said to Mr. Gibbs, here's that analysis?"

Charles was beginning realize already that lter Gibbs had lapses moments of forgetful- s.

"I've just finished cking it," Walter Gibbs d. "I was going to send it down. I didn't ow you wanted it in a hurry."

"Where is it?" Arthur Slade asked. "Those yers are meeting us tomorrow. It should e been in the mail last night. That's all t, it's my fault. I should have told you." was probably not his fault because he er slipped up on things, but Arthur Slade s always careful never to blame anyone en it was not necessary. "Jessup's just n telephoning," Arthur Slade said. "It ght to be given to him personally. Is there yone here you could send down to Pine eet?"

"Why, yes," Walter Gibbs said, "there's ay."

All law offices, particularly in New York, arles often thought, had a self-conscious nosphere, which was very much like their tionery. Their pictures and chairs and les and the personnel of the outer offices re all selected to create an air of erudition, urity and ponderous judicious calm. The y who greeted Burrell, Jessup and Cock- rn visitors noted Charles' name and that the partner he wished to see on a memo- ndum pad. Then he rose slowly and walked wn a corridor, leaving Charles seated by a nd mahogany table with his brief case his knees.

HE office boy came back and led the way wn a corridor to the partners' offices. You can go right in," the boy said.

It was obviously Mr. Jessup's office be- use his name was on the door, but when harles opened the door he was in another ter office. Behind a mahogany secretary's sk Nancy was sitting, typing a letter.

He stood watching her because she did not ok up when he came in. Her fingers moved er the typewriter keys easily, almost con- mptuously. She wore a plain silk shirt- aist. Her light brown hair was done up in a not. Her lips were pressed in an even line nd her whole face looked cool and aloof. er skin was as clear as her white silk waist, ut there was a faint natural touch of color her cheeks. There was no lipstick. Nancy never used it in business hours. She did not look up until she had finished the paragraph she was typing and then she looked straight at him but she did not smile. Her eyes were greenish gray and they were wide, almost too wide, apart.

"Do you want to see Mr. Jessup?" she asked. "Or do you want to leave something for him?"

"I'm from the Stuyvesant Bank," Charles said, and that was the first thing he ever said to Nancy. "They sent me over with some papers. I'm supposed to hand them to Mr. Jessup."

"YOU'RE supposed to," Nancy repeated, and she sounded as though she were faintly amused, but there was no way of telling. "What are they about?"

"They didn't tell me."

"Well, Mr. Jessup's busy now. You can leave them with me and I'll see that he gets them."

"I'm afraid I'd better wait."

"Haven't you got anything else to do back at that bank?" Nancy asked. "I'll see he gets them. I'm pretty good at handing people papers."

"So am I," Charles said, and he smiled.

"Mr. Jessup's in conference," Nancy said, "and he won't be free for half an hour."

"I'm supposed to give them to him personally."

"What are you in that bank, a messenger?"

"No, I'm in the statistical department."

"Have you been there long?"

"Of course I haven't," Charles said, "or they wouldn't be sending me on errands. This is the first important job that's been offered me."

Then she smiled. It was the first time he ever saw her smile. "Well, take off your overcoat and sit down, if you want to waste your time."

She was not much farther along than he was then. She was Mr. Jessup's private secretary and she was being paid forty-five dollars a week and they would never have been married if she had not kept that job.

"If I bother you waiting here," Charles said, "I can wait outside."

"You don't bother me. This is my last letter."

He never bothered her, she always said, right from the beginning, and most men did, and there were a great many maladjusted junior partners in that office.

"You didn't seem to have me on your mind," she told him once. "We just sat there and talked. And sex didn't seem to enter into it, but I suppose it did. It was all perfectly natural." But then everything always was with him and Nancy.

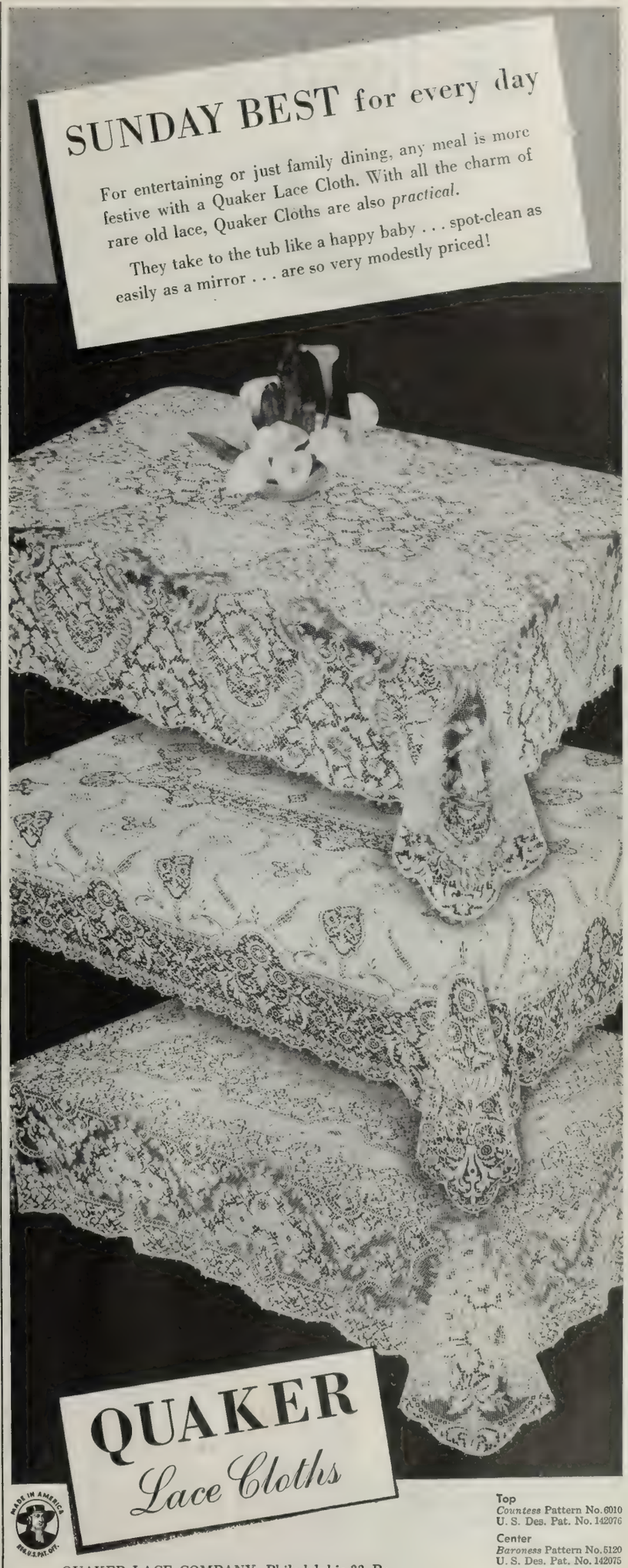
The cars on the branch line that led to Clyde were always antiquated. As they rocked and rattled on the uneven roadbed, you could tell from the sounds exactly where the train was, especially as it was approaching Clyde. There was a stifled roar as the train passed through the cut that came just before Brainard's crossing. Then came the hollow rumble of the trestle that spanned Whiting's creek. After the train crossed the low farmlands just outside of Clyde there came the louder roar of the short tunnel and with it an instant of darkness, always startling no matter how often one had experienced it, and the brakeman's voice mingled with the roar and the darkness.

"Clyde," he always shouted. "Clyde." And if it was the three-thirty train out of Boston he always added, "Please leave no articles in the car," an admonition that was never heard, as far as Charles could remember, on any other train.

He had been looking out the window. He had seen the sodden April brown of the fields. He had seen the muddy banks and the low tide of Whiting's creek. He had put on

(Continued on Page 77)

Who writes love letters grows thin; who carries them, fat.



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ich time to see Nancy and the children, but haps I will get time if everything turns out ht. We live in a place called Sycamore rk." He found himself speaking more ickly, more easily. He was laying out his ole life on the dining-room table, just as ough he were dealing from a deck of cards, d it sounded rather well.

"We have a picture of the house," Mrs. ason said. "It looks so new and lovely th ——" She did not finish because the orbell rang.

"That's May and Jeffrey," Mrs. Mason id. "I guess they thought we'd be finished pper."

May and Jeffrey Meader were in the dining om and everyone was standing up and the om seemed very crowded, with those who ere there and those who were not. The mo- ent he saw May Mason he thought of the mmer afternoon when May had been sit- ng alone in the back room trying to play e waltz from The Pink Lady and he had ought her that note from Sam; and he new that May, stoutish, middle-aged and ay-headed, remembered too.

"Charley," she said, "I guess I've got to iss you." He knew from the way she spoke at it was an unusual action, an impulsive reak from what she had planned to do or ay. "You look like Sam."

"I've thought of you a lot, May." It had a rittle, banal sound and he wished he could ave thought of something better. "I'm aw- ully glad if you think I look like Sam." It was very public, awkward moment, because ev- ryone was listening.

Jeffrey Meader was pudgy, with horn- immed spectacles, and almost bald. He ooked like someone in a small real-estate and nsurance office, but then his was exactly the way he should have looked. "Why, Charley looks like good prospect," he said. "Hi, Charley."

"Hi, Jeffrey," Charles said.

"And here's Edwina," May went on. "You member Edwina, don't you? She was orothea's flower girl."

May's daughter was standing in the door- y, looking just as May had once looked ex- pt that her blond hair was cut in a page-boy b instead of being long and tied up in a t, and she, too, must have been the ttiest girl in her class at high school.

"Why, I'd know Edwina anywhere," he id. "She hasn't changed at all."

"Malvina's married," May said. "She's ving in Brockton and as long as we're just e family I'll tell you Malvina's news. What o you think—she's expecting, Charley."

"May means Malvina's going to have a baby," Jackie said. "I wish you wouldn't put it that way, May. It sounds local."

"All right, all right," Jeffrey Meader said. "No matter how it sounds, May's going to be a grandmother any time now and that sounds pretty funny, doesn't it?"

"Now you're here," May said, "how long are you going to be here, Charley?"

He was a visitor again, that successful isitor from the city who had left them long o, and his voice sounded polite and meas- ed when he answered. "Only over tomor- v, I'm afraid. I'm sorry I can't stay longer, perhaps some other time ——"

There are certain people Charley ought e before he goes back," Jackie said, "and 'll be talk if he doesn't. I'll make a list o over it with Charley."

ey all trooped back to the parlor, and Charles took part in the conversation it e speaking a language which he had well a long time before and which he ill speak, although he was unfamiliar latest idioms and his tenses might ally be confused. In his absence aloof and indestructible, had been through a turbulent sea, but Clyde le for trouble. Nothing could en- ter its values. Everyone still knew and there was a place for everyone. es had forgotten that everyone went arly in Clyde until he saw Mr. Mason d then he said he would have to be getting back to the hotel, he meant the inn, and that he had had a wonderful time; and they all said it was like old times, seeing him, and they would see him again tomorrow.

"I'll go back to the inn with you," Jackie said.

He had begun to speak that forgotten language of Clyde so fluently that he and Jack Mason seemed to have picked up something which they had both dropped years before. He knew that Jackie admired him for the same reasons he always had, and he liked Jackie, too, with the same old reservations. They were walking toward Johnson Street and the houses were growing larger and more beautiful. He did not want to see Johnson Street, but if he had to, he was glad that Jack Mason was with him.

"The old place hasn't changed much," Jackie said. "It's still about the same." It was one of those rare occasions when you could say almost anything. "Charley, I wish you'd never gone away."

It was not what Charles would have wished, and he thought of what might have happened if he had stayed in Clyde. They had turned at the corner of Spruce and Johnson Streets and there was the Hewitt house, all dark, and the Lovell house diagonally across from it. He made a deliberate effort not to look at it, but he still knew it was there.

"I couldn't have stayed," he said, and it was a great relief that he had not a single doubt about it.

"Of course, it might have been a little difficult at first"—Jackie Mason hesitated—"but nothing would have affected your position. For instance, take the library," but he did not go on about the library.

It was very natural to be walking down Johnson Street with Jack Mason talking about position. Jackie did not mention that his grandfather had been a druggist, but it was still on Jackie's mind.

"Or take the bank," Jackie said. "You would have been in just the right position, the first time there was a vacancy on the board."

If he had stayed in Clyde, he might certainly have been a director of the Dock Street Bank. He might even have been president of it if he had done the right things at the right time.

"Well, never mind it," he answered. "You're the one who's got position now."

"Oh, I haven't done anything much," Jackie said, "except in a small-town way."

A sad note in Jackie's voice made Charles realize that Jackie wanted him to be impressed with everything he had done, and after all, he was a trustee of the public library and a director of the bank. He had gone a long, long way. Charles had to answer properly and he could not sound patronizing.

"Everything you do depends on where you are," he said. "Do you remember what Julius Caesar said"—he was like his own father, groping for an apt quotation—"about preferring to be the first man in Ostia to the second man in Rome? I'm sure it wasn't Ostia, but let's call it Ostia."

He could not see Jack Mason's face in the dark, but he was sure that he had said the right thing, neither too little nor too much.

"That's awfully nice of you to say that, Charley."

"It isn't nice," Charles said quickly, "it's the truth."

They had crossed the street and they were in front of the Clyde Inn before Jackie spoke again. "Don't think I look on myself as the first man in Ostia. I'm a long way from it. Er—Charley, do you mind if I come up to your room with you? There's something else I want to tell you."

"Of course I won't mind," Charles said. "What is it, Jack?"

"I'll get it off my chest in just a minute, but I can't tell it in front of everybody."

There was no one to tell it in front of at the inn except the clerk, who looked surprised to see them enter the place together.

"Hello, Edgar," Jackie said. "Mr. Gray wants his room key. I hope you've given Mr. Gray a good room."

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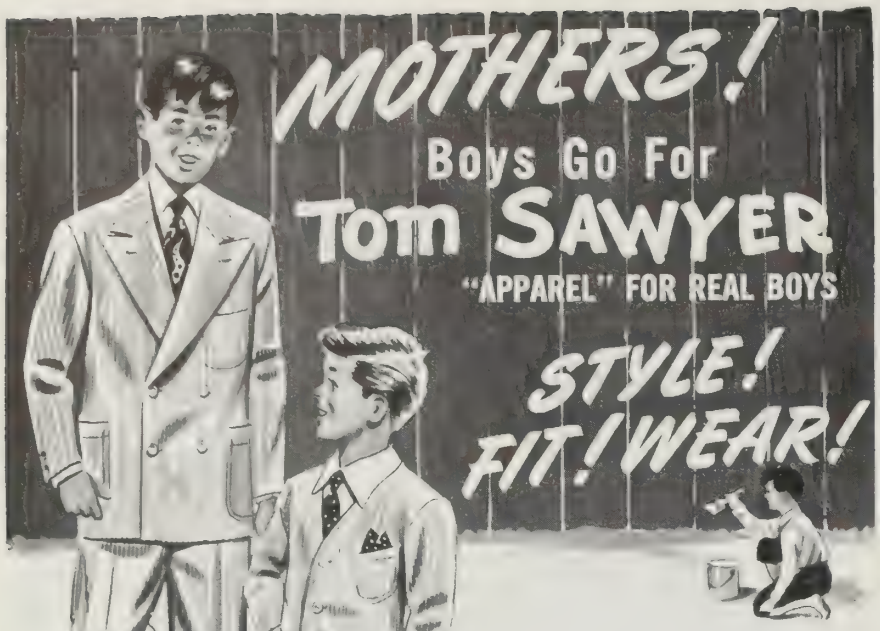
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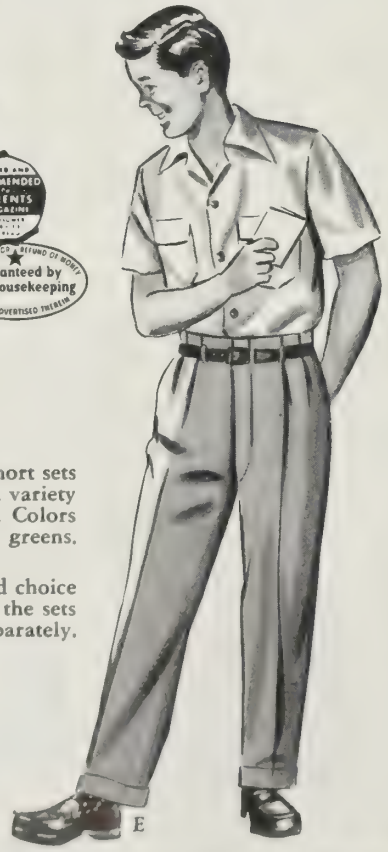


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"Good evening, Mr. Mason," the inn clerk said. "I didn't know you were acquainted with Mr. Gray."

"It would have made all the difference, wouldn't it?" Jackie said, and he laughed. "I'll tell you what to do, Edgar," Jackie said. "Just get me a bottle of rye and charge it to me. You like rye, don't you, Charley?"

Charles said that it did not matter, he did not care for anything particularly, and Jackie may have been sorry for his impulse, because he was careful to conceal the bottle beneath his overcoat as they walked upstairs.

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," he said. "I'm afraid Edgar was a little surprised. I don't do this sort of thing very often except in a business way, but seriously, it does mean a lot to the town, having an inn like this, and this isn't a bad room, is it? I'm glad you have a quiet one that opens on the back."

Charles' room had a country, chintzy look, and was furnished in yellow Colonial maple.

"Yes, it's going to be quiet here," Charles said.

Jackie put the bottle of rye on the table. "Here, let me pour the drinks," he said. "There ought to be some glasses in the bathroom. Dear me, I should have ordered up some ice."

"Oh, never mind the ice," Charles said.

It was a little like the war, sitting in an unfamiliar room with a bottle of rye whisky and tepid water. It was not at all like Clyde.

"Well, now we're here," Charles said, "what is it you want to tell me?"

Jackie cleared his throat and his worried look returned. "Well, Charley, I think I ought to talk to you about Jessica Lovell."

CHARLES knew, of course, that he could not avoid his past involvement with Jessica Lovell and that at some time when he was in Clyde he would have to meet it face to face. Mentioning Jessica was like opening a box filled with things you would never use again but which could not be thrown away.

"I'm glad you brought up Jessica," he said. "I've been meaning to ask about her. How is Jessica?"

"Oh, she's very well. Very well and busy. She has that same interest in things, but then you know Jessica."

"I don't know her now," Charles said, and he smiled. "I've been pretty busy too."

"I don't want to bring up any painful memories," Jackie said. "Of course I know how you must feel."

"No, you don't," Charles said, "because I don't feel anything." He was saying just what he wanted to say. "I hope Jessica's well and happy and I'm glad we didn't get married because it wouldn't have worked—and that's all there is to it, except I always supposed she'd find someone else. Why didn't she ever marry?"

Jackie gazed at him reproachfully as though he had not assumed the serious attitude the circumstances demanded. "She just never did, Charley."

"Well, I don't see why she didn't," Charles said, "unless it was her father again."

"No," Jackie said, and he sighed. It seemed to Charles an elaborate, overdramatized sigh. "I don't think it was entirely that. I think she always hoped that you'd come back."

"Maybe she did for a year or two," Charles said. "She knew I'd married, didn't she?"

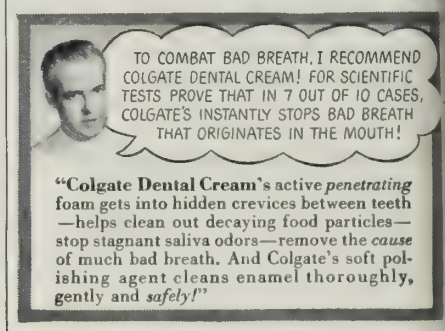
"Yes. Jessica's a wonderful girl. She's always wanted you to be happy, Charley. She's always wanted to hear about you."

"Well," Charles said, "I think I'll have another drink."

He remembered what Nancy always said about drinking after dinner and he knew that he would be better without any more; but still he poured himself a drink.

When Charles went into the bathroom to fill his glass with tap water he glanced at himself in the mirror above the washbasin, as he did usually at the bank. His tie was straight, his soft collar was smooth. He looked as he should have, like someone from New York, and suddenly he realized as sure as fate that he could have come back to Clyde, he could have married Jessica Lovell. Her father could not have stopped them, nothing would have stopped them if he had come back, but until





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moment the idea had never crossed his
d. He walked out of the bathroom holding
glass and sat down again in the stiff-
ted chair.

Well," he said, "I never did come back."
never would have. He would have been
proud.

I thought I ought to tell you, Charley,"
cie said. "I thought you ought to know."
e still could not understand why Jackie
ght he ought to know except that Jackie
always found it hard to keep things to
self. "Did Jessica tell you this?" Charles
d. "It doesn't sound like Jessica."

Well, you see"—Jackie Mason looked too
e for the small upholstered chair in which
at; his face looked moist and he pulled
a neat handkerchief from his breast
ket—"you see, Jessica had to talk to
eone and I suppose I was elected—just
ause I knew you. She still talks a lot
ut you, Charley. Jessica was in love with
for years. She really was. I think that
nen seem to stay in love longer than men,
e they fall in love."

Maybe they do," Charles said. "It's
sible."

You see, I thought you ought to know
s so that you won't misunderstand. I've
ays seen a lot of Jessica." Jackie laughed
precatingly. "I guess Mr. Lovell thought I
s pretty harmless, but things can't help
nging and that's what I want to tell you.
sica and I are engaged and are going to be
rried in June."

Somehow Charles had thought of every-
ng else, but not of that. He was reconciled
Jackie's being a library trustee, a director
the bank, but he had never thought of his
rrying Jessica Lovell. He could not think
t he resented it or that
vas jealousy he felt, or
vy. He was mainly dis-
bed because of some-
ng in the whole picture
t was malformed, some-
ng that should not have
en. He was thinking of
at Jessica used to say about Jackie Mason,
t as Jackie said, things changed if you saw
neone long enough—and it had taken a
g, long time. It was all as dry as dust,
nost repellent, and for once he did not say
e proper thing.

"Why, Jackie," he said, "it looks as
ough you have everything," and he heard
ckie's nervous laugh.

"Oh, I wouldn't put it that way, and I
ow Jessica and I are a little old to take this
p, but we've known each other so long."

"I wish you'd tell me," Charles asked,
ow Mr. Lovell took it."

"Well, I was a little suprised," Jackie said.
He didn't seem to mind. It's funny, when I
d my talk with him, he kept calling me
arles. Of course, his mind isn't what it was
fore he was ill last winter, but he's really a
nd old gentleman, and we'll all be living
ere together. He couldn't live without
ssica."

T last Charles said the right thing. He said
thought it was splendid and he knew they
uld be happy.

"I'm awfully glad you think so, Charley,"
ckie Mason said, "and now there's one
ng more. I hope you'll call on Jessica to-
rrow. She knows you're here."

Charles picked up his glass and was sur-
ised to find it empty. He rose. "No," he
d. "No, I don't think so, Jack. It"—his
ice was unexpectedly hoarse—"it wouldn't
lp anything."

"But, Charley"—Jackie looked deeply
rt—"I wish you'd think of Jessica. Every-
e will know you didn't see her."

It was that old phrase again, everyone
uld know, but it was something he could
t do. "I can't," he said. "I suppose I ought
but I can't. I'm sorry, Jackie."

No matter what Jackie Mason said, he
uld not go. Jackie Mason was still his
end and Jackie was always loyal, but he did
t have to see Jessica or Mr. Lovell or the
vell house again.

"Why, Charley," Jackie said, "if you
ally feel that way. But just think it over
d we'll talk about it again tomorrow."

"All right," Charles said.

"And now I'd better be going. It's getting awfully late."

"Wait a minute," Charles said, and his mind was back to where it should have been. "There's something I've been meaning to ask you. What do you know about the Nickerson Cordage Company?" His voice sounded the way it should have through all that conversation.

For a minute or two after Jackie Mason closed the door and after the sound of footfalls ceased, Charles Gray had the illusion that he was in a hotel room somewhere else and that Jackie Mason had appeared unsubstantially and that all that conversation had been one of those fantasies. A sense of emptiness and futility hung darkly over him. It was late, but he wanted to call up Nancy. He had never wanted so much to speak to anyone and he felt better already when he gave the number at Sycamore Park.

"Ring me when you get it, will you, please?" he said.

THEN he walked to the single window and opened it and stood breathing the cool night air. There was the sound of a train in the distance. It would be the eleven-thirty going north to Portland. The timetable had not changed. It was a dark, cloudy night, but the sky was lighter than the earth and he could see the blurred shapes of the elms and the houses on Fanning Street. The town was asleep, but it was still alive and as full of blind instinct as a beehive.

He thought again of Jackie Mason, beset by this instinct and wanting to get on according to the rules, and he had seen the result that night, a preordained and sterile ending. The worst of it was it somehow reminded him of his own career. He had been living carefully according to other rules. Someday he might be a vice-president of the Stuyvesant Bank in New York City. Still, Jackie Mason was engaged to Jessica Lovell. He wished that the night were not so dark. He wished that everything were not so deathly still. There was not even a sigh of wind in the branches of the trees.

Vanity is the quicksand of reason.
—GEORGE SAND.

The sharp ring of the telephone broke those thoughts and he was relieved to hear the vague and sleepy sound of Nancy's voice.

"What are you doing? Where are you?" she asked.

"I'm here in the hotel in Clyde," he said. "Did I wake you up?"

"Yes, you did. Never mind it. Are you all right?"

Nancy always hated wasting money talking aimlessly on the long distance and he disliked it, too, but nothing could have made him stop talking.

"I'm fine," he said. "Are you all right? Are the children all right?"

"There's no perceptible change," Nancy said. "Molly Blakesley came to call."

"Oh. What did Molly Blakesley want?"

"She didn't want anything."

"What else has happened?"

"Well, Bill cut his lip. A baseball hit him. And that man you've got to see about the roof, he never came."

"Well, never mind," Charles said. "How about the car?"

"Why do you want to know about it?"

"I don't know. I'm just feeling lonely for you and the car."

"It's a nice association of ideas," Nancy said. "How lonely are you?"

"Very lonely. There are too many ghosts up here."

"Well, when are you getting back?"

"The midnight tomorrow. I had supper at the Masons'."

"Oh. The Masons—those people who lived next door?"

"Yes, they're the ones."

"Well, what about that Lovell girl?" He knew that Nancy would ask about the Lovell girl. "Have you seen her yet?"

"No. She's going to marry Jackie Mason. What do you think of that?"

(Continued on Page 86)

What YOU Can Do About Cancer



Great strides have been made in diagnosing and treating cancer. While it is still the second major cause of death in the United States, the mortality rates from some forms are declining.

Medical science is constantly at work increasing its knowledge of this disease. Better techniques for diagnosing cancer exist today than ever before. For example, a recent development has raised the percentage of correct early diagnosis of one type of cancer from 36 to 95 per cent.

Advances in hormone and chemical therapy have proved valuable in relieving pain and prolonging life. Improved methods of treating the disease have cured, in some instances, cases that formerly were considered hopeless.

Present knowledge can be fully utilized only as more people learn the warnings of the disease and come for examination without delay. Cancer must be discovered early and treatment promptly started to get the full benefit from medical science.

1. Early Recognition

It is wise for everyone, and especially those past 35, to keep alert for cancer's danger signals. The American Cancer Society believes that many thousands of lives could be saved every year if cancer's warnings were recognized early and treated immediately.

2. Prompt Attention

When any of these warnings appear, prompt medical attention is advisable. The doctor may suggest a more complete examination at a Cancer Clinic or by a specialist. It is encouraging to know that the majority of these examinations reveal that cancer is not present.

3. Proper Treatment

If cancer is discovered, the specialist will explain that the best treatment is surgery or radiation. He will point out that patent medicines for cancer and so-called "cancer cures" are often dangerous, and may give cancer time to spread.

These Are Cancer's "Danger Signals"

- Any lump or thickening especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
- Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
- A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
- Noticeable changes in the color or size of a mole or wart.
- Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
- Any persistent hoarseness, cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
- Any persistent change in normal elimination.

Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.

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... from Color Schemes to Finished Rooms!

(Continued from Page 83)

"You mean the boy next door is marrying the girl in the big house?" Nancy said. "I've never seen him, so how should I know what to think?" It was wonderful to hear the indifference in Nancy's voice. "Now wait a minute. Is that why you're lonely?"

"No," he said, "it isn't. I wish you were here."

"Well, I'm glad you do. Listen, we're not getting anywhere and we've been talking more than three minutes. Come home as early as you can on Friday, and don't worry about anything."

"About what?"

"You know what. . . . And Charley, I didn't really mean what I said—about its not being much but its being the only thing we had. It was a silly thing to say."

"Now wait a minute." At least he was no longer thinking about Clyde. "Have you heard anything, Nancy?" he asked her.

"No, I didn't mean it that way, darling. Don't sit alone there worrying. I'll see you on Friday. Good night, dear."

He set down the telephone and stood up, conscious of a new sound which he had not noticed while they had been talking. It was the rushing sound of rain. It was pouring rain outside.

Charles checked his suitcase in the morning at the Vanderbilt Avenue checkroom, just as he had checked his suitcase when he had arrived from Clyde that other time. There was the same sleepy emptiness in the Grand Central Station. It was as though all events had been miraculously rubbed out since 1930.

He was sitting in the restaurant in the lower level, holding the New York Times and telling the waitress that he wanted orange juice, bacon and eggs and coffee. He had left Clyde and he was in New York again following a familiar procedural pattern. It was only when he read the headlines in the morning paper that he had a startled sense of having traveled a long, long way. One of those interminable conferences with the Russians was breaking up in London and there was the unmistakable possibility of another war; but when he turned to the financial page he was back in a world he knew, an impersonal world where everything was translated into terms of literal value.

It was a quarter before eight when Charles arrived at the bank, too early for anyone to be there except Martin, the night watchman, and his assistant, Francis. Martin opened the side door carefully.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray," Martin said. "You're pretty early, aren't you?"

"Hello, Martin. I'm just down from Boston."

"How is the weather up there?"

"Rainy," Charles said.

The banking floor was very still and the curtains were drawn over the windows. The officers' desks all had their tops closed tight and his own desk and Roger Blakesley's stood side by side on the edge of the green carpet, impersonal and bare. Charles laid down his briefcase and took off his overcoat.

"Well, it's nice to be back," he said. "I feel as though I've been away for quite a while."

He opened his briefcase and pulled out his notes. He began to write his memorandum to Mr. Burton. If he could get it fini before he was interrupted, the whole would run more smoothly and on sche

He did not realize how late it was unt felt a hand on his shoulder. It was R Blakesley. "Well," Roger said. "Did blow in on the midnight?"

"Hello, Roger," Charles said. "Th right. On the midnight."

"Well, it's nice you're back. How things up north?"

"Fine. It was a nice trip, Roger."

"Well, everything's just the same he Roger said. He lowered his voice. "I they'd get this thing settled, Charley. getting on my nerves." It was the first either of them had mentioned the Thin the other.

"So do I," Charles said. "It gets on nerves too."

"Anyway, it's nice to see you back, fel

It was no time look at Roger sharply. He co only wonder whet anything had h pened while he away to make Thing get on Rog nerves.

The three-two fr Grand Central wi slow train, stopp at nearly every p alone the line. Cha could tell where was by counting stops, and instead looking out the w dow, he read World-Telegram a the Kiplinger Wa ington Letter. It w a beautiful, brigh sunny afternoon, n a reluctant New En land April afternoo but more like mi May. When h stepped off the tra the station platfor gave off a warm, tan smell and the air w cool but languid. Th waters of Long Islan Sound in the distanc had a blue that wa almost like the blu of summer. It w suburban-New Yor weather and so warm that he did not nee an overcoat.

When he saw the car he knew that Mi Marble must have called Nancy or th Nancy had called Miss Marble at the bank At any rate she was waiting for him, and Bi and Evelyn were with her.

"Why, Nance," he said, "I didn't expec to see you all here." This was not exactl true, because he had half expected them, an the best of it was they looked just as they ha when he had left them, Nancy in her green ish tweed suit, Evelyn with her braids an her low-heeled shoes and Bill in his gray lon trousers and his coat that was too short in th sleeves.

"I called up Marble," Nancy said. "Sh said you were going to take the three-two,"

"Here," Bill said, "let me carry that fo you," and he took his suitcase.

"Hello, Evvie," he said. "Do you know what I did in Boston? I bought a bottle of that after-shaving lotion."

"Evelyn, get in back with Bill," Nancy said, and then she held his hand for a mo-ment as they walked to the car. "I've got to pick up my dress at the cleaner's. That's all we have to do."

"What dress?"

"The almost new one, with flowers on it, for tonight."

"Oh, yes," he said, "tonight," but there was a long while until evening. He felt pleas-antly tired and he could not be worried

(Continued on Page 88)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

April Music

By Jesse Stuart

Naomi Deane has loved the music here
In early springtime in Kentucky's woods;
She always goes with me this time of year
To visit in the April solitudes.
No one loves more than she the wild primrose
That grows beside the lichen-gray sandstone.
She thinks it is the prettiest flower that grows,
But yet, I think, percoon can hold its own. . . .
No plowman has a sweeter love than mine,
No fairer love than my Naomi Deane.
She climbs high hills beneath the oak and pine,
I carry her across the streams between. . . .
She walks with me to hear the music in
The April torrents and the pine-tree wind.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

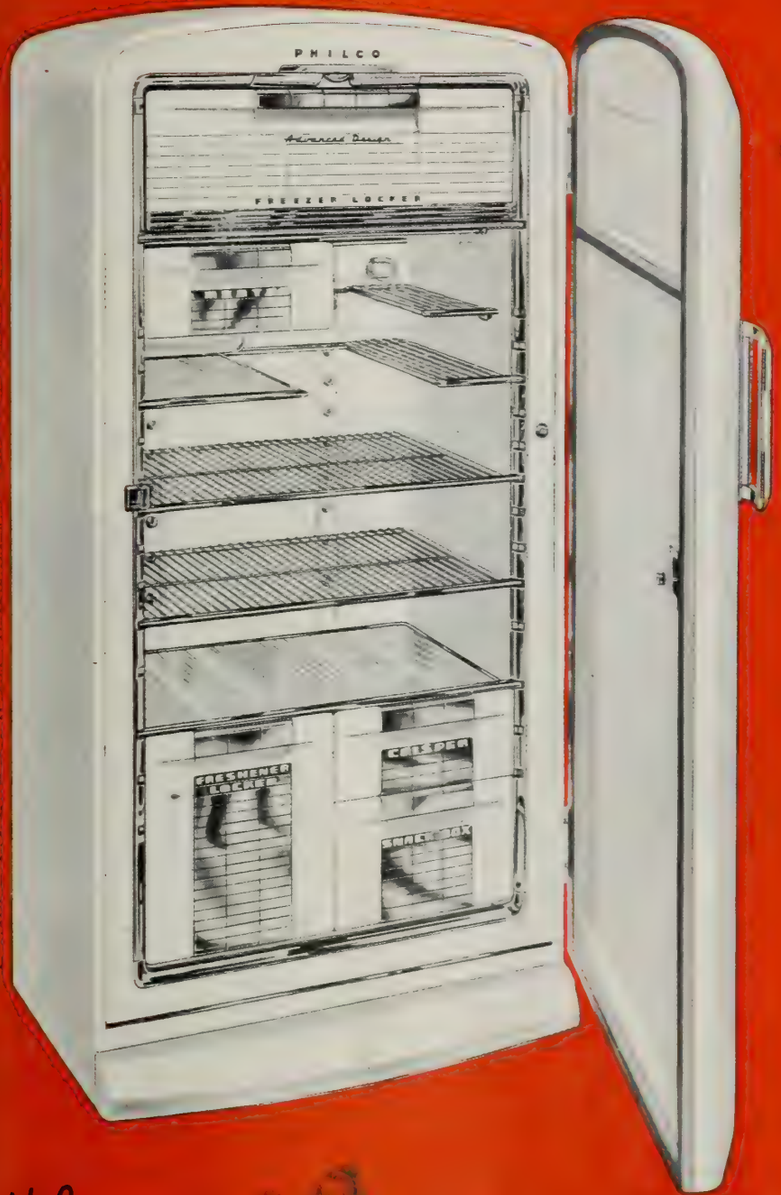


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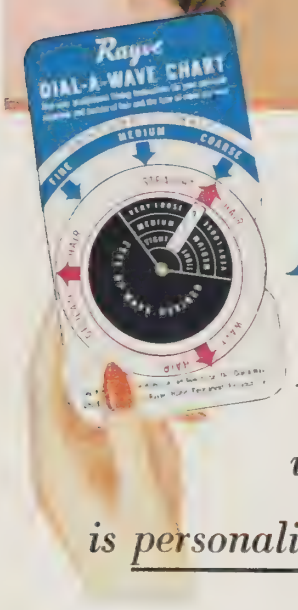


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FROM THE FAMOUS PEPSODENT LABORATORIES

(Continued from Page 86)

about that dinner at the Burtons'. "It's funny," he said. "I feel as if I'd been across the ocean. The climate's different here."

"I know," Nancy said. "It must be very difficult to pick up all the threads, but don't try too hard, just give yourself time."

"It isn't so hard," he said, and he laughed.

"It's nice to know it. The first thing for you to do is to get to know the children all over again. I can come later and more gradually. We all may be a little shy with each other at first, but we can all adjust together."

The grass was beginning to turn green and forsythia was out already and there were tomato plants and forget-me-nots in baskets in front of the hardware store.

"Mother," Evelyn said from the back seat, "I don't know what you're talking about. Daddy's only been away two days."

"Oh, put on another record," Bill told her. "Don't you know when mother's being funny?"

Charles felt relaxed and tired, but pleasantly tired. "We ought to buy some garden hose," he said. "I wonder whether they have any decent hose this year."

"Never mind it now," Nancy said. "Let's just go on home and maybe you and Bill had better rake the lawn, or perhaps we might just sit around and do nothing for a while. I'd rather like to do nothing." She glanced at him quickly. "How did it all look when you got back?"

"Oh," he said, "the general situation?"

"Yes, that situation."

"It looks about the same," Charles said. "I only saw Tony Burton for a minute. He came in late and he was busy but he said he was looking forward to tonight, that he had something on his mind."

"Is that the way he put it, looking forward?"

It was awkward, talking in that veiled way in front of the children. "Nance," he said, "there isn't anything more I can do. Let's try to forget it, shall we?"

"Just as long as it gets over," she said, "one way or another. You haven't forgotten about that payment on the mortgage, have you?"

He could understand the association of ideas. They were turning into the gates of Sycamore Park and he could see the white-washed brick of their house already.

"No, I haven't," he said. "Can you name one time when I've forgotten about the mortgage?" The lawn had never looked so green and the house had never looked so well. "Do you know what I think?" He spoke more loudly because he did not like to think of Bill and Evelyn in the back seat trying to piece their words together as children always did. "I think it's about time Bill and Evvie learned to sail." The idea must have come to him both from the products of the Nickerson Cordage Company and that glimpse of the Sound from the station platform.

"Learned to sail?" Nancy repeated.

"I don't see why not. Here we live right near the water and we've never had a boat. I don't see why we shouldn't. An eighteen-foot knockabout or something." Then he checked himself before he said any more. He sounded exactly as his father had. Even the words were almost the same.

"Do you really mean that about a sailboat?" he heard Bill asking.

"I don't know why not. We'll have to think about it, Bill."

The car had stopped and Bill and Evelyn were on the graveled driveway.

He and Bill and Evelyn were still talking about that hypothetical sailboat when Nancy opened the side door and called him. The idea of the boat kept interfering with other things he was thinking, and while they raked oak leaves from under the rhododendrons, everything he thought was also mingled with the persistent rustling and crackling of the leaves. They made a sound like the lapping of small waves. He had put on sneakers and a pair of khaki trousers from one of his old uniforms and a white shirt with a frayed collar which Nancy had saved for him for working around the place. He Evelyn raked and Bill packed the leaves a bushel basket and carried them to a s place by the side of the garage where were going to make a compost heap.

"You know," he said, while he rake leaves, "we might all go up to Clyde summer. We really ought to get around I don't see why we shouldn't drive up t if I can get some time off. It might be a car. I've got my name down for one."

"Never mind about the car," Bill "Let's talk about the boat. If we g where would we keep it?"

"Don't spill all those leaves," Ch said. "We could moor it somewhere. father was always talking about getting boat and a pony, but he never did and m I won't either."

"Well," Bill said, "we could get a m zine and look at pictures."

Yes, they could look at pictures and haps no one believed entirely in the h but then Evelyn was saying that Mr. S had one, with an auxiliary engine, but he was not Mr. Swiss and he did not wan be Mr. Swiss.

"Now, listen," he said, "let's stop all about a sailboat. We'll probably never h one. I don't know what we'd do with o we had it."

"You said it wouldn't do any harm to about it," Bill said.

"It doesn't matter what you talk abou think about," he said, "as long as you k what's real, and it's pretty hard to k what's real and what isn't. A lot of pe never learn." He rubbed the sleeve of frayed shirt across his f head. "This is a pr tough world, Bill."

My wife has a whim of iron.
—OLIVER HERFORD.

Bill and Evelyn loo at him with that h astonished, half-bored pression that always ca over the children wh grownups spoke of the hardness of world.

"Why is it such a tough world?" I asked. "You're doing pretty well, are you?"

"Well," he said, "there's always room improvement."

Then Nancy opened the side door. "Ch ley," she called, "you'd better come in n if we're going to get there on time."

They always got everywhere on time. Th both felt the same way about punctuali but he had completely forgotten about t dinner with Tony Burton.

Upstairs in their room Nancy pulled at t zipper of her housecoat and looked critica at the long flowered silk dress spread out the bed, fresh from the cleaners. "I suppo she'll wear a long dress." She was referri of course, to Mrs. Anthony Burton. Nan had the same watchful, determinedly ple ant expression that she always assumed those semiannual occasions when the B tons asked them out to Roger's Point, ne Stamford. It was quite different from the pression she assumed when they went to t Merrys' or when they used to dine with t Slades.

"Nance," he said, and he put his ar around her.

"Don't kiss me," she said. "You'll mu my hair and I've got on lipstick."

"All right. All right."

"I put your studs in for you. It's your ne shirt. I've laid out everything."

Everything was laid out, as she said it wa on the fresh candlewick spread of his twi bed.

"I don't see why I should wear a sti shirt," he said.

"Because you're going to the Burtons that's why. He never wears a soft shirt Charley."

"You mean he expects it of me?" he sai Everyone always dressed like Tony Burto It was a small matter and he could not under stand why he should have given it anothe thought, but he had pulled open his secon bureau drawer. Nancy had her flowered dres over her head, but she heard the sound.

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

"Charley, what are you doing?"

No matter what she said, he was going to wear a soft shirt to the Burtons'.

The car was by the front door, where they had left it after the trip from the station.

"I'll drive," Nancy said.

"Let me drive over," Charles said. "I'd like the kids to remember that their father can drive a car."

Bill and Evelyn were standing at the end of the walk. It was seven o'clock, the right time to be leaving for the Burtons', with a little leeway in case there should be heavy traffic on the Post Road. He stepped on the self-starter and the engine sounded smooth and quiet.

"Good-by," he called. "We'll be back early, I guess."

"Wait a minute," Nancy said. "Evelyn, will you please water the begonias in the dining room, and, Bill, be sure to close the windows if it rains. Mary always forgets."

"Is that all?" Charles asked.

"Yes," Nancy said, "that's all," and she opened her white bead bag to be sure she had not forgotten her lipstick, her compact and a clean handkerchief.

They were alone and there always was a change in tempo when they were alone together, because there was always a slight façade, a different set of manners, when they were with the children. Now they would have to talk about facts, plain contemporary facts.

"Well, tell me everything," Nancy said.

What he wanted to say to her might have been possible in their room just before she had told him not to kiss her because of lipstick and her hair, but it was not possible in the car on their way to the Post Road. He wished he could tell her everything. At that moment, for example, he wanted to tell her that he loved her. He wanted to tell her that she and the children were all that mattered and that he had wanted to tell her so when he had called her up from Clyde, but it was not the time or place.

"Charley," she said, "don't drive so fast."

"All right. Nance, we've been through a lot together, haven't we?"

"I always have that feeling after you've been driving for a while," she said. "Aren't you going to tell me about everything?"

"Well, it was queer going back to Clyde. It was quite an experience." He stopped. They were coming to the intersection with the Post Road.

"You don't have to slow down. The light's turning green."

"Well," he said, "anyway, Jackie Mason's got everything," and he turned left on the Post Road.

"Who?" She was obviously thinking of something else and there was no reason why she should not have been because she had nothing to do with Clyde. Nevertheless, it was exasperating when she asked him who.

"Jackie Mason. You know Jackie Mason."

"Oh, yes. Of course. Well, what about him?"

"WELL, there isn't much except that he's got everything. He's a director of the Dock Street Savings Bank, and he's a trustee of the public library and he's going to marr Jessica Lovell, but I told you that, didn't I?"

"Well," Nancy said, "you could have done that too. I always told you so."

"Well, I'm glad I didn't." He took his right hand from the wheel and put it over hers.

"Darling," she said, "I wish you'd look where you're going."

"All right. I'm looking." He took his hand away. "But at the same time he hasn't got anything; that's what I'm trying to say."

"Who hasn't got anything?" Nancy asked.

"Jackie Mason. I was telling you, Jackie Mason."

"Well, to hell with Jackie Mason. There isn't any reason to shout. He hasn't made a touchdown. Besides, I thought you said he had everything."

"All right. Never mind it, Nancy."

Luck sometimes visits a fool, but never sits down with him. —GERMAN PROVERB.

It was well after seven o'clock and the on the road were switching on their lig She moved closer to him and patted his h as he held the wheel.

"I'm sorry, Charley. I just can't con trate. Let's stop trying to talk as though weren't both thinking about the same thi

"Yes, I know."

"Charley,"—her voice was sharp "what's the matter?"

THERE must have been something in voice, but then they knew each other too for either of them to conceal anything. said, "I wish everything weren't so c trived." They were right back where t had been that morning when she had ta him to the station.

"How do you mean, contrived?"

"I mean it's all so superficial. The b president and the big job, and what will h pen to Junior, and whether a boiled shirt help. The values of it are childish. It has any values."

"I know." Her voice was softer. "You said it before."

"Nance, I wish you wouldn't be so ter This isn't as important as all that."

"Charley,"—she sounded steady and c trolled, a great deal too controlled—"do say it. I can't stand it if you say it."

"Don't say what?"

"Don't say"—her voice sounded ha and strident—"don't say we have each otl We have got each other but I don't want hear it and you're just getting ready to that, aren't you? It's been in your mind afternoon. I knew it when you were out th on the lawn being sweet to the children. S it later, but don't say it now."

"Nance,"—his o voice was edgy—"I done everything I c Let's change the subjec

It had been a long wh since his nerves had be so on edge, but at le they were almost at Roger's Point. Th were passing walls of dressed granite a carefully raked driveways.

"Haven't you ever thought what you' going to do?"

"I'm sick of thinking," he said.

The threads had broken and he saw th she was crying. It was the worst possible tir for this to happen, just as they were a proaching the private road to Roger's Poi He stopped the car. At least if anyone sa them he could pretend to be lighting a ci arette.

"It isn't fair," she sobbed. "It isn't fair

"Never mind, Nance." He put his ar around her. "We've got lots of time and doesn't matter if we're late."

She was already opening her beaded b "I'm all right now. I didn't mean to let y down."

"You haven't let me down."

"I'm all right," she said. "Start up the c This wouldn't have happened if I'd be driving. Don't look at me, don't say an thing, and to hell with everybody."

The light beneath the brick-and-sandsto porte-cochere shone on the steel-and-gla front door and on the potted hothou azaleas in rows beside the steps. The doo had swung open and Jeffreys, the Burton bu ler, had stepped outside and was sayin good evening.

"You go in, Nancy," Charles said. "I' better put the car somewhere."

"There's no need to move it, Mr. Gray, Tony Burton's butler said. He was wearin a dinner coat with a stiff shirt. "There's n one else this evening."

"Oh," Charles said, "if you're sure it's a right." He had never been able to speak eve an intellectual language with Tony Burton' butler. "It's a beautiful evening, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, Tony Burton's butler said "It's balmy for this time of year." The Charles saw that a maid was behind him relieving Nancy of her cloak.

It was impossible to forget Tony Burton' house once you had been inside it. In summe

(Continued on Page 92)

The Amazing Story of Virginia Browder

How a Wife and Mother, 26, Overweight for Years, Lost 48 Pounds in 135 days, became "the Most Beautiful Girl in Tokyo"

FOR nine years the DuBarry Success Course has been helping women and girls to make themselves over in face, figure and fascination. More than 350,000 have found the Course a way to greater attractiveness. Hundreds of them have told their success stories for publication—but never have we had the privilege of publishing a more thrilling true success story than that of Virginia Browder.

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"For five years or more," she writes from Tokyo, "I had read those exciting statements by others whom the Success Course had helped to happiness and success. It all sounded too much like a miracle really to happen to me, so I just went on my depressed way, putting on more weight and becoming increasingly unhappy. After my second baby was born, my weight went up to 170. I then decided to take the step I had so long considered. Now I, too, have been through the adventurous miracle of the DuBarry Success Course, and a new way of living a happy and beautiful life is mine.

"In four weeks I lost 20 pounds, and nothing in the world could have stopped me. In four and a half months I lost 48 pounds and achieved an almost perfectly proportioned figure. My new knowledge of skin care, make-up and hair styling has given me an increased beauty and smartness such as I had only dreamed of as possible for me. Sometimes, when I suddenly see myself in a mirror, I can hardly believe my eyes—but it's true, the miracle has happened to *me!*

"Now compliments on my appearance come thick and fast. I was matron of honor at an important wedding in Tokyo. I was appointed teacher in our nursery school—a position for which I had been turned down a year before. My husband is so proud of my appearance, he asks me for 'dates'! My little four-year-old daughter says, 'Mother, now you look like the girl on the magazine cover.' And several people have said to me: 'You are the most beautiful girl in Tokyo.'

"I hope you won't consider me immodest in telling you these things. It's only that I am so unbelievably happy, after all those years of discouragement. This I know: thanks to the DuBarry Success Course, I *am* a new woman—head to toe, inside and out, with the poise and the vitality to enjoy life as never before. Best of all, I know how to *keep* myself always slender and lovely and attractive."

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DuBarry Eye Cream
DuBarry Make-up Base
DuBarry Lipstick
DuBarry Cream Rouge
DuBarry Eye Shadow
DuBarry Face Powder
DuBarry Lash Beauty
DuBarry Dainty-Dry

Also, Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo, Creme Rinse, Creme Hair Dressing, Dandruff Treatment.

BELOW: Virginia Browder when she weighed 170, just before starting the DuBarry Success Course.

RIGHT: The glamorous Virginia Browder of today, with a slenderness and beauty she knows how to keep.



Before



After

Virginia Browder's Measurements:

	Before	*After*	*Change*
Height	5'4½"	5'5"	+½"
Weight	170	122	—48
Bust	40	35¼	—4¾
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Cashmere Bouquet

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love—

(Continued from Page 90)

or winter the air in the hall was balmy like the evening and fragrant with the scent of hothouse flowers. It was a huge oak-paneled hall, with a double staircase and a gallery and a Romanesque fireplace. For a second he and Nancy stood in the shaded light of the hall almost indecisively. There was a certain feeling of timidity when one went there, a furtive sense of not belonging. Yet in another way he was perfectly at ease, for on these semiannual occasions Tony Burton had always made them feel most welcome. Mrs. Burton, too, always made the bank wives feel comfortable. The bright light from the open parlor door shone across the dusky hall and Tony Burton was already in the oblong of light, a white carnation in the lapel of his dinner coat, holding out both hands, one for Nancy and one for him.

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea," Tony Burton said, "and the hunter home from the hill. I wish you wouldn't always surprise me, Nancy my dear. Why are you more beautiful every time I see you, or do I just forget?"

"It might be that you just forget, mightn't it, Mr. Burton?" Nancy asked.

Tony Burton laughed. "We've really got to do something about seeing each other more often. It's been too long, much too long. Why don't you come to work some morning instead of Charley? I'm getting pretty sick of seeing Charles around." He laughed again and slapped Charles on the back and they walked behind Nancy into the drawing room. "Althea," Tony Burton said, "I told you Nancy Gray would be wearing a long dress."

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Burton said, "I should have called you up. Tony's getting so absent-minded lately. He spoke of it as supper. There should be set rules for short and long. Now just the other evening at the Drexels' the same thing happened to me. I thought it was dinner and it was supper. But the men thought this up. We didn't, did we?"

"Charles should have told me," Nancy said. "Why didn't you tell me it was supper, Charley?"

"It's always some man's fault, isn't it, Charley?" Tony Burton said.

"That's one of the truest things you ever said, sweetheart," Mrs. Burton said. "Everything that happens to a woman is always some man's fault."

"JEFFREYS can bring us almost anything," Tony Burton said, "from sherry and a biscuit to Scotch on the rocks, but Charley and I will stick to dry Martinis, won't we, Charley? What will you have, Nancy?"

"A Martini," Nancy said, "and if I don't like it I can blame it on the men."

"But not on Tony," Mrs. Burton said. "Blame it on Jeffreys. Tony mixes terrible Martinis. Don't you think so, Mr. Gray, or have you ever tried one of his Martinis?"

It was characteristic of that relationship and perfectly suitable that Mrs. Burton should call him Mr. Gray. It meant that he was one of Tony Burton's business friends or "associates" might have been a better word who had come to supper on business with his little wife. She knew how to put Tony's business friends and associates at their ease, but there were certain limits and certain degrees of rank. They could meet on common ground by calling Mr. Burton Tony and referring to Nancy as my dear.

"I'm not in a position to say what I t of Tony's cocktails," Charles said, "ex that Tony is always right."

"You all lick his boots so," Mrs. Bu said. "That's why he's so impossible whe comes home. . . . Sherry, please, Jeffreys. Is Mr. Gray impossible when he comes ho my dear?"

"Usually," Nancy said. "Normally possible."

"I wonder what they do at the bar Mrs. Burton said. "I have a few va ideas. That blond secretary of Tony's. We can compare notes after dinner."

THE oil of small talk smoothed the t bled waters, if there were troubled wat Mrs. Tony Burton was putting Nancy at ease.

Jeffreys, the butler, was passing ro pieces of toast with cream cheese and chovies on them, and a maid followed reys carrying an icy bowl of celery, raw rots and olives.

"I hear that raw carrots are good for eyesight," Charles said to Tony Burton.

"That's one of those new ideas." T said. He looked bright and alert as he alw did before din "It's on a par with one about alcohol ing good for hard ing of the arter Have you heard new one about T man?"

Tony Burton ways enjoyed th stories. Formerl had been Franklin Roosevelt, thou Tony was hardly w you would call a R sevelt hater, and it was Truman t were about.

"Tony," Mrs. B ton called, "if you stop talking busi with poor Mr. G we might all go in dinner."

"Now, Althea Tony Burton s "Charley and I h a lot of other thi to talk about. I w you would get it o of your head that always talk busin wi the boys."

The dining room with its heavy oak cha and an English leather screen placed befo the pantry door, and its ornate Tiffany sil upon the massive sideboard, was a long w from Clyde. The table, set for only fo looked too small for the room but imposing beautiful with its Venetian tablecloth, water and wine glasses and its bowl of tuli He was glad there were only four of th because the conversation would be gene and he would not have to talk to Mrs. B ton. He saw Nancy glance at him quickly he sat down and he smiled at her. It was be ter to let the Burtons start the conversatio

Tony Burton was asking Nancy about t children, as though he knew them very we and while they talked the plates were chan ing. There was soup and guinea hen and the a salad and then dessert. He was glad that was not a long or complicated dinner. Ther was no obvious feeling of strain, but all th while he felt that Tony Burton was watchin him.

"I wish," Tony Burton said, "ther weren't so many words, or it may be becaus I'm getting old that they confuse me mo than they used to. Somehow they kee having more shades of meaning. Now eve with Charles and me it's difficult. I say word and he says a word and we can look i up in the dictionary but it doesn't mean th same thing to either of us and it would mea something a little different to Nancy and i would be a little different even to you. I don' suppose this is a very new thought of mine but it's a thought."

(Continued on Page 94)

Next Month

"I can't believe in love between men and women," he said heavily.

THIS was the man she was going to marry: William Prescott, whom the town called a robber, a swindler, a barbarian and a fool. Ursula knew that he had been all these things, and William made it plain why he wanted to marry her. His child needed a mother. ("She will know there is no sentiment involved," he said.) But Ursula knew that, from the first, sentiment *had* been involved. William would not admit it, and Ursula could not forget. Can any woman be happy married to a man to whom she can never speak the truth? Taylor Caldwell's new serial

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(Continued from Page 92)

"I can't imagine what you're talking about, Tony," Mrs. Burton said.

"But Charley knows," Tony Burton said, "don't you, Charley? We all may be worrying about the same thing but we worry about it in different ways."

It was startling to find that Tony Burton was thinking during dinner exactly what he had been thinking earlier.

"Yes," he said. "I know just what you mean."

He saw that Nancy looked startled, too, and he saw Tony Burton glance at her and then look back at him triumphantly.

"I wish we could all get together," Tony Burton said, "and we might do something with the world, but of course we never can get together. That's the exasperating thing about it."

"Really," Mrs. Burton said, "I don't know what you're talking about, Tony."

Charles himself could not gather what this was leading up to, but as he watched Tony Burton he could see that Tony's face was set in the expression he always wore when he was about to say a few graceful words before a group of people.

"Perhaps I'm being cryptic now," he said, "but all I'm saying is that I wish we might all be friends. I really hope we can be, in spite of anything that may happen in the future, and the future isn't as clear as it used to be. That's all I'm trying to say. Now if you girls will excuse us, I'm going to take Charley into the library."

MRS. BURTON stood up and as Charles rose he felt a slight wave of nausea. He could put only one interpretation on that hope for friendship. He knew the final answer to their little talk already. He felt the back of his chair biting into the palm of his hand, but he still had to say the right thing.

"Why, of course," he said, "we'll always be friends, Tony."

"Don't stay too long and get too interested," Mrs. Burton said. "I don't see why Tony can't ever get through his business in New York."

Charles was no longer thinking clearly as he walked with Tony Burton from the dining room. What he desired most was to behave in such a way that no one would have the satisfaction of seeing how deeply he was hurt. That desire was partly discipline and partly human instinct for concealment. Yet after that first moment the shock was giving way to relief. He suddenly felt free and a weight was lifted from him. There was no reason for him to try any longer, not the slightest reason.

It was not far from the dining room to the smaller room where men customarily gathered. They were walking across that gloomy hall without speaking and space had lost its significance. He was actually walking also over the road of his career, a feeble little human track like the progress of a sea creature in sand. It stretched all the way from the accounting department in Wright-Sherwin, to Johnson Street, to Rush & Co., to the day his father died, to New York, to the day he met Nancy downtown, and now the track was ending in that walk across the hall. There would never be the same hay in the bundle again. The ass would never have to walk after it so assiduously. He might still be useful, but in a business way his career was as good as over. He had gone as far as he could go.

Tony Burton's room had always reminded him of the corner of a men's club. It was filled with the mementos of the travels of Tony Burton, gathered on that trip to Bagdad and on two world cruises, but Charles was no longer obliged to be interested in them. He seated himself in a comfortable armchair without waiting to see if it was Mr. Burton's chair or not.

"Sugar and cream, sir?" Mr. Burton's butler asked.

"Just coffee, thank you."

"And brandy, sir?"

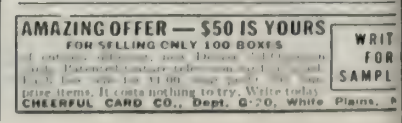
"No, thanks. No brandy."

"Try it, Charles," Tony Burton said. "It's some of my father's brandy. There isn't much like it left."









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Tony Burton was still standing up. He should have waited until Tony sat down, but he no longer had to try so hard.

"Nancy always says I shouldn't drink after dinner," he said, "but all right if you're going to have some. Tony."

Tony Burton was still standing and again he wore the look he customarily assumed when he prepared to say a few graceful yet pointed words. "Close the door, please, Jeffreys, when you go out," Tony Burton said. It was like a meeting in the bank directors' room when someone who came in with papers was told to close the door when he left. "This friendship in business," Tony Burton said. "It's always bothered me. They shouldn't be mixed together."

"They don't mix together," Charles said. "Don't try to make them, Tony." It was the first time he had ever spoken to Tony Burton exactly as an equal, and it was a great relief.

"And yet they must mix," Tony Burton said. "None of us can help it. If you see somebody every day, if you have any human instincts at all, you get interested in him. I like everybody at the bank. They're like members of my family. Now take Blakesley. What do you think of Blakesley, Charley?"

It was not a fair question and there was no reason to give a fair answer and, besides, it did not matter what he thought of Roger Blakesley. "What do you want me to think?" he asked, and he was glad to see that Tony did not like the answer.

"It isn't what I want." Tony Burton gave his head an exasperated shake. "Do you like him or don't you?"

"All right," Charles said. "He's conscientious, energetic and well trained, but I don't like him much. Why should I?"

Money will buy a pretty good dog, but it won't buy the wag of his tail. —JOSH BILLINGS.

"I rather like him," Tony Burton said. "He's been on my conscience lately. He's been so anxious, so much on his toes. He's always in there trying."

"I don't know what else you could expect," Charles said. "I've been trying pretty hard myself." He had never realized that it could be such a delightful moment, to sit sipping Tony Burton's brandy, entirely free, entirely without thought control.

"Not in the same way, Charley." Tony Burton shook his head. "You're subtler. You've developed, you've matured."

"Thanks," Charles said, "but I wouldn't say that I've been very subtle."

Tony Burton shook his head impatiently as though he were being diverted from his train of thought. "Of course I'm out of touch with things, being where I am, but I've been getting an idea lately. I wish you'd tell me, Charley. You're in a position to know Blakesley. It seems to me that he has some idea that we're considering him for Arthur Slade's place. Do you know anything about this?"

He had a hysterical desire to laugh and then found that he was laughing. "What did you think Roger was considering?" Charles asked.

"I didn't give it much thought until about ten days ago," Tony Burton said. "I'm glad if it amuses you. It doesn't amuse me. When anyone gets ideas like that it's a problem what to do with him later. You never thought that any of us were considering Blakesley seriously, did you? He was useful while you were away, but he is not the right material. Of course there had to be a decent interval after Arthur died, but it never occurred to me that you'd have any doubts about it. Your name's coming up before the directors on Monday. Now what do you think we'd better do about Blakesley?"

Suddenly Charles felt dull and very tired. "You'd better tell him something, Tony, instead of teasing him to death."

"I suppose I'll have to on Monday. I don't suppose I can put it off on anyone else," Tony Burton said. "I'm sorry about the

(Continued on Page 97)



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(Continued from Page 95)

le thing, but perhaps he had better re-
."
was like the time at Dartmouth when he won the half mile at freshman track. He dull and very tired.
That was all I meant in the dining room."
y Burton shook his head again. "Now we'll be working together more closely, rley, I hope that we'll always be friends."
ony's voice seemed to come from a long off. There was a weight on Charles again, same old weight, and it was heavier after brief moment of freedom. In spite of all e years, in spite of all his striving, it was arkable how little pleasure he took in l fulfillment. He was a vice-president of Stuyvesant Bank. It was what he had umed of and yet it was not the true tex- of early dreams. The whole thing was trived, as he had said to Nancy, an in- able result, a strangely ow climax.

We grow old as soon as we cease to love and trust.
—MME. DE CHOISEUL

Well, Tony," he said, "I ss that means I can send ior to Exeter," and y Burton was asking / Exeter? He would not d a boy of his to Exeter.
hey were on a different basis already, v that he was a vice-president. Auto- tically, without volition, his thoughts e running along new lines, well-trained, hanically perfect thoughts, estimating a v situation. For a moment he thought of . Laurence Lovell on Johnson Street, but . Lovell would not have understood, or sica either, how far he had gone or what neant to be a vice-president of the Stuy- ant Bank. Nancy would understand. ncy had more ambition for him than had for himself. Nancy would be very ud. They would sell the house at Syca- re Park and get a larger place. They uld resign from the Oak Knoll Club. And n there was the sailboat. It had its com- nsations, but it was not what he had amed.
'A week from Saturday there'll be a little ner. It's customary," Tony Burton said. ou'd better be ready to make a few re- rks."
"All right," Charles said, "if it's cus- nary."

"And now we'd better go back and see what the girls are doing, unless you have something else on your mind."
"No, Tony," he answered, "I don't think there's anything else."
They would have to turn in the old car as soon as he could get a new one. There were a great many things to think about, but they could wait till morning.
Nancy and Mrs. Burton were sitting on a sofa in the living room and he thought they both looked relieved to see the men come back.
"Well," Mrs. Burton said, "I hope you two have settled the affairs of the world. You look as though you have, and poor Mr. Gray looks tired."
He saw Nancy look at him and Nancy looked tired too. He wanted very much to tell her the news, but it would have sounded blatant. Then Tony Burton must have noticed that there was a sense of strain of another kind.
"I don't see why you keep on calling Charley 'Mr. Gray,'" he said, "when Charley's in the family—or at least he will be on Monday." Then he must have felt that he should explain the situation, because he turned to Nancy. "I don't suppose this comes as any great surprise," he told her. "Charley's name is going before the directors on Monday, but I've spoken to them all already. There won't be any trouble."
If it meant more to Nancy than it did to him, it made everything all the better, and he was very impressed at the way she took it.
"I can't say I'm surprised," she said, "but it's nice to know definitely, Tony."
They were in the family. A minute before she would never have dreamed of calling him Tony, but it sounded very well.
"As long as we're all in the family," Tony Burton went on, "I was just telling Charley that I've been worried about Blakesley lately. Do you suppose he really may have thought that he was being considered?"
"Now that you mention it," Nancy said, "I think perhaps he did—a little."

SPRING'S IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 68)

re until another spring, although I will mit that they do multiply exceeding fast. d they, like the gold of Ophir, are unde- ably yellow. April's earliest promise of at is around the bend. And all this yellow th clear blue skies above adds up to one ing: spring's in the air.

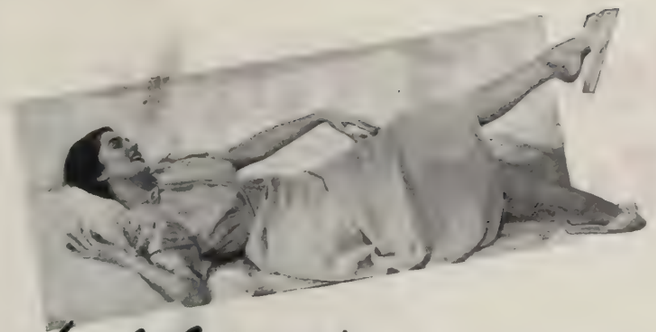
l this being so. If ever there was a ason for stepping out and doing something little different, it is the very things I've en talking about. Appetites get jaded— at's the word I want, isn't it?—over the ng winter. Every time I see or speak or rite those two words, "long winter," on cond thought I think how short winter ally is. Come to look at it—and you have unless you run South or somewhere hot— hangs on only about three months, four at e most.
I expect to hear from this remark. And at's all right too. I'll stand on my own et, as it were. Stand up for winter.

et us celebrate. Well, since it has been uite a while since I wrote about the weather, 've been pretty liberal on the subject this me. And now to the meal you are waiting r—the meal that celebrates the coming of pring—and to the ways if not means thereof.
The first item on the agenda is, as you can ee, a shrimp cocktail with a new dress. hose cool, coral-bewitched little shellfish gure in many a good dish. Someday I'll tell ou how I make a fish scallop, and shrimps re gainfully employed in this. It's one of hose dishes that you have whether it's Fri- lay or Tuesday. You make it whenever there's an excuse for doing so. But—no more. I'll wait until another day.

SHRIMP COCKTAIL—CHUTNEY SAUCE

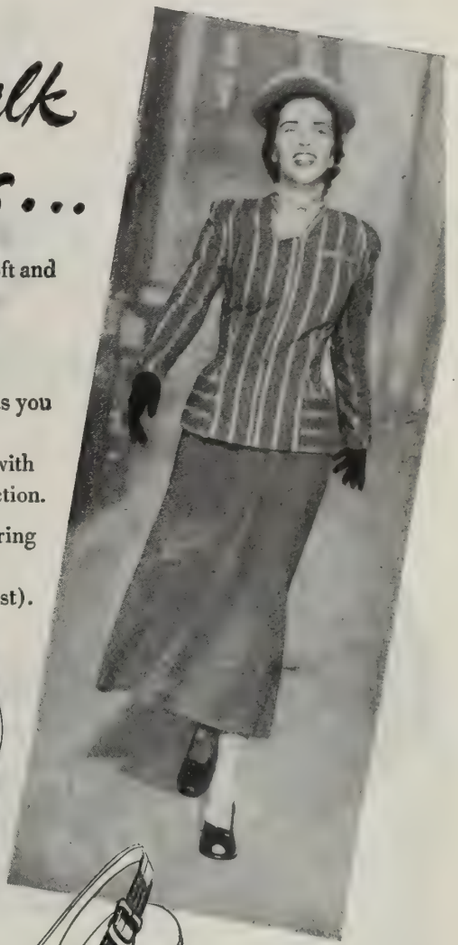
It will take about 2 pounds of fresh shrimp for 6 cocktails. These are cooked with celery, parsley, lemon slices, salt, pepper and bay leaf in the water—simmering slowly so you won't make them tough as an old shoe. Drain them. Cool. Shell and remove the black vein. (Canned shrimps, drained, are all right and do well.)
Chutney Sauce: **To 1 cup mayonnaise add 1 teaspoon curry powder, ¼ cup chili sauce, 3 tablespoons drained chutney, chopped, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. This makes a good and different sauce—but you could still use the old favorite. (I trust you *have* old favorites in your repertory.)**

What are we waiting for? Now for *my* money, you may give me ham 'most any day, any time. When Easter comes it has to be ham—in my scheme of things. A big, whole ham (if possible) dressed up in spring flowers, ones made to be eaten along with the ham. A ham baked and so full of good juices and dripping with spice and sirup that each thin, pink, delicious slice is rarin' to be consumed so the next slice can get a chance.
The next best is a handsome slice of the tenderest ham that ever went to table, glazed for flavor and beauty; and what could be better for this spring celebration dinner than this very dish? The answer is—nothing that I can think of.



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GLACÉED HAM SLICE

Select a 2-inch-thick slice of "tendered" ham, weighing about 2½–3 pounds. Cut slits in the fat around the edge to prevent curling in cooking. Stud the fat with cloves. Heat a large frying pan, a heavy one—but *heavy*. Sear the ham well on both sides. Then add ¾ cup brown sugar and ½ cup sirup drained from spiced apricots or pickled peaches. Simmer the ham slowly about ½ hour so that the sirup glazes the ham plenty.

How do, little scallion. Once I referred to a scallion as a young and inexperienced onion. That definition is, I still believe, not to be gainsaid. It *is* an onion, but such a baby onion, only out of the nest, as it were, a short time ago. It is a delicate little fellow, a very frail little thing, and mostly it has been at home only in salads.

But wait. Take this weak and dependent kin of the lusty and robust onion clan, and put it right out in the front row, and make it a companion to the ham. And the ham is as friendly to this little fellow as it is to its grown-up brothers. Here is what you do, and I'll bet on this one. Want to bet?

SCALLIONS ON TOAST

Wash and peel and remove roots from 3 bunches scallions. Cut them at the top so they'll be pretty nearly the same length. Tie them up in bunches with string so there will be 6 bunches. Cook these in boiling salted water 2 minutes. They aren't used to hot water and get in a "tizzy" if allowed to sit around in it longer than that. Lift the bunches out with a strainer spoon. Simmer them in melted butter a minute or so. Remove the strings and serve on toast. Dress them with the butter they were simmered in.

Thinking-cap stuff. You get to thinking about what you can make that looks different, tastes different, maybe is new, and a sure-fire success. That's thinking. Or you fall to just glancing through, as you intend to do, a cookbook you hadn't noticed before. And you wind up, as I do, taking it to bed with you, the way Presidents are supposed to take *thrillers*. Anyway, the cookbook gives you ideas, and you translate them into deeds. Am I right? So here's something from the thinking end. And that is thinking-cap business.

CREAMED POTATOES IN TOMATO CUPS

Slice off tops of 6 firm ripe tomatoes. Scoop out to make a good firm shell. Salt well inside and turn upside down to drain. Now sprinkle inside with a little sweet basil. Remember? Prepare a rich cream sauce with 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour and 2 cups milk and cream. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add 2 cups diced cooked potatoes. Cut them small. Fill the tomato cups with the potatoes and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 20 minutes or until browned on top and the tomatoes are done.

Now if you aren't in a rush to get out to the garden or whatever, make up those creamed potatoes I've described so rapturously so many times. *You* know—cook diced raw potatoes (peeled, of course) in milk and cream. Cook them slowly, stir them often, don't overcook them and add paprika to the other seasonings. And try these in your tomatoes.

Cheese and I. I love cheese. Why, I guess if all the cheese I ever ate was figured out into one big cheese, it would be about the size of Texas. That will show you. With me it's cheese all the way.

And, to make everything square, I have put cheese and then more cheese into biscuits, so tender, so meltingly delicious that you will make up a batch, and then knock out about two dozen cheese croquettes. So they'll be ready for tomorrow. And I'll be doing the same.

CHEESE BISCUITS

Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ¾ teaspoon salt. Cut in ¼ cup shortening. Add ⅔ to ¾ cup milk. Mix lightly. Turn out on lightly floured board or pastry cloth. Knead ½ minute. Don't ma it. All biscuit dough should be dealt wit gently. Roll out to not over ¼ inch in thickness. Cut out biscuits with a small biscuit cutter (1½ inches in diameter). Brush top of rounds with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with grated Cheddar cheese. (You will need about ⅔ cup grated cheese.) For each biscuit take 4 of the rounds and stack them one on top of another. Pinch the edges together halfway around and place the biscuits upright, fantail-roll fashion—having the open edges at the top—in each cup of greased muffin pans. If you have any remaining rounds, cut them into halves. Tuck one half, rounded side up, between the leaves of biscuits in each cup. This will give you more rounded biscuit when baked. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., 15–18 minutes. Makes biscuits.

When asparagus rears its lovely head. The asparagus proves it—spring *is* in the air. And no matter whether it comes from your own garden—but oh, what that is, to cut it yourself!—or comes from far away, it is without a dissenting vote, the most elegant, delicious and most-to-be-desired vegetable of these early-spring months. (When you cut it



"I wonder if he'd pick us again as his parents if he had it all to do over again."

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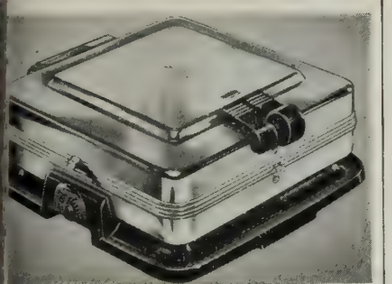


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ASPARAGUS SALAD—EGG GARNISH

Cook 2 pounds fresh asparagus in boiling salted water (prepare for cooking as you usually do). Cool. Marinate in French dressing. Hard-cook 3 eggs. Shell. Cut lengthwise. Remove yolks and put through sieve. Gash rims of whites in V shape with a sharp knife if you want to make the egg cups look pretty. To serve salad, arrange 5 asparagus spears on a bed of chicory or other greens on salad plates. Sprinkle with sieved egg yolk. Fill the whites with a well-seasoned salad dressing and arrange at side of plates.

Not April, exactly—but —— No, I haven't garnered any strawberries—yet—but I am told that in some parts of our country strawberries are hiding and blushing and acting like a Victorian maiden at her first proposal in April. But when you find them behind their fans of soft green leaves, they richly repay. They are the top-drawer berry of the season. And, oh, the shortcakes looming in the future! Intend to whip up a few myself. And eat my share, which is always a generous one. In the meantime we in the North will hark to the song of the first—and perhaps the only—robin while we attend to the business coming up now—a fruit compote, made with the early rhubarb and frozen strawberries or some sent in by our Southern neighbors.

FRUIT COMPOTE

Defrost—no, *not* the refrigerator, but a carton of frozen pineapple, or maybe you will have a fresh one. Hull and wash 1 pint strawberries. (The frozen ones do all right too.) Sprinkle with sugar. Combine the pineapple and sugared berries with 2 cups cold stewed rhubarb. Have everything cold. Serve with spongecakes.

What could be sweeter? There are a lot of things to do to and with spongecake. Little ones are as dainty as lace on a ribbon garter. The kind they say brides should wear. Little spongecakes—you know, you may decapitate them, hollow them out, fill them with jam or jelly, put the tops back on and they become a spongecake surprise. Copied that idea from our old friend and sometimes lifesaver, the tomato of the same name. Here's a receipt—and go as far as you like.

SPONGECAKES

Sift together four times 1 cup sifted cake flour and ¾ teaspoon cream of tartar. Mix 1¼ cups sugar and ½ cup water. Bring to a boil and cook until sirup spins a thread, or to 250° F. Beat 6 egg whites with ¼ teaspoon salt until stiff but not dry. Pour hot sirup over egg whites in fine stream, beating as you pour. Wire whisk is best, so you can keep both hands busy, unless you have a mixer. Beat 6 egg yolks until light, thick and lemon-colored. Fold into egg-white meringue. Fold in sifted dry ingredients a portion at a time. Add 1 teaspoon orange extract. Set tea-size paper baking cups (use two cups, one inside the other, to help hold their shape) in muffin pans. Pour in the batter. Bake at 325° F. for 20–25 minutes. Cool and pull off the paper. Top each one with a flower made with decorative icing, using your pastry tube. Or you can pour into a sheet pan, 9 x 13 x 2", and bake at 325° F. for 35 minutes. Cool and cut into squares. If you use small paper baking cups, this amount of batter will fill 3 dozen.

So to my stint. Now I must leave you. But leave you with as neat a little spring setup as you'll find in many a long day. It is my hope that you will agree with me on this.

The garden beckons me. Speaking of leaves, you should see them. Too wet to rake. But somebody told me, last fall, to "let 'em lay" and the lawns would be as the hills of Lebanon, come spring. That's what *they* said. Do they come up to clean the place? They do not. That's Annie's lookout. Well, be on my way. Spring's in the air! **THE END**

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TRY this glorious HEINZ DISH

Baked Tuna Rice Ring (with Ketchup Sauce)

Combine 4 cups cooked rice, a 7-oz. can tuna fish, drained and flaked, ⅓ cup chopped green pepper, 2 eggs, beaten. Grease ring mold pan. Pour rice mixture into pan. Set pan in water; bake 1 hour in a moderate oven (350°F.). Serve ½ cup heated Heinz Tomato Ketchup with ring. Serves 6.



HEINZ Tomato Ketchup

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Quick & Easys For Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

GOOD evenings, these, now that April's here. In order to spend more time out of doors, you will have to do a bit of kitchen alchemy to make it possible. Abracadabra gets you nowhere. You have to plan your week's needs ahead, make your menus short and snappy. Here are some might-haves for your platter dates.

Quick Switch

Meat Balls in Onion Sauce in Mashed-Potato Nest
Asparagus or Peas
Frozen Cherries
Sour Cream

Ground meat is usually on your weekly shopping list. It's economical and you can do so many things with it. You'd planned to bake a meat loaf—your husband likes your kind, but won't eat it in a restaurant. Things were humming at the office today. Late conference—late home. You'll have to give up the meat loaf this time—but make him just as happy, if not happier, with

MEAT BALLS IN ONION SAUCE

To ½–¾ pound ground beef and pork mixed, add 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons bread or cracker crumbs soaked in 6 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and 1 tablespoon minced onion. Mix well and shape into small balls. Dust lightly with flour. Fry in 1 tablespoon shortening or salad oil. Drain off any excess fat and add 1 cup canned onion soup. Simmer till heated through. Thicken with 1 tablespoon flour blended with cold water.

FROZEN CHERRIES—SOUR CREAM

Partially thaw cherries to the stage where they are still semifrozen. Serve with sour cream and a sprinkling of sugar.

Two at a Time

Asparagus-and-Egg Casserole
Sliced Tomatoes
Baked Peaches Tropical

April weather is capricious. Some evenings your apartment is so warm you can't bear the thought of heating up the oven for a casserole. Come a cool, rainy night—it's cozy to have the oven going. Whi you're at it, bake your dessert along wit the main dish. Now's your chance. T morrow may be sunny and warm.

ASPARAGUS-AND-EGG CASSEROLE

Slice 3 hard-cooked eggs. If you do as I d in my own ménage, you hard-cook ½ doze eggs at a time, keep in refrigerator to use i salads and quick casserole dishes. Drain small can green asparagus tips. Melt tablespoons butter or margarine. Blend i 2 tablespoons flour and ½ teaspoon dr mustard. Add 1½ cups milk gradually Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened Season with ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoo pepper and a pinch of celery salt. Crumbl enough packaged potato chips to make cup. Save out ¼ cupful. Arrange alternat layers of sliced eggs, potato chips and aspar agus in individual casseroles or a smal 1-quart casserole. Pour sauce over all an top with saved-out potato chips. Bake 2 minutes in moderate oven, 350°F.

BAKED PEACHES TROPICAL

Put 1½ cups sliced canned peaches in fla baking dish. Slice 1 banana over then Sprinkle with ¼ cup brown sugar. Pou ¼ cup orange juice over all. Sprinkle wit 2 tablespoons shredded coconut and 2 table spoons fine dry bread crumbs. Dot wit butter or margarine. Bake in a moderat oven, 350°F., 20–25 minutes.

Skillet Skill

West Coast Omelet
Green Salad
Strawberries and Cream

Does the thought of making an omele frighten you? It shouldn't. Never try t make too big a one—but do have a biggis skillet. The thinner the layer of egg, th easier it is to roll or turn. Even if your breaks the first time, it will taste just a good. Practice, and you'll be wanting t



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(Continued from Page 102)

"Well, after this Wolff spoke, old Gottlieb nodded his head and said, 'Mr. Levy understands that, sir, and he is willing to abide by the rules of the club. He told me, in fact, that he would refuse to join the club unless he were admitted in the customary way, just like any other member. And so, gentlemen,' said old Gottlieb, standing up, 'I'll be here with Willie Levy on Tuesday afternoon. Is that satisfactory to everybody?'"

The breeze was stirring up a little, and the terrace was getting colder. His father gave a little shudder. He rolled down his shirt sleeves and buttoned his collar.

"I was young then," he said. "It was my first year on the committee. I hadn't begun to make any money yet. Was I excited! I never met anyone as big as Willie Levy before. That's all I could talk about for three days. Willie Levy, Willie Levy, all over the house. One day your mother said to me, 'What are you so excited about? He puts on his pants the same as you, don't he?' Your mother was a fine, common-sense woman. She was right. I was too excited. But you can see how I felt, don't you?"

"I would've been excited, too," said David.

His father nodded his head vigorously. "That's right. That's how I felt. So anyway, Tuesday came finally, and we all got together in the meeting room, waiting for old Gottlieb to bring in Willie Levy. None of us said much, except this Wolff. He kept talking about his new line of minks, and how beautiful and expensive they were. He looked so happy, I should've guessed he was planning some dirty trick.

"Pretty soon the door opened, and old Gottlieb came in. After him came Willie Levy. I don't know what I expected. Some kind of big giant, maybe, with horns and fire coming out of his mouth. For a minute I was disappointed. Willie Levy was an ugly man; he had a long nose and thick lips, and his hair wasn't combed. Old Gottlieb introduced him around, and he shook hands with everybody, and smiled and said, 'Pleased to meet you!' He said it just like that, in a loud voice, with a Bronx dialect. Just like this: 'Pleased to meet you!' Then I understood it, Dave, what a great man he was. Because he could smile and shake hands and say 'Pleased to meet you' in a Bronx dialect. And still he could be Willie Levy, who was giving orders to the mayor."

His father stopped to take a breath. Then he went on:

"He even shook hands with this Wolff. Then he sat down in the big easy chair in the middle of the room, and he said, 'So, gentlemen, let's have the Inquisition.' Nobody said a word for a long time. Then old Gottlieb laughed and said, 'Well, I guess that se... it. Why don't we retire to the bar and ha... drink?' But just then, this Wolff stands ... 'Not so fast,' he said. 'I want to ask Wi... Levy a few questions.'

"Willie turned to look at this little fell... He studied him for a while, and then he s... 'You're Mr. Wolff, is this right?' Wolff n... ded his head, and Willie said, 'You got a fi... in your eye, Mr. Wolff. I'm glad you sp... up. I don't like I should get anything with... a fight.'

"Wolff was sort of surprised, and then ... said, 'I don't want to fight, Mr. Levy. I ... brought up to believe that fighting is vulg... That was the exact word he used, Dave. 'V... gar.' Can you beat that? Then he said, 'I j... want to ask a few questions. Nothing p... sonal, you understand. About your busin... affairs. Mr. Levy, is it true you are a law... who takes money from gangsters and m... derers to defend them for their crimes?' ... those days, see, Willie Levy was a big cri... inal lawyer. It wasn't till later that he we... into corporation work.

"Willie stared at this Wolff, and then ... smiled, very friendly. 'Maybe you don't kno... Mr. Wolff,' he said. 'It's still legal in th... country for a lawyer to defend crimina... Some crooks I'd trust better than some ho... est people.'

"Wolff glared at him and said, 'All rig... Mr. Levy, but that's not my main objectio... Is it true that you spend much of your ti... in pool halls and gambling dens and spea... easies and other low places? And that y... frequently carry a gun in your pocket, li... some cheap thug?'

"Willie still smiled. 'What's the matt... Mr. Wolff? You want I should go into tho... low places without a gun?' Then the smi... disappeared. 'Mr. Wolff, you should lea... someday, even us cheap thugs are human b... ings. Did you ever look in garbage pails at th... age of five years, so your family could hav... food? Did you ever grow up in a Polis... ghetto? You should try this sometime, Mr... Wolff. Maybe you would learn, like I did, thi... is a tough world, and a man has to be toug... to get along in it. I made a lot of money in m... life, Mr. Wolff, and I had to go out and ge... every nickel of it by myself. Nobody hande... it to me on a platter. I got it for myself. S... that's why you see me at those low places ... That's where I belong.'

"Wolff was quiet for a minute. Then h... said, 'Well, that's not my main objection, ei... ther. What about your moral life, Mr. Levy? ... What about the way you act with women?'

"Willie broke out laughing at this. 'Mr. ... Wolff,' he said, 'you must be a magician or ... something. I don't for my life see how you

(Continued on Page 106)





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(Continued from Page 104)

could know anything about the way I act with women.'

"Wolff said, 'Everybody knows, Mr. Levy. Every night you're with a different girl. Always a new pretty girl. And sometimes she's even married.'

"Willie said, 'I don't get you, Mr. Wolff. What is it you don't like, that the girls are pretty or married?'

"Wolff stamped his foot and said, 'You know what I mean. A man's wife isn't safe with you. I'd be afraid to have you around my house.'

"We all laughed a little at this, because we knew Wolff's wife, and we were sure that Willie Levy had better taste. Then Willie said, 'Mr. Wolff, I got to admit your point. That's the kind of man I am. I love life. And women are the part of life I love most of all. Any real man would understand this.' He looked hard at Wolff for a minute. Then he said, 'Is that your main objection?'

"This Wolff was mad now. His face was getting red, and his voice was squeakier than ever. 'No, that's not my main objection. I'll be frank with you, Mr. Levy, and nothing personal in this. I don't like your manners,' he said. 'I can't imagine how you were brought up. Look at that suit you're wearing; no man of taste would wear stripes that color. Look at all those rings on your fingers; we know you're a rich man, Mr. Levy, you don't have to force it down our throats. Look at your hair; you didn't even bother to comb it for this committee. But worst of all, Mr. Levy, listen to the way you talk. It's not American, Mr. Levy. You talk like—like an immigrant, like someone who just got off the boat, like Weber and Fields. Mr. Levy, you are the type of . . . person who, maybe through no fault of your own—understand me, Mr. Levy, this is nothing personal—spoils things for the rest of us.'

"Nobody said anything. We just sat around feeling foolish and not looking at Willie Levy. All we could hear was old Gottlieb wheezing. Then Willie Levy spoke. 'Mr. Wolff,' he said. We all looked up at him. His face was calm; he didn't look mad at all, just sort of tired. 'Mr. Wolff,' he said, 'you don't like my manners, so I don't like your manners any better. But one thing I think you should know: my manners are good enough to get me invited to any house in the United States of America. Houses, Mr. Wolff, that wouldn't let you in through the back door.' Still very calmly, Willie stood up and said, 'Your club I don't need, Mr. Wolff. You I don't need especially.' Then he nodded to the rest of us and started for the door.

"Old Jake Gottlieb followed him, pulling at his arm, talking fast. 'Don't go, Willie. He didn't mean it. Sit down, Willie. Mr. Wolff, apologize to Willie Levy. There isn't a big man in the country who doesn't respect Willie Levy. Mr. Wolff, apologize.'

"Wolff looked a little pale. He raised his voice and said, 'I won't apologize. Let him go. He's such a big man; why does he want to join our club? He knows so many big people; why should he want to know us? That's all I ever hear, how many big people he knows. He's too big. No man is that big. He must be small. He must be smaller than any of us. Let him go. He's not so big!'

"Willie was almost through the door. But now, when Wolff said this, he turned around. His eyes were wide, he was breathing hard, his fists were clenched. I remembered a story I heard once, how he nearly killed a man with his bare hands over a poker game. 'That's enough of it,' he said to Wolff. 'Nobody says I'm a liar. From nobody am I liar. Name a famous man. Any famous man in the United States of America. Name him, and I'll c him up on the telephone. And you can a him what he thinks of Willie Levy.'

"We were all quiet, waiting to hear wh Wolff was going to say. Wolff was quiet, t staring at Willie. Then a look came into eye, like when a fellow is going to put son thing over on you in a business deal. You c always tell that look and that's the look th came into Wolff's eye. Then he said, 'All righ Mr. Levy, I'll take you up on that. Call President Harding. President Warren Gam liel Harding.'

"It was a moment. Dave, I'm telling yo that was a moment."

His father paused triumphantly, one fing raised in the air, and finished off the last his beer. A shiver went down David's spi A sudden shiver, as if an icicle had be touched against the back of his neck. It wa familiar shiver, and David knew that, no ma ter how many times his father told the stor no matter how late at night, no matter ho bored or distracted David might be, whe ever his father came to that great moment would always feel the shiver down his spi It was the same shiver he had felt when heard the story for the first time, long ag years and years ago, when he was only six was one of his first real memories, it was th long ago. He was sick in bed, he remember It was winter, and used to have a lot colds during the wint and he spent a lot time in bed. It was ni There was no scho The sheets were co He could lie there day and read con books and find o men's faces in the pa tern of his wallpape

But that night, remembered, he wasn feeling so good. His hea hurt him. He couldn get to sleep. He d his head hard into th pillow, trying to ja away the pain. Then started to cry. Th the door opened, and h father came in to hi and sat down besid him on the bed. He remembered how su prised he was, because usually, when he crie at night, it was his mother who came to hin But his mother was away somewhere. H couldn't remember where at first, and the he remembered a week before, sitting in ten ple for a long time, then going out to th country in a long black car, then standing u for a long time in the graveyard. And his f ther was looking down at him now, ar smiling and speaking in a low voice.

"Dave, go to sleep," his father said. "G to sleep, son, and I'll tell you a fine story

And then his father started laughing an then he started talking. He talked for a lon time, and David couldn't understand most it. There was a good man, he understood tha and he was big and strong and very rich, an everybody loved him very much, and he ha a great many subjects. And one day all h subjects gathered together to bow down t the good man. But there was a bad ma among them—a little dwarf with a squeak voice, who could change himself to a wolf and he stepped up and challenged the goo man to a fight. And then, suddenly, every thing stopped. Someone said a magic word It was a long, magic word, and it ran through David's head for days and days afterward Warren Gamaliel Harding. And then the shiver went down his spine. And then, as he lay stil and listened, his father went on talking:

"Willie Levy didn't even blink. He looke at Wolff awhile, and he began to smile again and he said, 'Why not?' Then he got up from his chair and went over to the telephone and asked for the White House, Washington, D.C After five minutes, he got the White House Then he asked for the President's secretary A few minutes later, he got the secretary Then he asked for the President himself, and the secretary told him the President was jus

WITH THE CHILDREN

"This is a report card and it only tells what one person thinks of you, so don't forget that!"

When a slightly older child asked to join a group of moppets playing house he was promptly told he could not. However, he kept persisting and was told by an aggressive little "mother": "All right, you may play with us, but you have to be the grandfather who never comes to visit with us!" (The older child complied.)

"We had the loveliest time in school today; our teacher made a mistake."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.



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CORNED BEEF
HASH

GET ONE CAN
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Once you've tried Old Virginia Corned Beef Hash, you'll make a scramble for it every time you hear the name. To acquaint you with the delicious flavor of Old Virginia Corned Beef Hash, we make this amazing offer. Present this coupon to your grocer and receive one can of Old Virginia Corned Beef Hash Free!



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This offer closes April 30, 1949. When properly signed, this coupon will entitle the bearer to one free 16-ounce can of Old Virginia Corned Beef Hash. Offer RESTRICTED ONE TO A CUSTOMER!

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sitting down to dinner, and he told the secretary, 'Get him up from dinner, it's Willie Levy calling.' And the secretary said he would certainly get the President right away.

"We waited ten more minutes. Suddenly we heard a voice over the phone. It was a deep beautiful voice. It was a voice we all recognized right away. It said, 'Hello.' Willie Levy said, 'Hello, Warren, you're well, I hope?' They chatted awhile, and then Willie said, 'Warren, here's Mr. Sigmund Wolff who has a question to ask you.' Then he shoved the receiver into Wolff's hand.

"Wolff took it shakily, like he expected it to jump away from him. He stuttered a bit, and then he squeaked into it real loud, 'Mr. President, tell me your honest opinion. What do you think of Willie Levy?'

"There was a long pause, and then the President spoke. 'In my opinion,' he said, 'Mr. Willie Levy is the salt of the earth!'

"Wolff stared at the phone for a minute, then he handed it back to Willie. Then he said in a loud voice, 'Gentlemen, you can expect my resignation in the morning!' Then he walked out of the room without another word, and three minutes later we elected Willie Levy into the club."

But David scarcely heard his father's last words. The pain was leaving his head, and he was getting drowsier and drowsier. When his father stopped talking, he felt sort of warm and soft and peaceful. He didn't know what his father had told him, but he knew everything was safe, everything had come out all right. So he turned over and went to sleep....

THE cool breeze was blowing across the terrace. *And it's the same today,* David thought. *It's not like the other stories. It's a special story. There's still the safe, warm feeling.*

"What do you think of that?" his father said. "That's the kind of man Willie Levy was."

Something in his father's voice made him look up sharply. "Was?" David said.

"Didn't I tell you?" His father gave him a puzzled look. "Willie died this afternoon. On Long Island, where he had his winter home. There's a big article in the papers. He had a heart attack. He was sixty-four years old." Slowly his father turned over the newspaper on his lap and handed it to David across the table. "Can you see it in this light?"

David had to squint to make out the headline and the picture next to it: "W. Levy, taken twenty years ago." It was a heavy face, a large blunt nose, small sharp eyes, a mouth grinning in contempt and triumph. It was a young, powerful face, and David suddenly found himself thinking: *Can Willie Levy die? Old Jake Gottlieb dropped dead in the middle of a pinochle hand. Mother died, too, on the operating table. Warren Gamaliel Harding is also dead. But can Willie Levy die?*

The moon moved suddenly behind a cloud. The terrace was completely dark. In the darkness, David stared fascinated at the glow of his father's cigar, the small spot of orange moving through the darkness in a lonely arc.

"A big man," his father was saying. "It's hard to believe he's dead. Only last week I was playing pinochle with him." The moon appeared again, and the terrace was blue and hazy. His father sighed. "But all of us die someday, and that's the truth."

David looked up into his father's face. He thought of the face that looked down at him as he lay in bed that night long ago. And he thought that this was not the same face. This face was older. There were lines around these eyes. There were wrinkles in this forehead. As his father raised the cigar to his lips, David saw how his hand was trembling, how softly. He reached across the table to give his father the evening paper, and for a moment their fingers touched.

His father gave a quick little laugh. "It's a silly story, I guess," he said. "You've probably heard it before."

The story is special, David thought. Always the shiver, and always the feeling of warmth, and now, all of a sudden, this terrible pang of loneliness and helplessness, knowing he loved his father more than anything else, understanding more and more it was not enough.

"It's a fine story," said David. "And I've never heard it before." THE END

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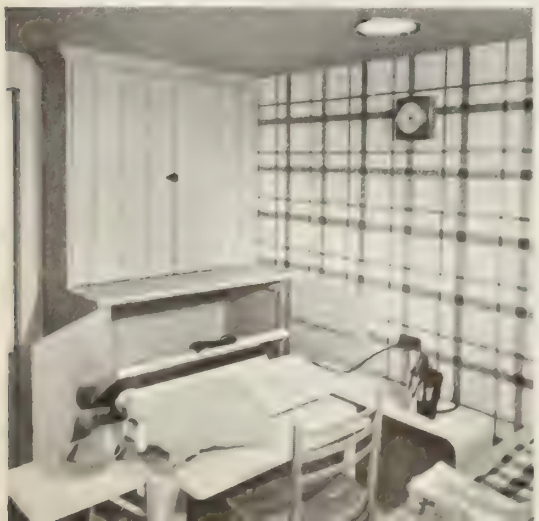




Light streams in, and the family looks out on a wooded hill through new windows. Under these and against a new partition, an L arrangement of the kitchen center is compact and spacesaving. In the old kitchen, supplies were kept in a storeroom—now they are right at hand. The old room lacked work space—now there is a counter beside each appliance.

Kitchen

With ironer in working position, table is handy for finished work. Flat-plate ironer does most of wash in jig time—hand iron is for touch-ups.

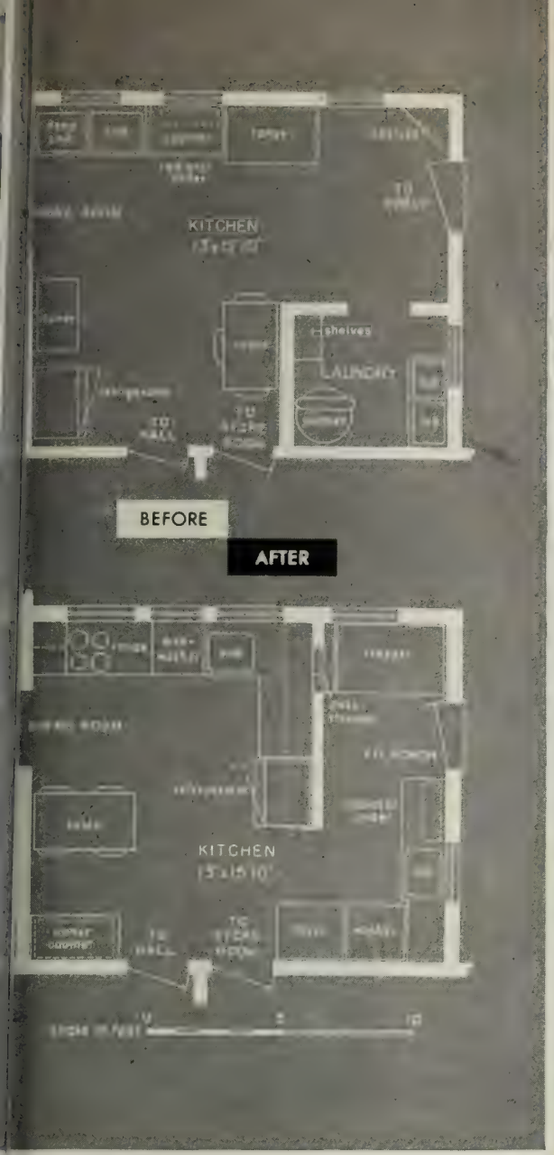


Change in wall and door opens corner for laundry. Washing dovetails, yet doesn't interfere with, kitchen activity. Ventilator draws off heat and moisture.



Home freezer is connected with kitchen by pass-through in new partition. Metal Venetian blinds at the windows are lightweight, colorful and washable.







Plaid paper on the wall sets apart the place where the family sits down to relax for informal kitchen meals. The ironer wheels into the lower part of the cabinet, and dishes for kitchen use are stowed away in the upper section. Chief structural changes: removing old walls around laundry, adding new partition to support cabinets, and new windows.



PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON

Plus

By GLADYS TABER

A cooking-dishwashing center, a laundry corner, a freezer nook and a pleasant place to eat.

THIS kitchen solves a problem that many, many women are faced with in new houses, old houses and middle-aged houses. Especially mothers of young children. Leaping up and down the cellar stairs to answer the phone, fish a child out of the best symphony records, start the vegetables, and at the same time get the washing done—this is an old story to a lot of families. So is lugging a basket of clothes to the line way out back of the garage and vaulting back with one sheet half on the grass when a small voice calls, "Mommie, she smokes!" Burned carrots to throw out.

Then there is the blessed home freezer, which is so new an addition to our lives that only houses still hot from the oven have any place to put it. I know freezers in the cellar, on the back porch, even out in the garage. I know one family that cannot have one because they don't want it in the upstairs bedroom!

The JOURNAL chose this month's kitchen problem with all this in mind. There are five in the family which includes three little girls, and the pleasant house is set on a lovely lot not far from town, against a steep hillside. The mother does her own work, having no regular maid, and there is plenty of it with the little girls aged seven, four and two. Since an attack of infantile paralysis resulted in her being lame, step-saving is of particular importance. She leads an extremely

(Continued on Page 110)



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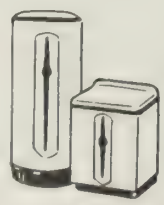
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in an L&H AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGE



You are in charge when you cook with an L&H! No need to guess whether "high, low or medium" is the right heat. No need to depend on fixed temperatures. The infinite control of the L&H Vari-Speed Switch gives you *every* temperature from simmer to sizzle! . . . not just 3, 5, or 7. Heat comes on like power in your car when you step on the accelerator . . . smoothly, gradually as you turn the switch. That's why results are so superior, foods so temptingly delicious when prepared on an L&H. Other features to delight you . . . oven is big enough for an entire meal, cooker lifts up to form extra unit, smokeless broiler, automatic time control for oven, cooker, appliance outlet and one top unit. See your L&H dealer today or write A. J. Lindemann & Hoverson Co., Milwaukee 7, Wisconsin.



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THE RANGE THAT MAKES GOOD COOKS BETTER!

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active, regular life, but a few less miles to fare would make a terrific difference.

Moreover, to hang out the clothes she had to climb that steep hill behind the house, almost impossible in icy weather. "And the steps up the cliff are rough and steep and long." So the job was to bring the cellar upstairs, move the clothes drying inside and put the home freezer on the same level, and you have a solution! And incidentally it would make the kitchen workable and easy.

Although the kitchen was cheerful and spotless, with all that running to and from pantry, refrigerator and dining room, and all that cleaning under the pelican legs of range and sink, I couldn't imagine how anyone managed to feed the lively family, do the washing and ironing, and even sit down to mend the socks, much less to read a book!

The problem, then, resolved into rearranging the kitchen equipment to make room for storage and work space, fitting in an eating center for five people, and making room for a complete laundry, including the wished-for drier. At the last minute, the family decided that now was the time to install new appliances, so they could be enjoyed while the kitchen was new. And they added a new 8-cubic-foot freezer to the list. What to do with that!

The room was 15′ 10″ by 13′ but it was not easy to fit everything in place. The family had long ago arrived at the same conclusion I had, that it couldn't be done. It reminded me of those maddening puzzles in which you always have a piece left over, no matter how hard you try.

A kitchen as difficult as this requires the making of many rough drawings to explore the possibilities. In fact, ten different sets of plans were made before the final solution was reached. But plan No. 10, which used every inch of available space to best advantage with the least remodeling, really made this kitchen meet the needs of the family.

One thing those plans showed will be especially helpful to many homemakers. When you have not enough wall space to line up the equipment in a convenient arrangement, a new wall extending part way into the room may be the answer. This gives wall space for more equipment, divides work centers, and it may be low or high and with a pass-through. It is a step-saver, too, for it keeps the working equipment closely centered, particularly in larger rooms.

In this kitchen, the old wall dividing off the closet-size laundry was found to be unimportant structurally, and a real inconvenience planwise—so it was torn down. A new partition to enclose pipes and cables was built out from the window side of the room, and the laundry area and the freezer efficiently installed around it.

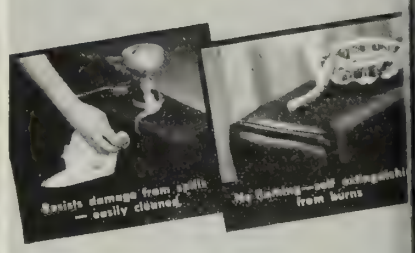
In this kitchen, the wall was ceiling-high, so needed wall cabinets for storage could be hung on the kitchen side. The place for the freezer was perfect, for it is a cool corner out of the main traffic, and yet there is a pass-through where food can be pushed through to the counter where meal preparation goes on. Also, there is a window above, giving good light for packing or sorting. In my own freezer, we have to peer in with a flashlight even at high noon, and then we may come out with strawberries when we were after fillet of flounder!

The new laundry arrangement pleases them especially. The automatic washer has the drier right next to it, so there is no more trudging up the rocky, steep path to get the clothes on the line, and no more worrying about the whims of the weatherman. In the same corner is a deep laundry sink, with a handy sorting counter on both sides of it. A ventilator fan went into the wall, to draw the moisture, cooking odors and heat out of the room.

To complete the laundry, an ingenious shallow cupboard, recessed between the supports in the new partition, made room for the ironing board, the iron, laundry supplies and freezing equipment. Open shelves against the wall, over the washer, hold soaps, bluings and starches in most demand. The ironer is housed in a cabinet near the eating center, where it can be pulled out into the middle of

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THE MASLAND DURALEATHER COMPANY
3278-90 Amber Street, Philadelphia 34, Pa.

n. Here it is light and airy for the
stint. The top part of the cabinet
n for dishes used at the eating table
itchen.
important structural change in the
as the installing of new steel casement
s that opened on the lovely hillside
logwood will soon spread its silver
ne windows are placed so the equip-
s under the sills, and they open easily
ne spring air in.
e new plan there was room for all the
steel cabinets, a modern range with
utton switches, and a refrigerator.
automatic dish-
r, set into the
top, saves steps
ne for the mother
e young children.
reakfast dishes for
ole family can be
the dishwasher,
the time the beds
ide, the dishes are
And when the girls
der and have the
n, they can stack
pcorn bowls and cocoa mugs in the
and turn the control, and the kitchen
ay trim and in order.
tric wiring was installed with the new
-control wiring for switches. They
is means that a small wire like that
or your front doorbell, instead of the
load-bearing-circuit wire, runs to the
plates, and this costs less than the
arrangement. I never have understood,
ever shall, anything about electricity,
did like the idea of turning on lights
you need them, without having to light
ole kitchen up like a firehouse. And I
ne recessed lights used in the low ceil-
ecause they never hurt your eyes, and
ast no shadows.
original floor of mottled dark green
lt tile was in good shape, and a nice
my in the midst of such redoing was to
fit in new matching tiles where the old corner-nook walls were removed.

This problem kitchen had a color problem, too, because there was so much all-white equipment and cabinets. However, the magic of color added the perfect note, and the JOURNAL decorating touch gave this kitchen plus a plus in colors too.

Since the floor was not to be changed, the room was keyed to the dark green of the tile. A bright, gay green plastic was used for counter tops. Wallpaper in a dynamic and generous plaid in green, blue and white instantly removed any hospitallike feeling from the white. Valance boards over the windows were covered with this paper too.

The eating table and chairs were lacquered a heavenly blue, and the ceiling and ironer cabinet were painted blue to match. Green, blue and white is one of the most satisfying color schemes, I think, for it is restful and spacious-feeling, and gay without being theatrical. Accents of geranium pink were used in accessories and chair cushions and table covering.

"The kitchen is perfect," they say. "Not a single meal have we eaten in the dining room, all for love of this!"

The washing is done now in jig time, with a determined line of little spectators watching every movement. And how they love to hear purposeful swishing of water as dishes are being washed.

"You should see how gay we look at night, and how cozy we are, eating supper with the lights all off but the ones over the counter and candles on the table. Every meal is really a joy—it's so easy to prepare and so pleasant to eat it right here in the kitchen."

A happy ending for what was a haphazard kitchen.

When Grover Cleveland was elected governor of New York he wrote his brother, "Do you know that if mother were alive, I should feel much safer."

—GAMALIEL BRADFORD: American Portraits (Houghton, Mifflin Co.).

THE LURE

(Continued from Page 38)

ink of something which will make you
out in a crowd." She patted Linda's
der. "Work on it over the week end,"
dvised. "I must run!" She ran.
d now, Linda sat before the mirror of
ressing table, in the house in Cluttered
s, that exclusive residential community
ong Island's south shore, and walloped
rown hair with a stiff hairbrush. "What
care?" she murmured. But then she
ght of Mr. Abercrombie, who looked
and polished, and she did care.
*aybe when I begin to get a decent tan on
gain, I'll look better.* But she had had a
derful tan last summer, and what had it
ner? Absolutely nothing. You couldn't
blame Shelby Perkins on the tan.
elby Perkins, she thought now, under
spur of the Abercrombian question, *is
something that happens to people of low
ility, like me.* Her lower lip wobbled
etically. He probably liked her because
was inconspicuous, and dull, and safe!
ne twisted her hair experimentally into a
blob on one side of her head, looked at
nd let it fall. Through the open window
ed the voices of her mother and Miss
kins, Shelby's somewhat older sister.
two Perkinses lived next door, an ac-
edly convenient arrangement.
Yes, they think the world and all of
da at the bank." Linda had heard those
tical words so many times that ordi-
ly they would have passed unnoticed.
v they fell as salt in a new wound.
And why wouldn't they!" It was Miss
kins, agreeing again. "As Shelby says, a
quiet, sensible girl ——"
inda shuddered in the late-afternoon sun-
t, and closed her window.
n the mirror, her eye slid past her own
ction and fell upon her neat, well-brushed
hes, hanging properly upon their hangers
he closet. They were clothes into which
could slip with the speed of light, clothes
which took one sensibly upon the 7:15 express to New York each morning, carried one unnoticed through a day in the Town Bank for Savings, saw one quietly home on the 5:23 out of Penn Station each night. They did not actually bunch, but there was certainly too much of them in the wrong places, and they all seemed to be useful colors. It could not possibly matter which of them she wore for her date with Shelby that evening.

It was a date to go out to dinner, and for Shelby Perkins to indulge in such an orgy of extravagance could have but one meaning.

"Mr. Perkins is such a gentlemanly man," fluttery Mrs. Thorpe had said, feeling perhaps that it was the right time to have a little intimate talk with her daughter. "It is a great compliment that a—a mature man like that is interested in you, Linda. It may be that you are the type which attracts older men."

"If any," Linda had said, and then had been sorry. It was not her mother's fault.

Biting the tip of her thumb thoughtfully, she considered what Mr. Abercrombie might be supposed to think of Shelby. *Um-hum*, she thought, with a surprising moment of fellow feeling for Abercrombie. *And so do I!*

"Come down, come down, Linda!" There was excitement in her mother's gentle voice. "I can see Mr. Perkins backing his car down his driveway!"

Linda ran downstairs, kissed Mrs. Thorpe and walked out to where Shelby sat waiting in his car, any excitement he might be feeling heroically concealed. She opened the car door and got in.

As they drove out along the Parkway, the delicious spring twilight folding itself around them, he asked politely if she minded the radio being on.

"Not at all," Linda said, wishing that the well-manicured hands on the steering wheel looked a little younger.

(Continued on Page 112)



Picture your home decorated in America's Most Desired Colors!

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American Dinnerware of Distinction

THE SALEM CHINA CO.

SALEM, OHIO



Over the air waves, a short-winded young lady was surrendering body and soul. Linda looked out of the corners of her eyes at the solid citizen beside her. *Oh, no!* she thought with a feeling of panic.

"Linda"—he cleared his throat nervously and addressed himself directly to the windshield—"let's tell the folks when we get in tonight that we are engaged. I—ah—I love you, Linda."

(*"Body,"* said the young lady, unheard by Mr. Perkins, who was concentrating on the business in hand, *"and soul!")*

"We aren't getting any younger, you know, and if you feel about me the way I feel about you ——"

To her horror, Linda found herself giggling helplessly. He threw her an uncertain, sideways glance.

"It's not funny," he pointed out. "And it's nothing to make you nervous, my dear. You must have known ——"

I know a lot of things, she thought bitterly as he talked on and on. *I know that you aren't going to get away with proposing to me before dinner! I can accept, and it is our engagement dinner; or I can refuse, and we'll turn around and go home, combining the best features of a planned economy and your broken heart. Fiddle your dee, Shelby Perkins, a girl can be pushed just so far!*

"——and as I said to sister," he was going on, "Linda has an old head on those young shoulders."

That's what the man said, the goaded girl thought. She turned toward her impassioned lover as inspiration came to her.

"Shelby." He had to bend his head to hear her. "I—I have to think about you a little bit, first. If I'm—if I'm the right person for you. Who you marry is very important, you know, and you are an important man, and will be more important ——"

She felt as if the needle had stuck — *Can't I say anything but important?* she thought desperately—but it had apparently stuck in an acceptable groove. It was a historic moment: her first attempt at finesse. Shelby considered her remarks with a smug approval; he drove her to a really good spot, and he bought her a lobster dinner, the one all the way down the menu, the one that cost the most.

"And what happened then?" Mrs. Thorpe asked; she was getting a bowdlerized version at breakfast next morning.

"Then he talked about his investments," Linda said. "Mother, will you need the car today? If not, I think I'll go down to the beach."

"My dear, go ahead. Stay all day, if you like. You'll want to be alone with your thoughts, I know." Mrs. Thorpe sighed happily. "It's a whirl. We're to go to the mov with them tonight."

"Whee," Linda said.

It was still very early when she reached beach. It was deserted, and entirely love Sandpipers chased the creaming waves acr the sand, a gull dipped into a breaker fo spot of nourishment. The Atlantic Oc was all hers, she would take her first swim the year while she was sole owner. She thr her arms wide in a gesture of delight and r to the water's edge.

Unhesitatingly, she fastened her swim c walked into the water with a little, involu tary gasp, dove capably through the curl a big green comber, came up beyond it, p her head down and gave with her sol businesslike crawl.

She never saw the log. It must have be hidden behind a whole ruck of waves. It her with outrageous force, on the forehea Pain and the paralyzing conviction that s had encountered a shark all but overca her. *This is the end of me! This is the en* Water filled her nose and mouth, she thrash desperately. Then her head began to cle and with a strong instinct for survival s clung to the slippery waterlogged wood un her strength returned. After a few minut she felt able to kick herself away from t timber. Swimming and coasting, saving l wind, she made shore. She wobbled up where she had spread her beach rug and herself down upon it.

Whether she fainted then or whether s slept, she never knew. A voice said, "H are you all right?" and she opened her ey One of the lifeguards was crouched bes her, one of the most terrific lifeguards, s noted automatically, that she had ever se long and dark and handsome. When she tri to smile, her face felt funny.

"Yes," she said without smiling, "I'm right."

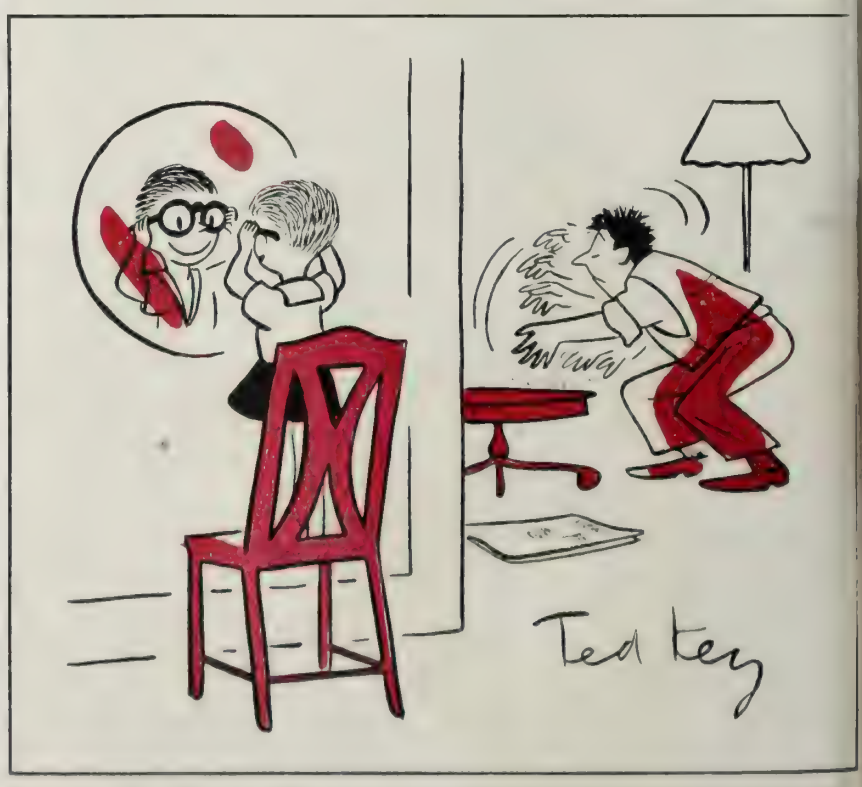
He continued to look at her solicitousl "I've been waiting for you to wake up," said rather diffidently. "I wanted to mak sure you were all right. It was the first thi I saw. Your eye, I mean. I never saw such mouse on anyone in my life! Such a blac eye," he explained when he saw her bewi derment. "It certainly is a whing-ding."

"Have I a black—I mean, did it—yo mean, my eye is discolored?"

"Sister," said the lifeguard, "that is paroxysm of understatement."

He handed her the beach bag for which sh groped. Finally he took it back and found th mirror for her himself. Linda stared at th glass, and gulped. It was very definitely whing-ding of a black eye, with subtle ove tones of green and purple as promise of bett

(Continued on Page 114)



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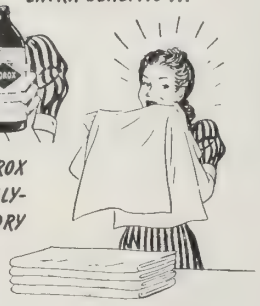
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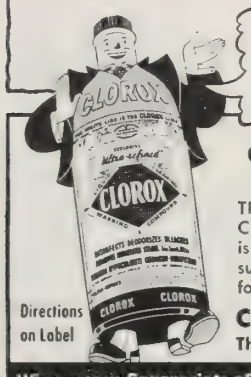
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Wat-a-set THE ORIGINAL LASTING FINISH FOR COTTON, RAYON AND NYLON CURTAINS

(Continued from Page 112)

things to come. If Linda had wanted something to make her stand out in a crowd, she had it!

She looked at the lifeguard, who was watching her anxiously, and she gave a funny little one-sided grin. Wait until Mr. Abercrombie saw this! Oh, and Shelby Perkins—why, he would not be seen dead with her, as long as she looked like this. And then came the realization that in all the years she had been swimming at Jones Beach, this was the first time that a lifeguard had ever, ever spoken to her. Linda slowly lowered the mirror.

"Do you blame me?" he asked.

"I wouldn't blame you for anything," she said with enthusiasm. "And as for this"—she touched her mouse gingerly—"it was entirely my own fault." Her grin widened. When you look like the smallest clown in the circus, there is no point in being shy. *I look so awful,* she thought with a feeling of actual release, *that there is nothing left for me to do.*

"YOUR own fault," he repeated delightedly. "You're wonderful! I was sure something nice would happen to me today. I'm not on duty for another hour. Are you the girl I'm buying a cup of coffee for?"

"I am," said Linda.

Over the coffee, he told her his name was Ed Smith. He also advised her not to go into the water until he could go with her, purely for reasons of safety, of course. Purely for reasons of safety, she agreed.

It was quite a day. There were the times when Ed was off duty, when they went a short distance down the beach to where he could tell her about the University of Michigan, from which he had just graduated, and other important matters. There were also the times when Ed was on duty, when she moved back to a spot not too far from his platform, and ever so many people she had known in high school and afterward came up to ask her about her eye. Even Mike Bainbright, scion of one of Cluttered Acres' wealthiest families, stopped to marvel and to tease her about it. The other lifeguards, clustering about fraternally, were friendly to her, but they kept trying to find out too. Only Ed never asked.

Linda said, "You ought to see the other fellow!" And she said, "I think it is better for me to say nothing." When she used that one, she tried to sound ominous. And she said, "It was really entirely my own fault." And she knew she looked funny, and she did not care a bit, because she was having a perfectly wonderful time.

Once Ed looked down at her and muttered cautiously out of the corner of his mouth, "Now what are you grinning at? Tell me, I'm your friend!"

The casual expression warmed her absurdly. "You wouldn't understand," she laughed up at him.

"Try me," he implored. "I'm fairly bright."

"I was thinking about a man named Abercrombie," she said honestly.

"That I don't go for. Think about us!"

"Okay," Linda said.

"Think about what are we doing tonight?"

"I have a date tonight." There was a wholly unconscious sadness in her voice as she thought of that date. He grinned.

"I might have to stop in and see how your eye is," he threatened.

A bright, intelligent little boy with a carrying voice shrilled, "The lifeguard's girl's got a shiner!"

It was quite a day, but not so good for thinking seriously about Mr. Perkins.

When Linda reached home, Mrs. Thorpe screamed.

"Darling, it's all right. I'm all right. The eye hardly even hurts."

"But it *looks* terrible. It looks so—so rough. What happened to you?"

"Nothing that need cause you the least concern," Linda said soothingly. "Did you ever know any good to come of trying to explain away a black eye?"

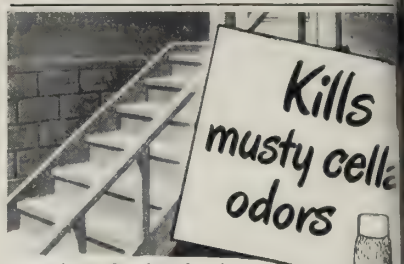
"I never had that problem," her mother said with dignity. "Tell me at once exactly what happened."

"Why, dear?"

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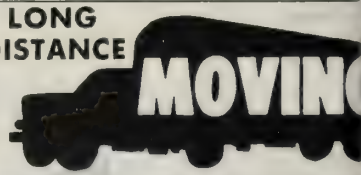
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"Why? Why, so that I may know how best to explain to Mr. Perkins."

With difficulty, Linda brought herself back from remembering how she and Ed swam together, matching their strokes, from the sound of his voice saying, "You're *good*"; saying, "I'll never dare to beat you up when we're married, if you wow people like this with a black eye!" The goon!

"Mr. Perkins," she said absently, "will have to take this on faith."

"But he won't. Mr. Perkins is a man of the world."

It continued through dinner, her mother's tireless, gentle interrogation.

"Darling," said Linda, "I'm not talking."

She wore white, a cryptic smile and the mouse when the Perkinses arrived.

"Why—what —" they chorused.

"Linda will not tell us how it happened," Mrs. Thorpe said.

"But of course she will, and at once." Mr. Perkins rubbed his hands together. "And we will take whatever steps we deem necessary."

Linda, thinking of Mr. Perkins deeming it necessary to step into the ocean after the naughty log, giggled. The three others looked at her with varying degrees of disapproval.

"Linda has never in her life given me a moment's worry," Mrs. Thorpe confided.

"For which I'm sincerely sorry," Linda said.

"Don't be smart, Linda," her mother said.

"There is someone at the door," Miss Perkins warned.

"I'll go," Mrs. Thorpe said, relief in her voice, and fled. They could hear her gently urging someone to sit on the porch for a few minutes.

"A sweet, a charming lady, your mother," Mr. Perkins said. He looked at Linda, at the raffish black eye, with active irritation. "Linda," he said cautiously, "about what you said, in the car, you know, last night?" She nodded. "You may have been right," Mr. Perkins said.

"Oh, I was. I was!" Linda said.

Mrs. Thorpe appeared in the doorway looking flustered. "There was a Mr. Bainbright and a Mr. Smith," she said. "Mr. Bainbright thinks he got his dates confused, and he will telephone you. But the one named Mr. Smith says he has an engagement with you."

Mr. Perkins looked like an agitated hen. The resemblance was heightened by the clucking noises he was making.

"It's a whirl!" Linda said. She kissed her mother, and she kissed Miss Perkins, and she kissed Mr. Perkins. She blew a kiss in the air for Mr. Abercrombie, wherever he might be, for having asked the sixty-four-dollar question. She ran toward the door. "If Mr. Smith says he has an engagement with me, he has!"

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We Do Not Need Slim April

By POLLY TOLAND

We do not need slim April,
Washed in slanting crystal rain,
Nor her wind-high pale peach blossoms
To make summer drowse again;

For when crust of frost has whitened—
Crisped the tendrils, cracked the trees—
Spreading snow and icy powdering
Where we took our August ease

We will find in frozen field grass
Of the winter-tightened heart
That April's frail green finger
Cracks the chilly bones apart.

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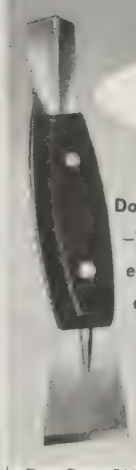
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The Pleasure of Childbirth

By BETSY MARVIN McKINNEY

MY recent experience of childbirth is without qualification the most ecstatic, interesting, adventurous, exciting, enjoyable and personally triumphant accomplishment I have yet known. It is for those who would like to enjoy—and I mean enjoy—having a baby naturally, with full consciousness, that I am writing this account. Not to mention the pleasure it gives me to remember a joy commonly thought of as an ordeal.

The detailed instructions which make such an experience possible can be found in Grantly Dick Read's remarkable book, Childbirth Without Fear. His theory, very much oversimplified, is that childbirth, a normal, natural function, should cause no more distress than any other function of the body. He believes it a great emotional deprivation to make a woman unconscious through anesthesia at what should be the most alive, exciting moment of her life. All this can be achieved comfortably, without anesthesia (he is speaking of normal, not pathological conditions), through full education and instruction in the phenomena of labor, plus a calm mind and a relaxed body. Tension, usually created by fear and ignorance of how to manage one's mind and body in labor, is the main cause of labor's excruciating pain.

As the mother of three, the first two born by conventional medication and anesthesia methods—my first with the aid of forceps—I would say the great difference between conventional and natural childbirth is the complete absence of suffering. It may sound like double talk to differentiate between pain and suffering; I can only speak from my own experience and assure you there is a profound difference.

Of course what constitutes pain is a moot point in itself. Unquestionably a measured degree of pain may be felt differently by different people. I am a notorious sissy about such things as headaches and the tiniest filling at the dentist. And, being high-strung and emotional, I suspect that my own pain threshold is very low indeed. If anyone were going to beg to be given anesthesia during labor, that person ought to be me—and was in the past.

The interesting point is not that I felt pain; I did. But not once did I feel pain that was in any way unbearable, in strong contrast to my two other labors, especially the first, which was nightmarish. And not once was there a particle of suffering connected with the pain—again a marked contrast to the other deliveries. Throughout labor there seemed to be two entities: one which was having contractions, some of them thoroughly uncomfortable; the other, myself, watching what was going on, interested and much entertained. It is a very difficult sensation to describe; it was a fascinating one to experience.

I AWOKE Friday, the day the baby was born, with an ache low in the pelvis, which disappeared as soon as I got up, to be replaced with slight contractions low in the groin and back. These back pains were different from the cramplike ones I had been having for some days previously, and I was hopeful that at last the real thing was beginning.

I tried to practice relaxation each time I recognized the onset of a contraction, lying down quietly, face peaceful, jaws and mouth lax, arms, legs, everything as nearly immobile as possible—though comfortably, not tautly so—breathing a little deeper, until the contraction had reached its peak and was on the wane. It helped, there is no doubt of it, though I do not know whether the d comfort physically decreased because of t relaxation, or whether I simply *thought* it w less, since my body was thereby unable register pain by the usual tension reactio of speech, frowning, fist clenching and on. Pain as such was negligible for ma hours to come.

As the day of my baby's birth wore c the contractions, though no more unco fortable than at the beginning, seemed be increasing in strength and duration. with high hopes I put my two small boys bed for their after-lunch naps, and call Doctor Betts.

THOUGH not a previous practitioner Doctor Read's technique, my obstetrici had been most co-operative and interest in my desire to witness the birth of my ch as a rational woman. We were both looki forward to the delivery with intense intere both a little anxious about its chances success, both hopeful, though I would s Doctor Betts was less convinced than I. had witnessed a few natural, painless lab in his many years of fine obstetric practi but not enough to persuade him that it co be achieved by any normal, healthy wom who really wished to. And he had, after delivered my second baby (he did not atte the first), at which time I suppose I p formed just as any average woman in average medicated lab performs. He thought was letting myself in f untold agony, but was wi ing to give me every chan to prove him wrong a sincerely hoped I woul

We had agreed on trous oxide—which Re makes available to all h patients—as a light inhalant, not an ane thetic, should I wish it toward the end labor. And if worse did come to worst, if t method didn't work, I could still be p under as I had been with my former babie

On the basis of the ensuing examinatio my husband and I left the doctor's office f a few hours at the movies. Doctor Bet thought labor was probably beginning, b that it would be some time before I wou need to think in terms of the hospital, a the movies seemed a good way to keep m mind off my body in the interim. Besid having wished my babies good-by at n time, I simply could not face going home a second farewell scene—sure to inclu tears from both if repeated! But as I walk down the steps from the doctor's office, fairly strong contraction went with me. my husband started the car there was a other, and before we had driven five block a third.

We hunted up a near-by newsstand, whe I bought a couple of magazines for lig reading, and called Doctor Betts. He agre with me that it would probably be more s assuring to wait the remaining time at t hospital.

We arrived at the Albany Hospital a fe minutes before three, where I made anoth stop at the cigarette stand for a bottle Coke. Thus fortified with Coke and mag zines in one hand and my trusty, belove honest copy of Childbirth Without Fear the other, we arrived on the maternity flo

Contractions were about five minutes apa by this time, and I sat considering the trying to relax, and ostentatiously displayi Childbirth Without Fear in the wild ho someone who was going to assist in labor delivery room might recognize it, or at lea ask questions without prejudice.

My biggest worry the entire time had be that of moral support. It was one thing have a baby without medication or ane

(Continued on Page 118)

By Nature's kindly disposition most questions which it is beyond a man's power to answer do not occur to him at all. —GEORGE SANTAYANA.

THE BIGGEST

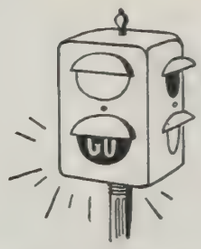
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Actually brightens colors—Again, it's the Luminess that helps New La France to do what no other bluing can claim: make colors brighter instead of duller!



Safe with any washable material—Beautiful as the new materials are, some are mighty delicate. New La France treats them all with unfailing gentleness. Kind to hands, too!

LAUNDRY NEWS



Better than any other bluing—Most bluing covers up "yellowness" with a light tint of blue. Many bluings over-blue, leaving a blue tint. New La France makes clothes whiter by adding whiteness.



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Works as well in washers as in tub laundry—La France works just as wonderfully in the new automatic washers as in agitator type washers, or hand laundering.

SINCE DETERGENTS!



Easy to use as adding salt to recipe—All you do is add a quarter box of La France when you add the soap. It's easy as that!



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FOR LINOLEUM, FINISHED WOOD, ASPHALT OR RUBBER TILE AND TERRAZZO FLOORS

(Continued from Page 116)

thesia with Doctor Read in attendance, quite another to attempt the same method and result with nurses and interns schooled in the belief that childbirth entails agony that must be routinely relieved by drugs and anesthesia. I did not relish being my only supporter, and I feared even more either contradictions or ridicule from whoever might be assisting.

While they were preparing to admit me a pretty young nurse, Jane Welder, came by and glanced at my book.

"Oh! Are *you* going to have your baby by that man's method?" she asked. "I've always wanted to watch a natural birth—I'm sure he's right."

Her words were music to my ears, and when I found out that she could assist if I wished to engage her for the period as a special nurse, my joyful hopes hit a new high.

The second pleasant surprise was Doctor Arkelian, the intern who was to check me from then until I was ready to deliver. He had witnessed a Chinese woman give birth naturally and apparently without pain, so he, too, was both interested and sympathetic.

No two people could have been kinder or more helpful than they, and I believe a great deal of our mutual success was due to their goodhearted acceptance that my performance would in all probability be successful and was not just a mad whimsey.

The third and almost best surprise of all was an empty labor room! I would be able to finish up the first stage by myself without anyone else in a near-by bed to distract me!

By the time I was ensconced on the hard, narrow labor bed, giving Doctor Arkelian my history and sipping Coke (oh, blessed foresight!), the contractions were about four minutes apart and becoming, some of them, distinctly uncomfortable. Each time, I would go as lax and loose as possible, stop talking and concentrate on making absolutely no facial or bodily movement of any kind, breathing easily and only as deeply as was necessary, going utterly limp in every part of my body.

Arkelian thought it odd at first and would repeat questions; then he caught on and would stop talking himself during a contraction. The quiet was almost silly—but certainly efficacious, both peaceful and strengthening. The more uncomfortable the contractions became, the more truly and gratefully I would think, "This is certainly *the* way to have a baby; no fussing at all, neither energy-consuming nor upsetting." That is a minor sample of what I meant by pain without suffering.

When the history was finished and dilation checked again, Jane began reading me appropriate excerpts from Childbirth Without Fear, the best therapy she could possibly have performed. We had already achieved first-name status with each other, feeling that "Mrs. McKinney" and "Miss Welder" would shortly sound pretty foolish.

ANOTHER most relieving and helpful thing she did was to press hard against my lower back as the contractions involved more back pain. That pressure on the sacrum along with firm massage, suggested by Doctor Read where severe backache persists, is a most marvelous relief and I recommend it to all women who are lucky enough to have someone on hand to help at that stage. Another perceptive and helpful thing Jane did: when a painful and strong contraction set in—the only indication was my breathing, which would become very rapid, almost to the point of panting—Jane would say, not brightly but sincerely, "My, that was a *good* one, wasn't it!"—not, "That was pr painful, wasn't it?" She constantly un lined the remembrance of progress, not

When Doctor Arkelian had left the time with the promise of return in hal hour to check dilation again, I asked how long it would be before I delive "Not too long," he had answered—on those awful hospital answers I had alw objected to in former deliveries.

"Can't you give me something more nite? Ten hours? Five hours?"

HE replied that he thought it would less than five hours, which satisfied me. T is one of the beauties of conscious childbi You can not only ask rational questions, demand and get understandable answer had never, for example, asked questions been given answers on the progress of d tion, though it is a great help in keep track of how near you are to the second st and delivery. (The first stage, incidenta is completed with full dilation of the cer the second stage, from full dilation up to including the actual birth of the child; third stage, from birth through the exp sion of the afterbirth.)

It was about a quarter of five w Arkelian returned. Contractions were ofte now, and harder. Jane said she thought would run down f bite of supper, an replied she had bet and run, if she wan to be on hand for next step. She offe to give up sup but that seemed si so she left as Arkel checked me again.

I was beginning feel very tired, a told him so, and a told him that acco ing to Read this on of lassitude and tigue, coupled w harder-to-take c tractions, meant d nitely that the fi stage was neari completion. H agreed, said he wou return again in a h hour, and that if needed attention in the meantime, to ri the bell. He went out, leaving me alone.

The contractions were really gripping this time, reaching way up my back as w as around in front. I did not care for the at all. The lassitude I felt was tremendou the contractions frequent, profound a long, and I began to feel a little discourage wondering just how much longer I was su posed to keep on relaxing, putting up wi this sort of thing in a passive way, wonderi how much worse they were going to get a when. Then again I remembered Read's assurance that the last six or eight contra tions of the first stage were the most tryi part of the entire labor, and that they we proof the second stage was at hand. I al remembered—from what seemed mil away—Read's prediction that with ent into the second stage there was a defini lowering of consciousness.

"My goodness!" I thought, sudden awake. "I'm *in* the second stage!" An without more ado, rang the bell. Arkelia appeared as if by magic. "I think I'm star ing the second stage," I said groggily. H took one look. Sure enough. "How far d lated?" I asked, quite drunk.

"Fully dilated" was his brief answe calling an attendant, and I was wheeled int the delivery room. "Where's Welder?" I as sured him she would be back shortly.

As they wheeled me into the deliver room, all pain of every sort suddenly ceased a most delightful sensation, though the con tractions continued. This joyful state mad me even more delirious.

There seemed to be about a thousand at tendants gathered around, though when counted there were only half a dozen—medi cal students and interns and a couple o nurses. I imagine this is a larger group than

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To David at Easter

By Ernestine Cobern Beyer

You live in Janeth's laughing eyes,
You speak with Barbara's tongue;
And Richard, reticent and wise,
Is you when you were young.

Love's roots grow deeper than the tomb.
Beyond the reach of frost,
One flower will fall, one flower will bloom—
But spring is never lost!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Just Whistle...

by Bissell



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is ordinarily required to attend a simple delivery, and that some of them must have shown up just to watch. I tried to get all their names, but found it difficult to concentrate in my semistuporous state.

Then Doctor Betts walked in. "Hello, Betsy," he greeted me. "How's it going?"

"It works, Tom! It really works! And it doesn't hurt a bit!"

"Good," he replied. "But it isn't over yet." And he started scrubbing up.

"I feel as if I'd had five Martinis," I muttered hazily and happily to no one in particular—I was still enjoying an utterly painless period—and heard a masculine voice in back of me, half laughing, half mystified:

"She feels as if she'd had five cocktails; she hasn't even had medication."

A new male voice with a delightful accent broke in excitedly. "You see? She isn't in any distress, she's having a good time! I've seen this over and over again in Austria."

I swiveled my head around and met Doctor Kripp, resident obstetrician at the hospital. "Don't you leave! You stay right here!" I grabbed his hand. "You're just the man I want around. You've seen this kind of birth before?"

"Many times," he answered.

The back pains had disappointingly returned, but so had Nurse Welder. The atmosphere was as dreamlike as Alice in Wonderland. She was again at her blessedly relieving task of pressing against my lower back. But the contractions were suddenly bewildering. Where was I? At the bearing-down stage or still at the end of the first stage? Should I relax through them or between them and push? It didn't feel right to relax any more.

"What should I do?" I asked.

"Still just try to relax, Betsy," said Jane. "They have to prepare you for delivery."

"Unless you feel like bearing down. Go ahead if you do." This from Doctor Betts.

I LOOKED around. "Heavens! Are you *still* scrubbing? How long does that go on?" For ten minutes, it appeared. "Tom, did Mrs. O'Brien go as far as this?" She was another of his patients who had read the book and started out to follow the technique, only to change her mind.

"Not quite—but you're not finished yourself yet. No, she didn't go quite as far as this."

"Goody." I felt fretful, and childishly pleased.

Then began what to me was the musical-comedy part of the delivery, never before having really observed how a delivering woman is arranged and managed in conventional births.

First, two people got hold of my legs, at which I told them to cease and desist. "Leave me alone, they're comfortable that way! Darn it, I'm not drugged, I'm conscious! *Tell* me what you want me to do, and I'll do it." This surprised them, but they left my legs alone.

Then somebody brought over a Torquemada arrangement with shoulder pads, and started to fit me into it.

"Now what's *that* for?" So I wouldn't move out of the Sterile Field, it seemed. I felt like a horse being tethered. "Well, I won't. If I do, tell me, and I'll move back." So they took the shoulder arranger away. Somebody brought over a set of stirrups next. The horse feeling was unavoidable.

"She won't need those," said Doctor Betts, and they too vanished.

Then they put on sterile leggings, and over those a sterile sheet, folded, on each leg, held on by great clamps, outsize versions of the ones small boys use to keep their trousers out of bicycle chains.

"Now this is going to hurt and hurt a lot, Betsy, for about a minute," said Tom.

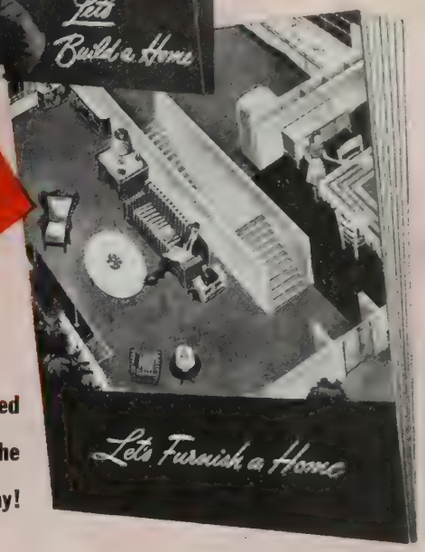
"What is it?"

"Methylate," said Jane. "It's a disinfectant. For the sterile field." Horses again. She took her hand from the small of my back where it must have been nearly broken by that time, and held mine. I reached out on the other side and found the nice firm grip of a young med student, and then they poured the stuff on.

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Betts was right, it certainly stung. Both the med student and Jane must have thought the methylate had been poured on them before the minute was up, I squeezed their hands so hard, but soon it was over.

"Now I'm going to rupture the membranes," said Tom. "It won't hurt a bit."

I begged him to let me do it myself, fearing that any artificial interference would spoil Nature's and Doctor Read's plan, but before the sentence was finished the membranes had been ruptured—it was only a second's work—and with sudden, violent force a bearing-down contraction had taken hold of me, and I pushed wildly and involuntarily, making a perfectly dreadful face as I did so, also involuntarily.

The effort was so great and sudden I lay back moaning after it, and Tom said, "From now on, Betsy, any time you want gas you can have it, all you want." He was so kind and reluctant to have me suffer. I realized that, but was so enraged at the mention of gas, when all I wanted was to be told I was doing fine and didn't need it—also so busy working—all I could say was, "Shut *up!*"

They had brought the nitrous-oxide tank in by that time, and I had almost wept, thinking I smelled ether and was sooner or later to be duped into missing the big event. They finally convinced me it was truly nitrous oxide, and that it would be administered only when and if I wished it.

Labor continued with the bearing-down contractions becoming ever more insistent and irresistible. I pushed harder than I thought it possible for a human being to push without splitting in two. There was a most terrible urge to rid myself of the baby, and again Jane Welder's and the med student's helping hands must have been squeezed almost to pulp, since I was using them for leverage.

My animal reactions to labor must have indeed presented a harrowing picture of agonized suffering. When I pushed with a contraction, quite dreadful loud sounds and grunts accompanied the effort, together with a face contorted beyond anything my face has been able to accomplish before or since. As I half rose from my lying position with the force of a contraction, I could see it in the mirror, and it certainly looked as if I were suffering the tortures of the damned. As soon as a contraction waned, I would sink back exhausted, uttering the most piteous agonized moans and groans, thinking to myself, "You darn fool, you sound like a calliope, and you're frightening your obstetrician." He had offered me gas numerous times only to be rudely answered "Shut up!" Yet, I simply could not help myself.

The noises that issued forth had practically nothing to do with pain, everything to do with labor. The grunts were the r of effort, the moans, relief from effort mental distress that the baby was still i and was continuing to make me feel s utterably full and unrelieved. Each traction was a relief from each rest, an chance to push the baby out, each r relief from the effort of the previous traction.

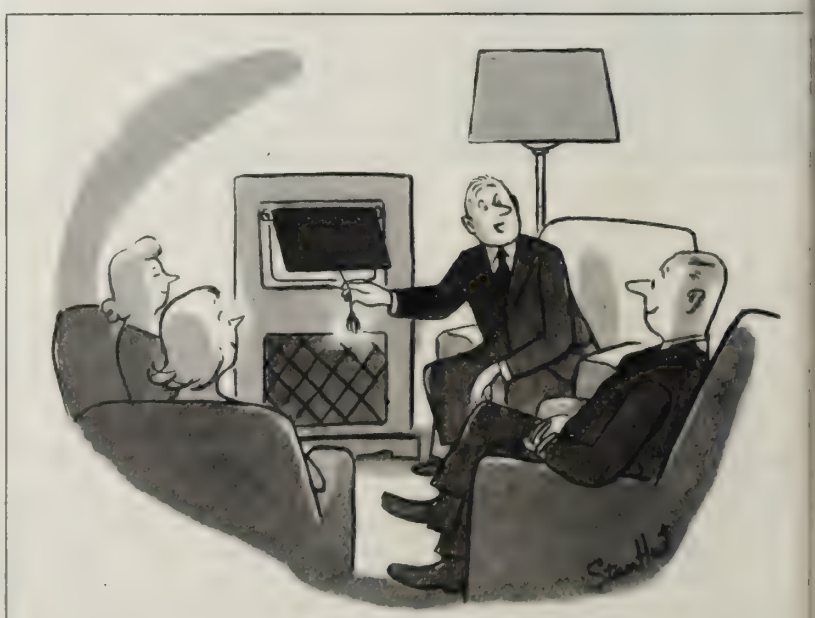
There was certainly pain during this dle second-stage effort, some of it simil though not so severe as the last contrac of the first stage, but the Herculean involved in giving birth was so tremen and all-engrossing I just didn't have or energy to bother much about it, bothered by it. Again, pain wit suffering. And I found what ever knows: that with each contraction, pain lasted only until I could gather m together, take a couple of deep br and bear down. The harder and long pushed, the quicker and more complete relief.

Toward the end of the second stage backache disappeared. I tried to pre myself for what Doctor Read had predi would be a horrid sensation of split and a feeling, not of pain, but of the i nence of pain. I remembered that spli sensation dimly from the previous eries. By now I was experiencing it in full force. Also the feeling, as predi that I was about to be hurt, and badly.

I tried, as the head came down, to what I thought was the perineum, for states that with a relaxed perineum a can be born with almost no sensation soever to the mother. But something wrong. (It was three days later I discov to my chagrin, what and where the perin actually is! I was totally unaware of its rect location, confusing it with the medically known as the vulva.) What relaxing I was doing between contract didn't seem to be having the right e and had I moaned less and relaxed mor result would probably have been b But with each contraction now, that fe of splitting and imminent pain was ge closer and closer, frighteningly so.

"What should I do?" I begged of any "Tell me what I ought to do!"

This part of labor was definitely not g according to Hoyle, or Read. Obvio with wrong ideas in my head, I was b to have trouble at this point. But I d know that then. All I knew was that time nobody answered me except Jane, had, along with others, encouraged praised and between contractions urge to be quiet and relax. But with no aut tative answer or instructions I sud realized that in regular obstetric pract and I couldn't have had a finer or mor



"For commercials."

or more co-operative obstetrician—con-
tion with the patient during birth is a
upsetting departure.
course. Ordinarily by that time the pa-
is completely out, leaving the obstetri-
free to concentrate on his delicate job
out interruption. Instructions to the
nt, naturally, would also be absent,
unnecessary.
r the first time I realized the unhappy
n of a sentence in the book, which had
e me laugh when I first read it: "Modern
ce has emphasized the art of obstetrics
out calling attention to the fact that there
ually a woman present as well as a repro-
ory apparatus." There I was, but except
he part that was producing the baby,
e I wasn't. It was a frustrating feeling,
I was much too occupied to explain or
tion further.
ne head was being born, it was hurting
was going to hurt worse, I was con-
ed—and when Betts said, "Will you
some now, Betsy?" I gasped, "Yes!
!" and immediately the gas cone was put
my face and I gulped it feverishly.
hen I heard the worst threat yet, again
red out of kindness. "And leave it on!"
's not easy to talk with one of those
gs on your face, but I managed to get
"No! Take it off!"
Ve had a brief, rather absurd passage at
s. "Don't you do it!"
Take it off! I'm rational and I know
t I'm saying. *Take it off!*"
ittle Jane backed me up, and off it came,
in time for me to realize the relaxing
wasn't right, and to recognize the same
tting pain again. I took another whiff
bore down, but this time the mask was
oved immediately and without question.
I bore down the last time, there was the
st curious feeling, as if a little fish were
ggling out—and—no more pain.
It's stopped hurting!" I cried.
"Of course," said Betts. "That was the
of the baby. It's born, and it's a boy.
k down and you can see it."
There he was, the cutest thing I have ever
eld in my life, still attached to the long,
tening cord. He was glistening and shin-
too. In fact, the whole world was shining
h a joy I expect I shall never reach again
ess I have another baby. I was exhausted
l ecstatic both, and near crying with de-
t and triumph. "I'm so happy! I'm so
ppy! But Larry will be furious!" I
ghed as I said it, knowing he had wanted
girl; we both had, though I knew neither
us was going to be anything but delighted.
For the next few minutes I watched with
erest as the baby was tended to, the cord
t and clamped. Then Betts took the cord
his hand, asked me to bear down again,
ich I did, expelling the afterbirth with
e greatest of ease and not a twinge.
"Any lacerations?" asked someone.
"I'm just going to find out," said Doctor
tts.
There was a small tear which would re-
ire two stitches. He asked me if I wanted
s for them, and I said, "Sure," indifferent,
w that the big event was over. So I in-
haled nitrous oxide while the first stitch was put in, and then realized to my horror that if I kept breathing it I would really go under. I had no intention of missing whatever else might be going to happen, and again told them to remove the mask. There was a short argument again, and this time as the mask was removed they wheeled the tank away.

"Well," said Betts, "he's gone and there's still another stitch, so you'll have to have it without."

When I felt the pricks of the insertion, just about the equivalent of a couple of quick hypodermic injections, I could have kicked myself for bothering with anything for the first; it was that innocuous. Read had said that the whole area was more or less without sensation for some minutes after birth, and he was right. He also said sensation returned very shortly, and he was right about that too. About ten minutes later I began to feel a soreness such as I have never before experienced. As they were massaging my abdomen, I remarked to one of the nurses that what I was feeling now was certainly worse than anything labor had offered in the way of honest pain, and before long I was given a sixth of a grain of morphine, which made things more comfortable.

There is not much more to tell. The postnatal hour in the delivery room passed quietly with my abdomen being massaged while I looked at my new baby, held him and gave the awe-struck nurse (Jane had left by then) a jumbled digest of Childbirth Without Fear.

I could not describe the utter calm, peace and happiness of that time, nor the marvelous sense of completeness and content. It has to be experienced to be known, and the moderate discomforts I had undergone—far far less than anyone who has not experienced or seen a birth of that sort would believe—were no price at all for this perfect reward.

When Doctor Betts made his first postnatal call, and after we had discussed the way I had sounded in contrast to the way I felt—which was a surprise to him—he told me frankly that the kind of birth we had experienced was rather more trouble for the obstetrician than routine deliveries. I felt badly, and apologized for being a bother.

"Bother?" he said gruffly. "Bother! Who said you were a bother? I wish every woman would have her baby like that!"

"But I thought you said it was more trouble for you."

"So it is, Betsy. But what's that got to do with it? I don't care how much *trouble* a delivery is; what I care about are a healthy mother and a healthy child. I only wish all my patients could have their babies the way you did."

At the end of my hospital chart is the following notation, which sums up briefly all I have said at length.

"This 33-year-old woman, gravida five, para three, had her complete delivery without anesthesia of any kind. Her pain was minimal and she was co-operative throughout. Labor was 10½ hours long, second stage 55/60. Both mother and child are in excellent condition."

AMERICAN AND UN-AMERICAN SOCIAL SECURITY

(Continued from Page 12)

ousands of days' wages every year. And
ie difficulty of paying exceptional medical
ills is meeting them when they are
resented.

The state would do better to guarantee
ans, through the banks, at 2 per cent, pay-
ble in, say, two years, to enable people to
ay off the costs of emergencies, these loans
uaranteed *on character alone*. It would cost
r less money than present plans, make char-
cter a negotiable asset, and prevent people
emergencies from becoming the victims of
nconscionable loan sharks.

The state could help everyone provide for
is own old age by allowing the deduction
rom taxable income of a certain percentage
f earnings, this to be invested in Govern-
nent bonds and subject to taxation only
hen cashed.

In short, the essence of a good American Social Security system is to find every possible means of helping people to help themselves *without* a vast extension of parasitic bureaucracy. Nobody can eat, drink, wear or live in card catalogues and red tape, but everyone has to pay for them.

The history of the all-embracing state, from the Roman Empire to the present day, has been a history of progressive decay in the vigor and productivity of society, and the independence of the people.

And the form of welfare state we are now moving toward originated in Germany under Bismarck and was for two generations the world's outstanding example. Bismarck's aim, openly stated by him, was to create a population docile to the state. He succeeded.

THE END

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COFFEEMASTER coffee is ALWAYS delicious—because everything is automatic. The secret of delicious coffee-making is correct water temperature, agitation, and brewing time, just as a perfect cake requires perfect baking time and temperature. In Sunbeam Coffeemaster, the water is always at the same high heat—*automatically*. Brewing time is always the same—*automatically*. Coffee is kept piping hot, at the perfect drinking temperature, after it's made—*automatically*. You get all the requirements for perfect coffee in Sunbeam Coffeemaster every time—*automatically*. You can't miss.

AND LISTEN TO THIS! Whether you make one cup or eight, you always get the same perfect cup. That's because ALL the water rises. Not a drop ever remains in the lower vessel to *dilute* the coffee when it comes down. Sunbeam Coffeemaster is the ONLY vacuum-type coffee-maker that gives you this important advantage. Be sure your coffee-maker is the Sunbeam Coffeemaster to get the same clear, taste-tempting perfection in every cup. The only *truly* automatic coffee-maker. See your dealer.

SET IT! FORGET IT! Read the paper, dress the children. In a few minutes, click! . . . it shuts itself off when coffee is done. Resets itself to keep coffee hot.

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PHOTO BY DI PIETRO

Foreign foods are as familiar to the Moks as baked beans and corn on the cob.



By MARY MOK

NO. 5 SERIES BY HOUSEWIVES

The day-by-day meals of actual housewives, cooking in their own kitchens, who have agreed to share the benefits of their experience with other JOURNAL *readers. They make no pretensions, but do the best jobs they know how to do, to provide their families with healthful food, frequently on limited budgets.*

I GREW up in a small town, where we raised our own chickens, cows, vegetables, fruit and berries. The variety and abundance of fresh, delicious foods were tremendous, but my parents never quite succeeded in teaching me to extend my taste range beyond meat and potatoes. I married a European, and my mind, if not my waistline, was broadened.

Under my husband's influence, I soon overcame my prejudice against sea food, shellfish and a large number of other things which I now consider to belong among the grand gifts of Nature. I even, believe it or not, have become fond of smoked eel, and my favorite breakfast nowadays (yes, he is a Hollander!) consists of fruit juice followed by crisp hot rolls with Cheddar or Munster cheese and coffee.

In our present world, rent by strife and sharp divisions, there is, it seems to me, nothing more important in the education of children than the teaching of tolerance. We must train our youngsters not only to know that there are other languages besides English, other customs and traditions besides American ones, but also to believe that those languages, customs and traditions are at least as good as ours and certainly just as dear to the hearts of the peoples who speak, practice and observe them.

The nursery and, a little later, the family dining room are excellent places to start, for I am sure that to teach children to enjoy foreign dishes in some subtle manner helps them to be receptive to new and strange ideas in art, music and literature.

In any case, that's how it has worked out in our home. I adhere to the old-fashioned notion that youngsters should learn to eat whatever is put before them, and I began quite early to include such foreign delicacies as Swedish meat balls, German pancakes, *minestrone*, borsch, and even mussels, salami and kippers in the children's menu.

Aside from other considerations, the variety is good for them. Moreover, should they have the good fortune to make a European trip, as my eldest son, then seventeen, did last year, they will be able to order something besides ham and eggs in Paris and to think of a few items more interesting than spaghetti when in Rome. And, while they are still small, they will not get themselves disliked when visiting friends and relatives by complaining that "I don't like this" and "I can't eat that."

This is how it works out with us—the foods of foreign origin are as familiar to us as baked beans. I plan each menu with the whole week in mind and order accordingly.

On Monday order eggs, fruit, meat for two or three days, vegetables, dried fruit, tomato juice, and so on, so that you have everything on hand when needed. For example, for Monday dinner I have planned tomato-juice cocktail because I will need a little juice for my *stroganoff*.

When making puddings, make enough for dinner one day and lunch the next day. While making spaghetti sauce Tuesday, also cook dried apricots and prunes separately. You can then have the apricots one day and combine them with prunes for a compote the next day. While cooking the sauce, other household duties can be done, which should leave the afternoon entirely free, since the spaghetti is boiled at the last minute and the salad can be mixed at the table.

On Thursday buy half of a ham, which you boil for dinner. Sandwiches are made of it the next day for lunch. Put it in the icebox and forget it on Friday. Saturday the ham is glazed and baked and seems like an entirely *(Continued on Page 125)*

HOW-TO-DO'S

● **To keep cheese fresh, wrap in a muslin or linen cloth that has been sprinkled with vinegar, then dipped in water and wrung out. When the cloth is no longer damp, after a few days, repeat the procedure. You can also wrap the cloth-enclosed cheese in wax paper so the odor does not get into the refrigerator.**

● **To retain flavor in corn on the cob, stand the ears, unhusked, in about ½ inch of water in a pot until ready to cook. Into the pot in which the corn is to be cooked, put about ½ inch of water and an equal amount of milk, and 1 tablespoon of sugar. Bring the water-and-milk mixture to a boil, stand husked ears upright in pot, cover tightly and steam 5 minutes. Remove and serve immediately.**

● **To keep knives sharp, a holder that sharpens the knives as they are removed from it is a great asset in the kitchen. Attach the holder to the wall near your worktable or sink.**

● **In washing walls or any other flat surface, always begin washing at the bottom, to avoid making dirty streaks. You will find that the water does not mark the clean area below if it runs down.**

● **To make iced coffee that tastes like a Broadway soda, add a little prepared chocolate sirup, instead of sugar, to your iced coffee.**

● **To season your frying pan, never wash it! Does this shock you? A fine French chef gave me this advice. After using pan, wipe out with a paper towel, cover with wax paper, and put away until used again. The pan will not retain odors; it simply becomes seasoned like a wooden salad bowl. Under no circumstance must you use the pan for anything except frying.**

● **To keep pots and pans handy, handsome and homelike, I like the way our ancestors hung the pots and pans over the range. Have a molding put up over your range, the same length as the range, put in hooks at regular intervals, and hang up your pots and pans within easy reach. Naturally, the pans must be kept shining or the whole effect is spoiled.**

● **Instead of saying "No" when a child asks for something or begs permission to do something, stop and consider if it is not possible to say "Yes" instead. Often it is. Everyone is much happier in a home where there are not too many "No's."**

● **To slap or not to slap. I do not believe in physical punishment. When my children were smaller and I was tempted to spank or slap a child, I always tried to imagine how I would feel if a giant should come along and hit me every time I did something wrong, and I were unable to hit back. We are all giants to our children, benevolent or mean, as the case may be.**

CHIQUITA BANANA SAYS:

Try these with meat—

PAN-FRIED BANANAS



To Pan Fry
Use green-tipped or all-yellow bananas

Luncheon Surprise—Banana Peanut Butter Sandwiches

Bananas sealed by nature in a germ-proof package

Between-meal Pick-up Banana Milkshake!

How to make PAN-FRIED BANANAS

Peel all-yellow or slightly green-tipped bananas. Fry slowly in butter or other fat until tender . . . easily pierced with a fork . . . turning them to brown evenly. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Serve hot as a vegetable.

Cut bananas crosswise into halves or quarters before frying, if desired.

. . .

Pan-fried Bananas make an excellent dinner plate partner with fish, poultry, eggs, cheese and other vegetables.

Use all-yellow or slightly green-tipped bananas

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

M'mm. Banana Shortcake! Cake, sliced ripe bananas and whipped cream!

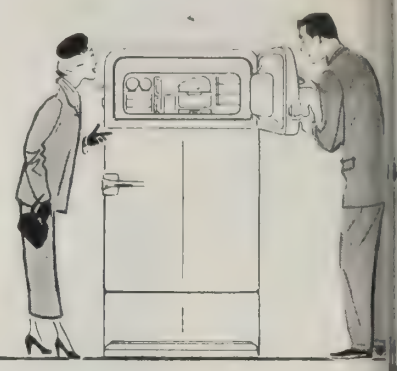
Look what's in 'em:
Fruit sugars
Vitamins
Minerals

EASY DINNER MENU
Soup or Crisp Celery
Meat Loaf Buttered Carrots
Pan-Fried Bananas
Bread or Rolls
Apple Pie Beverage



Want room for 70 lbs. of frozen food in your new refrigerator?

Ask your Frigidaire Dealer to show it to you in America's No. 1 Refrigerator— the one that's different from all others!





What a beauty—smart, modern lines and gleaming white surfaces that stay gleaming!

This sparkling Cold-Wall Imperial is more than a refrigerator—its spacious Locker-Top is actually a built-in home freezer. It keeps up to 70 pounds of frozen foods safe—lets you stock up at your convenience, skip shopping any day—or days—you like. And it is heavily insulated to keep safe frozen food temperatures—economically.

The food compartment below holds more than ever before, has room for tallest bottles, biggest melons, largest roasts. The full-width Hydrator protects fruits and vegetables with super-moist cold which keeps them crisper, fresher.

And this is Frigidaire's famous Cold-Wall model—it needs no defrosting for months, keeps foods at their moist, flavorful best longer!

But your Frigidaire Dealer will show you more than space, convenience and eye-catching beauty. He'll show you the vitally important difference between Frigidaire Refrigerators and all other makes—the famous Meter-Miser, one of many reasons why Frigidaire is America's No. 1 Refrigerator. It's the simplest of all refrigerating mechanisms—the key to the long, trouble-free life of your refrigerator.

Your Frigidaire Dealer will demonstrate all 9 Frigidaire models—all backed by the experience of building more than 10 million refrigerating units. He will help you select the one that best fits your kitchen, your family, your eating habits. Also see the Frigidaire electric ranges, automatic washer and other home appliances.

Look up the name of your Frigidaire Dealer today—in Classified Phone Directory; or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside 12, Ont.

Listen to Frigidaire's New Lum and Abner Show, Sunday nights, CBS.

FRIGIDAIRE Refrigerators

Simplest cold-making mechanism! The one-and-only Frigidaire Meter-Miser works without belts or gears, without attention from you. No wonder it's so dependable, so wonderfully easy on precious electric current.



Yes, leave foods uncovered—even butter and fish if you wish! The Imperial uses the Frigidaire Cold-Wall principle—keeps food moist, and fresh-tasting far longer. Food-drying circulation of air is kept to a minimum.



Here's ⅔ of a bushel of fruits and vegetables in the exclusive Hydrator. Glass-topped for full visibility, the Hydrator keeps these foods crisp, fresh. It rolls out smoothly, effortlessly at a finger touch.



Ice Cubes pop out when you pull an easy-working lever—no muss, no fuss. This fast, handy service is yours with Frigidaire's exclusive Quick ube Ice Trays.



(Continued from Page 122)

ish. On Sunday, leftover bits of ham
led to the scrambled eggs, and the bone
i as the basis for lentil soup. In this
very bit of ham is used without mo-
, and one spends a minimum amount
e in the kitchen.

MONDAY LUNCH

Egg-Salad Sandwiches
on Whole-Wheat Bread
Fresh Fruit — Beverage

MONDAY DINNER

Tomato-Juice Cocktai'
*Beef Stroganoff
iled Potatoes String Beans
Grapefruit Sections on Lettuce
French Dressing
Lemon Ice — Beverage

BEEF STROGANOFF

½ pounds stewing beef into long thin
. (Use top sirloin when prices come
.) Dredge with flour. Chop ¾ pound
mushrooms. Sauté meat in 2 table-
s shortening, browning it well. Sauté,
ately, mushrooms and 2 medium onions,
ed, in 2 tablespoons shortening. Com-
neat and vegetables. Add 1½ teaspoons
⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons vin-
and 3 tablespoons tomato juice. Cover
immer 1 hour or until meat is tender.
1 cup thick sour cream just before serv-
Heat up well. Reseason to taste. Stir in
spoon paprika, if desired.

TUESDAY LUNCH

Vegetable Soup — French Bread
Chocolate Pudding — Beverage

TUESDAY DINNER

Spaghetti With *Meat-
and-Vegetable Sauce
Grated Parmesan Cheese
Mixed Green Salad
Stewed Apricots — Beverage

MEAT-AND-VEGETABLE SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI

wn ½ pound chopped beef in 3 table-
ns shortening or salad oil. Dice fine 2 stalks celery, 1 peeled carrot, 2 onions and ¼ pound mushrooms (optional) and 1 green pepper. Add to meat and sauté until golden. Add 1 small can tomato paste and 2 cups (2 cans) tomato sauce. Season with 1 bay leaf, crumbled, 1 teaspoon salt, and pepper to taste. Turn heat low, cover and simmer 1½ to 2 hours. During the cooking, add water to sauce when it becomes too thick.

WEDNESDAY LUNCH

Poached Eggs on Toast
Lettuce and Tomatoes
Russian Dressing
Chocolate Pudding — Beverage

WEDNESDAY DINNER

Consommé Madrilène
*Hutspot
Green Salad With Roquefort Dressing
Baked Apples — Beverage

HUTSPOT

(Hudgepudge—a traditional Dutch dish.)

Three hours before dinner, brown a 2-pound pot roast in a heavy pot. Season with salt and pepper. Add 2 tablespoons water, cover tightly and simmer. After 1 hour add 1 pound carrots and 1 pound onions cut into pieces. Cover and simmer another hour. One hour before dinner add 1 pound small whole potatoes, salt and pepper. Cover again and simmer until ready to serve. Remove meat and keep in warm place. Remove the vegetables and mash exactly as you would mash potatoes. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Skim off excess fat from meat juices in pot. To serve, place mound of mashed vegetables on hot platter. Slice meat thin and arrange on top of vegetables. Serve meat juices in a separate bowl.

THURSDAY LUNCH

Sandwiches Made From
Leftover Hutspot Meat
Bananas and Cream — Beverage

THURSDAY DINNER

Fruit Cup
Boiled Ham — Applesauce
*Baked Beans ("doctored") — Coleslaw
Compote of Apricots and Prunes
Beverage

"DOCTORED" BAKED BEANS

Fry 3 slices bacon and drain on paper towel. Slice 2 onions and 1 green pepper. Sauté in bacon fat left in pan. Stir this mixture into 2 cans baked beans. Pour mixture of beans and vegetables into casserole, sprinkle with grated cheese. Arrange bacon strips on top. Bake in slow oven, 300° F., about 1 hour.

FRIDAY LUNCH

Ham Sandwiches
Celery and Radishes
Custard — Beverage

FRIDAY DINNER

*Fillet of Sole Normandy
Baked Potatoes Sliced Beets
Lettuce Hearts With Russian Dressing
Danish Pudding — Beverage

FILLET OF SOLE NORMANDY

Have 1 large flounder cleaned and filleted at the market, but save bones, head and trimmings. First make a bouillon in the following manner: To the bones, trimmings and head add 1 cup water, 1 clove garlic, 1 onion (cut up), 2 stalks celery, 3 sprigs parsley, ½ bay leaf, pinch of salt, and boil 15 minutes. Add 1 cup cider, simmer 7 minutes. Strain. Butter casserole and arrange fillets in it. Barely cover fish with strained bouillon and poach in moderate oven, 350°F., for 10 minutes. Remove from oven, carefully drain off bouillon into saucepan. Cover casserole to keep fish warm.

Blend 1 tablespoon flour with a little cold water to make a smooth paste. Stir into hot bouillon and cook a few minutes, stirring constantly. Beat 2 egg yolks slightly with 1 tablespoon milk. Add hot bouillon to egg yolks gradually. Pour this sauce over fish and put under broiler long enough to color a little and set the egg. Now it is ready to serve. On special occasions you can add a few cooked shrimp or cooked mushrooms to sauce before putting under broiler.

SATURDAY LUNCH

Buckwheat Cakes With Maple Sirup
Beverage
(No dessert necessary.)

SATURDAY DINNER

Cold Fillet of Sole Normandy
(Served like a crab-meat cocktail.)
Tomato-Cocktail Sauce
Baked Ham Scalloped Potatoes
Broccoli
Apples With Cheese (Liederkranz)
Beverage

SUNDAY LUNCH

Scrambled Eggs
With Bits of Leftover Ham
Toast
Danish Pudding
(I use the packaged product which has a combination of currant and raspberry flavors.)
Beverage

SUNDAY DINNER

Lentil Soup *(made with ham bone)*
Roast Duck — Applesauce
Brown Rice Peas
Mixed Green Salad
*Trifle

TRIFLE

Make or buy a plain layer cake. (Stale cake may be used and is even better.) Break cake into pieces, or split layers. Moisten with fruit juice or sherry. In a glass dish or casserole arrange alternate layers of cake, boiled custard (vanilla pudding may be used) and shredded almonds (optional). Dot with currant jelly. Top with sweetened whipped cream. Decorate with shredded almonds. Put in refrigerator until ready to serve.

THE END



"Imogene, NOT you! How could you!"

Lashed to the Kitchen sink?



Don't let a crusty broiler get you! Don't scrub away at caked-on grease with a slipsy dishrag! Use a square metal-fiber Brillo pad! Fast! Easy!

Shine pans easy with BRILLO



Brillo is tops at cleaning grimy pots and pans. A sturdy Brillo *pad-with-soap* whisks off every stubborn speck of cooked-on food and greasy scorch. Leaves grimy pans clean as a whistle —and *shining!* Wonderful for aluminums! Use Brillo every day to keep 'em gleaming!

There's jeweler's polish in BRILLO!

Brillo makes your pots and pans sparkle like new—bright as the day you bought 'em! Why? Because Brillo's special-formula soap contains shine ingredients that jewelers use to polish precious metals!

★ RED box—soap-filled pads
★ GREEN box—pads and cake soap



Shines aluminum fast!

M-M-GOOD! FRESH!

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The ORIGINAL W.K. Kellogg

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

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That's why more folks go for dee-licious Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Good nourishment for you, too. Get this all-time favorite in Regular or Family Size Packages.



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CORN FLAKES...famous favorite in Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE!

Choose your own better breakfast from Kellogg's delicious VARIETY PACKAGE. 10 generous boxes. Your pick of nourishing wheat, corn, soya, or rice—flaked, shredded or popped! ALL KELLOGG-FRESH! All help breakfast become the hearty meal you *need*. So change to VARIETY PACKAGE—the most popular assortment of all, because . . .

Kellogg's

MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

HOUSE OF STORM

(Continued from Page 35)

ıded by limits which were defined and accustomed, the indefinable nature of tropics? The lush, rapid green growth, warm moist air, the fine salt spray—all led to resist such things as houses and s. So iron grew rusty, brass corroded, ors were blotted with misty shadows, d rotted and machinery fell into mysteri- disrepair overnight.

ıe had been struck with a sense of that lthy power with her first glimpse of don Gates. She had already seen pictures ıe place. Roy had had them; her father looked at them approvingly; had he ı guessed, with the prescience of ap- ıching death, that it was to be a safe and py harbor for the daughter he knew then vas going to leave?

: was only when one lived at the planta- that one began to see small obstinate ks, not of neglect—no one could have e pride in their home than Roy and Au- ı Beadon—but of heat and wind and rain rust . . . of, in brief, the tropics.

he must get on with her letter; she must, eed, get to the real reason for writing that er. She took up her pen again, wrote, ıd now I have a surprise for you. Roy and re going to be married," and paused. 'erhaps it would not be such a surprise! remembered Aunt Honoria's telegram:

RGE YOU ACCEPT INVITATION BEADON AND. BEST POSSIBLE THING FOR YOU T NOW WOULD BE LONG VISIT CARIB- AN. YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT.

Nonie smiled. Aunt Honoria had already, ıost in so many words, given this mar- ge her blessing. This marriage? Her mar- ge. On Wednesday.

The room seemed suddenly too shadowy, sed in and breathless; she rose abruptly d went to the window, where she un- ched the heavy shutters.

A shallow balcony was outside, with pur- bougainvillaea twining luxuriantly around coral-rock balustrade. The sea lay on the ıer side of the house; Roy's room faced that y with its wide windows opening upon the ı deck which was the first-floor-veranda of, and Aurelia's lay at the end of the cor- or, also overlooking the sea. Nonie's room s the largest guest room, and from its bal- ıy there was a view of green lawns and rlet hibiscus and yellow cannas, and the nding white driveway that led out of sight tween thick green hedges toward the en- ınce gates. Beyond the near-by greens ere was a glimpse of misty blue hills, and yond them, on the horizon, a rim of hazy ht marking the meeting of sky and sea.

HE light and air dispelled the shut-in feel- g of the room; she stood for a moment, inking of her unfinished letter. Phrases nt through her mind:

Perhaps it will not be such a surprise, dar- ng; long visit Caribbean, indeed! A long visit the Beadons, you meant, you darling; long ough for a marriage to come of it; but it dn't need a long visit, dear little aunt! It ppened on the boat coming down from New ork; he asked me then to marry him and I id yes. I am a lucky girl. Roy is everything rybody would want in a husband; he's hand- me and intelligent and dignified and sophis- cated all at once; he's got plenty of money, so ine doesn't make any difference. I think my ther would have wanted me to be his wife. The land is beautiful and so is the house; Aurelia as been kindness itself. So you needn't worry bout your orphaned niece ever. Roy and I are be married next Wednesday.

Well, she couldn't say all that. But she'd o back now into her room and finish her letter.

It was a large room with a soft green tiled oor and high ceiling. The great pearwood rmoire almost touched the ceiling; the bed ad an enormous canopy from which mos- uito netting fell like a rather limp and un- ashionable wraith. She sat down at the able, but, again as she began to write, a mul- itude of things she wanted to say crowded nto her mind:

My wedding dress has come; it's white with lace and a pink hat. . . . The dress has a tight basquelike top and I'll wear mother's pearls; I've sent to the lawyers for them. They ought to be here by now. I hope they are not lost, and I didn't write sooner because life has been so full. But I wish you could be here.

She bent over the white note paper and wrote, "I'm going to see the lawyer about business things, my will and all that. Since there was no reason to wait, we decided to be married very soon—next Wednesday, in fact. It will be a small wedding, of course; there are not many people here: the vicar and his wife; the doctor—that's Doctor Riordan, who sees to everybody; Lydia Bassett ——"

She paused, seeing Lydia, thinking, *That's Mrs. Bassett; she's a widow; she's an old friend of Roy's and Aurelia's; she's very beautiful with her red mouth and coppery hair and vigorous graceful body; she doesn't like me, but she's very polite, too polite. Lydia Bassett.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Lily of Dolsero

By Vincent McHugh

Here come Jinny with her bride
clothes on,
Here come Jinny with a rose in her
hair;
Bird was singin' in the tamarack tree
And the night was almost gone.

Here come Jinny so gentle and
brown,
Woman a man would fight to see,
All dressed up with her bride clothes
on,
Ridin' down slow past the tamarack
tree.

If ever I had a heart for Jin
I told no woman an' no man
knowed,
Throwed my saddle onto my roan
An' I rode where the cold winds
blowed.

An' I rode where the cold winds
blowed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

She wrote, "The Shaws will be there too. That is Miss Hermione Shaw, who owns and operates Middle Road plantation, adjoining Roy's plantation, and her nephew, Jim Shaw." She hesitated again, but then went on, "Oh, yes, and Major Fenby will be there—he is Hermione's factor, a retired army officer and a dear; and the magistrate who lives in the village, Seabury Jenkins. And of course the house servants, and Roy's overseer, Smithson. Darling, this just about comprises our island society! But I like it, and it is a sensible marriage, a rational marriage, we are the best of friends. So we'll be very happy."

So we'll be very happy. Except—a thought touched her lightly, brushed past her as if it were a bird and had wings: Did she really want to be happy that way?

Well, that was nonsense too; that was a flight of the most erratic fancy; as purposeless, as willful as, indeed, the flight of a bird. She'd think no more of that.

From the balcony she could see the driveway that led, winding between tall hedges, to the big, square coral-rock gates which gave Beadon Gates its name. Now briefly through a space in the hedges she saw a man, walking rapidly along. A man with a steady swing in his walk, a steady poise to his solid shoulders; his face from there was blunt-looking and foreshortened and brown; his hair was black and crisp. It was Jim Shaw, and he carried a traveling bag and a raincoat and instead of his usual sport shirt and shorts wore a gray city suit.

Jim! Where was he going?

Obviously, wherever he was going he was coming there, to the house, first, and Roy was out somewhere on the plantation and Aurelia was asleep. Nonie turned quickly inside her room and stopped for an instant to look at herself in the mirror over the dressing table.

HER hair was dark brown; the sea air and the gentle humidity of the tropics made it softer and, somehow, darker. She looked at her face rather scrutinizingly; just a face, of course: blue eyes that were rather good, she'd always thought, candidly, dark blue with black eyelashes; regular features; nothing wrong with her face, nothing particularly beautiful about it either. She picked up lipstick and leaned nearer the mirror. Just an ordinary face. Except all at once it was extraordinary.

She stopped, struck with that unusualness; what exactly was different? The same face she'd always seen in a mirror; the same nose, same shape, same chin, same ——

She couldn't—indeed, she wouldn't—analyze that difference in her face, but she did know that Roy Beadon's bride ought not to look like that, just then. Because Jim Shaw was there, because she had seen him come; because she was going down now to meet him.

A happy marriage; that was what her marriage to Roy was to be.

Again a thought touched her like the fan of tiny wings against her cheek: Was that the kind of happiness she wanted? She waited another moment and then turned.

Jim Shaw was waiting on the veranda. He had set his bag down on a chair and dropped his coat over it and was wiping his face with his handkerchief; he heard her at the door and turned quickly.

"Nonie!"

Seen from there, on a level, or rather looking up, for he was as tall as Roy, his face was angular and determined and, just then, white under the suntan. His gray eyes were as hard as agates and looked very unlike Jim.

She went to him quickly. "Jim, what's wrong?"

The hard bright look in his eyes was anger. "I'm leaving, Nonie."

"Leaving!"

"I've had it out with Hermione. I want to get to Cienfuegos and catch the night plane for New York."

"When are you coming back?"

"I'm not coming back." His mouth closed tight and hard too.

Not like Jim, she thought again. What had Hermione Shaw done? She said rather helplessly, "Sit down, Jim. Will you have a drink? I'll ring for Jebe."

"No, thanks. I only want to see Roy before I leave. And you, of course."

"Sit down, then. I'll send for Roy."

"All right. Thanks." He dropped into one of the deep wicker chairs, stretched out his long legs, and reached for a cigarette.

She went to the door and the bell inside it. But Roy was in the village, Jebe told her.

"When will he be back? Mr. Shaw is here."

Jebe wasn't sure.

"I'll wait," Jim said. "I want to tell him." He was smoking with an effect of calm, but his eyes were still hard and cold with anger.

She went to the enormous hassock beside him. "Jim, can you tell me? What happened?"

He looked at her. "Hermione is my aunt. And if I don't get out of here I'll kill her."

"Jim!"

His eyes softened a little. He leaned over, put his hand lightly on her arm. "Don't look so worried, Nonie. It was in the cards. I'll get away from here and forget the whole thing."

She didn't speak for an instant, and for an absurd reason, and that was a sudden strong awareness of his hand upon her arm.

French's



makes hamburgers



taste heavenly!





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SMOOTHER—CREAMIER!

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Also made in Canada



He moved his hand suddenly away from her. And mysteriously she seemed to know that his swift move toward an ash tray, pulling it near him, as if the ash tray were all at once the most important thing in his consciousness, was assumed.

But she couldn't have known that, she thought in confusion. Her face felt hot and pink, and she felt like a schoolgirl. She, Nonie Hovenden—so soon to be Mrs. Royal Beadon, dignified and settled. Mrs. Royal Beadon. Next Wednesday. She linked her hands around her white-clad knee, and could still feel the touch of that brown hand.

Jim said suddenly, "I've got several things to forget. It's just as well I'm leaving."

A long wave rolled in along the rocks below and slowly, sighing, washed out again.

"What have you to forget, Jim?"

He glanced at her quickly, a question in his eyes. "I don't think you meant to ask that. I might tell you."

No; she hadn't meant to ask that. She looked down at her hands and Jim said:

"The wedding's on Wednesday, isn't it? Roy's lucky."

Another long wave washed in against the rocks and slowly out, so even if she had said anything perhaps Jim wouldn't have heard it. But he went on, speaking rather quickly:

"You're lucky too. Roy's a good guy. He's certainly been a good friend to me! I've been here almost a year, you know, waiting for Hermione to do something definite about the plantation and me."

She looked up at him then and he was looking out to sea, so she suddenly felt more at ease, as if she could talk; she said:

"Something definite? I thought that she was going to turn over the management of the plantation to you."

The hard, icy look came back. "I thought so too. I've always loved the place. And Hermione knows it!"

"But then—but why ——"

"That's where she's got me," Jim said tersely. "That's her hold."

"Her hold!"

He turned to look at her directly. "You don't know Hermione, do you?" He didn't wait for a reply, but went on quickly: "I do know her, so I knew the chance I was taking when I came to Middle Road."

"I thought she was going to give up the active management; I thought that's why she wanted you to come. Roy said she needs you. He says she's not getting the most out of the plantation."

"Roy's right. At least I think so. But I can't hang around any longer doing nothing, learning nothing. Hands tied by Hermione at every turn. I've been here for a year; in another year I'd be a sort of errand boy, a pensioner on her bounty, her nephew sitting around waiting for her to die. No. I'm going now, while I can."

"But you don't want to leave, Jim. It's your home; it will belong to you."

He smoked for a moment, his eyes narrowed; then he said more quietly, without the icy note of anger, "I hate to go, of course. I can see what could be made of Middle Road. Roy would help me; we thought we'd join forces, a real partnership, using the same equipment, using modern methods, getting more cane land under cultivation. Roy knows the whole setup and I want to be a planter. I—there's a satisfaction about making the soil yield; something deep and real and . . . I can't explain it, but that's w I wanted to do. And I love Middle R But I have to save my own soul too. I c come back as long as Hermione is there, by the time the property comes to me it be too late. So I've got to forget it." He loo at her quickly, and added, "I'm bee plenty. But that's that. I'll say no more. I'm sorry I'll not be at the wedding Wed day."

Suddenly the very air between them formal and strained. Her voice soun strained, too, and unfriendly, "I'm s too."

But she wasn't sorry. She was glad; was glad he wouldn't be sitting there wa ing her in her white dress and pink hat pearls, becoming Roy's wife. She was and thankful that he wouldn't be there.

The force of that thankfulness was as expected and as strong as one of the wa of the sea below them, and like a wav swept her up off the hassock, across to table, her back turned to Jim.

What was she thinking about! What tastic thing had happened! Her hands w out to the table edge and she looked at t with consternat for they were tr bling. Jim was ing away; he never going to c back so long as mione was alive managed Mi Road. And Nonie Hovende soon to be N Beadon, was tha ful. Therefore heart must pound like that her throat.

A car came r idly up the dri way, stopped, Jim said, "Th Roy."

That hadn't b what he was go to say; and hadn't intended. thought, to m merely to anot chair and lean th against it.

"Yes," she sa "Yes, that must Roy." Her vo was as flat and taut as a violin string, it wasn't tuned right; it was all out of tu in fact, all wrong, and Jim knew it.

She wouldn't look at him. And still, odd she could see every feature, every line hollow and shadow of his face. And then was running up the steps. As if she w hurrying from danger, she moved across veranda to meet him. Roy, who was going be her husband.

Royal Beadon of Beadon Island looked actly as if he had been born to be exac that; which of course was true. His fat had lived all his life on Beadon Island; island had taken its name from his gra father, the first Royal Beadon to come from England and settle there.

He was a tall man, with big bones an dignity and bearing which was both perfec sincere and imposing. At fifty-odd his h was iron-gray and he wore gold-framed e glasses, but there was still about him an of leashed strength, as if he might fight w or sail ships or shoot lions; in fact, of cour he had spent most of his life running the pl tation, living on the island which he lov

Nonie's father had been one of Roy's cl est friends; they had met long ago, when father, in one of a lavish succession of yach anchored off Beadon Island to take refu from a storm, had stayed to become R Beadon's guest and friend.

And now she, Nonie, was taking refu from a storm, in much the same way, exce her storm was one of grief and loneliness a her refuge was Roy's home for the rest of l life. Something like guilt touched her wi quick fingers; she went to Roy and link

NEXT MONTH

JESSE STUART'S troubles as a teacher in Lonesome Valley began when a 20-year-old first-grade pupil caught him alone. "I don't like you. I don't like teachers," he said. "I aim to whip you right where you stand. It's the same place where I whipped your sister!"

I was nearly out of breath. My hands ached. My heart pounded. If this was teaching school ——

Jesse Stuart tells his true story of finding love and satisfaction as a young man in

The Thread That Runs So True

Complete in the May *Journal*

Condensed from the book soon to be published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

...y Hatlo

...rs. Hatlo live in ... California, where ...latlo creates ...y cartoons ... over by ...



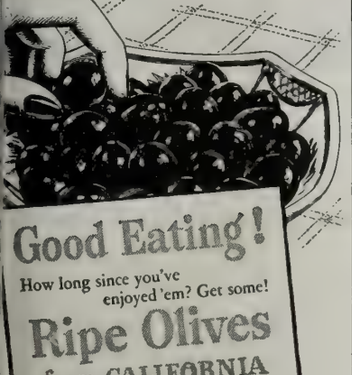
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...e into one. Here's plump, meaty ...ness. Here's good eating. Have another ...joy all you want! (Yes, even if you're ...lorie-counter." For 8 to 10 California ...olives just about equal 100 calories.)



Good Eating!

How long since you've enjoyed 'em? Get some!

Ripe Olives from CALIFORNIA

her arm through his, as if reassuring herself by the gesture and its implied closeness: Roy's wife, next Wednesday.

But the island grapevine was swift; Roy must have heard already about Jim and Hermione. He was obviously both troubled and angry. He'd been for the mail—he put a stack of magazines and letters on the table, and said to Jim, "I hoped you'd be here."

"You've heard, then!"

"I met Dick Fenby. Hermione told him."

"It had to come sooner or later."

Roy sat down and looked at Jim.

But I won't, thought Nonie. *I won't look at Jim. He's standing there, outlined against the blue sea, looking younger somehow as he always does when he's with Roy, and very tall and brown, and his gray eyes very steady, and I'll not look at him.* She sat down again near Roy, linking her hands together around her knee. This time Wednesday there would be a ring on one of those hands. There was, indeed, already a ring, a sapphire set with diamonds, an old ring which had belonged to Roy's mother and then to Aurelia. She turned it and Roy said slowly:

"So you're leaving."

"I have to, Roy. I thought you might take me over to Elbow in the motorboat. I can get the mail boat there, and the night plane from Cienfuegos."

Roy thought for a moment. "Well, perhaps you're right to go. Hermy's not treated you as she promised to do. Why are you leaving tonight, though?"

"Oh, that! It's what precipitated the thing. A job."

"Job? For you? Where?"

"My old job. In New York. I can have it back again. The firm cabled me this morning. I've known, especially lately, that I'd have to have an understanding with Hermy. This gave me the chance."

Roy looked out across the sea and drummed his fingers on the arm of his chair. "Do you *want* to leave Beadon Island, Jim?"

There was a little silence; Nonie turned the ring on her finger, around and around.

"Yes, I think it's best," Jim said finally, his voice distant and guarded.

Jim was going; she'd be Mrs. Royal Beadon for years and years before she saw him again. So she'd forget the momentary fancy that had seemed to hover in the air between them that hot, tropical afternoon.

Roy said slowly, "Perhaps you're right."

"I've got to have a job, Roy. I can't sit around, supported by a woman." There was an edge in his words that made them sound like a quotation.

Roy said sharply, "Did Hermione say that? She promised to give you a job when she asked you to come."

Jim said in a kind of burst, "I didn't want Dick's job. He's a good factor when Hermione lets him alone. Or he used to be, and still could be. But I had to have a job!"

"I know," Roy said. "Hermione . . . well, she'd make another Dick Fenby of you. Yes, you'd better go. What about money? She'd never give you plane fare."

"I was going to ask you for a loan."

Roy laughed, getting out his billfold, extracting notes from it. "That ought to be enough."

"It's more than enough, two hundred. Thanks, Roy."

"Hermy keeps you right down to bedrock in the matter of cash, doesn't she?"

"I'll be all right as soon as I get to New York."

"It's lucky for you she can't touch the trust fund! Now then—we'll have to get you to Elbow." Roy looked at the watch strapped on his brown, strong wrist. "You'll have to get under way in a hurry, Jim. The mail boat leaves at four; there's barely time to run over to Elbow. And I . . . well, now let me see what I can do."

"Oh, look here, Roy, you're busy. You needn't take me. Somebody else can go along and bring the boat back. I don't want you to ——"

"Oh, it's all right. I only had to do some telephoning about a shipment of sugar. I can do it tomorrow."

(Continued on Page 131)

when you need it most



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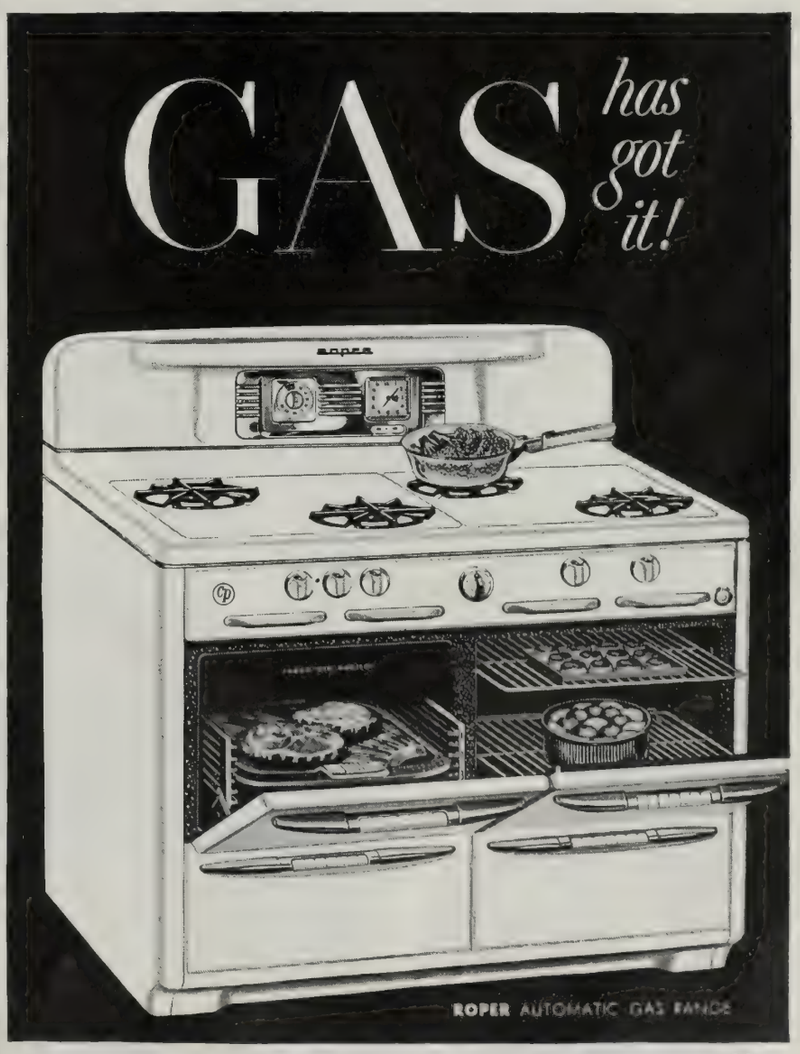
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(Continued from Page 129)

e said, twisting her ring, "I'll take Elbow."

as said and she could not retract it; by at once agreed. "Good. You know it and you know the course, all right. that, Jim?"

before Jim could answer, before Roy pped speaking really, a car came slithtpidly along the driveway. It stopped, door banged and Jim said, "It's !" His eyes were like gray ice.

said, "I think you're right, Jim. like her. Look here!" He sat up. tell her I gave you plane fare."

'll know I got it somewhere."

won't know I gave it to you. I have to this island!"

gave a short laugh that wasn't a "All right."

rose and started across the veranda. y! We thought it might be you."

nione Shaw was walking up the steps. pearance was composed and quiet, but lermione was always composed and nd very certain of herself.

certainty and composure, and the s of a rather feverish, fine-drawn had been Nonie's main impression mione Shaw; she looked at her now eeper attentiveness, seeing the fine lines in Hermione's camellia-white ne cruelly aq...ne nose, the thin yet mouth. There was a curious look of in her face, as if some inward fire consuming the of beauty and only its shell. aps that fire, too, ted for a kind hungry look in outh and eyes. aid, however, ly, with a smile, , Roy . . . . . I thought t find you here,

said something a chair, a drink, it; and, smiling, one interrupted: ank you, Roy. You must know why I hope you've persuaded Jim not to do ng on an impulse."

looked hot and uncomfortable. Jim I've got to get back to New York, if what you mean, Hermione."

e was no change in Hermione's face; pulse along her temple seemed to harder. She said, still smiling, "Youth npatient. Please think a little, Jim. ill you do if the job doesn't work out?" will," Jim said shortly.

eyebrows lifted a little. "You were isfied with it before you came to Mid- ad. That's why you came here."

ame to Middle Road because ——" Jim angrily and then checked himself. know why I came!"

eyes were like gray jewels. "Were you o say because I asked you to come? I course. I thought you'd be happy 'm sorry—sorrier than I can possibly o discover that you are bored and dis- ted. I realize that it must seem dull to sugar plantation is only a sugar plan- Middle Road is like every other; I'm ou have tired of it, but ——"

very white, burst out, "I'm not tired ldle Road. I love Middle Road," and topped as if he would not give her the ction of showing how her words cut.

saw it, though; her eyes seemed r and rather pleased. "Then why Jim? The plantation is there and you of help to me," said Hermione in the ng, indulgent voice she would have coax a child. "Just as soon as you get med to the plantation there'll be all f things you can help us with."

picked up his bag and looked at Roy. etter be getting along."

mione's smile seemed suddenly an nt and ruthless line, not a smile at all. what about money? Oh, I see. Roy t to you!" She did not so much as glance at Roy, but Roy got out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Hermione said, coaxing, "Now, Jim dear, I don't object to supporting you. You can help me with—oh, with errands, all sorts of things. You play a very good bridge game. But really, you mustn't behave like a child in a tantrum. What will Roy think of you? What will Nonie think?"

Roy said suddenly, "Lay off, Hermione."

And Jim said with those agate-hard eyes blazing from his white face, very distinctly, very deliberately, "If I don't leave, Hermione, I'll kill you."

Hermione laughed.

Roy said quickly, "You'd better go, Jim.... Nonie, my dear, are you sure you'll be all right? I can manage to take him, you know."

"I'll be all right, Roy. I know the boat." How quickly again she spoke; how certainly, as if she had planned it!

SHE, and Jim with his bag and coat, and Roy were hurrying across the veranda, down the steps. Jim did not look back at Hermione, and she stood still and unruffled with the red smile on her face as if it had been painted there.

They went quickly down the path, without speaking. Roy led the way; at the end of the path a narrow flight of steps went down to the pier where a small utility cruiser rocked gently in the wash of the waves.

"There's plenty of gas in the tank," Roy said. "In with you! I'll cast off."

Jim dropped his bag and coat into the boat and turned to Roy, putting out his hand. "Thank you, Roy. Thank you for everything you've done for me. I'm sorry things have turned out this way."

"Well, well! Hermy's the way she is; can't be helped. You'll have to hurry to make the mail boat. Good luck."

The two men shook hands briefly; Jim got down into the boat and put up his hands toward Nonie, but Roy, holding her strongly, helped her down, cast a quick and weatherwise glance over the placid water and sky, nodded reassuringly and smiled.

Jim started the engine with a loud roar of the exhaust which brought Hermione to the veranda railing to watch. Roy cast off and tossed the line into the boat behind them, and waved. The rhythm of the motor steadied, Jim turned the wheel slowly and they were headed away from Beadon Island. The sea was blue and gold, glittering with light; the sky clear blue above.

Nonie glanced back. Roy was going up toward the house. Hermione's slim figure was moving rather quickly but still arrogantly across the veranda to meet him.

Spray flashed in wide glittering arcs on either side as the boat turned in a long curve.

"Well," Jim said abruptly, "that's good-by to Beadon Island."

She looked at him quickly; the deadly white look of anger had left his face, but he was still shaken with it; his voice sounded tired and rough. "Sometime you'll come back."

He shook his head. "Not for a long time. Probably never."

"But you are Hermione's only relative. If anything happened to her ——" Eventually he'd have to come back to manage Middle Road; he'd live on the island, a neighbor and friend of Royal Beadon.

He was shaking his head again. "By that time it'll be too late for me to make the plantation my job and my life. No, this is the end of Middle Road for me."

"But that was why she asked you to come! It isn't fair to treat you like this."

"Oh, well, that's in the past. I ought not to have let her get under my skin like that. Of course it's true, everything she said. I haven't any money. I haven't a cent. And everything is hers as long as she lives."

"But it's your right ——"

In a game of hypothetical questions, Lord Beaverbrook asked a visiting American actress, "Would you live with a stranger if he paid you a million pounds?"

"Yes," she answered.

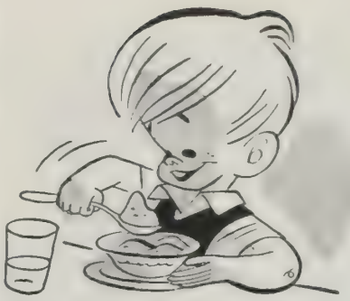
"Or if he paid you five pounds?"

"Five pounds!" sputtered the indignant beauty. "What do you think I am?"

"We have established that," replied Beaverbrook. "Now we are determining the degree."



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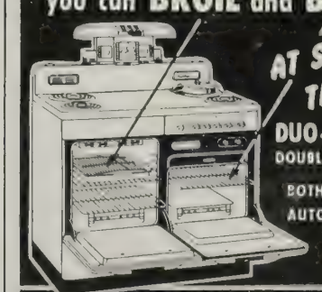
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"No. Actually and legally it isn't. And she did far more for me than she'd have to do; she sent me to school, paid for everything up to the time I went into the Navy. When I came out I got a job. I'm an engineer; it's what I'm going back to, and glad of the chance. Give me a cigarette, will you, Nonie? There are some in the pocket of my coat."

She got up on her knees on the slippery leather cushion, steadying herself with one hand on Jim's shoulder. The boat lurched a little as it headed into a wave and she swayed.

Jim caught her. "Steady."

"Thanks." She clutched quickly at the back of the seat, aware—too strongly aware—again of his nearness. Holding to the seat, she fumbled into the pocket of his topcoat; there was something heavy and sagging, too heavy to be a package of cigarettes; her fingers touched metal and she cried, "Why, Jim, there's a gun!"

"It's mine. Try the other pocket."

She pulled the coat around, swaying again with the boat. Everybody on the island probably had a gun. The touch of the metal had been startling merely because it was there, because it was unexpected. She found the cigarettes, and he took one.

"Thanks. It's funny what a woman like Hermione can do to people. She—well, that's beside the point. Dick can't help himself now, but I can; I'm no worse off than I was a year ago. I'll have my profession and a job."

And you'll never come back to Beadon Island, Nonie thought, with a feeling of desolation. *You'll forget the island, you'll forget me . . . except that I'll be your friend's wife.*

She must not let such thoughts enter her mind; she must not let them take shape in the silence between them! She must talk, say anything, but talk! She said rather desperately, "I'm new to the island; things that everybody knows I don't know. I know that Hermione is your father's sister and that she has the use of a trust fund and Middle Road. But that's all."

Jim replied promptly, almost eagerly. Did he, too, welcome words? "It's simple," Jim said. "My grandfather made two marriages, you see; Hermione was the child of the first marriage, my father was of the second. He died when I was a child. Hermione was the logical person to see to my mother and me; my mother was a delicate, feminine little thing. She died during the war; I was in the South Pacific. I didn't know it until three weeks afterward."

She was listening now, wanting to hear, wanting to know. What had his life been . . . what had he thought and felt? How little time there was! So much to ask, so much to know.

He said, suddenly terse, "Well, my g father's money was put into a trust; M Road is part of it. Hermione can use t come as she pleases. My grandfathe absolute faith in her. Why shouldn't he she did see to my mother and me."

"Have you always lived at Middle R Nonie asked.

"No," Jim said shortly. "Oh, it's ho me. But my mother and Hermione —— mouth closed tightly again.

But silence between them was dang silence seemed almost to speak its ow reckless language. She said with a ki breathlessness, snatching at something "Poor Dick Fenby!"

The cold, still anger in Jim's face deep "He can't get away now. In a queer wa half in love with her—or was, once. Her wouldn't have him; yet she keeps him working for her, under her thumb. Sh born bully; she'd never fall in love with body—she couldn't. Dick can't get But I can. . . . We ought to sight E I wonder what time it is."

She was wearing the tiny, extrav watch that her gaily extravagant fathe given her the first time she went aw school; she looked at the small circle. "(ter to four," she told him. And as the e surged ahead with a sudden rush she c her hair back away from her face and sea for Elbow Beach.

It loomed up ahead of them, a green shadow, lying flat upon the water, so looked farther away than it actually There was Elbow; and invisible now waiting, was the mail boat which would Jim to the plane, away from Beadon I and out of her life in, at most, fifteen mi

She wanted to go with him.

It was an impulse so strong and shar it was like a physical compulsion; it se impossible to deny, and she must deny once, finally, forever. She'd say goo hurriedly, briefly; she'd turn the motor and go back to Beadon Island, ste through the blue water. Back to Royal don and a wedding on Wednesday. An her body clamored, bidding her to go with

Jim said suddenly, "I wish you were ing with me."

"You . . . wish ——" she began inc ently and stopped. She would not loo him, yet she could see his face against blue water, his straight nose and chin his dark eyebrows drawn together, the c of his cheekbone, his narrowed eyes.

And then he said, "Look here, Nonie. going to be impertinent. But I have to k Are you happy about your marriage?"

(Continued on Page 134)



"I only wish my hair was as easy to fix with a hairpin!"

Mealtime Adventures

By Beatrice Cooke





April's back! There's a bright touch of spring! And now family meals ask a bright touch, too. So let me suggest a dinner that's joyously different. Something delicious, gay and altogether *delightful!* This:

La Choy Chow Mein Spring Dinner

(Yield: 4 large portions. Cooking time: 15 min.)

¼ cup Meadow Gold Butter
¾ lb. lean pork, veal or beef cut in thin strips
1 cup onions, cut fine
1 tsp. salt
1/16 tsp. pepper
2 cups celery, cut fine
1½ cups hot water
1 can LaChoy Bean Sprouts (drained)

For flavoring and thickening

2 tbsp. cold water
2 tsp. LaChoy Sauce
2 tbsp. cornstarch
1 tsp. sugar

Melt butter in hot skillet. Add meat, stir and sear quickly (without browning or burning), add onions and fry 5 min. Add celery, salt, pepper and hot water. Cover, cook 5 min. Add drained LaChoy Bean Sprouts. Mix thoroughly and heat to boiling point. Combine and add flavoring and thickening ingredients. Cook one min. Serve piping hot with crisp LaChoy Noodles. Garnish with parsley, sliced green onions and slender strips of fried beaten egg.

In choosing the Bean Sprouts, I do suggest that you ask for LaChoy. For this brand, I know, is derived from the true Chinese Mung Bean. The specially delicate, tender sprouts are prepared in spotless American kitchens, by the LaChoy people—who've been the best-known makers of Chinese foods and Sauces for more than 25 years.

To Crown Your Easter Feast

Try this simple dessert: Cool, creamy-smooth Meadow Gold Ice Cream, topped with Chox Instant Hot Chocolate Sauce! Fits perfectly with *any* dinner because Meadow Gold to my mind, is the finest quality ice cream I ever put a spoon to. And Chox—which your grocer has—is a rich preparation and a thrifty one. For sugar and whole milk are already in it. To make Chox Hot Chocolate or Fudge Sauce, just add hot water according to directions on the box.



Yes—I've seen it myself in New York. Made of enamel and encrusted with thousands of diamonds, it was once presented to a Czarina of Russia as an Easter gift. A precious "egg," it's true. But when it comes to wonderful *natural* eggs, the richest imperial treasury can't buy finer, fresher, more truly delicious beauties than you can buy—at your own neighborhood food store! *If* you're sure to ask for Meadow Gold Select Grade A Eggs. For size, cleanness, and farm-fresh flavor, they're the finest I've ever found. Enjoy them, do . . . for every day and for your Happy Easter!



It's good morning in a glass—that's how I feel about Vegamato vegetable juice cocktail! Sparkling, ruby-red Vegamato gives the right start to a bright breakfast or any other meal. I like Vegamato because it tastes so *different!* Blends the vitamin-rich juices of 7 garden-fresh vegetables with the juice of real lemon . . . And the result is a flavor to waken the sleepiest appetite! Vegamato is wonderful for adding zip to cookery, too. This, for example:

Vegamato Sauce

(For spaghetti, meat loaf, meat balls, etc.)

¼ cup Meadow Gold Butter
¼ cup flour
Dash of powdered clove
1 tsp. minced onion
¼ tsp. salt
2 cups Vegamato

Melt butter over low heat. Add onion and saute until tender (not brown). Add flour, salt and cloves and stir until blended. Add Vegamato and cook until thickened, stirring constantly.

Try Vegamato! I promise that once you've tasted it—and cooked with it—you'll never want to go back to ordinary vegetable juices again.



Here's my tip for the month:

If you want butter that's especially delicate in flavor and fragrance try

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the wonderful butter that's served in America's most famous eating places!

When you're buying butter, it's sensible to buy the best. To me, the best is Meadow Gold—so excellent in quality that it's served by some of the finest hotels and restaurants in the entire world! Did you know that it takes all the rich



butterfat of 10 full quarts of milk to make a pound of Meadow Gold? What's more, in many localities Meadow Gold now comes specially wrapped in aluminum foil. Keeps its fine delicate flavor twice as long!

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Cheery Cherry on your budget

CHEERFUL CONTEMPORARY good living is reflected in this beautiful furniture. It is really two rooms in one—sophisticated and yet informal—and made to order for today's living.

It has the warmth and charm redolent of the Great Houses of the Old Dominion. Like the finest Americana in museums and historic homes, it is worked in the cabinet maker's dream wood, SOLID WILD CHERRY—which never ages, but mellows and becomes more lovely as the years go by.

The classic simplicity of design blends with every style and decor, and "mixes" with every wood.

Yet for all its grand look and the honest hand workmanship that makes it truly heirloom quality, the price is more than surprisingly low. All the pieces shown above—18 of them—cost only about $1500*, and individual pieces are proportionately low priced. *Approximate

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(Continued from Page 132)

She tried to say it: *Yes, yes, I'm happy. Of course I'm happy.* But he turned and looked at her and she met his look fully, and all at once unsaid words were spoken, unadmitted facts acknowledged, a secret, sudden truth proclaimed. Jim's eyes darkened. Nonie thought wildly, *I must stop this. I must look away, I must not tell him all these things.*

Jim said in a rush, swiftly, as if he didn't mean to say it and couldn't stop his own words, "I meant that, Nonie. I wish you were coming with me."

She couldn't answer; yet all at once she did. "Jim," she stammered, "Jim," and began to cry. She couldn't stop crying; tears rained down her face

He said, "I love you, Nonie. I didn't mean to tell you. I've got to leave Beadon Island."

Sunlight flashed on something distinctly white at the end of the low-lying mass of greens and grays which was Elbow Beach; it was the mail boat, waiting for its appointed moment of departure . . . waiting for Jim.

He turned the wheel a little and they drove through one long wave and into its trough and for a few seconds Elbow Beach disappeared.

Jim said, "I didn't mean to tell you. But I'm going to. It happened the first time I saw you. Aurelia invited Hermy and Dick and me to dinner to meet you, the girl Roy was going to marry. Somebody said, 'Nonie, this is Jim Shaw.' I turned around and you were there, looking at me, smiling a little, and . . . and I fell in love with you. Just like that," Jim said. He threw his cigarette over into the wash of foam beside them. "Funny, isn't it?"

The tears on Nonie's face were still wet and she brushed them away with her hand. "No. It isn't funny. It happened to me too. Only I didn't know it until ——"

"Until when?" Jim cried. "Until when?"

"Until this afternoon. Until I was writing about my wedding, telling Aunt Honoria how happy I was going to be, and all at once I knew that wasn't happiness. And then I knew what would be happiness for me."

Jim said suddenly, "Nonie, does that mean . . . do you feel like this too?"

She knew as well as she had ever known anything in her life that then, just then, that moment was the most important one in her life. "Yes."

The boat dipped down into the trough of another long, slow swell of blue; again Elbow Beach disappeared and there were only Jim and herself and a world of blue and sparkling sea and sky.

Jim said, "Do you realize what this means? You're to marry Roy. The wedding is Wednesday. It's so soon—so soon."

Beadon Island was there; she was going back to it. And Elbow Beach lay ahead; they would be there in only a few moments now, and Jim would leave and she'd go back to Beadon Island. And a dress, a bride's dress that hung waiting for her.

JIM said, "Why didn't you wait?"

She knew exactly what he meant and she knew that he would understand her. "I thought it was right. I thought I loved him. I do love him—but not like this."

"This is it," Jim said. They reached the top of the long and lovely swell and there was Elbow Beach and it was so near that she could see the green tops of the palm trees, the white jetty and the boat. Jim saw it too. He turned the wheel still farther and said, "You can't marry Roy."

She whirled toward him, crying, "Oh, Jim. I have to! The wedding is Wednesday."

"You can't." His face was hard and brown and strained. "Look here. I hate it too. But, thank God, you are not actually married."

"Jim, I can't do that to Roy. I've got to go on with the wedding."

"I won't let you," Jim said. He turned and put his hand upon her own and held it hard. His face was very sober, his eyes grave. "I don't want to do this to Roy either. I know exactly what you meant when you said yo love him; and you owe him loyalty and trut It wouldn't be fair to marry him knowin you were not"—he hesitated, groping an in stant for words, and said—"not in love wit him. That's the difference between affectio and friendship and—and this. Between us His hand was warm and firm and curiousl familiar, as if she had known its touch an loved it for a long time. She wanted never t relinquish its hold; and in ten minutes, fiv minutes, she would have to do so. Jim said "I won't let you marry him."

An old man, when he looks ahead, is very sorry for his children; but they do not seem very sorry for themselves.

—DEAN INGE:
Our Present Discontents,
(Putnam & Co., Ltd.).

AND he wouldn't. There was something i his eyes, something in his face that had to b accepted and she did so, completely and wit a strange, deep contentment.

He took his hand away. The engine ha slowed; he was looking over his shoulder Suddenly she realized he was going to tur the boat, heading away from Elbow. Sh cried, "Jim, what are you doing? You'l have to hurry ——"

"We'll go back to Beadon Island. I'll tel Roy."

"Jim, no. Wait a moment! Let's think let's . . . oh, I don't know what to do."

Roy was so proud. So was Aurelia. An they had been so kind to her. All the island knew of the wedding; all the island—Roy' home. Roy's friends.

"No, Jim—no. Not this way. It's Roy I'm thinking of. No . . . wait." She was thinkin desperately, quickly, trying to find a cleare path. "Jim, listen. This is not the way. It' too—too public. Too sudden. I'll tell Roy I've got to face him myself."

He waited a moment the boat barely under way rocking with the waves "Yes," he said finally "yes, I see that. But nev ertheless ——"

"You must go on. Just as you had planned. There's your job; you've got to have that." But she had enough money for both of them, all the money they could possibly want! His job need not matter to them. She almost said so, and then she saw, swiftly, that that very fact made his job matter the more. She caught back those nearly uttered words and cried, "I'll tell him. Then I'll come."

"To New York?"

"To wherever you are."

It was right. She'd go back and tell Roy; Jim would go on to New York, on to his job, and then, soon, she would come.

The boat crashed through the waves and Jim said suddenly, "You've got to think about this, Nonie. I want you to have time too. Look at me." She was already looking when he turned to meet her eyes, storing up in her mind and memory every line and angle of his face. "I do love you—for always. I want you to marry me. I want you to think about it; it's happened so fast. Think about it, Nonie. And then come. Will you?"

There was again a sort of mist in her eyes; but this time it was happy, so happy that she let it stay, she let him see it as she would have let him see her heart. "Yes, Jim. I'll come."

"My darling," he said. "My darling."

Jim cut off their motor, and in spite of the muffled thump of the mail boat's engines it seemed suddenly remarkably quiet. The motorboat slid alongside the jetty; Jim stood and the boat rocked gently, quietly. He was leaning down now, his hands on her arms, tight and hard. The mail boat gave two hoarse little grunts which were warning whistles.

Jim said, "I hate to go. Nonie, Nonie ——"

She found her voice and cried, "Jim, hurry," and he pulled her up into his arms and kissed her and held her against him as if he would never let her go. Then he released her, jumped onto the jetty, pulled out his bag and coat.

"Be careful, going back."

"Yes, yes, Jim. You'll miss the boat—hurry."

"Good-by . . . good-by, darling."

(Continued on Page 136)



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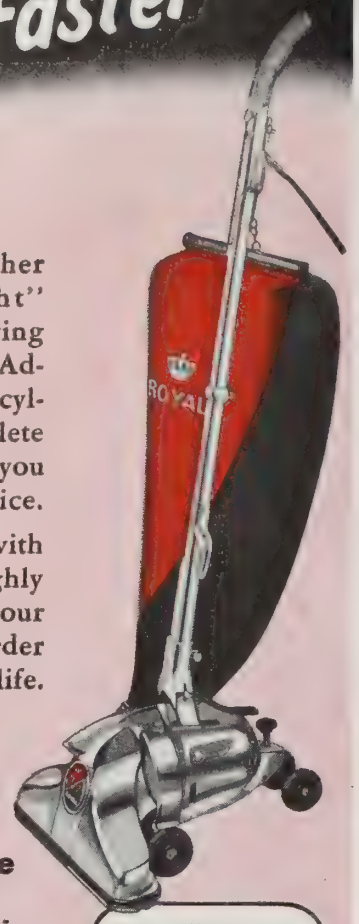
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(Continued from Page 134)

"Good-by." The mail boat was sturdily getting under way; it was deliberate, leisurely and inexorable. She watched him run along the few feet of jetty; then all at once he was on the boat, he was coming to the railing.

She turned on the engine and automatically set her hands to the wheel. And already, when she looked up, her boat had gone beyond the narrow finger of the jetty. Jim's face was sober now, no longer smiling; and then all at once it was gone and she had started back to Beadon Island.

It was only then, actually, that she was really aware of the pressure of Jim's mouth upon her own, of the warmth and strength and urgency of his arms. It was as if she still felt them; as if they were still there. And mingled with that lingering sense of his presence was a sense of astonishment: that was love! The warmth of her pulses, the lift of her heart, the wings that had swept her up into his embrace, that was part of love.

She guided the motorboat mechanically, setting an even rate of speed toward Beadon Island. Toward Beadon Gates, where on Wednesday there would be no gay wedding party. No marriage in the little white church.

How was she to tell Roy?

Before it seemed possible, the small pier below Beadon Gates was there, shining out of the water ahead, her inevitable destination.

Roy had seen her coming and was standing on the pier, waiting for her. He came forward, caught at the line she tossed upward and made it fast. And Dick Fenby came down the steps. She felt a sense of relief: until Dick went away she could not talk to Roy.

Roy put down his hands to lift her out of the boat; and his hands were the hands of a kind and gentle friend, no more. He smiled down at her.

"You made a good trip. I timed you. Jim get the mail boat all right?"

"Oh, yes. But barely; it was leaving when he got aboard."

"Hello, Nonie," Dick said, coming along toward them, and at once she saw that he'd been drinking.

Dick Fenby (Maj. Dick Fenby, retired after the First World War), who was Hermione's factor, was a slight, fair man with a fine-drawn, ineffectual but pleasant face—which now was puffy and flushed; his usually candid, if rather bleak, blue eyes were glassy.

How right Jim had been to leave! With a flash of shocking clarity Nonie saw the life which Hermione had attempted to enforce upon him: an idle life, with no aims and no purpose permitted him. Hermione by reason of her legal position would have had the upper hand. Hermione knew that; Jim knew it.

Dick said, "Jim got away?"

"He got the mail boat. He'll be in New York late tonight."

They turned back toward the path, their feet making blurred soft thumps on the wooden flooring of the pier, Dick's only a little uneven.

He said, "He got away. That's what's important. He got away before it was too late."

"I'm sorry," Roy said. "Jim had the makings of a good planter."

Dick gave a kind of sigh. "Yes, he had. I knew by the way he went at things. Or tried to go at things. She always stopped him; the way she —— I'd have been a good planter."

"You are a good planter."

"Sometimes—sometimes, when she lets me alone. When she doesn't —— I saw her doing it to Jim. Blocking him about everything, such little things, so—so subtly. It's queer he saw it himself; I didn't till it was too late."

"Now, Dick ——"

Dick said firmly, "She wanted to make sure that by the time Middle Road came to him he'd ——" He stopped and fumbled for words and said, "She wanted him to be like me! I tell you, Roy, Middle Road is like a little kingdom to her; she gets as much kick out of it as if it were a real kingdom. Power is what she feeds on. Power over people. You can't be on equal terms with Hermione, ever. It's always a battle; a battle till Hermione

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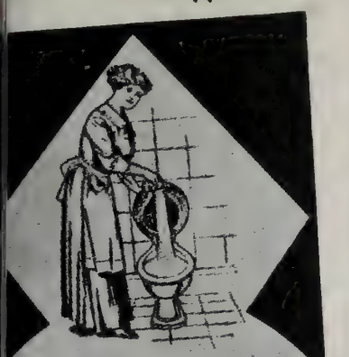
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wins. Then when she has you right under her thumb, she despises you. She ——"

"Okay, Dick. Okay."

"I'm talking too much. It's all true, though. You know it. Everybody knows." They had reached the steps and Dick looked up and said, "Hello, Lydia!" in a tone of surprise which all at once sounded like hostility. "What are you doing here?"

Nonie looked up quickly, too; Lydia Bassett was sitting on the veranda waiting for them. Her red hair with its thick deep waves framed her lovely face with an almost flaunting arrogance of beauty; she was lying back in one of the long wicker chairs, her slim yet vibrant figure outlined in a green dinner dress. Her eyes, brilliant and intelligent, seemed to have taken color from the dress and even at that distance had a kind of green fire; she was smiling and obviously, from her dress, had come to dinner.

"Lydia," Roy said in a startled way.

"Hello," she said, ignoring Dick after one swift and measuring glance. "I hope you don't mind. I rang up Aurelia and invited myself to dinner. I thought I'd better come now if I wanted to see you at all for . . . how long does a honeymoon last? Really a month?"

Her words, her voice, her smile were all pleasant and engaging; surely, thought Nonie, she must imagine some mocking undertone. She said, "Hello, Lydia. I'm glad to see you."

Roy said, but still in a startled way, "Delighted, Lydia. You know that, delighted!"

He came up the steps, between Nonie and Dick; he rang for Jebe, the little old colored man, and ordered cold drinks for them all. No one could be a more gracious and delightful host than Roy, but Nonie knew, and did not know how she knew it, that Lydia's presence was, somehow, not quite welcome. It meant to her, of course, what Dick's presence had meant: Nonie's talk with Roy had still to be postponed.

Among really educated men there is no caste or race distinction.
—CHINESE PROVERB.

Lydia said, this time with an unmistakable note of mockery in her voice, "I do hope you don't really mind my coming; I'll leave early. I'm afraid, though, I'll have to ask you to take me home. I got a lift in Doctor Riordan's car; he was coming to see somebody at Middle Road and brought me here."

"I tell you I'm delighted," Roy said. "Who's sick at Middle Road?"

"I don't know," Lydia said negligently. "One of the houseboys, I think. Had some sort of accident. I didn't ask. Well, I hear that Jim Shaw's had a row with Hermy and left the island."

Purple shadows were laying themselves gently across the sea; the setting sun cast a pink, clear glow in the sky.

Nonie rose, aware of her smudged white slacks. "I'll change now, if you don't mind. I'll be down in a moment."

"Darling," Lydia said, "don't put on the emerald tiara, will you? Or the diamond necklace. We are simple souls here, you know, not used to splendors."

"Don't be absurd, Lydia," Roy said suddenly and sharply.

Nonie repressed an automatic schoolgirl retort; the kind of retort she had learned, actually, during school days and because of all the unconsciously ostentatious ways her father's money had spent itself. Roy crossed the veranda to open the door for her as she entered the house.

She went upstairs slowly and turned into her own room, where she was struck with a sharp sense of incredulity: how could so much have happened during the short space of time since she had left it! And had left the letter unfinished on her desk.

She would not look at it; she went into the great, old-fashioned bathroom, with its marble washbasin, its great tub with a teakwood surround, its shuttered, long window.

(Continued on Page 139)

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(Continued from Page 137)

n the tub, got out of her slacks and She set out red slippers and selected lothing from the stacks that lay neatly drawers of the pearwood chest.

ng so, she thought briefly of Lydia's words about emeralds and diamonds. ly, Nonie had no jewelry; her mother's y, put in the bank by her father long ad been sent for and ought now to be way. Actually at that moment she had twelve hundred dollars in cash. She draw more, pending the formalities of nent of her father's estate; she had only le. And then she thought suddenly and , with a feeling of imminence, she use that twelve hundred dollars, or it, when she left Beadon Island, when d had her understanding with Roy—she went to New York to Jim.

chose a white dress with bits of Irish the low, curved shoulders. She touched s with scarlet.

ore she went down to dinner, on an im- again, like touching wood, like making ture safe, she went to look at her little of money, her twelve hundred dollars, was gone.

ould not be gone and it was! She ex- with incredulous fingers the billfold e big alligator which she had d under her arm New York. The e purse was still vith silver and small bills d into it, but the ld (a narrow r fold with in- e gold filigree—her father had it for her many ago when she a child, and so so narrow that ad to fold the upward for an r so, but which, mentally, she to, in spite of npractical size) completely y.

was simply not ble! In Roy's e, in Aurelia's , with servants they must have known, tiny island where everybody was n—and it happened. She looked gh the bag, she looked through the er, but she knew that she had not re- d the bills and put them anywhere so it was a mere gesture of confirmation. ly she put down the bag and closed the er and stood for a moment looking at it; have to tell Roy and she'd have to tell lia. She went slowly downstairs.

ey were on the veranda and she joined . Roy had changed, too, and with his coat and black tie, his black trousers rimson cummerbund, looked, as always, some and imposing. They prolonged drinks, talking in a desultory way as cal twilight drew its shadowy curtains the sea. A dark bank of clouds finally t up from the south and blotted out the ring lights on the sea and Jebe an- ced dinner.

that time, Nonie thought, sitting oppo- Roy at one end of the long table, by that Jim was in Cienfuegos; by that time aps he was in another plane headed for York.

rising wind rattled the palms near the e, banged the shutters and flickered the les.

urelia did not come down to dinner; she a headache.

's going to storm," Roy said. "Aurelia neuralgia before a storm."

ydia sat on Roy's right, her copper- ed hair framing her face as she laughed talked, mainly to Roy. Dick might as not have been present; he sat eating ing, speaking not at all. Jebe slid in and of the shadows beyond the glare of the candles. Roy talked, by some impulse harking back to the old days on the island, to people he and Lydia had known.

Lydia kept him company, reminding him of this, reminding him of that; laughing, her eyes alight, sharing memories with him. Once she glanced at Nonie. "Do forgive us, Nonie," she said, and let her eyes linger on Nonie's face for a moment before she turned back to Roy.

So Nonie found herself in a little quiet pool of seclusion; for the moment none of the things around her seemed really to have anything to do with her. What would Roy say; what would he do? Her cheeks felt hot; she was both relieved and tense when at last Jebe came with the silver coffee tray and they left the table and followed him onto the broad comfortable veranda, where candles protected by hurricane glasses yet wavered and smoked.

Nonie, at Roy's smile and nod, poured the coffee; her hands trembled among the fragile, lovely cups. He'd meant by that smile and that unspoken request to emphasize her place in his house—his wife so soon, his hostess. He was still troubled though, she thought, about Jim, lapsing into a frowning, troubled silence when Lydia's fund of anecdotes seemed to have exhausted itself so she, too, was silent and thoughtful, staring out into the blackness beyond the railing where the sea, invisible in the darkness, seemed louder and more menacing.

Hermione Shaw came unexpectedly; they heard the spatter of the shells in the driveway and Roy pulled himself together with an exclamation and rose to meet her. This time she had come for Dick. The click of the heels of her lizardskin pumps sounded incisive as she came along the veranda with Roy. She refused coffee; the smoking, flickering candlelight softened her face, restoring something of its beauty. She was indeed composed, smiling and certain as if she had accepted her defeat of the afternoon with grace. Nonie could not have been more mistaken than in that first moment. Hermione's gray eyes reflected the candle flames like molten bits of steel.

She said to Roy, smiling with those dark red lips, "I thought I'd find Dick here. I'll take him home for you."

And Nonie thought with a kind of horror, *She's pleased! She knew Dick was on the edge; she wanted it to happen, she wanted to be forced to come for him, to show her own indomitable strength and his lack of it!*

Dick leaned forward, grasping the arm of his chair, looking at her.

Roy said, "Sit down, won't you, Hermy? I'm glad to see you."

Her composure was like a bright and dazzling shield of glass. She looked at Roy for a deliberate instant before she said, smiling, clearly, "Are you glad to see me, Roy? I shouldn't be if I were you; not under the circumstances."

Roy flushed and started to speak, but Dick forestalled him; without moving, sitting forward in his chair, his eyes bright, too, and shining, Dick said, "Roy didn't do this to me. It's not his fault!"

She permitted herself then to acknowledge his presence; her thin eyebrows lifted. "Do you mean that I am the cause of your being"—she made a little gesture of distaste—"not quite yourself? Really, Dick, you *are* an adult, you know! Your life is your own."

"No," Dick said, "it isn't. It hasn't been. Not since a long time ago when I had the bad luck to fall in love. The woman I loved had no heart to love with. She had only vanity,

(Continued on Page 141)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Promise of Spring

By Rhina P. Espaillat

Whiteness of the flake foretells
Whiteness of the flower,
April and heaven draw nearer to earth
With each cold hour.

Sun of a wintry morning, unseen,
Quickens the trembling pulse
Of early green—

Promise of spring in the tendril
That hopeful but hidden grows,
And June comes back, unfolding
Rose after rose.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Sealy

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DUROLIFE INNERSPRING UNIT: prevents sag; gives extra support to "vital third" of your b

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QUILTED FELT PADS: keeps body impression to an absolute minimum. Gives "smooth" firmly supported sleep.

FLANGE CONSTRUCTION: adds strength and life; keeps mattress tidy and trim; keeps borders springy and smooth.

(Continued from Page 139)

d arrogance and greed. I stopped loving
u a long time ago, Hermione."
Hermione said, "You haven't stopped hat-
; me."
Roy gave an inarticulate exclamation;
dia moved sharply; Dick suddenly put his
all, tired face in his hands.
And Hermione said with cold contempt,
'ou are a drunk, Dick, and a bum. Find
urself a job somewhere else, if you can.
ou are through at Middle Road."
Lydia said suddenly, "You really are a
vil, Hermione! Jim got away from you, so
u've got your knife into ——"
The glass shield of composure wavered as
ands had shaken it. Hermione interrupted
ly, "My knife into everyone, were you go-
; to say? How odd of you—how odd of you
be here tonight, as a matter of fact! Who
ited you? Aurelia?" Hermione stopped
d laughed and, still laughing, she turned to
oy. "You'll see to Dick, then, won't you?
ou are so reliable, Roy. *Noblesse oblige;* a
ntleman of the old school; your word is as
od as your bond, all that. Do promise me
see to Dick so I'll feel quite easy."
The flush of anger deepened in Roy's face.
Of course I'll see to Dick if he needs it."
Dick didn't move; no one moved.
Hermione said pleasantly, "Good night.
ll Aurelia I didn't expect to see her, but
n sorry I didn't." She went away across the
randa again, her slim, elegant figure delib-
ite in its motions, triumph in the very lei-
reliness of her departure. She started her
r with the same deliberation; they could
ar the spatter of shells
ng the driveway.
No one spoke until the
und of the engine had
ased. Then Roy said,
Whew," and sat down
avily. "I'll have some
ore coffee, Nonie."
"You'll take me home."
dia put down her cup.
f you please, Roy, dear.
s going to storm." She
se, tall and lovely in her
een dress, put out her
ong, slender hand to Nonie. "Thank you,
ar. I'll be at the wedding Wednesday.
all I say now, 'Happy wishes'? Or is that
d luck?"
"We'd better get along," Roy said.
"Of course. Good night, Nonie. Good
ght, Dick."
Dick said behind his hands, "But she was
ght. She's always right. I'm still tied to her.
s long as I hate her I'm tied."
Lydia said shortly, but in a friendly way,
o, "Get yourself a drink, Dick. Then go
me."
Dick got to his feet. In order to give him a
ance to get himself together, Nonie strolled
side Roy and Lydia to the steps and
atched them leave. Roy's figure tall and
ite beside Lydia's swirling green skirt.
oy's car started and Nonie went slowly back
the lighted area of chairs and tables. Dick
d disappeared inside the house.
Poor Dick, she thought; the quarrel with
ermione would die down—it always did,
cording to island gossip; yet it would lie
ere, smoldering, unforgotten.

low right Jim had been to leave!
Where was Jim by now? Jim, who had
id, "I'll always love you"?
She pressed her hands to her hot cheeks.
oy would return; what would she say—
ow was she to say it?
The night was very black beyond the little
avering circle of lights. Presently Jebe pat-
red out and removed the coffee tray. Some-
me later a door banged and she knew that
was closing the French windows against
ie coming storm.
It was after that that Dick returned to the
eranda; she looked up, startled, aware sud-
enly of his presence. He was looking down
her. "Nonie, I'm going home."
"Oh, Dick, wait for Roy."
"Going home now. 'Night, Nonie." He
miled feebly and ambled across the veranda
nd turned toward the drive where his bat-
ered small car was waiting for him. At the
steps he wavered, caught the railing and
sagged down like a sack of meal.

In the end, Nonie took him home. The storm was not far off; the sound of the wheezing and skipping engine was almost lost in the clash of wind. It was a winding road and it seemed a very long two miles; she thought she must have missed the Middle Road entrance when suddenly the white stone pillars that marked it glimmered faintly at the edge of the path of lights and she carefully turned in. The driveway was bordered on either side with pepper trees, solid clusters of blackness on the fringe of the little car's lights; another turn and she should reach the square, lovely stone house, with its gracious proportions, its curving double flight of steps, its old, graceful grillwork. The veranda light was on, an area of brightness against the night. She guided the car up to the steps and turned off the engine. Dick did not move. She'd have to call Hermione, who would be pleased, vindicated, triumphant.

DOWN those steps only a few hours ago Jim had come, carrying bags and coat, escaping Hermione.

She got out of the car and started up the nearest flight of curving white steps. She went almost to the landing before she saw that something lay there, tossed in a heap, a green-and-white dress.

It was a kind of housecoat, long and silk and gaily printed. It was a woman. It was Hermione Shaw with her face turned to the lights and a black wet patch like paint all along where her face lay. It was Hermione and she was dead. Nobody could look like that and be alive.

Every smallest detail showed up with fantastic clarity: every fold of her dress, her outflung crumpled hand, the stark, uncanny way in which her green-sandaled feet pointed at rigid, awkward angles. The blood had come from her breast, high up near her throat.

She's had an accident, Nonie thought. *She's killed herself . . . no, no, she's been killed! But that is murder!*

Out of nowhere, out of everywhere, there came a sudden, blinding wave of thankfulness. Jim was gone. He had quarreled with Hermione, but he had gone. No matter what happened, Jim was safe. Nobody ever could say he had killed her.

Murder!

A wild gust of wind flung the palms whispering and chattering in the darkness beyond that too bright patch of light. Nothing moved there, yet the motion all around in the trees, in the shrubbery, in the violent agitated night, was so strong that Nonie caught at the railing as if she herself might be swept off into the swirling unseen turmoil.

It was exactly then that there *was* motion within the bright area of light. The door of the house, directly opposite the steps, was flung open and Jim walked out. He walked out and stopped, seeing her, and they stared at each other over the flung thing in the green-and-white silk dress which was no longer a woman, no longer anything.

"Jim! Jim!" Her lips moved and the wind caught up the whispered words and flung them off into the shadows.

Jim said something unintelligible and ran to her, past Hermione, down the steps. He put his arm around Nonie, holding her steady amid a swaying, crashing world, his white face bent close to her, his eyes black as the night. "Nonie, what are you doing here? They ought not to have let you come."

She leaned against his shoulder, pushing her face into its warm and solid shelter.

"Did Roy come with you?"

She shook her head.

"Is Roy in the car?"

"No—no."

"Who's there, then?"

"Oh, Jim, is she dead?"

His arm tightened. "Come into the house."

Of all God's creatures there is only one that cannot be made the slave of the lash. That one is the cat. If man could be crossed with the cat it would improve man, but it would deteriorate the cat.

—MARK TWAIN:
Mark Twain's Notebook.



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He led her up the steps, holding her so she would not see Hermione. They went through the lighted doorway and into the wide hall. Her hair had blown about her face; she pushed it back, staring at Jim, thinking again, *He cannot be here!*

He said, "Where is Roy? I phoned for him. Didn't he come with you?"

"Dick. It's Dick in the car. He's—I brought him home."

He understood. "Oh. Oh, I see. Then he's no help." For a moment he stared at her in deep perplexity.

Suddenly the fact of Hermione's death seemed to clarify, to become something that wasn't a nightmare. "Jim, are you sure she's dead?"

"Yes. There's nothing you can do for her. I looked ——"

"Jim"—she caught at his shoulders with both hands—"you've got to tell me; was she murdered?"

He put his hands up, hard and firm over her own. "Yes, she was murdered. She was shot."

She must not scream . . . like the night, like the wind. "Who killed her?"

Jim held her hands tighter. "Darling, listen. There's nothing we can do now but wait. She couldn't have suffered; she couldn't have known."

"Who did it?"

"I don't know. He got away. He ——"

"Jim, they'll all say you did it!"

"Hush, Nonie. Nonie, darling, don't ——"

"Oh, Jim, why did you come back?"

"I had to. Listen, Nonie. I'm going to get Dick. Stay here. I'll leave the door open. You'll be safe. The fellow got away. I heard him in the shrubbery; at least I think I heard him. He's gone, though. I'll get Dick."

Her hands dropped away reluctantly and he ran out again across the veranda and down the steps. His black head gleamed in the light for an instant and disappeared. She could see Hermione's hand flung out. The small white hand that had had in life so relentless a grip, and now had forever released that hold, lay slack and powerless.

She looked away quickly: at the long wide hall, running the length of the house; the cane chairs with their faded cushions; the curling bamboo screen across the door of Hermione's bedroom, there at the end of the hall; it was the first floor of the house, but like many tropical houses of the period when it was built, it was raised nine or ten feet from the ground.

She remembered coming to dinner with Roy and Aurelia, drinking coffee, talking to Jim—both of them realizing perhaps even then that there was a special kind of pleasantness about talking to each other. Hermione had sat at the round table with the green silk flounce, with the coffee tray before her. And now Hermione was dead.

Who killed her?

Jim came back, the screened door banging behind him. "I can't make Dick understand. I left him there." He pushed his hands over his hair and took a long breath and glanced around the room. "Roy ought to be here soon. And Seabury Jenkins; he's the magistrate. He'll know what to do."

"Roy's not at home. He's at Lydia's. He took her home after dinner."

"Jebe answered the telephone. He didn't know Roy had gone. He said he'd tell him." He led her to a long wicker chair and made her sit there; he sat on the foot of it and reached for a cigarette.

"Jim, why did you come back? What happened? When did you find her?"

He answered her last question first. "I heard the shot. I was in Dick's shack. I ran to the house. Came in the side door; the lights were on here. I ran to the porch; that light was on too. There was Hermione. I thought somebody was out there in the shrubbery. If it was anybody, he got away; maybe it was only the wind and the noise of the trees."

"Then what ——"

"I knew it was murder. I'd heard the shot and she wouldn't have killed herself. I looked for a gun; there wasn't any. I ran in here and phoned Roy and Seabury. Then I heard your car. It all happened, Nonie, just

(Continued on Page 144)

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

A MAN who has traveled several times around the world says he has never seen but two kinds of people: men and women.

The younger the child, the lower the ring on the bathtub.

Apartments without babies are old people's homes.

The bottleneck in many families is the high cost of milk.

For perfectionists only: Thackeray told of a place in Ireland where the sense of cleanliness was so keen that servants brought up the coals for the grate on a clean plate.

Unexpected logic from a young daughter: "I don't have to go to the library this week because I haven't any books overdue."

My grandmother always lighted her candle of hope with the words, "Perhaps after all it isn't so."

One way to help the weather make up its mind is to hang out a washing.

Impishness in children is natural impetus.

A young Californian repeating the story of Adam and Eve concluded with, "And then God drove them off the ranch."

Our son has finally found a reason for older sisters: they teach him to dance.

Utter devotion: mother takes the last bath, and cleans up the bathroom.

To enjoy love or hash one needs plenty of confidence.

Two reasons why people are not given credit: one because they are not known, the other because they are.

Boy's letter home on Mother's Day: "I surely would like to be with you today, mom, to eat some of your good cooking."

Use level measurements in cooking and raising children.

The new bride in our neighborhood appealed to her neighbor for help. It seemed the longer she cooked the eggs the harder they got.

When our boarding-school daughter was asked over the telephone what color she wanted in a new sweater she automatically turned to her roommate and shouted, "What color sweater do we need, Ann?"

The mother who thought red fingernail polish a passing fad now has a ten-year-old daughter who paints her toenails.

Girls who win prizes on their cooking seldom go long unmarried.

The difference between the miserable idealist and the contented realist is that one wears himself out on the unattainable, the other is satisfied with the attainable.

To every wife who sighs over bills



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(Continued from Page 142)

before you came. She ——" He leaned over suddenly and put his face in his hands. "I thought I hated Hermione today. I thought I could have killed her. But I wouldn't have wanted her to die like that!"

"Jim, who killed her?"

He shook his head without looking up. "I don't know. Somebody must have called her, got her to the door and just—just shot her. And ran." He lifted his face. "Well, I'm going to look ——"

She caught his arm as he rose. "Not alone. There are a thousand places to hide—in the bush, in the palmettos, in the swamp."

He stood for a moment, thinking, with the wind surging and swirling around the house like a vast dark whirlpool. "No use calling the houseboys," he said at last. "One of them had some sort of accident this afternoon. He's laid up; the other one is in their shack with him; I saw them on my way to Dick's cottage. Johnny, the cook, would have come if he'd heard the shot. But he'd be scared, no good anyway." He turned and stared out across the bright, white light of the veranda. "Whoever shot her had a chance to get away, all right. I wish Roy would come. We'll have to organize, I suppose. Search." His mouth tightened. "It'll be a man hunt over the island."

"Why did you come back? I thought you were gone. I saw her, I thought you were safe!"

He looked down at her directly. "I had to come back. I had to face Roy and tell him. I couldn't leave you to do it."

A mountain of treacherous slides, of dangerous paths, seemed to rise up ahead of them, threatening. "Suppose they never find whoever killed her? Suppose ——"

"I know what you are trying to say, Nonie. I hated her. I felt like killing her. I said so. I left and came back. But I didn't kill her!"

"Jim, what will you do? What ——"

"I'll just tell the truth. Nothing else to do."

"Oh, Jim, she was shot. And you had a gun!"

He shook his head, looking down at her soberly. "Darling, I didn't shoot her. I've still got my gun. It's over there on the table."

"Over there!" She jerked around to look. And on a table amid a litter of books, ash trays, vases, magazines, lay a gun. "That gun! You've got to get rid of it. Hurry, before they come."

"Nonie, Nonie," he cried and held her and smiled a little, shaking his head. "Darling, it wasn't that gun that shot her. They'll prove that. There's a way of matching slugs, of identifying bullets. The bullet that killed her didn't come from my gun. I'll show them my gun; it'll help clear me. If I need to be cleared."

She stared up at him for a moment and then sank back into the chair. "I'm so frightened. I don't know what I'm doing."

He leaned forward to look into her eyes. "Listen, Nonie. I quarreled with her and I meant it—everything. Besides that, now that she's dead I'll be . . . not rich like you, but I'll have a lot more money than I've ever had before. What's more important, I'll have Middle Road."

"You wouldn't have killed her for money! You didn't kill her!"

"But I'll have money and Middle Road. Nobody else would profit by her death. People have done murder for less than that. So you see I've got to clear myself."

A car was coming rapidly along the drive, careening, hurtling, sliding to a stop at the bottom of those curving flights of steps. Jim sprang to his feet.

"That's Roy," he cried and ran to the door, swinging it behind him, and then across the veranda and down the steps.

In a rush all the questions that there'd been no time to ask him came crowding into her mind. He had come back, he'd said, to face Roy, to be with her. Why had he changed his mind? How had he got back to Beador Island?

There'd been no time to speak of Roy either; no time to tell Jim that she'd failed so far to tell Roy that the marriage could not take place. Neither of them had thought of that; the fact of murder had come first.

They'd say that Jim did it! He'd threatened to kill her and said so. And by reason of her murder he'd inherit money that he hadn't had, and Middle Road that he loved.

If Nonie had not gone with him to Elbow, if she had not needed him and loved him, he'd have been safe by now. He'd have been in a plane; he'd have been miles away. He'd have had an alibi.

That was important; that was what people did when there was murder. They established alibis. But Jim had returned to Middle Road alone; he had been alone when he found Hermione. He'd had a gun. How nearly she'd made a blunder about that!

There were voices on the veranda; it wasn't Roy who had arrived, it was Seabury Jenkins. He stood, gaunt and yellow and bald, his scraggy neck rising from his oilskins, staring down. He was looking at Hermione; as she watched he bent—she could see only the humped thin curve of his back. Jim was bending, too; she could see his head jerk upward, his face full in the light as he spoke to Seabury. Their voices were swept away in the wind; and the rain came.

Like a pantomime, against the background of slashing rain, she could see Jim and Seabury talking, pointing to Hermione. Jim was shaking his head. Seabury rose, gesticulating, arguing. Then the picture dissolved and re-formed. Jim and Seabury together were lifting Hermione, bringing her for the last time into her house.

If two friends ask you to be judge in a dispute, don't accept, because you will lose one friend; on the other hand, if two strangers come with the same request, accept, because you will gain one friend.

—SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Nonie got out of the wicker chaise longue and ran to hold the door for them; they moved past her, awkwardly struggling to hold the terrible burden they carried, somehow, between them. Hermione's long crumpled silk skirt trailed the floor; one green sandal fell and then, as Seabury shifted a sliding grip, the other. The men went on; Nonie heard their footsteps and would not look, but stared instead at the two small bits of green fallen on the rug, one slipper on its side as if flung there wantonly, the other upright, endowed with a kind of tentative life.

She picked up the slippers, scarcely realizing her own actions, and put them side by side upon the table and then, because they looked so bare, so terribly untenanted, she moved them again and placed them below the table, actually under its long green silk flounce so she would not see them. And then she heard another car slide to a stop outside.

Roy was running up the steps, his face wet, his oilskins gleaming. A vivid white flash of lightning outlined his running figure, made a sharply outlined chiaroscuro of the driveway and the glittering rain, the thick foliage and the two cars standing below. She thought briefly of Dick Fenby; was he still in the car?

Roy stood for a second catching his breath, his oilskins dripping, his face streaming. He took off his rain-streaked eyeglasses and cried, "Nonie, what's happened? Jebe said she was murdered! She can't have been!" He heard the voices in Hermione's bedroom; he glanced that way. "That's Jim! Jebe said it was Jim who phoned; I thought he'd got it wrong. But that is Jim!"

She nodded. He looked at her for an incredulous, almost an angry moment.

"If she was really murdered . . . they'll say he did it! Why did he come back?" Roy cried.

He came back, Nonie thought irresistibly, *to tell you that Jim, your friend, and I, the woman who is so nearly your wife, love each other; he came back to tell you that.* She could not say it then; and it had nothing to do with Hermione's death . . . with her murder.

(Continued on Page 146)

DORIS DAY co-starring in "MY DREAM IS YOURS," *A Michael Curtiz Production released by Warner Bros.*



Photograph by Bert Six

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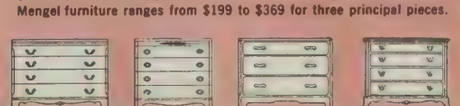
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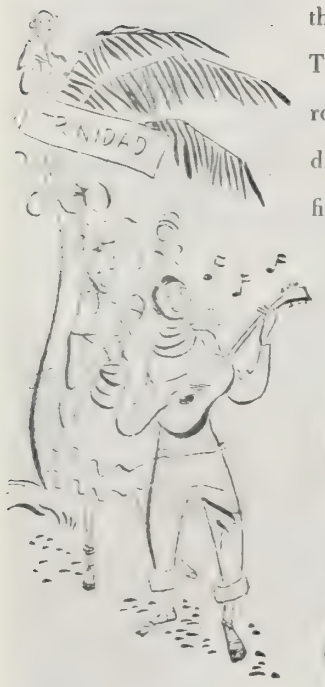
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(Continued from Page 144)

Roy had not expected a reply; the anger was because of Jim: instantly, as she had done, Roy had seen Jim's danger. He was shrugging out of his wet oilskins.

"Nonie, this is no place for you. Did you see Hermione? What happened?"

She tried to tell him all at once, quickly. "They don't know who did it. Jim found her. Then I came. She was on the step. I had started toward the house to call her—to tell her I'd brought Dick."

"And she was dead then?"

"Yes—oh, Roy, yes!"

He put his arm around her comfortingly. "I'm going to take you home, away from this. I'll go and speak to Jim." Again anxiety was like anger in his face. "Why did he come back? When did he come back?" He broke off as Jim and Seabury came around the screen and into the hall.

Jim cried, "Roy! Thank God you're here."

Seabury Jenkins, his thin face worried and drawn, said, "Roy, this is a terrible thing. She was undoubtedly murdered. Shot."

"Who did it? What happened?"

Seabury shook his head in a stunned way and turned back toward Hermione's bedroom. "You'd better look at her."

"Wait, Nonie. Only for a few minutes; then I'll see that you get back home."

The three men re-entered Hermione's room; she heard their low voices, the silences between, as if all of them were thinking, questioning, trying to see some way clear.

Rain lashed the island, beat upon the house. Hermione's house; now Jim's house, his plantation, Middle Road that he had loved. "They'll say he did it," Roy had cried. "Why did he come back?"

The men emerged gravely. Seabury was explaining to Roy, "Doctor Riordan will have to see her, of course, but we couldn't leave her in the storm. It wasn't decent. And we didn't destroy evidence; there wasn't any evidence to be destroyed, so far as we could see, but if there had been, the storm would have done that by now."

Doctor Riordan, then, Nonie thought, must be the official medical officer for the island, as Seabury Jenkins was magistrate.

Roy went to a chair, slowly, as if he had aged in those last few moments. "Poor Hermione! She had her enemies. She had her faults. But I wouldn't have wanted this to happen to her."

"What do we do now?" Jim asked.

Both Roy and Seabury looked at him for a moment without speaking.

Roy finally sighed and said rather tentatively, "Suicide . . . or accident."

Seabury obviously snatched the words and fastened on them with a look of intent inward speculation.

Jim was shaking his head. He said, almost gently, "It's murder, Roy."

Roy stared stubbornly at the rug. "Suicide's always possible. Accident with a gun is always possible."

Jim smiled a little and put his hand on Roy's shoulder. "I know what you're thinking. But I can't get out of it that way. It was murder."

Seabury, his face still troubled, sat down and leaned back, putting his fingers together judicially. "It could have been either suicide or accident. Both are more likely than murder. We've never had a murder on the island."

"You have one now," Jim said.

Roy looked up at him quickly. "Look here, Jim, a murder investigation is certain to do a lot of damage one way or another, and it's not at all certain to discover the murderer."

Jim's hand seemed to press harder on Roy's shoulder. "I know what you're trying to do. I see my position—you see it. But it can't be suicide and it can't be accident, because there was no gun."

"We haven't looked for a gun. There might be ——" began Roy, but Jim cut him off.

"I looked for a gun. There wasn't any. I looked at the wounds. She didn't kill herself. There'd be powder burns on her dress.

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e'd be . . . it was murder, Roy, be-
me."
y said after a moment, "Have you
hed?"
Whoever killed her had plenty of time
away," Jim said. "Time and darkness."
abury Jenkins passed one hand over his
head. "No use searching. If she was
by somebody she'd had a quarrel with,
body maybe who'd worked for her and
a grudge, he's gone into hiding by now.
Did you see anybody?" Roy asked.
l us just exactly what happened, Jim.
did you come back? I thought you'd
New York by now."
r a second Jim stood very still. A kind of
un came down over his face; he did not
at Nonie, yet his thoughts went out to
ike a thread for her to wind up into her
I can't tell Roy now, he was thinking;
e hasn't yet told him. This man whose
I want to take from him is my friend.
said slowly, "I got the mail boat at
w all right, but then by the time I
ned Cienfuegos I decided to come back."
oy interrupted: "Were you coming back
ake peace with Hermione?"
abury's small, sharp eyes blinked.
ace? Had you quarreled with her?"
n nodded tersely. "I'd quarreled with
—I left because of that—this afternoon.
n I—as I say, I decided to come back."
abury's sharp eyes were very bright and
rvant. "What was your reason, then?"
t has nothing to do with this," Jim said.
The police will want a better answer than
."
oy gave an exclamation. "Are you trying
ap him, Seabury?"
No," Seabury said. "Don't jump down
hroat like that, Roy. I don't want to see
hang. But he'll have to answer all these
gs sooner or later. Jim, did you see her
?"
oy started to rise and Jim said quickly,
ay, Roy. He's right. I'll have to an-
everything they ask. No, I didn't see
alive. It's just as I told you."
What was the quarrel about? They'll
that, too, Jim. Was it about money?"
m said explosively, "Listen, Seabury! I
d her—and she hated me. I've got all
s of motives for killing her. Any one of
n would be sufficient motive to hang me.
the fact is I didn't kill her."
eabury said wearily, "I didn't say you
I'm only saying what the police will say."
Okay," Jim said. "Sorry, Seabury. Any-
g else?"

"Where were you exactly when you say you heard the shot?"

"That's another question you don't have to answer here and now!" Roy exclaimed. "Wait till you've seen a lawyer. I'll say this, Seabury; you can't stop me. Jim, you must understand. Whatever you say now at this moment, you'll have to stick to all through the investigation, maybe even through ——" Roy checked himself abruptly, but Jim finished:

"Through a trial? Well, that's all right."

Seabury said frankly, "He's right, Jim."

"But I didn't kill her! Nobody's going to prove I did."

Seabury was shaking his head again rather hopelessly. "Did you never hear of circumstantial evidence? She was murdered, you were here alone with her—except for the houseboys, too far away from the house even to hear the sound of the shot."

Roy said earnestly, "Knowledge of your own innocence is fine, Jim, except when it compels you to take dangerous risks. You've got to stop and think."

Jim's mouth was angry. "See here, Roy; and you, too, Seabury. Now that Hermione is dead the plantation will belong to me and my life will be here on the island. So that life's got to be free of suspicion. The only way I can start to clear it up is to tell the exact truth from the beginning."

Seabury listened for a moment to the storm, the wild rain, the roar of the wind; he glanced indecisively at Roy. "We can't do anything until the storm is over."

Roy said slowly, "We can phone Riordan and the Port Iles men."

"We will," said Seabury. "First, though, Jim, let me get this straight. How did you get back from Cienfuegos?"

"I got a fellow with a motorboat to bring me; we landed at the wharf at Beadon Rock."

"What time was that?"

"About an hour ago; I can't be sure. I walked up here from the village ——"

Seabury interrupted again. "See anybody?"

"Not that I remember. I struck across from the highway through the plantation, along the wagon road. I came up to Dick's cottage, intending to put myself up for the night there. I was just about to turn in when I heard the shot."

"Did you see anybody?" Seabury asked.

"I saw Hermione. I thought—as nearly as I can remember—'She's had an accident.' I ran to look, and just as I did it, I thought that I heard something in the shrubbery

JENNIFER



"So I told Margie if we keep pretending to pull our girdles down, everybody will think we're much older!"



Customs lost my bags and *he* found them. Mother warned me about strange men . . . but she didn't mention tall, terrific ones. So we met at lunch . . . dinner, too! Then one



day at Chichicastenango . . . *he kissed my hand!* In fun? Maybe. But at Lake Atitlán, he kissed my hand *again!* Then he kissed *me* . . . while two huge volcanoes rumbled love songs.

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beyond the driveway. I couldn't be sure; it was very windy, gusts of wind, and everything happened at once."

"Did you see anybody running along the road or driveway?" Seabury asked, turning to Nonie.

"I didn't see anybody at all. I didn't even pass a car."

"A car could have been hidden almost anywhere in the thick shrubbery along the road. The rain has washed out tire marks by now—if there were any." Seabury sighed. "This is Dick Fenby's job. He's chief of police."

"Well, we'll have to do what we can ourselves," Jim said. "We'd better phone the commissioner at Port Iles."

Seabury said suddenly, "The doctor must see the body before we take her away."

Wind sifted through the hall; the curling bamboo screen across Hermione's bedroom door seemed to sway a little, as if Hermione herself were listening.

No one spoke for a moment; in the pause the door from the veranda was flung open. Dick Fenby, a sodden, wet figure, came in, caught the door, forced it to close and stood with his back against it. His gaze fixed itself on an object upon the table; he made a sudden lunge forward, picked up Jim's gun, turned it to his nose and sniffed at the barrel, and said loudly over the sound of the storm:

"What's happened? Whose gun is this anyway? It's certainly been fired within the last half hour; you can still smell the smoke."

Jim went to him and took the gun. "It's my gun. I fired it into the bushes when I thought I'd heard somebody there."

There was another sharp moment of silence; then Seabury rose. The look of intense, inward question had gone; he said, "Hermione Shaw was a woman of wealth. I was her lawyer; I know her will; I know all her circumstances. From now on, Jim, I'm afraid I'll have to act in my official capacity. Give me the gun."

Wind shook the house and wild rain drummed upon it; Seabury Jenkins took the gun, wrapping it in his handkerchief. Nonie watched, and again a wave of incredulity washed over her. She thought with a sense of horror, *It's Jim! Jim they suspect, Jim they already think killed a woman.*

But Dick had hated her too! He had said, defeated and helpless, "I'm still tied." Dick, however, had an alibi. She wished with all her heart that Jim had an alibi half as sound.

Roy rose abruptly and went to Jim. "That's all right. The slug that killed her can be proved not to have been fired from Jim's gun. This will clear you, Jim."

"Where's Hermione?" Dick asked. He seemed aware suddenly of the frozen stillness of their faces. "What's wrong? What are you looking at me like that for? That gun ——" He caught at Seabury. "Something's happened; I can tell. Is it Hermione? That's not my gun. I didn't do it."

Seabury snapped it up as a dog snaps up a bone. "Didn't do what, Dick?"

Jim's voice was angry and quick. "You can't question him now. He doesn't mean anything."

Dick said clearly, "Is it Hermione? What happened? Was she hurt?"

"She's dead," Roy said.

"Look out, Dick," cried Jim, and caught him as he stumbled forward, his face like chalk, half fainting, against a chair. He guided Dick into the chair and Dick put his face in his hands with a long, shivering sound like a moan. Seabury wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. Jim said, "We'll get some coffee into him; he'll be all right."

"That's a good idea." Roy came to Nonie and took her hand. "How about going out to the kitchen with Jim and fixing some coffee? It won't hurt any of us."

He wanted to get her out of the way; he wanted to protect her; it was like Roy. She rose and went with Jim.

However, she had only a moment alone with Jim, for they searched the house, rapidly, thoroughly, at Seabury's suggestion. "Robbery," Seabury said, "might have been the motive." But nothing was disturbed.

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The bubbling coffee sent a warm and homely fragrance over the kitchen; Nonie went to the cupboard and got out cups and a tray. Roy was at the telephone; they could hear his voice. "Hello, doctor—can you hear me? I am at the Shaw place. Hermione's been shot."

Seabury went back into the hall. As Nonie reached for a pad with which to lift the coffeepot, Jim came to her. "Have you told Roy?"

She shook her head. "There wasn't time. Dick was there, and Lydia."

"You must tell him. It's only three days."

Roy said from the doorway, "Jebe's coming, Nonie. He'll take you home."

She lifted the tray with its clinking cups and Jim followed her back into the hall, carrying the steaming coffee. She was aware then of a lull in the wind and the rain.

Jim poured coffee. "Drink it, Nonie," Roy said. "Do you good. Jebe'll be here in a minute in the station wagon. I'll be home later." He turned worriedly to Seabury. "I think it's safe enough for her on the road in a car, don't you?"

Seabury nodded tersely. And certainly whoever had crept through the thick, tropical night to shoot Hermione Shaw on her own doorstep would not linger along the roads.

"There's Jebe, now," Roy said, listening. "Jebe or Riordan." He went to the door.

It was Jebe, his dark face frightened, full of question. And as he came up the steps another car came rapidly along the driveway.

"That's Riordan!" Seabury exclaimed.

"You'd better go along now, dear," Roy said.

"I'll take her to the car," Jim said quickly. "Come along, Jebe."

The secret of being tiresome is in telling everything. —VOLTAIRE.

She put down her cup and went with Jim, his hand warm and steady under her arm. The rain had gone, but everything glittered wetly. The violence of the storm had cleansed the veranda completely; certainly if there had been such things as clues, footprints, they had been washed away.

Jebe trudged along beside her toward the station wagon. So there was no chance to say even a word to Jim without Jebe hearing it. Jim opened the door of the station wagon. She slid under the wheel. Jebe was crawling into the seat beside her.

Jim's hand moved from her arm, against her fingers. "It'll be all right, Nonie. Believe me. Be careful driving; don't stop for anything. See you tomorrow."

Jim stood back; the car moved under her guiding hands, turned around the curve, its lights sending ghostly fingers ahead along the white shell driveway.

She turned into the public road again; it was a narrow road that wound along the coast, joining the village, the string of plantations like a small ribbon of civilization.

Thick shadows of banana trees on either side of the road almost met as the road turned and twisted; at last the outline of the coral-rock wall that marked the beginning of the Beadon place showed dimly white.

As she turned in at the big white gate, Jebe stirred; he said, "Miss Hermy was a hard woman. Some folks won't be sorry she's dead."

She edged the car around a clump of twisted palm trees. "Some folks?" she repeated.

"Oh . . . some folks."

Some folks. Nonie thought sharply, jolted into logic, *Somebody on the island killed her.* Somebody living on that small, extremely limited island

"Do you know of anybody who had a grudge against her, Jebe?"

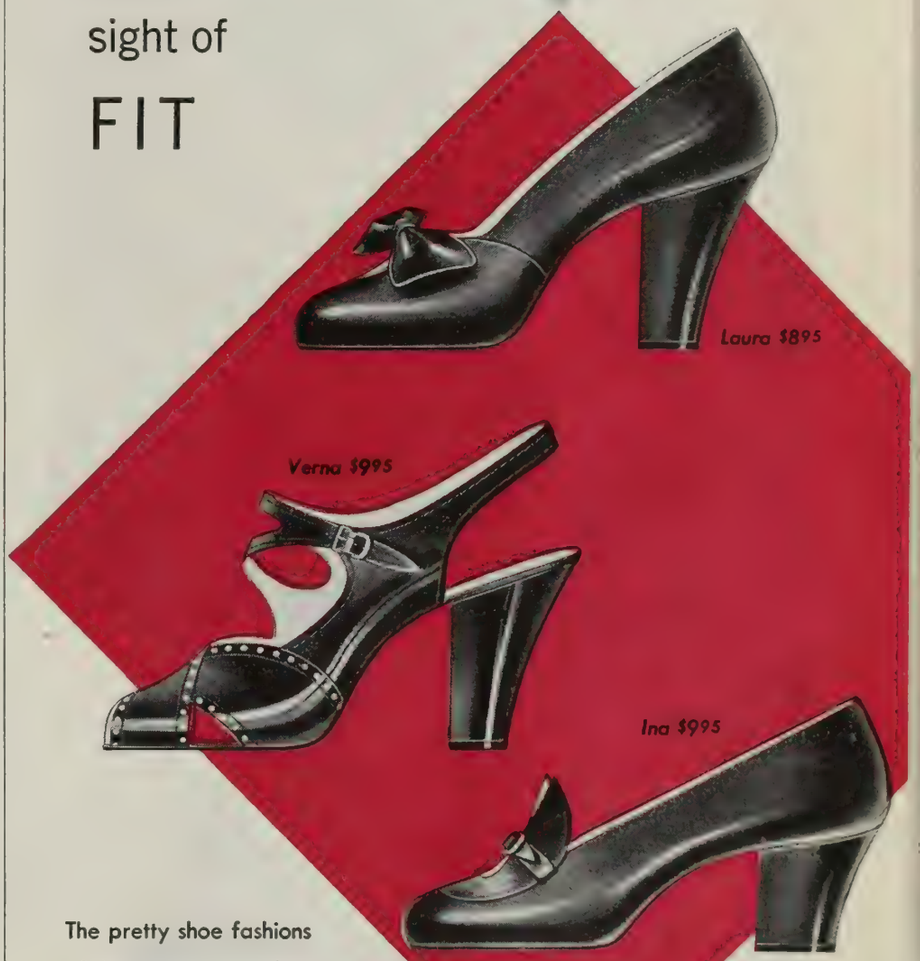
In the dusk a slight motion on his part had the effect of an uneasy squirm. "Oh, no, Miss Nonie. Only she was a hard woman. Guess everybody knows that. Shall I take the car around to the garage?"

She brought the car to a stop. "Yes. I'll get out here."

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Lights were on all over the house, but the shrubs made thick, deep shadows around her. And she didn't want to walk up that path to the house. She discovered it then. It was only a short distance; she could reach the steps by the time she counted to ten. But the thickness of those heavy shadows seemed to gather around her; not far away through the night murder had walked stealthily. She took a long breath, started toward the steps, and then suddenly ran, her slippers quick and light upon the path.

That was fear! Suddenly, running between those thick hedges, she remembered her uneasiness of that afternoon; she had been brushed then by fear and had denied it!

But there had been no reason for her fear; there was none now; murder had come to Middle Road, not to Beadon Gates.

Her heart was pounding when she reached the veranda. Aurelia Beadon heard the scurry of her footsteps and opened the door. Aurelia's thick gray hair was in a great braid over one shoulder, her massive figure was wrapped in a pongee robe, her full dark eyes anxious. "Nonie, my dear! I've been so worried! Is she dead?"

"Yes, Aurelia; yes!"

"Jebe said shot."

"Yes."

"Accident, of course! Surely it was an accident!"

"They say murder."

"Murder! Hermione—murder!"

She ought to have told Aurelia more carefully, Nonie thought, seeing Aurelia's ashy color. "Aurelia, I'm sorry. You must have known Hermione well."

For an instant Aurelia stared at her without seeing her; a long wave beat in upon the shore below and washed slowly out again. Then Aurelia seemed to come to herself. "Yes, I knew Hermione; I've known her for years. I—Nonie, do they know who killed her?"

"No."

Aurelia's eyes softened and seemed suddenly aware of her. "You poor child. It's been a terrible thing. You must go to bed."

But in the hall as Nonie started up the stairs Aurelia stopped her.

"Is there any evidence? Do they suspect anybody?"

Jim. But not because of evidence. "No," Nonie said with a kind of defiance. "No."

Her room was like a haven. The lights were on, the bed was turned down, the French windows were open to the languid, storm-weary night. Again a sort of wonder touched Nonie; nothing in the room was different.

What were they doing at Hermione's?

She slid out of her rain-soaked dress. Her sandals were wet, her hair damp; she was brushing it when Aurelia came, a tray with a vacuum bottle and a glass in her hands.

She poured out steaming, frothy milk. "Don't talk if you don't feel like it."

"I want to tell you. I want to tell you everything." But not quite everything; not why Jim came back.

Sipping the hot milk, she told Aurelia the brief story and Aurelia listened thoughtfully.

"HERMIONE was a very difficult woman," Aurelia said. "Probably some workman she quarreled with shot her. It is a terrible thing, but it can't be undone now. I'm sorry it happened just before the wedding. I expect we'd better change some of the plans."

Nonie caught so quick a breath that the hot milk choked her.

"We can't have a very gay party."

"Aurelia ——" Nonie began and stopped. *Oh, Aurelia, everything has changed; more than you think; more than anyone dreams.*

Aurelia said fondly, "The wedding must take place on Wednesday as we planned it. My dear, I wonder if I've told you how happy it has made me." She put her hand suddenly, lightly on Nonie's head and stroked back her hair. "Well, good night, my dear; try to forget as much as you can of this dreadful thi Think of Roy and of your wedding. Try sleep. You must be a beautiful bride, know." She smiled again and said, "An very happy wife, my dear," and went aw

Roy's happy wife; bringing to Bea Gates the kind of life that the rock-b gracious old house begged for as occupar It was going to be almost as difficult to Aurelia that it was not to be, as to tell R

What were they doing at Middle Ro Jim's home now, her home with him for the years of their life!

SUPPOSE Jim was charged with mur Suppose he had to undergo a trial! Her raced on and she thought, *Suppose even the very worst, he was found guilty.* She pu up the wild and galloping fear as if it checkreins. But Jim's safety came first.

Except she must tell Roy—and Aureli about the wedding. No wedding Wednesday. She had not thought of H mione's death as providing a possible exc for postponement. She wondered whether or not that might actually serv an excuse.

"I hated her," Jim had said. And D talking in a bitter, self-revealing moment fell in love a long time ago"; and then "I h you—but I'm still tied."

Jim and Dick. Were there other pe who hated Hermione?

The frankness and honesty of Jim's hat would not, in any way, mitigate for him ultimate regard of police. They could not saying, "Here is a r who hated her and sai and was heard to say He was also her neph he inherited property f her; he would never h been permitted by H mione to be anything b puppet, pulled by stri held in her own hands long as those hands life and strength—all t would add to the sum evidence against him. the main digit, the hea weight and balance, was hatred.

Flowers are often sensitive to noise. If you set a vase of carnations close to a noisy orchestra, you will find that in time they will turn away from the music, as if the sound was too much for them. Flowers are much like human beings: they catch cold from drafts, are stupefied by chloroform, and become intoxicated with alcohol.

—Progress Guide.

Violence, passion, hatred. In a queer w self-defense. So might Dick Fenby have m dered her, to save his own soul, too weak, sapped of strength by Hermione herself, save himself in any other way.

But Dick had no opportunity to kill H mione. Dick Fenby had an alibi, for D was in the car beside her within touch a reach of her hand at the time that shot w fired.

Well, then, who had killed her? A wo man, cherishing some kind of grudge? P haps somebody else who hated Hermio And who—like Dick, like Jim—might h struck in desperate defense. Somebody e But there were not many people who k her well enough to hate her. Murder imp a certain intimacy.

The events of the day went in an unceas whirl through Nonie's mind. She was wide-awake when at last a car came into driveway. She thought she heard voices; Aurelia was still downstairs, still waiting Roy. It was a long time, however, before heard steps on the stairs. Roy, of course; brisk, heavy steps were easily recogniza And Aurelia, and—she listened and thoug *There's someone else.* The police already?

Roy's heavy, quick footsteps stopped o side her door. "Nonie! May I come in?"

"Yes, of course." She found the light a snapped it on as Roy opened the door.

"Are you all right, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, Roy. What has happened? W have they done?" *Have they arrested Jim*

Roy looked tired, his face sagged w weariness. He shook his head. "We know more than we did. We phoned Port H Talked to the commissioner; he'll be over the morning himself." Roy smiled at her assuringly. "Don't worry about that, thou They'll only ask you to tell what you s and it's little enough. As a matter of fa there's a real storm working up; this rain night was only a little preliminary scuf



The police commissioner is not likely to stay here at Beadon long."

"What did the police commissioner say?"

"Well, he didn't say anything much. He agreed that Jim and Seabury had had to move the body; he told us to get Doctor Riordan to look at it; he's the medical examiner for the island—but you know that. I said we'd already got him, and then Riordan talked to him. Riordan said she died instantly; that's a blessing. They wanted to know if she'd been robbed; wanted to know if anybody had threatened her."

"Threatened! What did you say?"

"Of course, the truth will come out. Her quarrel with Jim. And the fact that she came here and made a scene with Dick tonight."

"She fired Dick."

"Yes, but I don't think she meant it. And in any case, murdering her wouldn't get Dick's job back."

"He has an alibi," she said slowly. "He was with me in the car at the time when she must have been shot."

He nodded almost absently. He said, "I'm sorry, too, that it happened just now, Nonie. So shortly before our wedding."

But there is to be no wedding, Roy. She didn't say the words actually, but they were there, ready. She looked up and Jim was standing in the doorway looking at her with his heart in his eyes. Aurelia stood behind him.

Roy was rising. "I brought Jim back with me. He can't stay at Middle Road until the police get through with it." Roy leaned over and kissed her lightly. Jim, in the doorway, took a step forward, but whatever he meant to say was forestalled by Roy, for he turned toward Jim and said, "Jim, I'm going to give you some advice. Don't tell the police any more about your quarrel with Hermione than you have to."

"I said I'd kill her if I stayed."

"You didn't mean it—but it's the kind of thing the police will look for. Only Nonie and I heard you; neither of us will tell the police. But just don't"—he went to Jim and put his hand on Jim's shoulder —"just don't tell it yourself!"

AURELIA said, "No more talking now. It's very late. Come with me, Jim. I'll show you your room."

Jim shot a quick look at Nonie which could say nothing.

Roy said, "Aurelia's right. Good night, Nonie." He snapped out the table light and put his arm around Jim's shoulders. Aurelia led the way, firmly, into the hall.

Would Roy have welcomed Jim if he had known the truth?

She slept suddenly and deeply.

Morning set in very still, with the barometer falling, the police commissioner and two other men arriving from Port Iles, and the news of the murder already, by mysterious grapevine, having traveled the length and breadth of the island.

One of the little colored maids woke Nonie. She had in her hand a cup of hot and fragrant early coffee, and her pretty face was alert and curious as a terrier's. "Good morning, lady. Master said to wake you. The police are here."

Nonie took the extended cup, swallowed hot steaming coffee. "Police? Where are they now?"

"On the veranda."

"Did Mr. Beadon tell you to call me?"

"Yes, lady. Quickly, if you please. They wish to leave before the storm."

Nonie gulped the coffee, grateful for it and for the moment of respite it gave her. She got quickly into shirt, slacks and a sweater. She stopped for an instant at the mirror, and thought swiftly of the day before—when she had stopped like that on her way downstairs to meet Jim, and had seen in her face a look that ought not to have been there. She must talk to Roy. Her heart gave a sort of lurch; Wednesday was twenty-four hours nearer. She brushed back her hair quickly and ran downstairs.

As she reached the veranda door she paused; men were seated around a table with the remains of an early breakfast upon it. Roy was there, and Jim, and three strangers: one, a slight, wiry man with reddish hair,

(Continued on Page 153)

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*PLUS TAX

(Continued from Page 151)

as talking; Roy was facing him, listening, nd Jim, his black head clear against the ray-black shadows beyond the railing, emed to be listening too.

She opened the door and Roy heard her nd rose, said, "I'm sorry to get you up so arly, my dear." He took her hand and led er toward the table.

She looked at Jim and he was looking at er, but she could discover nothing in his ook as to how the interview was going, what iew the commissioner took of the murder. im seemed white and tired and there was an ir of tension which her arrival did not break. hen Roy was introducing her to the men.

"Major Wells, the police commissioner or our district. Sergeant Morris, Sergeant onegan. This is my fiancée, Major Wells; ur wedding is to be this week."

Major Wells gave her a sharp, shrewd lance from small, very bright hazel eyes, nd bowed. "I congratulate you, Mr. Beaon. I am sorry that this unfortunate thing appened just now. I hope it will not change our plans for the wedding."

Roy replied, "Oh, no. It will be very uiet." He turned to Nonie. "My dear, hese gentlemen wish to hear about your rip to Middle Road last night. They haven't much time. Accordng to the weather arning, we are in for real storm and hey've got to get ack to Port Iles efore it breaks."

He pulled up a hair for her; Jebe put nother cup of coffee n the table before er. How had it gone o far with Jim?

Major Wells began uestioning her, poitely and quickly. "I nderstand that you rrived only a few minutes after Mr. haw claims he heard he shot and found hat his aunt had been nurdered. Will you ell me what you saw nd did?"

Claims. An invidious word, used in that way; a word that cast doubt, raised objections. She glanced at Jim again.

"Just tell them," Roy said encouragingly. 'It's only for the record. I've already told hem that Dick had had one over the eight nd that you took him to Middle Road."

She took a long breath and began. She had driven up to the steps; she had found Hermione's body on the steps. Jim had come to the door.

Major Wells said, "Did you hear the sound of the shot?"

"No." Was that a dangerous admission? Did it involve Jim? She saw that if she had heard the shot it would have substantiated Jim's statement, and consequently the time of the murder. "I was in the car," she added.

"You wouldn't have more than started from Beadon Gates then," Roy said. "Jim had had time to examine Hermione, and to make two telephone calls before you arrived."

"Did you see a gun anywhere?" Major Wells asked.

"No. That is"—Tell the truth, Jim had said—"there was only Jim's gun. On the table, in the hall."

Major Wells nodded. He knew about Jim's gun, then; that was all right. "Did you see anyone about the place? Besides Mr. Shaw, I mean. Or anyone along the road or driveway?"

"No one."

Major Wells' eyes were like bright little daggers, but showed no expression. "Is there anything at all that you can think of that might be evidence?" he said after a pause.

She shook her head. "Nothing."

Roy said, "I don't like to hurry you, major, but the sea is rolling up."

"I know, I know." The commissioner rose, picking up the sun helmet that lay on a near-by table. "We'd better get over to Middle Road and take a look there. Are you ready, Shaw?" His manner, his voice changed subtly when he spoke to Jim. Nonie was aware of it instantly.

"The car is this way," Roy said, and then turned to her. "My dear, I was sorry to have to send for you, but they are rather hurried."

She had to talk to him alone; obviously she could not just then.

Jim had gone on ahead. Roy turned briskly away, towering above the wiry little police commissioner. The sky was dark and seemed to hang so near that it almost touched the house; the sea was only beginning to glisten, away out toward the eastern horizon.

She sat down slowly at the lighted, littered table and Jim came back, running up the steps. "I said I'd forgotten a sun helmet," he said. "Look here, Nonie, it's all right. I'll have to get through all this, but it's all right."

She wanted to cling to him; she wanted to question. "Jim, tell me the truth. Are they going to arrest you?"

He looked back at her directly. "It's their job to hold me for inquiry. They may even have to make a formal charge. But it'll be all right. Now, then, about Roy and the wedding. I've got to stop that. We'll tell him together. Where's the helmet? Oh, here." He snatched it up from the chair. "Remember what I've told you."

Remember not to worry. Remember things will be all right. Remember Jim could not be charged and tried—or convicted—for murder because he didn't do it.

She watched him running across the veranda, his black head disappearing down the steps. The car started; the sound of the engine died rapidly away down the drive, muffled by the thick, encroaching hedges.

It was very quiet after they had gone; quiet and still dark, for dawn was slow in coming. She sat for a while, drinking the hot coffee. Aurelia obviously had slept late; servants were about, but there was no sound for a long time except the stirring of the birds and the wash of the waves.

Perhaps she sat longer than she meant to, entangled by her thoughts. Later it seemed to her that she had been gradually aware of sounds of the waking plantation. She rose and walked across the veranda and down the steps. The coffee had thoroughly roused her, the coming storm plucked at her nerves; she'd take a turn in the garden and then go back to sleep.

What were they doing now at Middle Road? Would they arrest Jim?

The hedges made a dark and leafy tunnel; her footsteps crunched softly upon the tiny white shells that paved the path. How frightened she had been the night before—running along that path, her flying skirts whispering of terror! Even now the soft crunch of the shells seemed to make a syncopated rhythm of her footsteps, like a soft pursuing echo, barely out of time.

The storm had strewn the path with torn leaves and broken branches. She stopped to pick up a broken loop of bougainvillaea.

She stopped, but the soft echo of her footsteps went on.

Only it was not an echo. Someone was walking with her, very lightly, very softly on the other side of the thick hedge.

Another woman took possession of Nonie's body; another woman cried out in her heart, telling her what to do; she whirled and ran, scrambling and slipping in the shells, ran and

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Green Song

By Elizabeth McFarland

Oh, the sword of the winter is keen
As an icicle's freezing blade;
But spring, with a lance of green,
Strides up the world unafraid!

And there shall be laughter and singing,
And a time for love and for mirth,
While the small, clenched fist of the crocus
Thrusts its green way through the earth.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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ran as in a dream, making no progress, always with sliding shells and hedges on either hand, so high she could not see above them, so thick she could catch no glimpse of movement through them. She reached the steps; she ran past the empty lighted table, the chairs pushed this way and that, the flung-down napkins as the men had left them; she did not stop until she was inside the house, gasping for breath.

Jebe, in the dining room, heard her and came; Jebe, when she had told him someone was in the garden, someone was furtively walking with her on the other side of the hedge, shook his head and mumbled and ran to call Aurelia.

Aurelia came at once, her face tired and lined, and sent Jebe to search the garden, taking Archie, the kitchen boy, with him.

Aurelia eyed her in a troubled way. "Could you have imagined it, Nonie?"

"There was someone. On the other side of the hedge."

"Who could it have been?"

"I couldn't see. The hedge is too thick."

Aurelia sat down with a sigh opposite Nonie and looked out across the veranda. Dawn had come, but there was no sun, only a pearly, subtly ominous light.

"Where is Roy? Where is Jim?"

"The police commissioner came from Port Iles. They've all gone to Middle Road."

Aurelia huddled her robe around her. "Nonie, are you sure you heard someone? You had a dreadful shock last night, of course; it would be natural for you to be nervous."

"Someone was there. It may have been only one of the boys. But there was something so"—she hunted for a word—"so stealthy about it. As if whoever it was didn't want to be seen. As if ——" As if he were stalking her, she thought. Nonie shoved her hands down tight into the pockets of her white slacks so Aurelia could not see them trembling.

Aurelia pushed back her heavy gray braid and sighed. "What did the police commissioner think of it all?"

"I don't know."

"Jim went with them to Middle Road, you said."

"Yes."

"I'm sorry Jim came back to the island last night. It puts him in a bad light." Aurelia broke off to listen. Sounds of lifted voices, exclamations, running feet came from the back of the house. "What's that?" Aurelia cried and hurried toward the kitchen, and Nonie followed.

A high babble of voices quieted at Aurelia's approach. Jebe stood in the center of the little ring of maids and cook and Archie, all of them looking at an object in Jebe's hands. They had found no one in the garden. No one was there. But someone had been there, for Jebe and Archie had found a machete.

The long sharp cane knife, with its wicked wide blade, looked like a cutlass in Jebe's trembling and frightened hands. He had found it near the hedge, flung down. It had not been there overnight; the handle was not wet, the blade was not rusted as it would have been.

Aurelia questioned Jebe and Archie and the cook, and the maids. In the end, if anyone knew anything of the machete, that knowledge was successfully concealed.

Aurelia sent for Smithson, the overseer. He came at once. He was a big, slow-spoken man, with blunt, honest features, and he did not relish the interruption. He had been supervising some loading, he told Aurelia. Her questions were rapid and to the point.

"You know about the murder last night, Smithson?"

"Yes, Miss Beadon."

"Miss Nonie thought someone was hiding in the garden a while ago. She was frightened and came to the house. Jebe found no one in the garden, but he found this."

The overseer looked at the machete and said nothing.

"Is a cane knife missing?"

He shrugged. "That is not possible to say, Miss Beadon."

Aurelia hesitated. "What about the men? Could one of them have come to the house this morning?"

"I don't think so, Miss Beadon. Everybody was present and accounted for. We're very busy just now."

"You're a good overseer, Smithson," Aurelia said. "You don't miss much. I'll not keep you any longer."

He gave the machete another long, deliberate look. "Anybody on the island could have got hold of a cane knife. If I were you, Miss Beadon, I'd let Mr. Beadon know about this."

"Yes, you're right, Smithson," Aurelia said. "He's busy at Middle Road, but—yes, I'd better let him know. Thank you."

The overseer made a short, grave bow and went away.

"We'll phone to Roy," Aurelia said.

She did the telephoning herself from the old-fashioned telephone fastened upon the pantry wall, the only telephone in the house. Nonie could hear Roy's exclamations, the short, sharp sound of his questions.

Aurelia turned. "He wants to talk to you."

She took the receiver from Aurelia's hand. "Yes, Roy?"

"Nonie, my dear, are you sure you are all right?"

"Yes, yes."

"Don't go out of the house. I'm coming right away. Darling, you aren't hurt?"

"No. I didn't really see anybody. I only heard ——"

"But somebody was there, and we'll smoke him out. I'm coming ——"

Suppose it was her imagination; suppose she had only thought she heard that furtive companion! "Roy, could the knife have been left there by accident?"

His voice, firm and brisk over the wire, denied her uncertainties. "We'll soon find out. Put Aurelia on again, will you?"

She did so. And thus watched Aurelia's face as Roy's voice came over the wire. She could not understand his words, but when Aurelia presently put up the receiver, she cried, "What is it, Aurelia, what has happened?"

Aurelia gave her a long, troubled look. "They are going to arrest Jim."

A giant hand squeezed down upon her heart. Not so soon. Not Jim! "He couldn't have killed her!"

Aurelia's fine full eyes, so like Roy's, gave her a long, observing look. "My dear, Roy will do everything he can to help Jim. And believe me, Roy has position and influence here. Now then, try to get some rest. I'll have Smithson send men to search the place."

Nonie cried, "Suppose Roy can't help him. Suppose ——"

"Now, now," Aurelia put a comforting arm around her and led her toward the hall. "No matter what happens, we won't let it interfere with the wedding. That is your day, and Roy's." *(Continued on Page 156)*

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(Continued from Page 154)

Nonie went up the stairway quickly—as if she could escape the picture Aurelia's words induced. Herself walking down the quiet aisle of the little church to marry Roy. While Jim, somewhere on another island, was under arrest, awaiting trial for murder. But even if they arrested Jim, even if there was a trial for murder, she loved him and could wait for him.

Suppose twelve good men and true decided he was guilty!

Thoughts are like beasts sometimes to be fought away from the citadel of the heart; she fought that one, but it was to lie, like a beast, waiting to pounce at any unwary moment.

The little maid had already put the room in order. Nonie went out onto the balcony and looked down toward the garden with its thick hedges between which she had walked. Who had walked with her—like a beast, too, skulking, stealthy? That beast had left a man-made weapon when it fled.

The knife could have been left by mistake, carelessly. There was no reason for anybody to attack her, no reason for anybody to creep stealthily along near her with a machete in his hand.

Voices were raised suddenly beyond the trees in the direction of the many sprawling outbuildings; and at almost the same time a car sped along the highway and turned in at the gates. It brought Roy and Major Wells and one of the police sergeants.

Roy came running up the stairs. "Nonie ——"

Smithson's men were coming to hunt through the garden; she could hear their shouts, see their running figures. She went quickly to meet Roy and he caught her in his arms.

"Nonie, what happened? If anybody touches you I'll string him up on the highest tree on the island."

Roy's arms were kind and reassuring and it was the warm and comforting embrace of a friend; how could she have thought that it was anything else?

Major Wells, standing in the doorway, said, "May I question her, Mr. Beadon?"

Roy turned. "Yes, yes, certainly, major. That is, if you don't mind, Nonie?" He looked down at her. "No matter what it was, you've had a bad fright. If you don't want to talk of it now, it's all right. He'll wait."

"I'm afraid I can't promise to do that, Mr. Beadon," Major Wells said, pleasantly but quickly. "You see, if there really is anything to this—I beg your pardon, Miss Hovenden, but we must make due allowances for nerves, you know."

"See here, sir," Roy said, "if Miss Hovenden says somebody was there, somebody was there!"

"Oh, yes, quite. Well, perhaps you'll tell me exactly what happened."

And of course there was nothing to tell—the echo of her footsteps, a machete. Major Wells listened, his bright, small eyes seeming to bore into her face. When she finished he sat for a moment without speaking. Roy waited, too, listening and watching.

Finally Major Wells sighed. "I don't like that machete business. On the other hand, honestly, Miss Hovenden, don't you think it possible that your imagination may have deceived you? After last night and the shock of finding Miss Shaw like that?"

She shook her head; he must have read the conviction in her eyes, for he sighed again and looked at Roy.

"Even if someone were there, it doesn't mean that he intended to attack Miss Hovenden. All we have to go on actually is an impression of danger which she herself admits was only an impression, the sound of someone walking, and a machete, which could easily have been left there by almost anyone."

"On the other hand, major, don't you realize there's murder loose on the island?"

Major Wells' lips thinned. "That's w I'm here. That's why I'm going to have arrest young Jim Shaw."

"But I tell you ——"

"Mr. Beadon, I have to tell you that p sonal feeling, friendship, all that cannot allowed to weigh as proof of innocen Young Shaw admits he quarreled with h he admits he left the island only to return night, when nobody was likely to see hi He can't give a sound reason for returnin He was her heir; he inherits a large tr fund. He ——"

"But look here, major," Roy cried. "Do you see? If Hermione's murderer is loose the island, if he tried to attack Nonie t morning with that machete, then it isn't J Shaw. Jim was with you when it happene You were questioning him alone."

Nonie's heart gave a leap upward; w hadn't she thought of that? An alibi, something so like one that it might help clear him! Then she realized that the shrew bright eyes of Major Wells were scrutini ing her face. "Perhaps that has already o curred to Miss Hovenden," he said.

Roy was red with anger. "Do you mean say, Major Wells, that you doubt Mi Hovenden's word? Do you dare suggest th she is lying to you?"

"Mr. Beadon, this is an inquiry in murder. I don't accuse Miss Hovenden lying. I only say that if this—this incide she has told us can be proved to have been attempt to injure her, it would go far to cle Jim Shaw. So any friend of young Shaw might have arrived at the same conclusi and invented such an incident."

"But she'd have no i terest in trying to cle Jim Shaw. She ——"

Major Wells interrupte again. "How well do yo know Jim Shaw?" he aske Nonie directly.

Well enough to love hi all my life. Well enough t lie for him if I knew ho The words almost spok themselves.

"I understand that you took Shaw in th motorboat to Elbow Beach, Miss Hovenden Did he say then that he intended to return?"

That question, at least, was safe. "No," she replied.

Major Wells turned, frowning, to Roy "That's a question he's got to answer. Wh did he come back? What about a girl? Shaw is young. There must be a girl somewhere Suppose that was the real reason for hi quarrel with his aunt! If he wanted to marry and support a wife and Hermione Shaw blocked him, it would strengthen his motive."

"It is not fair of you, major, to build a cas against Jim like this! And the only girl o the island is my fiancée."

It seemed to Nonie that Major Wells pause before replying was a little too long, little too deliberate. Had he plucked her ow thoughts out of the air? But he said the coolly, "She needn't be here on the island."

Roy said, "There's no girl. And don't for get, Jim was with you this morning whe somebody with a machete ——" He broke off and wiped his face with his handkerchief "Major, don't you realize what this means?"

Major Wells nodded thoughtfully. "Have your men continue their search; have them questioned; if somebody came along the road or slid through the palmettos—if some stranger has been hiding here or at the Shaw plantation, somebody will have seen him."

"How about fingerprints on the machete?"

Major Wells shrugged. "Probably every body has handled it by now. Of course, the cold fact is that even if this was actually an attempt on Miss Hovenden's life, it would still not clear Jim Shaw."

Roy stared at him and laughed shortly. "Major Wells, I don't believe there are two murderers loose on the island. It's against the laws of probability and averages."

"But it's legally possible. However, that's beside the point right now. And I must say, man to man, I'm inclined to agree with you. Miss Hovenden, I want to tell you some-

(Continued on Page 158)

If people liked to work, we'd still be plowing the ground with sticks and transporting goods on our backs.

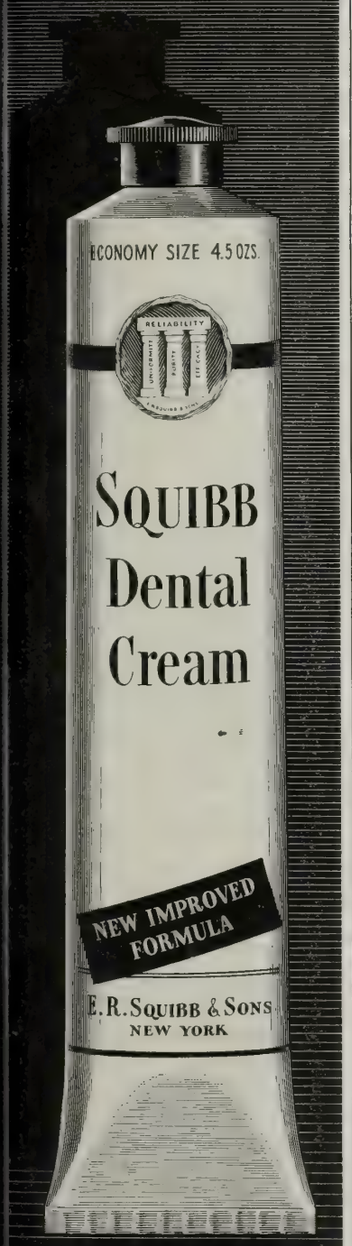
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Doctor Riordan frowned. "Sometimes no reason is needed. The whole point is the unreason ——" He broke off to listen. A car was coming up the drive. "That sounds like Roy now," he said.

Aurelia went to the balcony and looked down. "Yes, it is." She turned back into the room. "The men from Port Iles are with him. I'd better go down; they've had no lunch."

The doctor sighed as Aurelia went away, and fastened the lock on his bag. "The slug's in my bag right now," he said with candid ruefulness. "To tell you the truth, I want to get rid of it. A man's life depends on it. It's jury evidence, factual evidence."

Someone was running up the stairs. Nonie knew it was Jim.

She started to the door to meet him and Doctor Riordan was beside her, his bag in his hand. In the same instant she was aware of a subtle change outside, a kind of stir and movement, a darkening, an eeriness, so the shape of things seemed distorted and wrong.

The doctor whirled around to give a quick look toward the balcony; the palm trees clattered and shook. He said, "The storm's here!"

Jim came quickly into the room. "Nonie, what happened? They told me ——"

Jim, solid and real, seemed to steady the whole world; nightmares, terror—furtive footsteps beyond a hedge—had no place in the sane and normal fortress his very presence seemed to build up around her. It was so strong and welcome a fortress that for an instant she questioned her instinctive fear of the morning.

She said abruptly, "It was silly of me to run like that; not to wait and see ——"

His gray eyes deepened. "It was the most sensible thing you ever did in your life," he said tersely.

Doctor Riordan said, "Well, there's a bright side to it. Whether it was just some field hand, caught where he ought not to be and afraid to admit it, or whether it was actually the fellow that shot Hermione, it may work out to your advantage, Jim. As long as there is any possibility that he meant mischief, it ought to clear you."

Jim glanced at the doctor; and some of the drawn and tense look went out of his face. "Thanks, Riordan. I'm beginning to find that the position of prime suspect is not a very pleasant one. Oh, I've got to wade through the inquiry. With luck we'll find out who killed her. I've got to live on this island."

Doctor Riordan's thin face tightened. "You've got to live! That comes first. Discovering who actually shot Hermione should rate second."

"The slug will do that," Jim said.

Doctor Riordan's face still had a grim and taciturn expression. "It'll help by proving it wasn't fired from your gun, if that's what you mean. It won't prove that you didn't hold the gun that fired it."

"It might," Jim said. "It might, if we can find the gun."

"They haven't succeeded in doing that yet?"

Jim shrugged wearily. "It's too easy to get rid of a gun. But they've started the search. It'll turn up somewhere."

Doctor Riordan said, "Don't count too much on that, Jim. If I wanted to get rid of a gun all I'd have to do would be to toss it into the sea, throw it in some swamp! Shove the thing under a mangrove thicket! Who's ever to find it? And even if you find the gun, you've still got to find the hand that held it."

Jim nodded and gave Nonie a sudden smile. "We'll get some clues. There must be something—somewhere; there's got to be."

She smiled, too, hoping her lips denied the fear in her heart.

The doctor said briefly, "I'm sure I hope so, for your sake, Jim. Do you want to see the slug? I've got to turn it over to Major Wells."

"Have you got it? He . . . look here, he's gone!"

"Gone! Already?"

"Back to Port Iles. Just now. Trying to beat the storm. At least he was about to leave when I came upstairs. We'd better get



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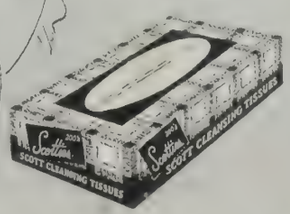


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down there and try to stop him. He'll want that slug!"

But it was too late. Roy was standing on the pier, his figure clear and sharp in the yellow light. The police commission's motorboat was streaking through the inky, already turbulent sea toward Port Iles.

"He's running it fine," Doctor Riordan said, watching.

Roy began to climb the steps.

"Where's the slug?" Jim asked, watching Roy's tall figure, bent forward against the force of the wind.

The doctor motioned toward his bag. "Here."

"What was it? What caliber?"

"I don't know. There was only one, and it was fired at fairly close range." The doctor looked worried. "Major Wells ought to have it. That business of photographing a bullet requires a certain kind of instrument."

"Hang on to it," Jim said. "So far it's the only thing in the shape of a clue we've got."

The door from the hall banged, a sharp staccato sound amid the crash of the waves and the clatter of the palms; Aurelia came across the veranda toward them. "Where's Roy? Has Major Wells gone?" She looked distracted, smoothing back her hair as another hot blast seemed to sweep from nowhere, from everywhere. Roy came up the veranda steps toward them and Aurelia said quickly, "Roy, did he leave?"

"He went back to Port Iles. So we've got a respite, thank God." Roy sank down into one of the chairs.

Jebe, inside, was closing shutters, fastening them securely with great bolts, designed to hold against hurricane winds. Already they had to raise their voices to be heard above the wind and the waves.

Aurelia said anxiously, "What did he decide to do? When is he coming back?"

"As soon as the storm is over. He's set an inquest for next week; depending on circumstances, of course. He left orders with Dick ——"

"Orders?" the doctor said sharply. "What kind of orders?"

"Oh, to check everybody's story of the night. Make inquiries. Try to find the gun. We'll all have to help." He gave a quick weather-wise look at the sea and sky, and got up. "I've got to see Smithson. It's going to be a real storm, no doubt about that."

"I'll get along too." Doctor Riordan started for the steps. "I've got some sick calls to make before it gets too bad."

"You've all got to have food first," Aurelia said with decision. "It's on the table. A cold buffet. We couldn't do much else at this hour of the day. But you've got to eat sometime."

It was not, properly speaking, lunch; it was not dinner; it was food eaten in a darkening world, with candles lighted and flickering, in a strange, untimely dusk. The storm usurped the premier place just then over the problems of Hermione's murder; nevertheless, the latter remained and would remain when the storm had passed.

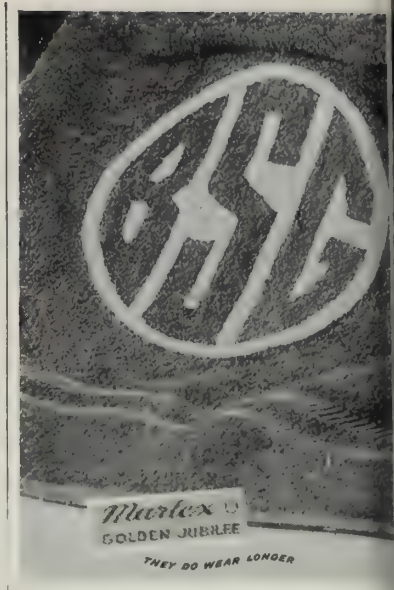
Jim sat at Aurelia's left and said little. Roy sat at the head of the table, looking in that flickering light like one of his own ancestors stepped from the gilt frame on the wall and into a planter's khaki shirt. Doctor Riordan, Nonie realized suddenly, was talking in a philosophical mood about the weather.

"—— the queerest thing," he said. "Man makes rules, man makes plans and counterplans, and then some bit of wind away off somewhere kicks itself up and whirls and whirls, faster and faster, and all at once gets out of bounds and sweeps across everything, taking all before it, and we're still helpless. Still creatures of our environment. Still earth-bound in spite of all the hundreds of years we call civilization. . . . I've got to get along. Thank you, Aurelia; I did need some food."

Roy rose too. "If it's more convenient to stop here overnight when you come back, be sure to do it. That coast road can be dangerous."

"Thanks, Roy, I will."

Aurelia said, "The storm can't last long, not this time of the year. Surely it will blow



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t soon; don't you think so, Roy? I do to be a clear and sunny day Wednes-

moving to the door hospitably with Riordan, did not hear; Jim, rising, swift glance at Nonie which said, s the time to tell him."

ose, too, quickly, girding herself for a moment or two the saying of those and irrevocable words would be over.

lia, still preoccupied with the plans d nothing to do with the storm, with , said worriedly, "I telephoned the Nonie. The mail boat didn't come in rning; they were afraid of the storm. package didn't come."

age. She looked at her blankly and said, shaking her head and smiling: , dear, your jewels. Your mother's for you to wear. They ought to have re long ago."

nother's pearls, of course; to wear with te dress and the softly veiled hat that now in Aurelia's great wardrobe.

ion must have deepened her look of ess, for Aurelia's little smile changed of great kindness and affection.

ar, you mustn't think of the terrible hat happened last night. We'll go on nadn't happened." She patted Nonie's

nfortingly and to give Jebe lirection about ıse.

ie followed Jim ıe hall. Lights n now every- yet they did spel the gloom imness of the with all the shutters closed olted, and the uralness of at that hour to the feeling angeness the island had on. The crash sea against the below was there; and it ill not the time l Roy. Dick stood in the truggling out of

s, panting and breathless, standing as Doctor Riordan picked up his bag he long table and took a long breath lf before opening the great door and earing into the clamor and wild wind e.

l as the door banged behind him, Lydia tt, patting her hair into shape, came the library where she had apparently er raincoat; her red hair was wildly , her green dress looked extraordinarily

ydia!" Roy cried. "How did you get "

brought her," Dick said.

A pushed and patted the deep thick s of her red hair. "I do hope I'm wel- Roy. Do you mind if I stay here until torm is over? Would Aurelia mind?" elighted," Roy said. "You shouldn't one in your house just now. The storm be a bad one. And until we round up llow that shot Hermione, no one on the l is safe. Much better that you came "

dia shot a smiling glance at Nonie. 're sure you don't mind? I mean— just before the wedding, you know. Un- ou've changed your plans?"

Why should the plans be changed?" asked shortly.

surge of wind fell upon the house so rily that the sturdy old walls seemed to e. Roy listened, all of them listened.

y said, "It's going to be a bad one. I've o see Smithson."

n said quickly, "I'll go with you."

relia. at the dining-room door, cried lia!" in a tone of surprise.

dia's green eyes were lambent. "Roy me to stay, Aurelia. Frankly, I felt uneasy alone—after what happened last night."

"Oh." Aurelia's voice was flat and toneless, yet Nonie felt disapproval and chill. "Of course, since you are here, you must stay."

The light in Lydia's eyes flashed brighter; she opened her red lips to speak and Roy said briskly, "Well, well, come along then, Jim."

They didn't pause for oilskins, but hurried out. Jim did not look at Nonie as he went.

"Have you a bag with you?" Aurelia asked Lydia.

"It's here." Dick went to the library door and picked up a brown calfskin bag.

Lydia said, smiling, her eyes very bright, "You see, I came prepared to stay."

"I'll show you your room," Aurelia said stiffly. "This way." She started up the stairs and Lydia waited an instant, her eyes lighted and, somehow, angry. Then she shrugged and followed.

Dick glanced toward the dining room. "I'm hungry," he said, and sighed. "Nonie, I want to say it now: I'm sorry about last night."

"That's all right, Dick. Forget it. You'd better eat something. Jebe!" The houseman's white coat was disappearing into the pantry and she called him back. "Get a plate for Major Fenby, please."

Dick ate slowly and wearily and said nothing. And he was finishing when Roy and Jim came back. Roy came to the dining-room door and Jim had not yet told him. Nonie knew it at a glance. Roy looked blown and buffeted by the wind, his vigorous gray hair disheveled, his glasses in his hand, but his look of kindness and affection was the same.

He said approvingly, "Glad you're getting some food into you, Dick. It's been a tough day. But if it had to storm, frankly, I'm glad it came just now and we got rid of Wells. I'd rather we'd settle our own affairs. It's our island."

Dick nodded. And Nonie took a long breath and rose and went to Roy. She said, "Can we go to your study, Roy?"

He glanced down at her quickly, as if he sensed something in her look or words. "Of course," he said at once, and led the way to the book-lined room across the hall. Jim was there, waiting. Roy's eyes were puzzled. He looked at Jim and looked at her. "What's wrong? You've got something to tell me. Something ——" His eyes sharpened. "So you did see something last night. Evidence—clues ——"

Nonie took a long breath. "Roy, I've got to tell you. I'm sorry —— When I promised to marry you, I didn't know—I didn't realize—I discovered only yesterday ——" She was doing it badly, fumbling for words.

Roy said, "What's wrong, Nonie? Have you had bad news from home? What ——"

"No, no! Roy, it's about our marriage."

"Our marriage! What are you trying to say?" He glanced suddenly at Jim and said, "What has Jim to do with that?"

Jim came forward, his face grave; he put his hand on Roy's desk. "Roy, I love her. I want her to marry me."

After a long moment Roy said slowly, "So that's why you came back. Major Wells said there must be a girl."

"Roy, listen—let us tell you ——"

"Wait," Roy said. He took off his eyeglasses and rubbed his forehead. "So that's why you came back," he said again.

The rush of wind and sea tore at the island, shook the house, but within the library there was a small area of silence. After a long

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moment Roy went to the swivel chair and sat down. He didn't look at Jim; he didn't look at Nonie, but only sat there, staring at the desk, leaning forward a little.

Jim said, "We didn't mean it to happen. Believe me, Roy."

Wind pushed at the shutters behind him as if it resented man-made barriers and was determined to do away with them.

Roy said at last, heavily, "I'll not make Nonie marry me if she doesn't want to."

"I know exactly what my position is now," Jim said. "But I'll be cleared, I've got to be. And then ——"

"They hang people for murder," Roy said gravely. "Our legal machinery works slowly; it works on our island, though—first through Dick and Seabury because they are officials. In a way through me because I've got a certain influence here. But in the end there's got to be a trial and a verdict. I'm not trying to frighten you, Jim. I don't want you hanged for Hermione's murder."

"I didn't kill her," Jim said.

"All right; I believe you. But—Nonie—this has been a blow. We'll not talk of that now,—I do not believe that either of you meant it to happen. But . . . we've got to think."

Jim moistened his lips, and with a rather desperate glance at Nonie he said, "But the wedding ——"

Aurelia, behind them, said, "The wedding will take place as arranged, of course." None of them had known she was there, just inside the door. The rim of light from the lamp fell far short of that end of the room and Aurelia, with her beige shantung and her pale face, looked ghostly standing there. Her eyes were blazing. She said to Jim, "I believed you, Jim. I said you couldn't have killed Hermione. But if you can do this thing to Roy, your best friend, you could do anything. For Nonie's sake, for Roy's, I insist the marriage take place!"

A wise head knows that what appears to be a studied insult may be no more than some man's indigestion or woman's indisposition, to be treated as such, and explained by quiet talk.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Jim started toward her, but she repulsed him with a gesture of something like hatred.

"You've done an unforgivable thing, Jim, and I'll never forgive you. That is," she amended her own words swiftly, "you've *tried* to break off Roy and Nonie's wedding, you've *tried* to take your friend's wife from him. But I won't let you do it."

Jim said slowly, "You can't make Nonie marry anybody she is not willing to marry. We love each other ——"

"Love each other!" Aurelia cried scornfully. "You don't know the meaning of love if you can do a treacherous thing like this!" She turned to Nonie, her eyes blazing. "Tell him, Nonie. Tell him you're going to marry Roy. Tell him you're going to be a happy wife here in this house. Tell him you never want to see him again—*him*," Aurelia cried, "a man under suspicion for murder! A false friend! A liar, a cheat—a murderer!"

"No, Aurelia," began Jim, but Aurelia turned upon him, interrupting him in an angry burst.

"I HEARD everything you said the night you came here, to this house, after Hermione's murder. You had threatened to kill Hermione. Nonie and Roy heard you say you'd kill her. I'm going to tell the police."

The police! Major Wells, who had said there must be a girl; who had said if Jim wanted to marry, the fact would strengthen the case against him.

Nonie cried, "No, no, Aurelia! You can't do that! Oh, Aurelia, I'm sorry! I ——"

"Sorry!" Aurelia cried. "Being sorry doesn't mend matters." She shot a dark glance at Jim and cried, "If you really love Nonie, how dare you ask her to marry you when you're in the very shadow of the gallows!" She took an unsteady, rasping breath and cried, "You threatened Hermione! You said you'd kill her. You came back and ——"

Roy thrust back his chair and stood up. "Stop that, Aurelia! Stop it! I'm not going to let you tell the police anything."

"What are you going to do?" Aure manded. "Let your marriage be brok Let Nonie pine her heart out for a m is as good as on trial for murder? I island laugh at you—you, Roy B Only a few days before your wedding

Roy said, "I don't know what to d unexpected—but I've got to do what for Nonie, and if that means to try t Jim from the gallows, then I'll have that too. Right now we've got to inve a murder."

AURELIA flung out her hands angrily never give in. Everything is arr Nonie is the same as your wife right And Jim is the same as on trial for mu

"That," Roy said, "is what we've prevent. Now then ——" He pause listened; all of them listened, suddenly that the storm was raging so danger with such great and growing power, t was as if it chose to remind them tha were helpless in its hold.

Aurelia said more quietly, "Dick wa talk to you. That's what I came to te And Seabury Jenkins is here. He's be ing over Hermione's records and pape

It was late; the twilight already i house had deepened.

Roy said, "Jim, we'll not talk of thi while. First things first."

Jim came to Roy, and Roy unexpe put out his own hand first.

But Aurelia stood in the doorw strongly entrenched in resolve that moment she seemed indefeatable.

"You are putting a terrible position, said. "You know w will mean to Jim w tell the police the Why do you make this?"

"You didn't hea threaten Hermione,' said. "You only hea talk of it. They can cept hearsay evide you know.

"That is sophistry," Aurelia said sw brushing Roy's argument aside. "You him say he'd kill Hermione. Nonie him. If you are put on the stand you c deny it."

Jim went to her. He said, again in a almost gentle, voice, "That will not ha Aurelia. I can see that to clear myself, ever shot Hermione has got to be found got to be a clear case. I didn't kill her

"You can't marry Nonie. I'll see to t

Dick Fenby, from the hall, spoke Aurelia's shoulder: "Seabury is here, F

First things first. Murder took a dre precedence over everything else. N eyes met Jim's for a swift look—which yet say nothing, which could only que

Seabury Jenkins was waiting in th fashioned drawing room off one end hall, which had been furnished pro when the house was built and never cha There were rosewood armchairs with pink moire cushions; there were tin cabinets full of shells and miniatures. were stiff rosewood settees and round ma topped tables. Lydia sat in one of the chairs, her red hair and her eyes glea

Dick had a sheaf of papers in his h and a look of apology on his small, w face. "The commissioner told me t this," he said. "It seems silly. But t what he said to do."

"What's what he said to do?" Au snapped. And when he replied she gave a look of cold and outraged anger. Fo sheaf of papers in his hand were notes by the commissioner concerning the a ties of the previous night, so far as could be discovered, of the small gro people closest to Hermione, the people so far as it was known, had seen her last, might have some quarrel with her, or n have some information leading to the covery of her murderer.

Dick said, not without dignity, "I'm of police. I may not know much abo but I'll do the best I can."

(Continued on Page 164)



Ever worry about how much coffee you drink?

CHANCES ARE, if you're like most of us, you *do* worry occasionally about drinking too much coffee.

You worry because you know from your own experiences—or perhaps those of your friends—how the caffein in coffee can have a bad effect on some people.

How often it can make you tense and jittery—and even wakeful at night.

So it is natural—whenever you feel irritable or nervous, or if you've spent a sleepless night—that you mentally begin ticking off the number of cups of coffee you drank.

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Sanka Coffee

Real coffee with the worry taken out. Drink it and sleep!



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(Continued from Page 162)

Roy sat down at one of the round marble-topped tables; the scene took on an odd little air of formality. "Go on," he said.

It seemed long-drawn-out; really it was short and there was little that all of them did not already know. Obviously they had pieced together a sort of resumé of the previous day, including Hermione's visit at Beadon Gates during the afternoon and its purpose, and her later visit that night to induce Dick himself to return to Middle Road.

"Who told Major Wells that?" Aurelia asked.

"I did," Dick said. "I told the exact truth about everything."

"Did you tell him that she fired you?"

"Certainly." He shook his head a little, eying Aurelia. "I didn't kill Hermione. And as Jim says, the only thing for all of us to do is to tell the truth—all the truth."

"Well," Aurelia said, still angry, "I don't have anything to add. I didn't come down to dinner. I was in my room all the time; I didn't even see her. I'm out of it."

"That's all here, too," Dick said. "Shall I go on?"

They listened again with the wind swirling and hurling around the shutters. The bare account of Hermione's murder seemed suddenly, to Nonie, ents in which she had had no part. Jim had left the island and returned; he had found Hermione, dea He had heard the shot; he had telephoned for help. Roy was at Lydia's ——

Lydia interrupt ther : "I kept him. I wante to ask abou changing some investments."

Lydia's slippered foot swung nervously, her green eyes glittered. Seabury rubbed his bald head thoughtfully. Roy had been told about the murder when he reached home and had come at once. The body had been moved ——

It was Jim who interrupted then. "We had to move her."

"I explained that to Major Wells," Roy said. "I told him you couldn't leave her like that—dinner dress, green sandals, nothing to cover her with, rain pouring down."

There was no difference in his voice or his look. First things first, Roy had said; everything else put aside, because murder came first.

Suddenly Seabury Jenkins was speaking and Nonie had been scarcely aware of the fact that Dick had finished. Seabury, she realized then, looked sick and shaken; so ashy below his leathery tan that Nonie thought for an instant that he was really ill. Probably, however, his stricken, half-frightened look was due to fatigue: he had been up most of the night, he had spent all that day probably at Middle Road rummaging through Hermione's papers. Even his voice was abrupt and jerky; he seemed indeed so like a man reeling under the impact of an unexpected blow that a question as to his friendship with Hermione nudged Nonie briefly: had he, like Dick, ever been in love with a young and beautiful Hermione? But if that were true, everybody would have known it, someone would have referred to it.

He sat, staring at the carpet, avoiding everyone's eyes, telling them in that jerky, preoccupied way of Hermione's will. The Shaw trust fund, Middle Road and all her personal property went to Jim.

"Personal property!" Jim said in a surprised way. "I didn't know Hermione had anything special in the way of personal property."

"Jewelry?" Lydia asked with interest.

Seabury, staring at the rug, shook his head. "Cash," he said. "And bank balance." He hesitated as if questioning his next statement, but then went on: "Her bank balance is by no means what I'd expect it to be; but Hermy put most of her income back into Middle Road. She was very secretive, and so far as I know never kept books; she prided herself on her memory. It is more difficult to check on things because she dealt in c she—well, to tell you the truth, she li cash. She paid bills in cash; used cash w ever she could. It was one of her pecul ties."

All of them stared at him and Seab stared at the carpet.

Roy said finally, "How short is the b balance?"

Seabury shrugged in a helpless way. may not be short. How can anyone t She could have done anything with mone or had none to do much with! The Hermione used cash we may never get at real facts. We'll try. But that's the sun the will."

And Nonie thought suddenly, *Cash.* C in her alligator bag, bills amounting to tw hundred dollars. Vanished. Cash.

She hadn't told Roy or Aurelia; the fac murder had seemed to block everything e But twelve hundred dollars in her bro alligator bag, in her own room upsta could have nothing to do with the murde Hermione Shaw.

Aurelia called the curiously formal li meeting to a close. "We'll have supper," said. "Put those papers away, Dick. The nothing we can do tonight." She listened the wind; they all liste and Aurelia said, "Yo have to stay here toni Seabury. You can't m it to the village in th

FAMOUS FIGHTING WORDS

You must think money grows on trees.

I'll give you the paper when I'm through with it.

You're getting fat where it shows.

Supper was a repeti of the afternoon's m except the storm wilder; so wild, so str so ominous that it t precedence, again, o murder. Doctor Rior came in, breathless, w haggard, in the middle o

"Trees down everywhere," he said. "I the worst storm I remember. I'll take your invitation, Roy, if you don't mind. T road to Beadon Rock is blocked."

Aurelia made a place for him at the tab The house shuddered and sighed and the pounded wildly—almost, it seemed, at t foundations of the house. Aurelia, with fine dark eyes still angry and determin took the helm again and sent everyone bed.

"We can't do anything tonight," she peated, and added rather grimly, "And fr the sound of the storm we may be blown to sea by morning."

Nonie had no chance to talk to Jim alon Roy said good night to her with his usu gentleness and did not refer to Jim or th talk. Aurelia, coming to Nonie's room to s that the balcony shutters were secur bolted, was exactly as usual. "Good nig my dear," she said calmly. "Don't be afr of the storm."

Yet the house was like a ship at sea, rock and battered upon all sides; the peo within it were hypnotized by the stor sound and power and by sheer physi weariness; probably nobody in the ho expected to sleep and probably nobody the house could have resisted that dark a welcome tide of weariness.

There was, however, one presence on t island which escaped that paralysis, whi did not sleep, which traveled through t night and storm, from Middle Road plant tion to Beadon Gates.

Sometime in the night the telephone in t pantry began to ring.

Nonie, in her room at the head of t stairs, heard and went to answer it. Pro ably, half asleep, she obeyed a dreamli quality of compulsion in that continued, i perious summons. Certainly she was ful aware only of its insistent demand—not the dimly lighted hall, the descending stai the empty, wide hall below. The sto surged around the house; the ringing of t telephone stabbed sharply through its wil monotony. Halfway across the dining roo Nonie stopped abruptly; the pantry w lighted too.

So someone else had heard the telephon Why hadn't he answered that repeated sum



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mons? She moved on, slowly, to the open pantry door. She stopped there, again—this time like a sleepwalker, terribly aroused on the edge of a precipice. Her light silk robe swirled around her feet; her slippers were brightly scarlet below it. The windows rattled and creaked and the sea raged out in the blackness like a devouring beast.

But the beast had got into the house; the beast had traveled from Middle Road to Beadon Gates. Seabury Jenkins was in the pantry and he had not answered the telephone, because he lay huddled below it. His face, mercifully, had fallen against his arm. He had been murdered and a machete lay on the floor, almost touching him.

The telephone rang and rang and finally stopped.

Nonie was like a sleepwalker, only now she was running. The storm battered at the door as if it had desperate, determined being; it sifted through the hall, followed her up the stairs. Her hands beat against a closed door, desperately. She looked over her shoulder but nothing, really, had followed her up the stairs.

Then, all at once, Roy was in the hall, Jim was there, everyone was there: Roy tugging at a red bathrobe; Jim in slacks, his shoulders bare and brown; Dick Fenby, Doctor Riordan, and Lydia, with her red hair tousled and a black silk robe pulled tightly around her lovely figure, her green eyes glittering. Nonie still felt as if she stood, clinging, to the perilous edge of a precipice and did not know how she had got there.

THERE was no comfort in the company; no safety anywhere, only questions, exclamations, half-words. Suddenly the men plunged downstairs and she and Lydia were left at the top of the stairs, with lights glittering everywhere now, with sounds and footsteps, and voices suddenly dying away below.

"I'm afraid to go down," Lydia whispered. "I'm afraid—are you sure he was dead, Nonie?"

She must have replied, for Lydia sucked in her breath so sharply that it was like a stifled scream. Aurelia came then, hurrying from the shadows, her face flushed, her great gray braid swinging over her shoulder.

"Aurelia, Seabury was killed," Lydia cried. "Nonie found him. She says the telephone was ringing ——"

"I'm going down."

Lydia caught at her arm. "Oh, no, Aurelia."

Aurelia shook off Lydia's clasp and started quickly down the stairs, her strong, brown hand holding the banister.

They watched her go. Lydia's head was bent forward, the light shining on her thick red hair; her face from that angle looked sharp and rather predatory; her green eyes were fastened on the visible section of the hall, watching and waiting with the poised yet tense patience of a cat at a mousehole.

Nonsense, thought Nonie sharply, deriding her own fancy; *nonsense!* She sat down beside Lydia.

Moments passed and there was still no discernible sound from the back of the house. At last Lydia shifted her knees slightly.

"This rather brings it home," she said, her voice husky. She shot a look at Nonie. "Who killed him?"

Nonie shook her head; she was watching that small visible part of the hall as fixedly as Lydia, listening, too; waiting too.

Lydia said, "Didn't you see anybody?"

"No."

"How long do you suppose he'd been dead?"

Nonie was cold; the house felt chill and dank. The house she'd thought, only yesterday, was listening and waiting much as she and Lydia were waiting now.

The memory touched her and went away; it, too, had been fancy. The house could not have known in advance the dark and terrible thing that was to happen within its walls.

Lydia was insistent. "How long do you think he'd been dead? Wasn't there anybody around? Any sound—anything? Have you no idea who did it?"

Even Nonie's lips seemed cold and numb. She tried to reply: "I heard the telephone





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and went to answer it. I wasn't really awake. The lights were on in the pantry. I saw him as soon as I reached the door. I didn't see anybody else anywhere."

Lydia was looking at her with bright, speculative eyes. *What is Lydia trying to say?* thought Nonie. *What does she mean; what is the thing in her eyes?*

Then Lydia touched her lips with her tongue. "I was awake. How could anybody have slept tonight? But I didn't hear the telephone. You say you heard it? And went down to answer it?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think that was—well, rather an odd thing for you to do? In the dark. After Hermione's murder. After the thing you said happened to you this morning. Weren't you afraid?"

Something was flickering in Lydia's eyes. Nonie, watching it, said slowly, "I was half asleep. I suppose I'd have been afraid as soon as I really waked.

"You weren't walking in your sleep, I suppose!" said Lydia and gave a small laugh.

As a matter of fact, it was exactly how Nonie had felt: she had been only half aware of her own actions; the telephone had demanded imperatively, so she obeyed. "I didn't think of being afraid. I didn't think of murder ——"

Lydia gave a short laugh which was like a nervous catching of breath. "It's odd you wouldn't be afraid. It's odd, too, when you come to think of it, that you found Hermione only a few moments after she was shot. And now Seabury." Then the thing in Lydia's eyes peered boldly out. She said, "Some people might think it more than odd," and looked with unmasked hatred into Nonie's eyes.

Hatred! There was no reason for that yet Nonie could not dismiss it as fancy either.

"What do you mean, Lydia? What are you trying to say?"

LYDIA blinked. "I didn't mean anything. Nonie. I don't think you murdered Hermione. Or Seabury—no matter what he may have discovered about Hermione's death."

"Then you must not speak like that, Lydia. You don't think I murdered Hermione. I don't think you did."

"Whoever murdered her will hang for it! Have you thought of that? And if it's the wrong person—why, that's murder too!" She caught her breath sharply and locked her hands together hard.

The storm seemed to rock the house. The men were returning: Nonie heard Jim's voice and Roy's in the hall below.

Nonie and Lydia went downstairs. The men were talking, Aurelia was talking, everyone was talking; and the things they said, the way they moved about, the pictures that formed and broke and formed again made a dreamlike background for the sharp, bright reality of small things, details such as the way Aurelia sat in one of the great armchairs, with her head sunk on her chin and her great dark eyes fastened on nothing, staring. Jim went upstairs and came down pulling on a sweater. Doctor Riordan, in Roy's pajamas, much too big for him, went upstairs, too, and came down in a few moments, fully dressed. Roy's red bathrobe had wet patches on it, and Dick Fenby was wrapped in an oilskin which glittered with rain, for they had taken Seabury's body away—to one of the plantation outbuildings, to remain until it could be sent to the village.

Seabury had died from a sudden, murderous blow of the machete, probably from behind as he stood waiting at the telephone; the sound of the storm had covered the approach of the murderer. He had died, almost certainly, at once. The murderer had escaped and, except for the machete, had left no sign or clue, and that, in all probability, would not prove to be a clue. A salient fact began to emerge; it was Roy finally who put it clearly into speech.

"It's a devil of a business," he said, sitting heavily in his desk chair. "A very devil of a business! One of the back doors is open; whoever killed him had plenty of chance to get in and out again. But nevertheless—here we are, all of us, in the house.

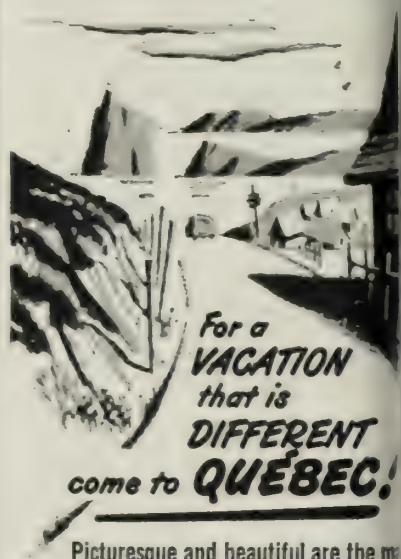
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rmione's closest friends. Seabury's." He ed and rubbed his chin. "It's going to be ward."

urelia's great dark eyes flashed full upon and lowered again.

ydia said shrilly, "Roy! They'll say one s did it. They'll say he knew something! y'll say he knew who murdered Hermi-!"

octor Riordan had come back by then; ooked at Lydia gravely. "Maybe he did w."

ydia turned white. "That's like saying t one of us did it!"

octor Riordan said somberly, looking at ody, "Seabury was Hermione's lawyer; knew more about her affairs than any-y. It's an obvious link to Hermione's th."

oy looked up with a gust of impatience. ell you he probably knew nothing! He'd e told us tonight if he knew anything. He ldn't have kept it to himself."

That was what he was trying to do," tor Riordan said. "Only it was the com-sioner he was trying to tell."

That telephone call might mean noth-!" Roy said stubbornly.

im's black hair was wet, too, and plas-d down; he lighted a cigarette and said reasonable tone, "The girl in the tele-ne office wouldn't have lied. Seabury trying to reach Major Wells at Port Iles. bury knew how difficult it is to get a tele-ne connection during a storm; he must e had something to say that was so ur-t, so important that he tried it anyway, ing he could get through. While he was ting for the girl to get the connection, ever had to stop him, at all costs, before ould talk to Wells . . . did it. Stopped ; killed him with the handiest weapon re was."

urelia looked at Jim. "You speak as if knew. You speak as if you saw it."

im said briefly, "That's only the most sonable way to account for his death. re could be a dozen other explanations; is the first one that strikes me as likely."

urelia's full, dark eyes wavered; she nced around the room and fastened them Dick Fenby. She said, "Well, Dick, you the chief of police. What are you going lo?"

There was a silence, except for the storm. bably everybody in the room was repeat-Aurelia's question and finding no better ly than Dick's.

Dick moved, scowled at the rug and said, don't know what to do. The girl's right, I nk. She's pretty accurate, knows more ut the island than anybody, probably."

"The girl at the switchboard? The tele-ne operator?" Lydia asked, lifting her head sharply.

Dick nodded, still not looking up. "She says Seabury put in the call for Port Iles himself; he told her who he was and where. He said he wanted to talk to the police commissioner; he said it was urgent and to try to get it through. She said she'd work on it and let him know. It was about half an hour later that she gave up and rang here to tell him. She said she rang for a few times and then stopped. That's what Nonie heard."

Lydia said rather rapidly, her lambent eyes on Roy, "It's very queer that nobody else heard the telephone ring."

Roy looked at her, lifting his chin slowly from his hand. Everyone looked at her. *Hatred?* thought Nonie. Was it possible that it was hatred that peered out from Lydia's face?

Jim said, "What do you mean, Lydia?"

She shrugged her lovely shoulders. "I don't mean anything. I'm not accusing Nonie of having shot Hermione or—or killing Seabury. I'm only saying she did find both of them."

There was a flare in Jim's eyes too. "Well, and what about it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" Lydia cried. "I tell you I didn't say she killed either of them!"

"A woman couldn't have killed Seabury! He was struck from behind with a machete. His head ——".

"Don't!" Aurelia's voice was like a groan.

"All right," Jim said. "But I don't like the way Lydia's talking."

"I only said it was queer nobody else heard the telephone."

"Her room is at the head of the stairs," Roy said. "It's on the landward side, too, away from the sea. She'd have heard the telephone. She did hear it."

"Oh, obviously," Lydia said. "Obviously." She sank back into her chair.

Jim, eying her, said slowly and again with an effect of reasonableness, "It looks as if Seabury had some evidence to give the commissioner and I think it must have been important evidence. I think that he knew who killed Hermione and was about to tell it. Besides ——" Jim paused and thought and said suddenly, "Tonight, while he talked to us, he looked like it!"

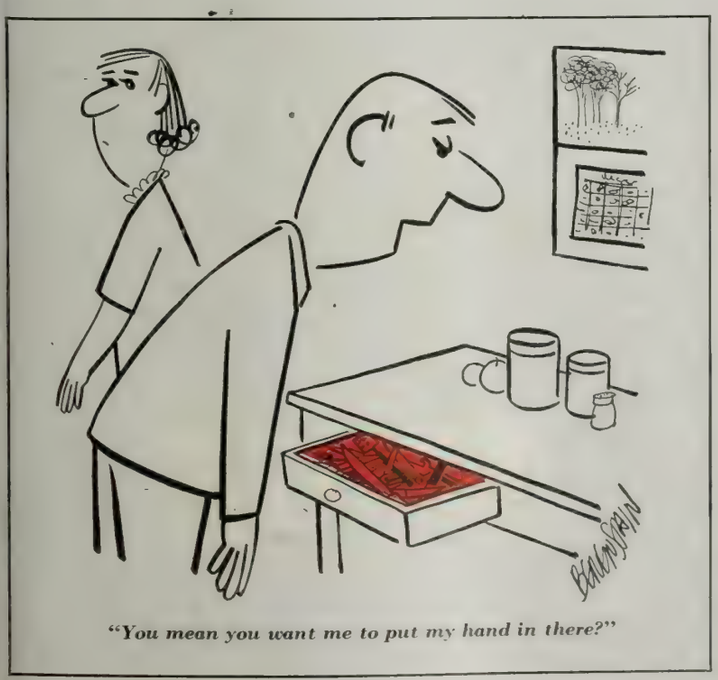
"*Looked* like it?" Aurelia repeated questioningly. "That's absurd!"

But he *had* looked like it, Nonie thought swiftly; a terrible and shocking knowledge could have accounted for the sick expression in his face, the way he had avoided their eyes as he talked. What knowledge, then? How had he learned it?

Dick said abruptly, "Who killed him, then, since you know so much, Jim?"

"If I knew I'd do something about it," Jim said evenly.

(Continued on Page 169)



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Borg-Warner Quality Products

(Continued from Page 167)

elia said, "I was ready to defend you, t first. Even if you had killed her, I'd thought she drove you to it. Until . . . ght. And Seabury Jenkins never hurt dy."

il last night, Nonie thought; until Jim, urelia's eyes, proved himself a false to Roy, an enemy thus to Aurelia. ow dull flush came up into Jim's face; id to Aurelia, "I didn't kill him, a."

ou can't prove it," she said, eying him hose great somber eyes.

ve got to," Jim said, and another wild of wind surged and pulled at the forcing them all to recognize the it had over them and over the island. heaved himself up out of his chair. s right. He's got to prove he didn't kill ry. Therefore we've got to find out who As I see it, somebody could have got he house, and could have brought that te in from outside—somebody afraid bury. Everybody on the island knows ficial position; nobody on the island have failed to realize that a telephone ke that from Seabury to the commis- was important. We can't say who did that machete looks like it's somebody ampage, somebody Hermione offended, body holding a grudge ——"

tor Riordan was shaking his head; hing about his gesture commanded t hearing. "I'm sorry, Roy, but it wash. The slug that killed Hermione olen from my bag. No field hand gone k, no homicidal ma- no rum-crazed boy rampage stole that

other unwelcome ce boldly entered use, and made itself fully at home. It was e storm battering at indows; it was not, me, death treading ark and invisible from Middle Road don Gates. This presence had a name, was mutual suspicion.

hie's hands were trembling on her lap. ouldn't look at Doctor Riordan; she n't look at Dick or Roy or Aurelia or or even Jim; she wouldn't look at any- and she couldn't help looking and that everyone else seemed to feel the conflict. Eyes met other eyes in glanc- hamed, yet poignant question. So few m had been in the house, had known the bullet and had the chance to take ck and Roy and Aurelia; Lydia; Jim. erself. The room seemed to waver, to way; she put her hands on the arms of air and felt no solid substance there. ngers dug into the chair, and Jim was g at her and smiled a little, and half his head.

room steadied itself; assurance and ame back.

APS everyone had had time to fight e cold and stealthy fingers of fear. A f stir and shift went over the room. a took a long breath and sat back in air. Dick unlocked his ankles, took his out of his pockets and put them in

leaned back in his swivel chair so it d, and said, "Are you sure about this, an?"

tor Riordan had not moved. "Per- sure."

ou did extract the slug, then?"

doctor gave a brief and convincing Early this afternoon."

frowned. "You told Major Wells you n't have time to do it so soon."

got through sooner than I expected." r Riordan shrugged. "Does that mat-

hy didn't you give it to Wells?"

intended to. I didn't realize that he aving so quickly."

said, "Riordan couldn't help it. The is, it's gone. And I need that slug. It ot be important; it may prove nothing. But it'll certainly prove that it didn't come from the only gun that's turned up anywhere, and that's mine. And if I should have a little luck it would prove what gun it was fired from—if we can find the gun."

"It could also have come from your gun," Aurelia said.

Roy said soberly, "Don't accuse Jim, Aurelia. If he had shot Hermione, believe me, he'd have got rid of his gun."

"How?" Aurelia snapped. "You can't burn a gun!"

"He could have thrown it into the brush—tossed it into the sea. The missing slug is important. The slug would show it did not come from your gun, Jim—although you could have shot her with another gun, of course; they'll say that. But we might be able to identify the gun it came from and, at the best, whoever had the gun, and whoever shot her. I agree; we've got to have that slug." He looked at the doctor. "Yet, I honestly don't think the slug could have been taken by any of us, as you seem to imply, Doctor Riordan. I certainly didn't want the slug; I didn't even know you had it. And I can't believe"—anger flashed in his eyes—"I cannot honestly believe that, say, my sister wanted it; that Dick, chief of police, wanted it or would take it. Nonie probably doesn't know what a slug looks like, and besides she ——" He checked himself abruptly. *She is in love with Jim*, he'd been about to say. *She'd do anything she could to help him, not to endanger him.* Nonie could almost feel the block he put upon his tongue; this was not the time, not the place; nothing really was settled. He went on quickly, "She'd have every reason to want to help Jim, as I do, as Aurelia does, as—well, none of us wants him to hang for Hermione's murder."

But Aurelia, Nonie thought swiftly, didn't want to help Jim; not now.

There is nothing more important for the public weal than to form and train up youth in wisdom and virtue. Wise and good men are, in my opinion, the strength of a state, far more than riches and arms. —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Doctor Riordan folded his arms and stared down at them and said, "How about Hermione's murderer? Do you think whoever killed her cares who hangs for it so long as it saves his own neck?"

Nobody spoke for a moment; finally Doctor Riordan said, still staring at his arms:

"And there's another question. Aurelia brought it up. I don't like it; up to now I've been on Jim's side. But now—suppose Jim has already got that slug? Suppose it came from his gun?"

Roy thrust back his chair and got up; he was angry and flushed. "For that matter, suppose you never had a slug! Suppose you got rid of it for purposes of your own! I'm not saying you shot Hermione. But I am saying that you're in this thing the same as the rest of us who knew her, and that you were in the house tonight when Seabury was killed."

"I had the slug," the doctor said imperturbably. "It's gone. If it had no significance, it wouldn't have been stolen from my bag."

Dick moved restively and said in an uneasy voice, as if not quite certain of his authority, "Look here, Riordan, let's try to sift the thing down a little. You're sure you did have the slug with you? You didn't leave it in your office?"

The doctor gave him a look of scorn. "Of course I'm sure; I extracted the thing, put it in an envelope and put it in my bag. I intended to give it to Major Wells. Wells left sooner than I expected; we had some food after he left; you all know this. I left my bag in the hall while I ate. I took the bag when I left; I still had it when I came back and it wasn't out of my sight during that time. I left it in the hall for a while again; I took it upstairs when I went to bed. The truth is that any of you here could easily have removed it."

"Who knew you had it?" Dick asked.

"Probably everybody. Miss Hovenden knew I had it; she saw the envelope. Miss

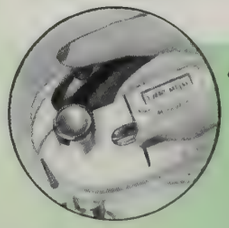
(Continued on Page 171)



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TROPICRISP

- ½ cup syrup from DEL MONTE Pineapple or DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice
- 3 tbsps. cold water
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1½ tsps. unflavored gelatin
- Dash of salt
- 1 tbsp. butter or margarine
- 3½ cups Rice Krispies

Pour ½ cup of the syrup from the pineapple, or the pineapple juice, into small saucepan; add sugar, cook over low heat, stirring constantly, till sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking to 240° F. (soft ball in cold water). Soften gelatin in the 3 tbsps. cold water, add with salt to hot syrup; stir till dissolved. Add butter; beat with rotary beater till white and fluffy. Place Rice Krispies in buttered bowl, add syrup mixture, stir till well mixed. For **Shortcake:** Press into 2 well-buttered 8" cake tins; chill; turn out, serve with DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple. **Ring:** Press into well-buttered 5-cup ring mold; chill; turn out; fill with DEL MONTE Pineapple Chunks. **Balls:** Form into balls; serve with DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice. **Cake:** Press into well-buttered 9" cake tin, chill; turn out; top with DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple. *(Whipped cream garnish if desired.)*



* *with chunks*



* *with juice*



* *with sliced*



(Continued from Page 169)

don knew it"—he glanced at Aurelia, nodded heavily—"you, Dick, were in hall when I came out after lunch. Lydia e from the library. Either of you had a nce then to take the slug."

ydia gave a stifled cry. "I didn't take You can search my room, you can ch ——"

urelia gave a sudden jarring laugh. arch?" she cried. "In this house! For so ll a thing as a bullet?"

The important thing," Doctor Riordan dryly, "is that it's gone."

m turned abruptly toward the doctor. ou had two questions; what about all the r questions? What was it Seabury v? When did he discover it? Did he anyone what he knew? And if so, who it?"

oy interrupted. "In other words, who d him?"

m nodded. "Right. I've been trying to ember exactly what Seabury did and said ght. He must have known whatever he w when we were talking together tonight. at was it? Who talked to him last? Who w what Seabury knew?"

oy pushed back his swivel chair and rose. anybody knows that, Jim, he's not very ly to admit it." He sighed and turned to k. "I don't know what to do. I cannot eve that anybody here murdered Sea- y."

What about the slug?" Doctor Riordan ed.

Dick stirred uneasily. "Personally, I don't nk the disappearance of that bullet mat- much one way or an- er," he said. "It's no lence at all, really, un- we know what gun it e from. But in the ntime, I think we ht to be sure the house afe."

It's rather late for t," Aurelia snapped. Whoever killed Seabury 't waiting around to be caught. He's en to the palmettos long ago. He'll never found." She believed what she said; it implicit in her statement. And subtly, shadowy figure of that conveniently nymous murderer was re-established.

There was an undeniable logic about it. k, his small, wrinkled face a mask of tight iety, put it into words. "At some time or er Hermione has quarreled with practi- y everybody on the island. We could run n any number of quarrels, possibly even eats, and still not find the fellow who ed her."

im said slowly, "But maybe we're wrong. ybe it wasn't a quarrel. Maybe it was enge. Or maybe there was something t ——" He stopped, frowning, puzzled, ping into his own thoughts, and then said uptly, "Something she was doing that to be stopped. Somebody she threat- d."

CK'S cheeks flushed. "All right. I may well say what you are all thinking. You an me. Saving my reason! Saving my ly! Saving my soul!" Roy went to him put a hand on his arm, and Dick cried that high, nerve-racked voice, "I've nted to kill her. She knew I was helpless. e liked her power. She was a devil and I nted to kill her. But I didn't." He shook Roy's hand and gave a frantic, despairing nce around the room. "You do believe , don't you? You do believe me?"

im said quickly, "Take it easy, Dick; we ow you didn't kill her."

Dick's bright, tragic eyes went to Jim. he'd have done it to you too. It was a ne with her; a contest that she had to win. e had the whip hand and she'd have driven the way she drove everybody."

im said, "You've got an alibi, Dick. erybody knows that you didn't kill her."

Dick cried shrilly, "How do you know I n't? Roy took Lydia home; Nonie stayed on the veranda; I came into the house. t nobody saw me here, in the house. Oh, I s here, all right. I had a drink or two from the decanter. But it's not very far from here to Middle Road if you go across through the banana plantation—if you don't follow the road. I could have slipped out a side door and got there and shot her and come back and pretended to be tight and nobody would have known the difference. There was plenty of time for me to have done all that, before I came out again to the veranda and Nonie was still there." He darted that bright, tragic look around the room again. "Don't pretend you haven't thought of it, all of you."

Jim turned to Roy. "We can't do anything tonight."

Roy started toward the door. "We'll make sure at any rate that the house is safe for the rest of the night."

But Dick had not finished. He went to the door and stood with his hand on the latch, facing them; his head was lifted and a certain dogged authority came into his voice. "The catch is that *I* know I didn't kill her. And I'm the police. Seabury ——" He swallowed hard and said, "It's up to me now. I've got to do what I think is right."

Aurelia rose and came to the door as if she could sweep him aside. "What exactly do you mean by that?" she demanded.

Dick gave one look at Jim and then stared at the carpet. "I've got to arrest Jim." There was a new air about the way Dick stood, his shoulders squared, his feet planted firmly in the doorway. He was suddenly a different man.

Because Hermione's strangling influence was gone? Was this present Dick the man he once had been, before Hermione's unrelenting thirst for power had sucked away his strength of will? Dick, this resolute and determined Dick, was now a menace.

There is only one thing for a man to do who is married to a woman who enjoys spending money, and that is to enjoy earning it.
—ED HOWE.

Nonie looked at Jim. He, too, was aware of the change in Dick; he said, with a tone of respect, "Give me a break, Dick. Give me some time."

Roy put his hand on Dick's shoulder. "Look here, Dick, don't do anything you'll regret. You don't really believe that Jim did this terrible thing."

Dick lifted troubled eyes to Roy's. "Roy, this is murder. Right here in this house—murder. Seabury didn't deserve anything like that! I've got to do what I swore to do."

Roy hesitated. Suddenly his face cleared. "I've got it! The gun! Dick, give us a chance to find the gun that killed her."

Dick shook his head again. Jim was watching him with an expression that struck Nonie suddenly as rather strange; there was a kind of tentativeness in it, a listening look. What had Roy said; *what had Dick said*, with his protestations which had been so damning in fact, yet which had actually, paradoxically, convinced them of his innocence? Had that been Dick's intention?

If Dick murdered Hermione, how terribly easy it would be for him, as chief of police, to save himself by accusing another man! Suppose he charged Jim with murder; there was already so strong a case against Jim that the very slightest additional evidence might sway a jury. How easy it would be to arrange that additional evidence—falsely, treacherously, yet convincingly!

Aurelia said angrily, "Dick is right. It's his duty."

Roy's voice rose above Aurelia's: "I'll make a deal with you, Dick. Give us twenty-four hours, give us twelve hours, to find the gun."

"That's impossible! You can't do it."

"Then you'll not lose."

Aurelia cried in a heavy, shaken voice, "You can arrest Jim whenever you want to. Arrest him now. But search the house! Whoever killed Seabury may still be here—waiting—hiding—wanting to kill again. Are you going to give him a chance to murder us in our beds?" The welcome nebulous figure, the stealthily terrible figure, was again invoked.

Roy said, "Suppose she's right, Dick."

Dick all at once yielded. "Okay, Roy. If Jim doesn't try to get away, I'll wait till I can talk to Wells. That's a parole, Jim ——"

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Aurelia interrupted with the shaken, deep vehemence which the night had unleashed in her, as it had unleashed the storm outside. "You'll never find the gun! You're making a mistake, Dick. You'll regret it." It was an inconsistency which did not seem to occur to her, but which emphasized her new hatred for Jim; she turned to Roy. "You said a door was open. I thought you locked the doors."

Roy shrugged. "Half the keys were missing. We've never locked the house. It doesn't matter. A big house like this! If anybody wants to get in, he can get in."

Her eyes flashed. "Well, he's got to be kept out; you've got to make the house safe. Bolt all the shutters, bolt the doors." She swept across to the nearest French window and shook it and worked the bolt angrily.

The men searched the house. Making it safe, Aurelia said. Safe from the outside. Was it safe from the inside?

Nonie listened through the roar of the wind to the intermittent sound of feet tramping through the house, doors opening and closing, voices. It was still very dark; lights were on now everywhere; yet she had a sense of morning beginning.

Aurelia helped the men in their search; Lydia stood in the doorway, and seemed lost in thought. They found no one. Roy came back into the hall, and Doctor Riordan, Jim and Dick.

Roy said firmly, "We've done everything we can do. The point now is to get some rest."

Everyone tacitly and helplessly agreed. Nonie followed Aurelia and Lydia up the stairs, leaving the men in the hall below. Two of them would sit up for the rest of the night, guarding the house and its occupants. A strange chore; certainly an unnecessary one, since the house had been searched and so heavily bolted and barred. Jim and Roy dragged lounge chairs into the hall.

"We may as well sit up," Lydia said at the top of the stairs. "It's nearly morning anyway. There's not going to be much sleep in this house."

Doctor Riordan heard her. "You'd better try to sleep," he said, his lips thin and disapproving. "We've got to keep our heads. Steady nerves. Keep control."

"My nerves are all right," Lydia said, and went down the hall.

But Lydia was right. Hours later, Nonie was still huddled on the long wicker chair, wrapped in an eider down which she pulled from the great old armoire, and which smelled of camphor.

The storm grew steadily worse. The winds increased in violence, the sea rose and roared in great tumbling breakers all around the island, a branch of some tree crashed down upon the balcony so near that Nonie thought it must have struck its way into the house.

She did, however, drift into a half sleep, for when she roused, the room was dark, and Jim was calling her name. He had a tray and a small silver candlestick.

"The lights have gone off. Lines are down." He put the tray on a table and lighted the candle, looking quickly into her face above the waving little flame. "I've brought you coffee."

She rose, stumbling on the eider down. "Oh, Jim, what are we going to do?"

He caught her hands; his own were warm and steady. He held her quietly for a moment and then put her back in the chair, wrapped the eider down around her and poured coffee. "Drink this," he said. "Then we'll talk."

"Jim, who killed him?"

"I don't know."

"You didn't. I didn't. That leaves so fe people in the house, and not one of them- not one of them could be a homicidal —— She could feel her voice rising incoherentl

He heard it too. "Steady, Nonie. Ever body in the house is perfectly sane and a countable. That's my belief and that's Rio dan's; I asked him. I think he'd know. S dismiss that from your mind. Drink you coffee."

She lifted the hot cup to her lips.

He said, "Roy and I talked while we wer waiting. He thinks the only thing we can d is wait until the storm is over; the telephon is out too. The road along the coast will b impassable. The storm seems to be passin directly over the island, so he says there'll b a kind of lull when the center reaches us; the more winds of probably stronger hurrican force."

"The slug, Jim! What about the slug Somebody in the house must have taken it.

A curious expression came into his eyes "Well, honestly, I think Dick took it."

She sat upright, staring at him. "Dick Why?"

"Because—well, he didn't take any step about finding it. He said it wasn't important he seemed too eag to dismiss it, som how."

"But why ——"

"Because it cam from his gun," Ji told her.

Neither spoke fo a moment, conside ing it.

Then Jim sai slowly, "They looke for guns all aroun Middle Road. No minutely; any num ber of guns coul have been concealed of course. There wa no gun at all in Dick' shack, but it doesn' seem to me likely tha an ex-army man, liv ing on a plantation acting as a factor wouldn't have a gun."

"But if she *was* shot with his gun ——"

Jim interrupted. "Somebody could hav got hold of it without Dick's knowledge," he said.

"Then, even if the gun is found, it can't help us."

Jim's face was suddenly rather guarded "It might," he said. "It might. Nonie, I want you to think back over the past day o two, or even before that. Try to remember i there was anything at all that seemed—oh wrong, different. And I've been trying t think, too, what it was that Seabury knew. So far as I can discover, Seabury came up stairs with the rest of us, said nothing in par ticular to anybody, and went to bed. If he talked to anybody later, then nobody admits knowing it. I've gone over and over every- thing he said or did; there was something about him that, looking back now, makes me feel that he knew who killed Hermione, per- haps had only then discovered it, and I don't know what it is." He stopped, lost in thought, trying, as Nonie was trying, to recall every de- tail, every small fact that Seabury had told him. He shook his head finally. "There was nothing about her will that was unexpected. He seemed to think that the cash in her pos- session didn't quite square up with what she ought to have had, but on the other hand there was no evidence of theft ——"

Theft! "Oh, Jim, some money was taken from my billfold."

His eyes were like sudden points of steel. "What do you mean?"

She rose and went to the chest of drawers and got out the alligator bag, showed him the billfold, told him the little she knew. He took the billfold in his hands and went to the candle, examining the narrow leather case

(Continued on Page 174)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Beaches at Dunkirk

By John Ackerson

"And did you strike for light on
children's faces?"
"Yea, to the very end."
"Would shapes arise to fill the dead
men's places?"
"Legion, my friend!"

"Did she run in, the Lion Heart's
brave galley?"
"St. George's cross whipped red!"
"And did you see Sir Philip there,
and Raleigh?"
"Yea, and a thorn-crowned
Head!"

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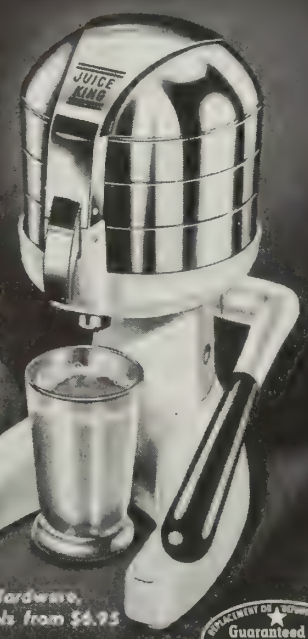


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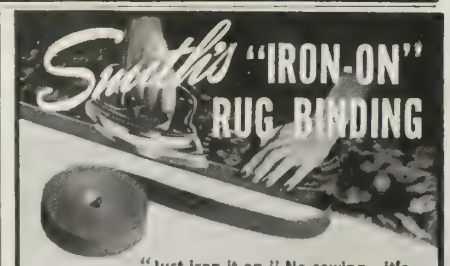
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(Continued from Page 172)

closely, his brown face intent, highlighted in the mellow, wavering light.

The French windows from the balcony shivered as if giant hands pushed and fumbled blindly, seeking entry. Jim's black hair was ruffled; he looked different, too, she thought: the lines of his jaw seemed harder, and more mature. Dick had changed, but in another way.

Perhaps it was not so much change as it was revealment of the real man or woman that lay below the surface. Perhaps, indeed, murder snatched off the easy polite masks of everyday life. Certainly Nonie had not known until that morning that Lydia hated her; certainly until that morning she had not perceived Aurelia's latent capacity for violence.

Jim said, "Is there anything else, Nonie? *Anything?*"

"No, except ——" She hesitated and he looked up at her quickly.

"Except what? Tell me."

"It wasn't anything. I was . . . homesick, perhaps, unused to the house—I was ——"

"What, Nonie?"

"I was half afraid. It was as if the house—well, watched me. And listened. It was absurd." She hurried on, forestalling his questions. "There was no reason for it. No cause, nothing."

But he didn't question. He put the billfold back in her hand and as she returned it to the drawer he said, unexpectedly, "I'd like to see that boy at Middle Road. The one with the concussion."

The boy Doctor Riordan had gone to see, bringing Lydia from the village to Beadon Gates! Nonie said, puzzled, "Why, Jim?"

Jim's face had suddenly a shut-in, remote look. "He just might know something. He had some sort of accident that afternoon. I asked Riordan about it; he said Hermione phoned for him and told him the boy had apparently fallen down the steps and knocked himself out. She found him. It happened while you were taking me to Elbow or returning—about that time, anyway. Since the boy was unconscious at the time Hermione was shot, there didn't seem to be much point in questioning him. But I ——" He stopped, his face deeply thoughtful.

A PICTURE of those curving white steps flashed across Nonie's memory. Had Hermione found the boy, unconscious, at the foot of those steps only a few hours before Hermione herself was shot and fell at the top of that short stairway? She cried, "What possible connection, what ——"

"I want to see him," Jim said, and as he spoke, without any warning at all, the door to the hall swung open, and Aurelia Beadon came into the room. Her face was putty-colored with fatigue, and the harsh vehemence which had been let go within her was still in control; she looked angrily at Jim.

"I want to talk to you. I want to talk to Nonie." Her full dark eyes went rapidly from Nonie to Jim and back again. "Nonie," she said, "I welcomed you into my home as my brother's promised wife. Listen to me. How long have you known Jim? Only since you came here. You're a very rich girl. Do you think Jim doesn't know that?"

Nonie laughed—unexpectedly and without intending it; she looked at Jim and he was looking at her, half smiling. She started to reply and there was nothing to say.

Aurelia's hands worked in her lap. "You are wearing my brother's ring. Nonie, I insist on this marriage. Even if it were not for Roy, I could not let you become involved with—with a man who is almost certain to be charged with murder."

Her honesty, her distress were disarming. Nonie replied as gravely and as honestly: "Aurelia, even if he is arrested for murder, then I must be where I can help him. But he'll be freed, because he isn't guilty."

Aurelia made an impatient gesture. "You *must* be guided by me! I tell you—I say it before Jim, you must think of your money. Jim needed money; he has admitted it. He had no job; he'd have nothing if Hermione hadn't been killed."

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NOTE: *If you don't want even a "hint" of garlic, get* Kraft *French. It's immensely popular.*

RIGHT ANSWER

The teacher was trying to instruct her pupils in arithmetic by examples from their school life.

"Jimmy," she said, "suppose we sent Willy down to the school kitchen now for three bowls of hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal. Suppose each bowl contained four ounces of the cereal. How many ounces would Willy bring back?"

"About eight," said Jimmy.

"Why only eight?"

"Because it tastes so good," said Jimmy, "that he'd probably swipe at least a bowlful on the way back!"

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m said quietly, "I don't care whether
hie's rich or poor. I love her."
You love her!" Aurelia cried. "You—
ending to be Roy's friend! If it hadn't
n for Roy, you'd have been arrested by
!"
oy said from the doorway, "May I come
" Aurelia turned swiftly and he came to
and put his hand on her shoulder. "Au-
a, I heard what you said. Jim is not a for-
e hunter."
Nonie is very rich. Any young man would
glad to have all that money. Jim had
ning," Aurelia said sullenly, but Roy's
d pressed harder and stopped her.
le said, looking at Nonie, "My dear, this
t the time to tell you. I meant for you not
know until after our marriage."
omeone moved in the hall, at the door.
hie was only vaguely aware of it, for she
looking at Roy. Nonie said slowly,
oy, what do you mean?"
I didn't want to tell you. But you must
w sometime. You see, Nonie dear, you're
rich. There wasn't anything left. Not
thing at all."
urelia caught her breath with a kind of

Roy said, "I'm sorry, Nonie. But it makes
difference to the people who really love
."
im's arm went around her protectively.
urelia lifted her head triumphantly. "You
, Nonie? The money makes no difference.
y knew this; I didn't, but ——" She put
hand on Nonie's arm. "We don't care
ut the money. Roy has proved his love for
. Your marriage with
n will be solid and en-
ing and happy."
The slight fluttering mo-
n in the doorway came
ward; it was Lydia, who
s laughing. She cried,
h, Aurelia, and you
n't want Roy to marry
. You've hated me and
ght me for years. But
nie—oh, yes, Nonie was
perfect bride. Except
wants to marry somebody else. How do
u feel now, Aurelia?" said Lydia, and
ghed until she put her hand over her
uth as if aware of the hysterical strange
nd in that house of storm and shadow.
Aurelia made a quick step toward Lydia
d stopped, for Lydia herself sensed the
eat. The broken sound in her throat died
ay. She drew herself up with a quiet and
onishing dignity turned to Nonie and said
ectly:
"Is this true? Do you want to marry Jim?"
"Yes," Nonie said.
Lydia said, excluding the others by her
y look, setting herself and Nonie apart,
've loved Roy for a long time. But Aurelia
ted me. I've no money—a small annuity.
—she hated me. She fought our marriage
til —— Time works against a woman,
nie. You're too young to know that. But
e always loved Roy. I couldn't bear to
ink of your marriage. I came here for the
st time the night Hermione was murdered.
was desperate and there was nothing I could
. Hermione knew it and taunted me. You
dn't understand. But I did—I ——"

oy tried to enter their suddenly isolated
cle. "Lydia, my dear. You must not say
ese things."
Her brilliant green eyes did not waver.
Nonie, suppose they arrest Jim! Suppose
ey hang him!"
"They can't, they won't!"
"They can, they can! If he's innocent,
at's murder too. An innocent man hanged!"
Aurelia cried, "Don't believe her, Nonie!
oy was never in love with her. He never
anted her ——"
Lydia said, "Aurelia's jealous; she's always
en jealous. She never wanted me here at
eadon Gates as Roy's wife. She knew I'd
le, not Aurelia. You are young; you're a
ild. She'd have ruled you."
"That's not true!" Aurelia cried. "How
an you lie to her like that, Lydia?"
Lydia's green eyes still did not waver, yet
he heard Aurelia and replied, "I'm not lying.
Conscience—it's a queer thing, conscience!
What it lets you do and what it can't let you
do! Queer things—against your will." The
brightness had gone from her eyes; there was
a blank, hazy look in them.
Roy said gravely, "Lydia, you must not
talk like this. If she wants to marry Jim, I'm
not going to stand in their way."
Nonie cried suddenly, knowing it for the
truth, "Lydia, he loves you. He was sorry for
me, he wanted to help me—he didn't love me.
It's been you all along ——"
Aurelia interrupted with a sweeping, heavy
defiance which carried all before it. "Lydia's
lying. This is only another attempt to get
him back. He ——"

Roy broke in: "Stop that, Aurelia! All this
is beside the point just now." He put out his
hand gently. "Come, Lydia. We'll talk if you
like, but it's better not to now."
She refused his hand. And with that aston-
ishing dignity she turned and walked out of
the room.
No one spoke. The candlelight wavered,
sending changing shadows into the corners of
the room.
Aurelia looked at Nonie and said, also with
a certain recovered dignity, "Forget Lydia.
The things she said have nothing to do with
your life here as Roy's wife. Believe me, my
dear, and trust me." She, too, went away, as
quietly calm, as poised as Lydia.
Roy said again bluntly, "Lydia and Aurelia
never get on together. Lydia—I'll have to tell
you the truth, Nonie. What she said is partly
true, or rather it *was* partly true. But that's
past. Lydia ——" He
hesitated, a look of dis-
tress in his face, and Jim
broke in with that new,
grave maturity:
"Nonie is to be my wife,
Roy. She has no right to
question you about any-
thing."
"Well," Roy said bluntly
again, "she can't marry
you unless we get you out
of this thing. I don't know
what's come over Dick. He hated Her-
mione, yet he's set on getting somebody
hanged for murder."
"Me," Jim said shortly.
"Well, there's one advantage of this storm:
it gives us a respite, a chance to do some-
thing." Roy began to search in his pockets ab-
sently, frowning. "I put the letter from the
lawyers somewhere. The letter about Nonie's
money, I mean. You took it like a soldier,
Nonie. I'm not rich; but your money or lack
of money means nothing one way or the other
to me, and I want you to know that. I
thought—and I still think—I could make you
happy."
"Roy, I know. I thank you." She couldn't
find words which would say what was in
her heart.
But Roy understood and gave her a little
smile and went on: "The fact seems to be
simply that your father used his capital prac-
tically to the last cent; he was extravagant;
but I don't think anybody who knew him
could find it in his heart to blame him." He
unfolded the letter he drew from his pocket.
"You'd both better read it."
It was a communication from another
world; it seemed to carry no validity in the
world into which they had been plunged.
Nonie heard only phrases as Jim read the let-
ter aloud. Wind wrenched at the windows,
shook the house, and Jim's voice lifted over
the tumult:
"—— estate left by your father. . . . We
were aware for many years of the dwindling
state of Mr. Hovenden's capital investments
and advised him on numerous occasions to
curtail expenses. We very much regret . . .
rigid and accurate accounting . . . no losses
or bad investments, only what we regret to
call extravagance . . . debts . . . notes at
the bank . . . your mother's jewelry . . .
no stone unturned . . . sincere efforts
to salvage anything possible. Yours faith-
fully ——"
Jim folded up the letter.
Roy said, "It's a changing world; he didn't
realize it."

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he hoped to make it.
—JAMES M. BARRIE.

A gem of a dessert for you!

Libby's Jewel Case Torte

JEWEL CASE TORTE

Here's a genuine "sparkler" for your very next party menu! The flakiest, most delicious torte shell you ever tasted. And Libby's Fruit Cocktail—glazed. An *extra* luscious filling because Libby's cocktail fruits are real little "jewels" cut from *whole, hand-picked* fruits!

JUST PAT OUT THE TORTE! Sift together: 1 c. sifted all-purpose flour, 3 tbsps. sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. baking powder. Cut in ½ c. butter or margarine until mixture resembles cornmeal. Add 1 slightly beaten egg yolk and blend. Pat out in a slightly floured 9-inch layer cake pan pressing up side of the pan 1 inch. Bake in 375°F. oven 12 to 15 min.

THE "FRENCH CHEF GLAZE" IS EASY. Drain syrup from a No. 2½ can of Libby's Fruit Cocktail and heat in pan. Dissolve 1 tbsp. cornstarch in 1 tbsp. water. Blend into boiling syrup, stirring constantly. When sauce has thickened reduce heat and cook 15 min. Remove from heat. Add 1 tsp. grated lemon rind and chill. Add Libby's cocktail fruits, fill cooled torte shell and crown with whipped cream.

Serve Libby's Fruit Cocktail often "as is"—as a menu starter or dessert. Libby's is the *de luxe* Fruit Cocktail! Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.



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TUMS for the tummy

Don't you worry, precious. "Morning heartburn" and nausea did give Mommy a bad time of it for a while. But Mommy found Tums were the answer to that! She tells us Tums made her life *so much easier!*

Many mothers do tell us that—when baby was on the way—Tums brought them prompt relief from heartburn, nausea and distressing feeling caused by an acid condition of the stomach or temporary calcium deficiency. Try Tums! They should help *you*. Tasty, handy and just 10c a roll.

ALWAYS QUICK RELIEF FOR HEARTBURN, GAS, ACID INDIGESTION



But when he was about to die, he'd thought of it, he'd sent for Roy. Nonie said, "He wanted you to marry me, Roy. I see that."

"He said nothing to me, if he did," Roy said. "There's only one reason why I asked you to marry me, Nonie."

She said slowly, "I can see now where it went—he had a genius for spending." Pictures of that gay—and fantastically extravagant—life flashed across her memory: the chartered planes, the yachts, the summers in Bar Harbor or Scotland, the winters in Florida or Cannes.

"Perhaps there'll be something left," Roy said comfortingly.

She shook her head. "I know the firm. Nothing could slip past them; they'll have accounted for every penny."

Roy said, "It came yesterday and I thought I'd wait to tell you till after we were married. I was afraid you'd mind; I wanted that to be a happy day. Well—well, we'll talk of all that later. The wind is going down a bit. We may have a lull. Riordan wants to see some of his sick patients; he's a fool to go out in this, but ——"

Roy went into the hall and closed the door and Jim's arms drew her close against him so her head rested on his shoulder. "I'll make you a decent living; I'll have enough for us—not yachts and sables, but enough."

"All I want is you." She said it so earnestly that her voice sounded childish and broken and Jim chuckled suddenly and lifted h face and kissed her.

"I'll love you all my life—all my li Nonie."

But then the house began to watch a listen outside the magic circle around ther intangibly, with a kind of deadly patience reminded them of the barriers it knew, t shocking secret it had witnessed—and t threat that secret held for them.

Jim felt it too. He moved, putting h cheek down against her head for a momen warmly, like a comforting promise. Then said:

"I've got to see Riordan. I'll be back He disappeared into the hall, his black hea shining under the light; a vine beat again the shutters like impatient fingers demandi entrance; she had stood for a time thinkin not thinking—mainly feeling his arms aroun her again, his mouth against her own—befo it occurred to her that there had been som thing rather different about his voice when h said he had to see Riordan. Different—wel then, how?

What was he going to do?

But she knew that; he meant to find th evidence that Seabury had found. What ha Riordan to do with that?

The candle flickered. Her letter to Aun Honoria—written in another age, it seem to her—glimmered faintly out of the du

(Continued on Page 178)

A BIG WARDROBE PROBLEM SOLVED for "little ones"...



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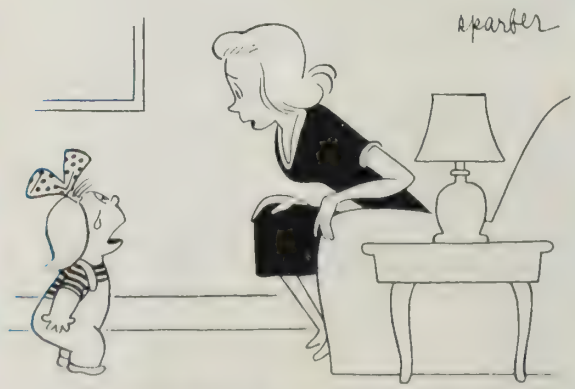
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Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

A GROWNUP can be alone in a crowd—and a child can be alone in a group of other children. Sometimes it's obvious why children are social "failures." They are strangers in the neighborhood. They dress differently. They go to private schools and the other children on the block go to public schools. Parents can avoid such situations by keeping their eyes open and adjusting themselves and their children (within reason) to the group. For example, you may think overalls the most sensible togs for your small daughter—but if her playmates wear dresses, it would be wrong to expect *her* to take on the job of reforming the world. Many times, though, the reasons why a child can't make contact with other children lie quite deep. He has not been able to get along with his own brothers and sisters. He gets too much carping criticism at home. He is shoved out of the family's social life. Such a child does not feel at home with *himself*, and therefore has grave doubts about how other people feel toward him. He may become overaggressive or unusually shy. But those are symptoms which will tend to disappear if, rather than trying to force the child into our own pattern of social behavior, we tackle the problem correctly at its roots.



"What good did it do me to learn how to talk? I don't have anybody to talk to."



He's happy we're minding our business!

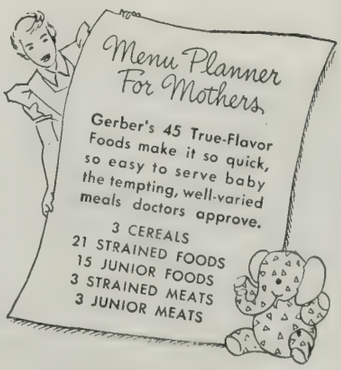
You see, our business—our *only* business is making foods that baby enjoys.

No tricks, mind you! Only thing we do is make *True-Flavor* Foods that go over big with small folks coast-to-coast.

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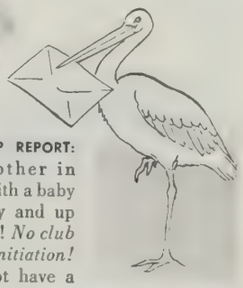


Babies are our business . . . our only business!

Mothers Club News



Reported by
Mrs Dan Gerber
(Mother of 5)



MEMBERSHIP REPORT: Every mother in America with a baby aged 1 day and up can belong! *No club dues—no initiation!* So why not have a lot of free fun swapping baby stories! You can collect a lot of helpful hints, too—via Mothers Club News!



LIGHT TOUCH. A small light attached to baby's crib won't keep him awake, will keep you from stumbling.



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Try the tested recipes on the back of every Heart's Delight Fruit Nectar label!



HEART'S DELIGHT NECTAR FLUFF

Heat 1 cup apricot whole fruit nectar with ¼ cup sugar and few grains salt. Soften 2 teaspoons plain gelatin in 1 tablespoon lemon juice and dissolve in hot nectar. Cool until slightly thickened. Fold in ½ cup pastry cream whipped until stiff. Chill until firm in 1-pint mold. Unmold and garnish as desired. Serves 4.

NECTAR FRUIT SALAD DRESSING

Blend 1½ tablespoons granulated sugar, 1½ tablespoons cornstarch and ¼ teaspoon salt. Stir in 1½ cups Apricot Nectar and 1 unbeaten egg. Cook and beat with rotary egg beater until thickened. Remove from heat and stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Chill. Fold in ½ cup cream, whipped, or 2 tablespoons mayonnaise.

RICHMOND CHASE COMPANY, San Jose, California

(Continued from Page 176)

and fell into obscurity again. She would not send that letter.

Where was Jim, she wondered; what was he doing? She roused and took the candle to the dressing table; she showered and dressed and brushed up her hair and looked at the gold-backed brush. The little brilliant-set monogram twinkled and glittered in the candlelight. How like her father that was; and how glad she was now because he'd been like that.

She had no need for a fortune, no need —— Her thought broke off abruptly. Jim might need lawyers; she hadn't thought of that. The twelve hundred dollars taken from her brown alligator bag might have helped. Could she, by any chance, recover it? She could at least try.

She took the candle and went into the hall. A pool of light came upward from the lower hall, and Roy was there, sitting in an armchair, a great old candelabra on the table beside him.

"Nonie!" he said. "I hoped that you were asleep."

She sat down, putting the small candle she carried on the table. "The house seems empty," she said. "Where is everybody?"

"Riordan said he had to see some patients and left during the lull. Aurelia is asleep, I suppose; Lydia too. Jim ——" He rubbed his forehead wearily and said, "Jim started off for Middle Road. Dick discovered it, flew into a rage and started to bring him back. I don't know what's happened to Dick. He hated Hermione; yet anybody would think he'd appointed himself her avenger."

The flames wavered so the shadows everywhere moved. Arrest, lawyers, money!

Nonie leaned forward abruptly. "Roy, I've lost some money."

"Money! What do you mean?"

He listened as she told him quickly of the missing money—listened with a growing seriousness.

"Would you know the bills, Nonie, if you saw them again?"

"Yes, I think so. I have to fold them like this"—she sketched the gesture with her hands—"for my billfold. Could it have any sort of connection with—with murder?"

"I don't know." He waited for a moment, thinking, and suddenly rose. "I'm going to question Jebe. Don't worry, I'll not accuse him." He touched her cheek lightly and went away toward the kitchen.

A wild wind shook the house, the candle flames lowered and flared up again. Jim and Dick must return soon. Perhaps they could not reach the house through the gale.

But Doctor Riordan had returned. His bag stood on the bench near the door, and as the candles flared wildly the light caught in its lock and gleamed for a second.

WHERE was he then? It struck her as curious that Roy had not seen his return; on an impulse she rose and went to the library. No one was there. The sea was so loud that it seemed to threaten the very foundations of the house; as she turned into the hall she had a quick and formless impression that someone preceded her. The smell of the sea and the rain seeped through the hall as if a door had opened somewhere.

The house seemed cavernous, and singularly empty. Doctor Riordan must be somewhere.

She went to the door into the old-fashioned, formal drawing room; it was a dark and empty space. As she reached it the sense of movement, of someone near, was so strong that she turned to look. But in the very act of turning, all light softly vanished. There was only the smell of smoking candles, the wild rattle of the windows. Someone stood between her and the rest of the house, blocking her return. Nonie pressed herself backward against the door.

A woman changes when she loves and is loved. When there is nobody who cares for her she loses her spirits and the charm is gone. Love draws out what is in her and on it her development decidedly depends. Nature must have its free course, must go its normal way; what a woman wants is to be with one man and with him forever. That is not always possible, but when it is otherwise it is against nature.

—VINCENT VAN GOGH.

A moment, perhaps, passed, and a she could not move, the slightest rustle guide a nebulous and undetermined sh of the other gray shapes, toward her passed and nothing happened.

So long a time passed indeed that she to reason with herself. Nothing was The candles had gone out because o strong draft. She had only to scream fo Even if one of those dim shapes had substance, still she had only to scream

She sidled cautiously along the wa ther from the door. She groped her wa a table, a sofa and chairs. She waited ment, listening; there was still no soun fireplace should be at her right, and a sofa stood at an angle near it. She s cautiously in that direction and som that sounded like a footstool slid softly the floor somewhere and stopped. Foo don't slide of their own will across the

THERE was something she had meant she had thought of something to do. thing—oh, yes. She had intended to s

If she screamed she would only betra self. Her scream could not be heard th the tumult of the storm; panic caught h she made a quick, uncautious step and against a table and something on it ji Jingled sharply and clearly, a bell-like sound of doom.

There was a split-second's pause; t soft rush of footsteps charged from the ness toward her. She flung out both and they encou the hard, stuffed of the sofa. She down on her kne hind it. The ru footsteps stoppe very air seemed ten; then the foo blundered softly

She waited, her pressed against th wark of the sofa. was a long silence w the room; the ro the sea was more tant there. Her released from its argy of terror, began to race; who there in the room, waiting, listening for traying breath or motion? Had some sider, an invisible, convenient out whom Aurelia—all of them—had clung resolutely as an answer to their ugly lem—had that outsider somehow, som got into the house? *Or was it someone al in the house?*

But there were so few, so terribly few ple in the house—Roy, Aurelia, Lydia. tor Riordan. Jebe.

Listening, holding her breath, trying t the heavy thud of her heart, questions on. Was that Aurelia, padding heavily relentlessly—through the gloom, seeking like a massive, angered animal? A with her latent violence, her sudden leased anger? But why?

Lydia had said that Aurelia woul jealous of Lydia as Roy's wife. Coul have meant that Aurelia would be jealo anyone as Roy's wife?

Nonie denied that quickly. Aurelia w have had no motive to murder Hermi Aurelia had not even seen Hermione night she was murdered.

Or had she? Did anyone know w Aurelia had been or what she had done, o than her own statement?

Aurelia, Roy, Lydia. Roy, who had kn Hermione all those years, who might e have hated her, who certainly could killed Seabury with one murderous sweep machete. Could Aurelia have done that? thought of Aurelia's powerful body; thought of Lydia's look of wiry strength low the graceful lines of her figure. But was a man; it was easier to accept the that a murder by violence had been done man. Suppose Roy, loving Lydia in heart, had heard Hermione's scarcely ve taunt, suppose it had angered him, suppos an instinctive defense of the woman he re loved, he had quarreled with Hermione; s pose he had shot her! Roy, who had d



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everything possible to keep Jim from being charged with murder. If Roy had murdered Hermione, wouldn't he have let Jim—or anyone—take his place for that dread penalty? Would Roy—would anyone—have scruples when it came to saving his own neck? But perhaps Roy had; perhaps that was why he had so earnestly tried to protect Jim. Conscience!

Thinking of Seabury, though, she rejected that; the person capable of that murder had no conscience.

She listened, and crouched lower, and listened . . . and fear was like lightning, throwing the darkest questions into swift, sharp focus.

Aurelia, Roy, Lydia! Was she thinking of one of them as a murderer? There was Doctor Riordan in the house; returned secretly, his bag in the hall betraying his presence. And there was Dick Fenby, who might have returned secretly too. Who had suggested, himself, the way he might have murdered Hermione. Who, a man, might have killed Seabury. Who was quite suddenly ruthless in his determination to fasten the guilt for Hermione's murder upon Jim.

But if Dick had acted, he had acted too well. If his resolution to bring her murderer to trial was actually due to an inner desire to avenge the woman he had once loved, then he could not have killed her.

And Lydia's terror had been real; her green eyes had flashed fury at Hermione's smoothly directed thrust, but they had been lighted with a real terror after Seabury's murder. And Lydia still loved Roy, had come to the house that night to dinner in an admitted last hope of swerving him from his marriage to Nonie. She could have had no other thought that night; even an angry feud with Hermione would have lost its urgency then.

Nonie pressed her cheek against the smooth fabric of the sofa. There was still no sound from beyond that solid bulwark. Yet fear itself like an electric impulse drove her thoughts onward with a swift and remorseless clarity.

But again the litany of names was too short. Doctor Riordan and Jebe remained. Doctor Riordan had seen Hermione on that last afternoon of her life, and admitted it. There was possibly some small mystery about the boy who had fallen down the steps, the boy Doctor Riordan had come to attend. It was possible, too, that in some way Hermione threatened him. But it was only a possibility. And the only evidence that could be summoned up against Doctor Riordan was his presence, his statement that the slug had disappeared (perhaps it had not; perhaps he had himself disposed of it), and of course his bag, proclaiming his secret return to the house. Was it Doctor Riordan waiting there in the deep shadows, listening for her slightest breath?

Or Jebe? Jebe had said that there were some people who wouldn't be sorry that Hermione was dead; Jebe had then turned evasive and silent when she had questioned him. But wasn't the first statement a mere statement of fact that everyone knew; wasn't his evasion the polite evasion of an old and loyal servant?

Suddenly she realized that the room was very still and had been still for a long time. She was chilled and cramped, huddling there. How long had that utter, complete silence in the room lasted? Was it as empty of other human presence as all at once it seemed?

She waited and listened and cautiously lifted her head. She could see only shadows, with darker, heavier shadows marking tables and chairs. None of them moved; no whisper or motion hovered now in the deep dusk. She waited longer, and presently something stronger and more authoritative than sheer human reasoning began to seep out of that silence, and that was an atavistic sense of loneliness. She knew and could not say how she knew that no one now was in the room except herself.

But she could not trust that knowledge; she had to test it with an argument that reason would accept. She bent and slid one slipper from her foot, stood poised with it in her hand for a second and then flung it lightly



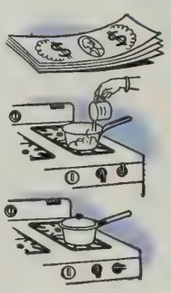
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across the room. There was a small thump and clatter as it struck some piece of furniture. And then nothing. No sound, no rush of footsteps, nothing.

Cautiously she started toward the door. One step and another and, listening, waiting, another. She reached down and took off the other slipper before she started across the hall. She took a step or two and listened; still nothing moved or spoke; nothing came furtively from the darkness. She reached the stairway sooner than she expected and stumbled a little against the lowest step. The slight sound seemed loud; her heart pounded suffocatingly while she waited, and then, clinging to the banister, she started up the stairway.

When she was halfway along, Aurelia said, "Who is that?"

Nonie stopped. Her hand gripped the banister as if it had frozen upon it. She could not speak; where was Aurelia? *Where had she been?*

And from the darkness below, Aurelia said again, with that heavy vehemence in her voice, "*Who is that?*"

And Nonie freed herself from the inertia of terror and ran, lightly, swiftly in her slipperless feet, on up the stairs, around the corner, groping surely in the darkness for the door to her own room.

She slid inside, closed the door and locked it. And leaned, panting, half crying, against it.

Aurelia?

The French windows rattled and shook. Something had come loose about one of the shutters so it tapped steadily—too steadily.

The wind sounded like a voice calling her name. It was a voice; and it was Jim. She ran, stumbling in the gloom, fumbling her way toward the balcony.

Jim cried again, "Nonie—Nonie——" and all at once the bolt slid and the door flung itself open. Rain and wind surged into the room, and Jim was pushing his shoulder against the shuttered windows to close them, shutting out the turmoil. "Quite a storm," he said, panting. "I got up by the trellis."

"*Jim*——"

"What is it? Nonie, what's wrong?" His wet oilskin slid to the floor and his hands went out toward her.

She cried incoherently, "Someone is here—in the house—downstairs——"

His hands caught her shoulders hard. "What do you mean? Hurry, tell me."

Jim was there—solid and real—to fight off threat. She clung to him and told him what there was to tell and it was suddenly absurdly little.

But he, too, said in that tense harsh voice, "Aurelia? Aurelia was there?"

"But there are other people in the house, Jim. Roy and Lydia and Doctor Riordan. At least his bag was there."

"Did you see Riordan?"

"No."

"Is Dick here?"

"Roy said he had gone after you. To dle Road."

A grim note came into his voice. "I th he would. I did what I had to do the came back through the banana plantati meant to get back before the storm got v Nonie"—his voice stopped; the dim o of his face looked deeply thoughtful—"N the time somebody walked along the and frightened you—was it like this? I n did you feel the same way?"

The question, coming sharply out o dusk like that, perplexed her; her own an in a strange way, perplexed her, too, fo said immediately, "No."

"What was different about it?"

"I don't know. I—yes, I do know. other time—it was as if that was mea frighten me. It did frighten me. But this, now, was real, Jim——" The truth s up suddenly to such an appalling climax her own words stopped themselves on lips.

Jim said, "This was intended to be der."

The windows rattled savagely behind as if the thing he talked of were out t trying to force its terrible way into the h again.

He said, "Listen, Nonie, You can't here in the dark." He got out matches matches, however, were wet and would strike; he fumbled around the great bed disappeared on the other side of it; there a sharp sputter and a small glancing lig his hand, touching his brown face and ing shadows move in the corners of the r He had money, a packet of bills, in his o hand.

She said something and came to meet The bills were folded—folded an inch from the bottom, sharply creased so stayed together.

He said, watching her in the tiny, light, "Your money?"

"Oh, Jim. Where——"

The flame crawled to his fingers as stared at the bills; he dropped it and ligh another match. "Are you sure? Could swear to that fold?"

"It looks like it. It—wait, I'll get my fold."

"Don't get it now. There's not much qu tion of that. It's your money."

"Where did you find it?"

"The boy had it. The one with the cussion. He'd stolen it from Hermione."

"*Hermione!* How could she have got How *could* she——"

"She had it and discovered the boy t it and they had a row and in the course



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he backed away from her across the veranda and fell down the steps. He's conscious now, able to talk. That's what happened. Hermione called Doctor Riordan."

The flame had crawled along the match; he dropped it and the darkness in the room was heavier; the whole house seemed to move closer somehow, listening—threatening.

"That's not all he told me. I was right about the gun, Nonie. It belonged to Dick. Some months ago Dick loaned Hermione his gun. This boy—his name is Happy—had seen the gun around in Hermione's possession. He knew it belonged to Dick, and he'd heard them speak of it. He only knew that she had borrowed it. Not why she borrowed it."

"Why she borrowed it!" Nonie cried. "She was afraid. *Who was she afraid of?*"

He said, "It's easy to see now what happened that night. She came to the door to meet somebody, whoever it was that came to Middle Road prepared to kill. She had the gun in her hand. Whoever killed her snatched it away from her. Almost certainly whoever killed her knew she had the gun."

"Dick knew!"

"Anybody might have known. It would have been like Hermione to boast of it to anybody she had quarreled with, to say 'I've got a gun—I can protect myself.' Perhaps she didn't; perhaps we'll never know. The only thing we do know is that the gun was snatched away from her and she was shot with it."

"The boy knew she had it," Nonie said. "Happy knew."

"He was unconscious at the time she was murdered."

"He might have told someone!"

"He might. Dick might have told someone. The point is the gun disappeared. And eventually somehow the slug might have been traced to it. I'm sure now that Dick took the slug."

"Did Dick kill her?"

He said obliquely, "Nonie, there are some things I've got to do—quickly. I want you to stay here and I want you to remember—well, that thing by the hedge, that machete. All of that seemed to me then staged—phony. If it had been a real attempt to injure you, it wouldn't have been delayed like that until you ran to the house. But this thing just now is . . . different. You were not a danger before; but now I think—well, I'm going to get a light for you." He went, fumbling in the shadow, toward the little writing table; he struck a match and peered around it and opened a drawer. "There ought to be candles around somewhere."

She moved to rummage in the drawer. The letter to Aunt Honoria still lay there and caught his eye. She said, struck with the unpredictability of events, "I was writing that when you came that afternoon. I was writing that and I suddenly knew that it was you ——"

His eyes had fastened absently on the written words which leaped out in clear black ink from the white page; his absent gaze fixed itself until the tiny flame reached his fingers and he dropped it with an exclamation.

"Jim, what were you reading? Why did you look like that?"

"Nothing, nothing. I—Nonie, you'll do as I say." Perhaps it was the plunge into darkness that made his voice sound frightened. He said, "I'll do what I have to do now. Nonie, you will stay here. Promise me."

"What are you going to do?"

"Is there a bolt on your door?"

"Yes."

"Lock it."

A swift conviction came out of the dusk between them; she cried, "Jim, do you know who killed her?" He did not reply and she put her hands out toward him, catching at his arms, feeling the rough wet texture of his coat. "You do know!"

"I think I know why she was killed," he said. "I think I know—but I can't prove it unless ——" He stopped and said almost in a whisper, as if to himself, "Unless Dick has got back from Middle Road. Unless ——" He took her hands in his own. "Do as I say, lock the door. I'll be back."



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A blinding flash of light and the opening of the door came at once; it was a flashlight directed full into their eyes, dazzling them, pointing up the objects in the room so sharply, they were bewildering and strange. Her eyes blinked in the light.

Jim said, "Is that you, Dick?"

It was Dick and he came into the room, holding the flashlight. He said roughly, his voice strained and panting, "Jim, I've come to put you under arrest."

Jim said, "I know about the gun, Dick."

The flashlight wavered slightly.

Jim said, "The houseboy knew that she'd borrowed it. There wasn't any gun anywhere in the house at Middle Road. You took the slug. She was shot with your gun, Dick."

There was another long silence; this time the flashlight remained steady and blinding in their eyes.

Jim said, "It was incriminating evidence, Dick. I can't say I blame you for getting away with the slug. But you can't arrest me ——"

"Can't I?" Dick said. "Maybe my gun killed her, maybe not. But I've got another gun here—Wells gave it to me. He ordered me to arrest you if anything happened—anything at all; Seabury was murdered and then this afternoon you went to Middle Road and God knows what you did there in the way of concealing evidence. He gave me orders," Dick repeated in that rough, uneven voice, "and he gave me a gun. Come on, Jim."

Jim said, "Who else knew she had your gun? Why did she borrow it? Who was she afraid of?"

Dick replied, "If she was afraid of anybody she didn't tell me. If she told anybody she had the gun, I don't know that either. But you could have known it, Jim. You lived in the house. You could have seen it many times."

Jim said, "Where is Riordan?"

"I don't know. Come on, Jim."

All at once Jim yielded. At the door with the full glare of the light in his face he said to Nonie, "Remember what I told you. I'll be back."

She reached out, caught the door and, as Jim had told her to do, bolted it. She stood for a long time, not moving.

What would Jim do? How could he do anything if Dick with his new—and self-saving—determination actually kept Jim under guard, locked him in some room? While Dick himself, knowing now what Jim knew of the gun that had killed Hermione, made his escape?

Dick knew the island; if anyone could escape in that wild and devastating hurricane, Dick could. But that would admit his guilt. No; Dick wouldn't escape. He would stay; he would fasten the guilt upon Jim.

THE shutters rattled: some tree had fallen half across the balcony and seemed to creak and shudder. The room was darker. The broken branches of the tree creaked again. She found a pack of matches and lighted one and saw, with a queer, cold dismay that there was only one match left.

She suddenly remembered that she had not bolted the French window after Jim had come in from the balcony. She started across the room hurriedly, caught by a sudden kind of panic. Halfway across she stopped and listened and did not know why she listened. She lighted the last match with a sharp, quick gesture and on an impulse lifted it high, looking around the room.

There was nothing different; nothing changed. She turned again to the French window and put her hand on the bolt.

She never knew whether it was already bolted or not, for the tree creaked again. But it was not on the balcony; it was nearer, close, within the room.

That could not be.

She turned as the match flared, and it the door of the great, tall armoire t creaked. It creaked and it was barely op a dark inch or two showed—which, as watched, slowly, almost imperceptibly, w ened. The match in her hand flared and w out.

"*Don't move.*"

The shutters rattled, the tree—*no, door*—that was what had creaked: the d of the old armoire! There in the room, acr dark space! It creaked again and there wa light, lithe sound of motion. How curiou should be light and stealthy like that!

She did move and did not know she h done so until she was backed up against wall and could go no farther.

"*Don't move, I tell you.*"

She heard her own voice rasping a tearing from her throat. "*Why—why* —

THERE was no answer and suddenly, u expectedly, not knowing she was going to it, she tried to scream. A hand came out the blackness and caught her hard across mouth, hurling her like a doll against a cha she reached wildly and a table went over w a crash. She could hear nothing; everythi was whirling blackness—and then she hear.

"I've got Dick's gun. They'll say he did It would have been so different, if you'd the money you ought to have had! So ferent; a will, a slip on the rocks, an ac dent with the boat. Easier than this w How was I to kn you'd bring no money Beadon Gates? But still be all right. I'll save my home, my p tion—if I can keep from hanging, I'll s everything. I've got save Jim—and if it had been for you he'd be sa He'd have been in N York—safe. But I'll s get him out of it, and n You are my only dang you and your little cac of money. You ——"

She screamed agai "*Roy—Roy—don't!*"

And that dark strain of violence, of u chained savagery, surged out in a black ti of terror, overwhelming her. She move blindly, trying to escape. The shutt were rattling and pounding. *No, that u the door—the door to the hall; someone u shaking it!*

But the tide of terror was still there, floo ing the darkness, suffocating, numbing h pulses.

"I'll shoot to kill. Not you—but Jim. Ev Jim if I have to. The first move you mak the first word you say to warn them, shoot."

The door to the armoire moved and w still. There were voices outside in the h calling her.

"Nonie, open the door!"

Jim's voice was so imperative a dema that her fingers found the bolt and slid and the door burst open and Jim and Doct Riordan and dazzling lights came in a ru into the room. A huge candelabra, light and wavering, was in Doctor Riordan's han He held it up high so that shadows fled fr the room. She didn't dare look to see if th was a strip of blackness along the door of t great armoire. She mustn't let Jim go the she must keep him out of range. She'd m neuver them out of the room.

But there was no way to get them out the room, for Jim had gone to the Fren windows. He was directly opposite the a moire. She could not think; she must inve some excuse. She must get Jim away fro the armoire first; then think—think think ——

Doctor Riordan was looking at her cu ously. His thin face was haggard and draw He said, "This will be a shock; you'd bett be prepared."

She moved her lips to say, "I know— know," and then was horrified at what she been about to say with Jim standing ther so solid, so dear, so firm and unyielding

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target. But she hadn't actually spoken. Jim was watching her—curiously, too, his eyes very narrow, his face rigid. He looked angry!

Doctor Riordan said in a thin metallic voice that cut through the terror, cut through the sound of the storm, "I'll be the main witness; I saw the gun removed from where it was hidden—it was under a shrub in the garden. Before he went to Middle Road this afternoon Jim told me to watch; he told me Hermione's murderer had to have the gun that killed her. I watched, but then he hurried into the house. I couldn't find him."

He's here, she thought; *he's in this room!*

"It's absolute proof, so you must believe me. Only the person that murdered Hermione would have known where the gun that killed her was hidden. Only ——"

Jim said suddenly, queerly—still with a strange and terrible look of anger—"Tell her, Riordan. Tell her what happened." But Jim wouldn't move. He stood perfectly still. She put out cold hands pleadingly toward him and he didn't seem to see them.

Riordan said, "All right. I'll tell it as it happened."

She scarcely heard Doctor Riordan; he was talking about money, money that the boy had taken from Hermione; but she knew that.

Jim said sharply, "Sit down, Nonie. You look so . . . white; sit down on that chair by the doctor."

Doctor Riordan took her hand; then she was sitting in a deep chair. She could see the door of the armoire; had that dark small space widened?

Doctor Riordan said, "You may as well know—I'm sorry—Roy killed her."

But she knew that; she knew: Roy Beadon of Beadon Gates, with that dark strain of violence, that deep, strong savagery, who had intended to marry a rich wife. Who had planned a will. And a slip off the rocks, an accident in a boat. Money. Her money—that no longer existed.

HER lips moved again and no sound came out; Jim was talking in a very quick but detached way. Why was he talking like that, almost idly getting out facts as if they had nothing to do with her or with him? *She must get him away from the door.* If she moved, if she went into the hall, if she pretended to faint perhaps—no, no! "I'll shoot," he'd said. And he had already murdered twice.

Jim's rapid words went on: "—and he must have promised Hermione he'd get money from you. To keep her quiet, I expect, he took your money, your twelve hundred dollars. She guessed he'd loaned me money for plane fare; he'd probably told her he wouldn't have any money till he'd married you. Almost certainly there was a bitter quarrel after we'd gone to Elbow Beach. As a promise, I expect, of more to come as soon as he'd actually married his rich wife, he must have given the rest of the bills he'd already taken from your billfold to Hermione. And the only reason he'd have taken them is because he had no cash and Hermione had her claws into him. Everything happened at once: he discovered you had no money, he discovered I was leaving, and Hermione came in a rage and demanded her money. He had to put her off, satisfy her. That afternoon—the afternoon we went to Elbow Beach—Roy discovered that you had no money; that was the day the letter from the lawyers came. That was how later . . . when he told you about the letter, Nonie, that was when I *knew* that Roy—that something was wrong. He'd opened it, you see; it was addressed to you. So I knew he was waiting and watching for definite news about what he'd expected would be a very large inheritance from your father."

Doctor Riordan's voice cut through with a question. "How do you know it was Roy that took the bills?"

"Roy gave me money to pay my plane fare. I've still got one of the bills; I used part of the other one to pay the boatman to bring me back to Beadon Island. But they were two hundred-dollar bills. The one I've got still has the crease in it and it matches the folds in the bills Happy stole; Happy had exactly ten hundred-dollar bills."



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"Let me get this straight," Doctor Riordan said. "Roy took them from Nonie, gave them to Hermione to keep her quiet until he could think of a way out. He wouldn't have told her that Nonie wasn't to be the rich wife he'd expected. After you and Nonie had gone to Elbow, Hermione went home and the boy stole them. Yes—she'd wait, of course, until she could get the bills back quietly, so it wouldn't look as though she'd been having a row with the boy . . . just in case he didn't get well. Yes, I see that," Doctor Riordan said. "The thing I don't see is why Roy would take anybody's money, and why he'd give money to Hermione and ——"

There was this time a creak; quite definite, quite clear. She wouldn't look; she wouldn't let her glance so much as flicker toward the armoire. "Jim," she whispered and Jim said, replying to Doctor Riordan:

"There's only one reason. He owed her the money."

"Roy!" Doctor Riordan cried incredulously. "But . . . wouldn't there have been a note—a written record of such a loan?"

"If there was one, Roy destroyed it. Maybe we'll never know; the important evidence is the gun."

"Well, I saw him get the gun; no doubt of that. He must have taken it away with him after he shot Hermione. Perhaps he didn't mean to kill her; I think she came to the door with the gun and they quarreled and he got away from her and ——"

Dick Fenby was in the doorway; he had been listening. Dick said, "If anybody ever borrowed a cent from Hermione he'd be in her clutches for the rest of his life, and when she put the screws on ——" He stopped and cried, "But that's what she did! That night when she came for me. She taunted Roy, she called him a gentleman of the old school, she said he was reliable, she said his word was as good as his bond. Every word she said was a dagger and a threat. So he went to see her and they quarreled. And then Seabury guessed ——"

"Seabury knew," Jim said. "I think I know how he knew. There were two things. One was the sandals ——"

"Sandals!"

"Hermione's green slippers. She'd had them on, you know, when Seabury and I moved her from the porch. They fell and Nonie put them somewhere out of sight. I remember thinking of them and looking and they weren't anywhere they could be seen. But Roy—who arrived afterward—talking to Seabury last night said something about her green sandals. How did he know? He had to have seen her. Then Lydia's securities. Lydia was Roy's alibi: she'd said he was with her, and she'd been asking him about changing investments. Roy must have asked her to say that, made up some excuse to satisfy her. She'd do anything for Roy. But Seabury would have known that Lydia's money is in an annuity; she couldn't possibly change her investments. Seabury would have known that. I think it gave Seabury a—a lead," Jim said. "And of course Seabury knew that Nonie was soon to make a will. Too soon. Probably before her marriage."

"In Roy's favor?"

Dick turned to question Nonie, and she was aware of it, yet could not look at him, for if she lifted her head, her gaze would go where it must not go.

JIM was speaking: "I didn't know that until a few minutes ago. Nonie had forgotten it; it was in a letter she had written."

"Did you suspect Roy before I told you I had seen him get the gun?" Doctor Riordan asked.

Jim's voice was very clear and loud. "I began to suspect Roy when I saw how he tried to save me. Every time I was in danger of being accused of murder, somebody somewhere was trying to protect me. As if," Jim said grimly, "somebody had to protect me. . . that somebody was always Roy." There nothing casual now about Jim's words might have been addressing an audie "That phony business of the machete terday morning when Nonie was wall along the hedge! If anybody had wante kill her he had a chance to do it. Roy wen Middle Road with the rest of us, but t they questioned me alone for half an hou so. He had time to hurry back here and to make it look as though the murderer still here, hanging around the place. result was that it kept the commissioner fr arresting me then and there. I was with commissioner and the police when it h pened."

"Do you mean Roy did that?"

"YES, I think so. He cut through banana plantation and back again be Aurelia phoned. It didn't take long; t were questioning me, so he wasn't missed. didn't intend to hurt Nonie, not then. only wanted to make it look as if the m derer had been here at a time when I right beside the commissioner. And then day he promised to find the gun, in orde keep you from arresting me, Dick. You w going to charge me with murder—and I knew how serious that charge would v likely have proved to be. As soon as you that, Dick, he said he'd find another gun when I heard that, I thought, 'He's got t gun somewhere. He kept it hidden in cas needed it to help clear himself, or me.'"

"I know—I n you told me. Rior did what you told to do; I've got tha clear. You told Rior to pretend to leave then come back watch Roy. And I retrieved my gun. I I still can't believe i

"That," Jim s "was to save me ag from arrest. He tended to say h found it in your ro Dick, or some place it would incrimin you, rather than I think he intended you to find Hermio Dick. I think he intended you, in the end, be the scapegoat. He had to have kno somehow that she had your gun."

"Maybe I told him—I don't know—may she told him!" Dick rubbed his eyes and s suddenly, "Roy's not in the house. I looked everywhere. He's not here."

Oh, no! That's wrong. He's here and he h got the gun now! So near—so near!

Nonie moved and did not know what intended to do and Lydia, behind Dick, s "Where's Roy? I want to talk to him. I— *What's wrong?*" Her brilliant eyes w swiftly from one face to another and knew. One hand went out to flatten it against the door casing; her whole bo swayed.

Jim said gently, "We know the truth no Lydia. You've only suspected it. Roy kil her."

Lydia said in a strangled way, "I would have let you hang, Jim. I love Roy; bu wouldn't have let you hang. I'd have t the truth."

"He wasn't with you when Hermione w killed?" Doctor Riordan said.

"He said to say that he was. And he w with me for a while. We—we quarreled abo his marriage. He was going to marry Nor because he had to have her money. The tate was going to pieces. He didn't kn where to turn. He's so proud—so proud. A then Nonie's father—her rich father, R thought— was dying; so he went and broug Nonie back, and then he said he had to mar her for the money."

"What about that night, Lydia?" Ji asked. "What happened?"

"He took me home; we quarreled and went away in the car and then in a lit while he came back. He said"—her vo shook pitiably—"he said he'd come back

(Continued on Page 187)

"And oh, my brethren," quavered the preacher at the end of his sermon, "for the wicked there will be wailing in the next world, weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"But, reverend," said a member of the congregation, "how about those who have no teeth?"

"Brother," said the preacher sternly, "teeth will be provided."

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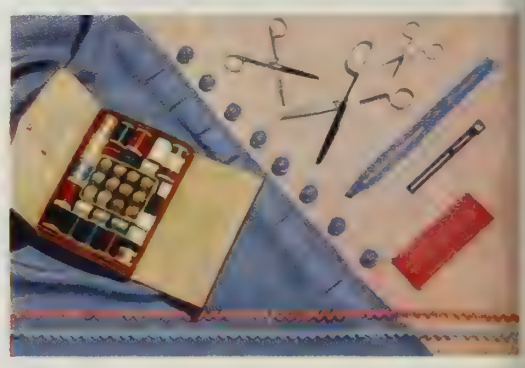
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(Continued from Page 184)

ke peace with me. Later when I knew rmione had been murdered, he told me it if we said we'd quarreled it—it showed— would show Nonie that we were"—a slow sh came up into her face—"on quarreling ms. He didn't want Nonie to know, he said, it he loved me. So we'd not tell anyone it we'd quarreled and he'd gone away for lf an hour. He said that we'd say he'd been :h me all the time and that I'd asked him out some investments. I believed it until abury was killed like that; until I knew it Nonie had no money and he had known ind wouldn't tell me. I love him; I still love n. But there's a thing called conscience. ouldn't have let you hang."

That was what she'd meant: a thing called nscience. Nonie let her eyes flicker once to rd the armoire; there was no sound, no tion. How could any of them know that rder waited there!

Jim said, "He wanted Nonie's money?"

"He had to have it. He'd borrowed money; sh, he said; he said he had to return it or e his plantation."

"Who loaned him money?"

"I thought it might be Hermione. I ought that because of the way she talked, at night—before e was murred ——" Lydia ddenly, without y warning, slid into chair and flung r hands over her e and began to cry. What are you going do?" she asked kenly.

Nonie glanced ain toward the arire and she started her feet; her throat as numb, her lips re frozen and Jim, atching her, flung nself at the widen- door of the arire.

Lydia screamed d shots roared ainst the walls of e room. Roy was beeen Jim and Dick, ruggling, knocking ick across a chair, king away from n's hold on his arm; ere were shots gain, this time rough the ceiling. Lydia screamed and reamed and Roy gave a mighty tug and lled away and reached the French windows d they were open. He plunged through to the balcony; there was a wild rush of in and wind and sound, and then only the ght and the wind and the rain and the door inging wildly. And Lydia's screaming.

Jim had the gun in his hand. Dick was rambling to his feet, rubbing his jaw. Doc- r Riordan said, "Let him go."

Nonie's throat was suddenly unlocked. You knew—Jim, you knew he was there."

Jim came to her. "Of course," he said. "I w your eyes—I saw the red mark on your ce. I was waiting. I . . . wanted him to know l the proof we had." He put his hand gently gainst her face.

"He didn't deserve mercy," Doctor Riordan said sternly.

DICK said slowly, "Jim, why did he try to ve you? He could have let you take the p. It was getting my gun in order to proct you, by implicating me, that actually roved he did it. It was his own act. If he adn't done that ——"

Jim said slowly, "I was his only chance to coup, to save his plantation. Riordan said e didn't mean to kill Hermione; but perps he did mean it. You see, if Hermione as out of the way, I'd inherit. And we'd lanned, Roy and I, to run the two plantaions together, as a partnership. It would ave saved his plantation, his pride, everyhing he lived for. When he learned that fternoon that Nonie had no money, then I think he made a decision to act. But I came back. He didn't expect that. He thought I'd have a perfect alibi. That was the essential part of his plan. I would inherit from Hermione; I would be all too grateful for his offer to enter partnership; and nobody could suspect me of murder because I'd be on a plane at the time she was murdered. He had to save me or his whole scheme fell apart. If they hung me for Hermione's murder, he was lost. He had to have me."

I'll kill even Jim. Even Jim. That was what Roy had meant. Nonie remembered that and then she saw Aurelia in the doorway.

AURELIA had heard; she knew. She said, 'I was afraid of this! He was not a planter, Jim. Everything went wrong, always. But he was so proud." She looked at Nonie. "I wanted you to marry him. He'd have your money, yes, and that would help—you must have seen that the plantation needed money. But mainly I wanted you to be his wife. Well—this is the last of the Beadons of Beadon Gates. Where will he go, Jim? What will he do?"

No one looked directly at anyone else. Dick, however, went quietly to Aurelia. "It's better this way," he said. He led her from the room. Lydia rose, the tears shining on her face, and went away, too, her head still high.

Doctor Riordan said, "He'll take the motorboat. That's my guess, in spite of the storm." He looked at Nonie and then at Jim. "I don't see why he tried to kill Nonie—if that's what he meant to do this afternoon."

Jim was going to the French windows, and he spoke over his shoulder. "Because she could identify the money, of course. He had to kill her before somebody found the money and Nonie said it had been stolen from her. It was too direct, too damning a chain. He wouldn't have hurt her otherwise."

Oh, but he would have murdered sometime; the dark seed of violence was already in his heart. A slip on the rocks. Money she hadn't had; a marriage, a will. But Hermione could not resist the cat-and-mouse game which had so evil and strong a fascination for her—and this prey was too strong.

They were talking, tracing the inevitable, terrible pattern of murder, speculating on things they could never know now: how had Roy known that Seabury believed him guilty; had he told him in words, had Roy guessed when Seabury tried to telephone to the police commissioner? She sat huddled, listening, not listening.

Suddenly Jim said, "You see, Nonie was afraid. I think when I realized that, when she said the house seemed to watch and listen, then I began to be sure. You can't be afraid of a thing; you have to be afraid of a person. There was a latent savagery in Roy; she sensed its presence. She was afraid and didn't know why she was afraid."

"Jim." Nonie went across to him. "Jim," she said, and stopped. She'd tell him sometime all the things Roy had said.

Jim put his arms around her close so her head pressed against his shoulder. She knew that the doctor had gone.

"The weather's changing," Jim said after a while. "Listen—the wind's going down. Morning will be sunny. And one day—one day soon, my darling, we'll fly home, right up into the blue sky." He broke off abruptly and thought and said, "That's about as near heaven as we can get. And then we'll come back to Middle Road. We'll come back home."

THE END

Modern Woman

By Ellen Borden

They say I'm distracted and lost.
I think I'm impacted and bossed.
When I was a kid,
They ruined my id;
So now I raise Cain when I'm crossed.

I emote with a speed supersonic.
I'm sadly in need of a tonic.
I envy the peace
Of the Ancients of Greece;
O Plato, please make me platonic!

All I can do is doubt;
I'm getting much too thin;
My ego's too far out;
My id is too far in!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SINGER PRESENTS

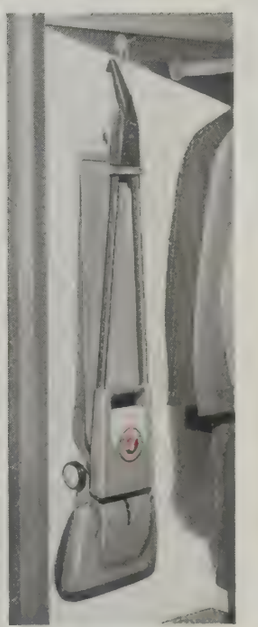
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58 Worth Street, New York 13

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Start with this bare-top basic dress in an iridescent Valerie chambray by Avondale . . . and use a lighter iridescent Valerie chambray, in matching color, for the lining of its town-right jacket.

Simplicity Pattern 2817

Use light-toned iridescent Valerie chambray for the hat and bag that make it a complete outfit.

Simplicity Pattern 2173

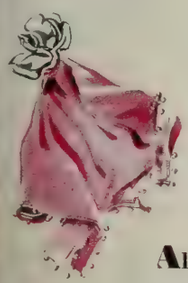
For a change, add a stole, easy without a pattern, in a matching dark-toned iridescent stripe.

A TOUCH OF SPRING

By Marion Plummer



Add a bias fold of plaid taffeta to a scooped-out neckline. Fill with shirred organdy edging.



Small scarf with pearls sewn to edge . . . tuck in belt or tie.

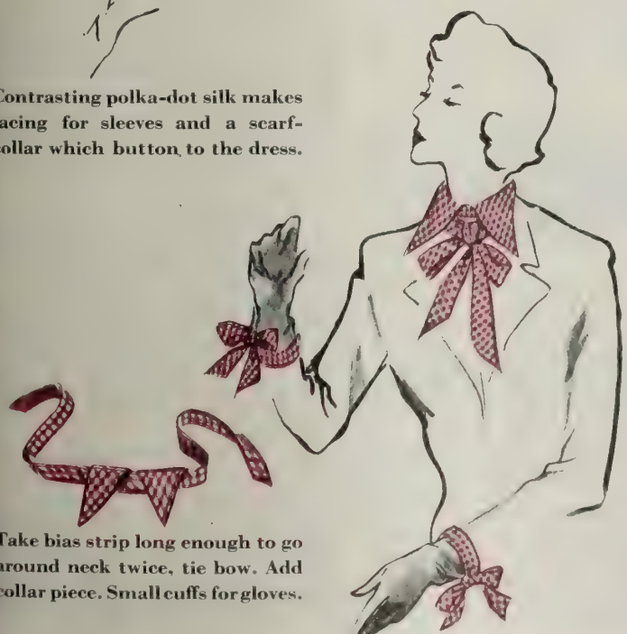
Along with spring come thoughts of last year's dresses and suits which are still too good to discard. It's the new plunging neckline you cut, the exciting new fabrics you use, which make your clothes come to life. Try a bold-plaid taffeta, the new ribbon-knit material, or a contrasting polka-dot silk. All these ideas take a minimum of time to make, cost little money.



Contrasting polka-dot silk makes facing for sleeves and a scarf-collar which button to the dress.



Simple ribbon-knit fabric dickey, organdy back. Use 1-inch picot-edge ribbon for neckband and bow.



Take bias strip long enough to go around neck twice, tie bow. Add collar piece. Small cuffs for gloves.

Send 15¢ to Journal Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Pa., for No. 2541, Neckline Changes, for patterns to make these spring touches.



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FINDERS KEEPERS

(Continued from Page 67)

garage and filling station down by the mill bridge. A good chance there, Willie so shiftless and all. He meant to own that place outright someday.

He might talk to pa again tonight, let him have two-three crisp hot tinkers in him first. He dug into his hated books, forgot that crazy outlander.

After school he went down to the river shore, got some week-old lobster bait off Ray Auld, minced his chum in Nancy Auld's meat grinder and boiled out the grinder for her. Then he crossed the state road above the mill bridge and hit through Dunham's meadow to the bay shore.

Mis' Brier was in her kitchen, and he asked her, "Wes going to use the skiff tonight, ma'am?"

She smiled at him, a big hearty woman, make two of Wesley. "Why now, I don't hardly think. You go ahead, Andy love." Gave him the oars and a cooky to boot.

That old bay was some calm and white this evening. He recalled how his mum used to like a boat ride here, the sunsets and all. Tide still coming strong, and he could spy a school of fish curving round the spar offshore. He took the skiff off the outhaul and set his gear under her thwart. Just about to shove off when something caught his eye up by the edge of the meadow.

It was her. On top the bank, looking at him big-eyed, half smiling that same way she had this forenoon. Never said a word or made a move. Just merely stood there in case he'd happened to change his mind.

Crossed up for fair. He sighed through his nose. "Okay, come ahead if you've got to."

She lit off that bank and came flying into the boat before he got the words out. Rowing off, he saw that fat old Mis' Brier not minding her business, gawking and twiddling her fingers at him. Women.

Though come to find out, this outlander proved no great bother afloat. Weighed nothing, sat still, didn't even chatter. Used her eyes considerable, however. Took in the jig and line and can of chum under his seat, watched his oar tips feather, his wrists turning the butts.

He gave her a peek now and then, no harm in that. She sat up proper, her legs together, hands in her lap. She breathed long, her eyes sparkled, as if hardly holding herself in. Only thing she said all the way out, she wrinkled her nose and said to him, "Somethin' died in that can?"

"That's to draw fish." She'd be sorry yet.

He tended his knitting and was out over the ledge in good time. Overran the spar buoy, turned and drifted back on it, casting chum. He made fast to the buoy and let the skiff tail out the length of her painter. Hove his new jig and went to it.

ALL this time she had an eye on everything. As his first fish came splattering aboard, all of a sudden she laughed out loud like a song and her toes drummed the skiff bottom. Soon he got another, then another. She fair screamed with glee. That jig was all right.

"Want to try?" he said, some pleased himself.

She fetched in a breath at the very idea. Took his jig without speaking and gave it a sling. Line fouled, of course, jig whistled close past his ear and *cherplunked* alongside.

You couldn't help laughing, she was that unhandy. She got red and flustered, looked fit to cry. No help for it—after he'd unsnarled his line he took and showed her.

She learned quick, at that. And finally she got one, and so tickled she couldn't hardly stay inside the boat. She sang, she talked to her fish, she shivered all over. He waited while she hooked another. Dusk coming on now, and the tide going slack. He flipped in a few more and put for home.

But now this trip she was wound up and jabbered all the way. Something in her had seemed to let go. It started with "Whatta place, whatta place," under her breath, talking to herself, moving for'rd and back to his rowing. "Oh, it's love-ly."

"It's okay." Something made him talk it down. What could she know?

"Okay?" she hollered, like to spit.

She fell quiet, scared or thinking. Then she began telling him how it was where she had lived, the Home, she called it, up in Boston somewheres called North End. No yard to it, and nobody let play on the street. Time she was thirteen they let her go to market with the housekeeper and haul victuals back in a gocart. Papers and dust blowing, people jampacked in the street, kids snitching stuff off her wagon if she didn't watch out. The housekeeper jawing her on how to buy, how to save, how to keep from getting gypped. Come seventeen, last year, that woman took sick and she went alone. They gave her just so much to feed the place on. Prices went up and up, she could get less and less, and she told them but they wouldn't believe her. Always searched her when she got back for what they made out she'd stole. That's how it was when she got to come here to the camp. It was like heaven, she said.

"STILL is," she said, and her thin arm waved at the afterglow and the bay and the spruce-peaked, rocky dark shore. "So clean an' quiet. Smells good. An' everythin' like finders keepers. Pick berries, dig clams, catch lobsters, fish, even pick up firewood most anywheres. Free for nothin'." She looked hard at him, and she gave a snort. "You an' your 'Hmph! It's awkay.'"

Life is like a ladder: every step we take is either up or down. —ROGER BABSON.

He never said a word more. Wanted to but would not. She fired up like his mum used to, sometimes. Dead right about the city, but about anything being free she was miles off. He wondered what she'd say if he told her his four-greats gramp had settled this place away back. And the cellar of the homestead up in the woods, rocks in it weighed a ton or more lined up true to this day, and all by hand. Free nothing. And the stumps burned and the stones hauled off and fitted into walls to mark boundaries and pasture and cornfield before ever the farming began. Free his eye. Anybody had to buy something to start, to do with. The rest, and most the whole thing, was guts to stick at it. Not a bit of it free. But he wasn't going to blow about that. He laughed to himself at this outlander that shot her mouth off, didn't know beans.

As they got ashore he asked short off, "Stopping in town?"

"Bolters'," she said.

Bolters'. He thought of that big gingerbread house, once the town show place, now but a relic of dead Bolter shipbuilding. He thought of the two old maids lived there. All's he said was, "H'm, three in family." He and pa being two, he strung more than half the fish on a bit of line and held them out to her. "Here."

"But ——"

"Take 'em and get."

She was crying; he'd put his foot in it somehow. She let out a sort of gasp, and she slung her arms round his neck and rose on her toes and kissed him. Next he knew, she and her fish had beat it out of sight.

Mooring the skiff, his hands shook a little. Girls. Never been kissed before. Not that way anyhow.

At supper, what he said to pa was not what he'd planned. "I see we got this outlander in town."

"H'm? Fish are some sweet, boy. Oh, her."

"What I thought, the board ——"

"Couldn't be helped, couldn't be helped. Cynthy Bolter thinks she owns that charity camp. She queens it, over there, once-twice per summer. Seems this charity girl, Julie Something-'r-other, she talked Cynthy and

(Continued on Page 192)

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AT LEADING BEAUTY SALONS, DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

(Continued from Page 190)

May into letting her stay on and work for them. So Cynthy had some friend of hers up to Boston fix it legal." Pa was stirring his tea. He gave out a small chuckle.

"Yeah?" Andy said.

"Why, those two ain't got a dollar between 'em. No taxes paid three years now, we dassent touch the house, never sell it. What I hear, they eat on credit too. Now they got somebody to cook and wait on them. Oh, they won't be easy on her. She'll earn her keep and then some."

Andy remembered what that girl had said about everything being so lovely and so forth. Seemed different now. What he meant, nobody had any call to bear down on her. He took a look at pa, sitting there laughing.

"Well, she gets time off. She went along with me this evening," he mentioned. "She jigged some of these tinkers. Smart too. She might be all right, you can't tell."

Pa choked on his tea. After a while coughing, he sat still. He cleared his throat a couple times. "Now you keep out of it," he said. Proud as the rest of the town. Andy never noticed it before.

He didn't forget that night in a hurry. Pa was a man of few words, but he had got running that night and couldn't shut off. Threw the family lawyers at him, his uncle and grampa, and Andy chucked them right back. He put his foot down about studying law. Balked there, pa held out for his knowing more about gas engines before he had his way. What about a year or so at Polytech or down to Orono?

He recalled it well as he hopped the bus at the Center, bound home a year and more after. Specially the you-keep-out-of-it part. Hadn't been one thing to keep out of. Girls. He'd stuck up for that outlander kid, was all. If pa got his way by packing him out, he had his by ending that lawyer talk for good, getting better fixed for what he wanted. He knew a sight more about cars already.

"Back again," the driver greeted him, no hurrahs and not even looking.

"What's new, Ev?"

Everett Goudy still driving her this winter. Wouldn't even crack a smile at the idea of anything being new around town. Same old bus, no paint to mention, smelled to heaven, seat cushions played out, and you could hear her valves and gears before you heard her horn. Couple hundred dollars' worth of ideas right there, maybe. Mighty few passengers, and a Saturday too. Nothing new about that either. Still poor, proud and shiftless.

What shoppers sat there he grinned and spoke to, passing along toward the wide rear seat. Mis' Dodge, Hildy Vannah, old man Farlow with his weekly banana. And sure enough, Miss Cynthy and Miss May Bolter, got up in bonnets and great long ulsters might have seen the light before McKinley. One fat, one lean, and the fat one, Miss May with her cough. Andy grinned at them, toc tipped his hat, continued on. They migh have outrun their credit in town and starte fresh at the Center, was his guess.

Somebody already on the rear seat, wit loaded paper bags and parcels. When he sa who, for just a blink he paused, recalling ho she'd pestered him that day. So long back seemed. She looked good. But she looke different, you couldn't say just how. Thinne if anything. Quieter. She saw him, her hea tipped, she gave him that coaxing smile.

He laughed, sat down. "How's fishing Julie?"

She stated, "I got ten lobster traps set, not bragging.

"Holy cow, in December?" He looked a her hands. No gloves on, they looked sma but hard, capable. "Whose boat is it now?

"Corning haddick and hake came firs Mr. Auld's boat. I go out with him twice week."

He asked, teasing, "You pay him like yo paid me for those tinkers?"

Her face redded. "N-nope." She looke down. "That was kid stuff, didn't mean any thing. He buys my haul, he pays me."

She looked so pretty, fending him of something drove him to keep at her. "Picke up plenty wood to warm you, I guess. It finders keepers, everything free roun here."

"Not quite." Big-eyed, she studied ou door. "But I cut some, last fall. Over t Bolters' wood lot. First snow, I hauled it i Two cords was all. We make out. Last sum mer I picked forty-seven quarts of blu berries, sold them to the summer people.

He gave out a low whistle. Couldn't be sh was kidding. Bet she weighed not more tha ninety pound, and sat there and told all th so calm, nothing to it. Except she had spun and gumption, you couldn't tell her fro somebody raised in town.

Miss Cynthy must have heard them talk ing; she turned round, scowling like a thun derhead at this outland—— at Julie. Sh edged away from him a little. Old bus gave lurch, and one of her packages slid to th floor.

Andy picked it up, moved over too. H went on kidding her, but keeping his voic low: "Reglar handy man, my-my!" Sh didn't say anything. "They let you kee what you make?"

She nodded. "But I pay it in where the owe. We buy for cash now, mostly. It' cheaper."

"Wait one minute. They let you keep it but you ——"

"This here's my home." She cut him of like a yard of goods, her eyes narrowing "They house me. I just help, is all. Won't d me much good if they lose the place or ge nothing to eat, will it? I can plan ahead, the can't. When I get through the day with th

(Continued on Page 194)



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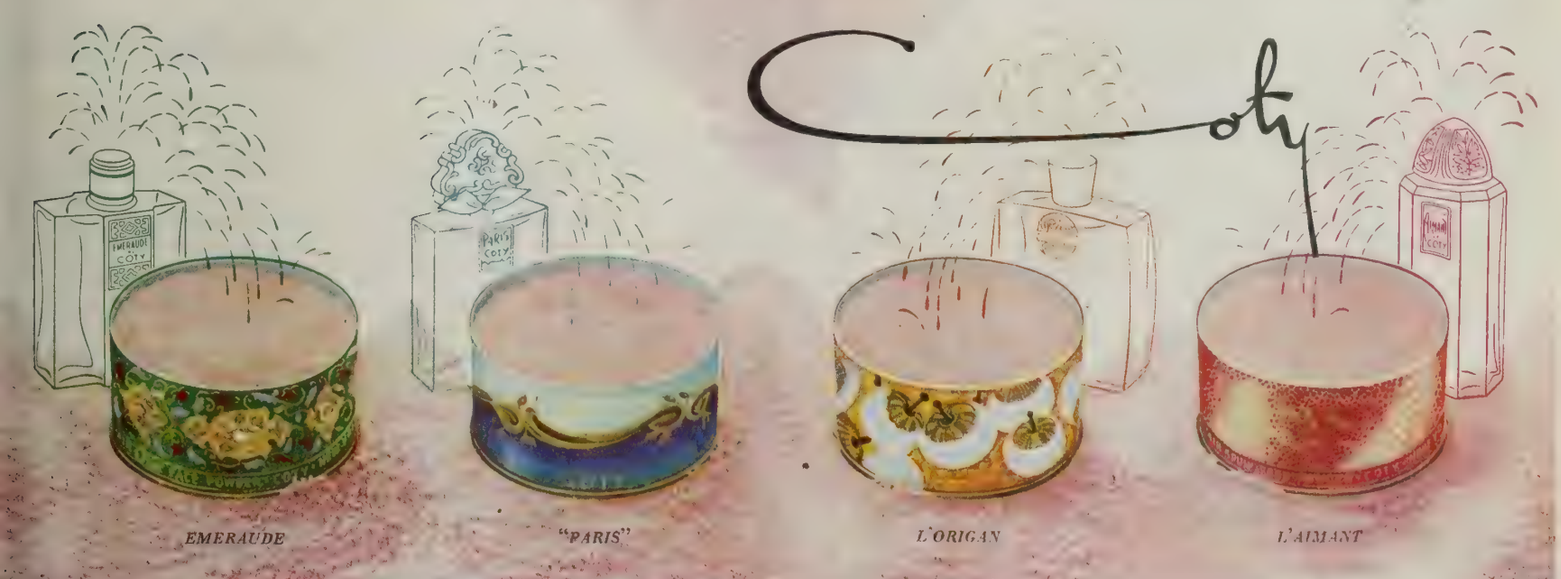
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(Continued from Page 192)

three of us fed, dishes washed and put away, house clean, a little paid in on debts and some left for tomorrow ——" She quit to breathe. "Feel I'm getting somewheres. It's a satisfaction."

He just stared at her. You could not believe she kept house for them too. Where was the time? Good goshamighty ——

"They're too old to work," she went on fast. "Ailing too. You don't know the half of it, you're as blind ——" She gazed outside, over the snow-covered meadows to the bay, ice-capped rocks and dark shore. "They never knew how to work. They're . . . pitiful. To me it comes natural. I'm lucky, that's all. I still love it here," she said very low.

She was crazy as ever, he thought. Half right, half wrong, and killing herself at the wrong part. He stared at the floor, shifting his feet restlessly.

The bus passed pa's house. It rolled, all squeaks and rattles, into town; passed the post office, Meagher's General Store, Sadie's Notions, Soames' Garage. It rumbled over the mill bridge and climbed the grade beyond, shifting gears with a clamor to wake them in the graveyard by the church. It slowed down for Bolters'.

Andy glanced up at that junk pile of a house, three floors, dormers, a cupola, porches, plate glass, paint weathered dirty gray. If you could find a thing in the setup worth working for —— Not in that dump. Not in those two old poor-proud stuck-ups, who took her money, let her work herself to the bone, and wouldn't even sit with her on a bus. She must be daft to let them treat her like that.

THE bus had stopped. Miss Cynthy rose, turned, tilted her head loftily and made with her long arm as if to some slave she owned. This little tyke alongside him got up with her parcels, she gave him a last quick, fierce look, and carried the load outside. Set it all down in the snow, then swung back aboard to help first one Bolter, then the other. She led them, careful and gentle, as if they were blind, crippled, made of glass. Never looked his way again.

Walking back through town, Andy couldn't quite get it off his mind. A fresh easterly off the river cut at him, and he turned up his collar. Skim sunshine, smelled like more snow. He passed the schoolyard, the church, seeing nobody. It wasn't the money wasted on them, it was the way they treated her got under his hide. But what did he care? Girls. Past the bridge, he spied Willie through a window, snug by his stove in the little office, doing nothing. Andy hailed him, "Be seeing you, come spring." Willie nodded, grinning. No cars in the garage, nobody stopping for gas. Boy, what a chance there.

Pa met him in the back entry. He looked sick, eyes bright and a cough wheezing out of him. "D' I see you riding the bus with that outlander?" he accused him first thing, glaring over his specs.

Andy dropped his valise, stubbed off his arctics, hung his coat and hat. "Yup. First and last time, though, prob'ly. Merry Christmas."

But it had proved one no-account Christmas, he'd thought weeks after, back at his books and machines and blueprints. Half the town down with flu and the rest worn out. No colored lights, no presents, no trees, no carols, no church social. Himself too busy anyhow, he'd scarcely left the house. Still and all, he had left pa on the mend. More and more, as he tended him that week, Andy had set his heart on getting through this extra schooling fast. They'd told him at school he'd be clear by mid-April.

All this time looking forward to getting home for good, because then he could really go to work. That was it, he'd kept telling himself. So when his marks were okay and the day came, he could hardly wait. Stopped in at the Mariners' Savings and got his money for Willie Soames. Then he hired Judge Bullivant to draw up papers so all-fired legal you couldn't make head nor tail of them, one for Willie, one for himself. He



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caught the bus and sat on the wide rear and looked out the window, whistling low ough his teeth. Felt prime. Spring on the , the soggy meadows showing a sight of n on a south slope. And the old bay that your eyes smarted. Poor-proud, poky all, it was home. He recalled how he'd sat with Julie. How they'd talked. How dsome she looked when she smiled or got l. And how she'd read his thought and mad at him. Then he quit remembering. a was okay again but persnickety, dead of his own cooking. That was okay, ly told him, pitching in. He was home for good, at last. He and Willie closed deal, and the very first thing Andy painted w sign, SOAMES & MARR. She looked fine. t he fetched in an overhaul job on Luke ley's truck, and he began to talk to old Farlow about the bus and another idea he , bigger yet. As folks saw signs of life nd the garage, cars jacked up through winter began to stop in for gas and kups. Everything going good. Had what wanted all this time, he told himself.

ll the same, came into mind this curious ion. Caught him in the morning before he up, or any time if he was alone and not a le lot to do. As if he'd forgotten some- g the day before, couldn't recall what it . He'd go around trying to think, get here.

t was over a week he'd been home with- happening to run into Julie. Nobody hap- ed to speak of her or of the Bolters either. Auld had his s up and boat ore, painting and rhauling. Andy ht ask him or ebody, he might his pa. He couldn't himself asking body.

ne day, returning s Brier's battery the pickup, he ed the mansion it looked as if no- y lived there. That e him a turn. What hose two had ed away? She ld have left town. Where would she go? othered him some.

nother time, must have been two-three ks he was home now, he was walking up road to bring in Colebrooks' car. After , near suppertime, and as he passed the ch, he saw the basement door open, Ella er and Susie Rouse fixing for a social. as a bean supper, he remembered. Then n he got to the top of the rise, in the he could see this car parked outside ers'. Doc Clegg's car, he would know her where. So they were still there, at least. hen he reached the end of the back walk, doc came out. Andy thought a whole lot octor Clegg. He remembered how good been to them when mum was sickening. ll chance he got paid regular, you'd he'd have moved out long since. But uck it out, always cheerful.

Well, if it ain't Andy Marr." The dumpy guy shifted his bag to shake hands. through school and raising Cain in busi- How'd you find your pa, boy?"

Good," Andy told him. "You must have ed him into it, doc."

IDN'T do nothing. Made up his mind to was all. Now here"—he reared back his at the house—"we got a very different ude. As the old lady says when they d her how she happened to live so long, plain case of no telling." He laughed a , but shook his head.

ust be somebody sick bad, then. Andy 't know what to say, but he had to . "Which?"

Oh, both," the doc said, "both. And you "—Clegg was peering up and down the , making sure nobody was in hearing— you know something? I'd go before the board of medicine and testify those two dn't be alive today, nor they wouldn't been a year ago, if it hadn't been for the g one in there."

"Ayuh?" He let out his breath.

"A main wonder," the doc said. "I never saw the beat. Working out wherever she can make a dollar, skimping and saving, paying their way, feeding them, keeping 'em clean—why, she does the work of three. And chipper! Y'know what I call her? Julie Q. Pioneer." The doc frogged up, dug for his handkerchief and blew two short and one long. "Never gets a kind word or a smile from either of those two." He was still hoarse. "And you know what she says to me when I'm leaving the other day? Them laying there snapping her head off, mind you, and her never losing her smile. She says to me as I go out the door, 'Why, I'm lucky, doc, to have all this here. It's been finders keepers with me.'"

"What are they, bedridden?" But he could hear her say that.

"THREE and a half months now, is all. Won't lift a finger. Give up like that, they can't last out much longer. But you think of it. And another thing, what I hear, she's had a raw deal round town too. Plenty here just like those two or worse. I could tell you ——" Suddenly the doc hauled out his watch and groaned. "What am I doing here? Ought to be upriver this minute. Luck, boy." And his old car roared away.

Andy stood there in the near-dark. He could hear chinking crockery, Susie's and Ella's voices down across the road. Supper at six, most likely. . . . He had known all about her, but now he had to be told. Those two, bedridden. Raw deal around town. Oh, girls ——

Girls nothing, he wanted only one. He faced it. Wasn't a chance she'd even look at him, not after the way he'd teased her, called her foolish, knowing all this time what a row she had to hoe and never doing one thing about it. Too late, never mind.

He set off on the dead run, got Colebrooks' car, drove her down street like crazy, and slammed the garage doors on her. He beat it home.

"Going to . . . the supper, pa?" He was panting a little.

"H'm? Oh, that. Might look in later. Not hungry yet."

So he dug upstairs, shaved, got into a clean shirt, and slipped out the back way. It was ten of six. Hoofing it uphill past the church, he saw a few already arriving in hopes of best helpings. He kept on, up Bolters' back walk, stopped by the door. Light in the kitchen. He got his breath a second, knocked.

And right then all the gimp dreened out of him. Thunder sakes, what was he doing here? Scared to death. Never done such a crazy thing before. He braced his legs, though, bound to stay.

She opened the door. "Is it Andy?" With the light behind her he couldn't see her face, but by the sound of her voice she wasn't smiling. Still mad.

He swallowed, took in a breath. "Want to go to the church supper?" he got out huskily.

"Why"—he still couldn't see her—"I don't —— You come in, I'll have to see." She didn't sound overjoyed.

He stepped inside, and her eyes looked a little as if she might just possibly want to go. "Won't be an hour. Do you good to ——"

"If they're asleep yet."

They both listened. All he could hear was his heart going it, she looked so good. She gave him a glance and stole out of the big kitchen. Gone only a minute or two, and he never heard a sound upstairs, but when she came back her short hair was combed smooth and she had on a fresh starched dress, big checks white and light blue, with an old coat over her shoulders. She looked taller. Still pale and grave, as if he didn't rate a thing.

"Jul-eee?" the faint, harsh voice called down from above.

(Continued on Page 197)

Spring Came

By Virginia Frances Joy

Silently across the dark
And through the whispering rain,
With a yellow crocus for her lamp,
Spring came.





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(Continued from Page 195)

hey froze. She had her lip in her teeth, wide eyes slid sideways. "Might be in her p, they do that," she whispered. "She s again, I'll have to stay."

he clock whirred loud as a concrete mixer, ck six slow and deep, went on ticking. settled in the range grate. That was all.

ay," she whispered finally, and they ed outside without making a sound.

ou could hear the hum of voices out the ted church basement doorway. She ght hold of his arm crossing the road, and ould feel her shake. She was laughing, of.

Scared to death, never been to one of e things," she was saying.

No need be scared," he said, feeling better. nside, at first the bright light half blinded . They found the end of the line and got r dishes, had them filled with baked beans, soda biscuit, pickles, coffee, and passed g to where the sawhorse deal tables were ng up fast. Andy heard people hail him, he grinned and hollered back. There was ig turnout, plenty noise. He noticed that ody spoke to her, even the women that ed them. Just happened, he figured.

here were two places left at the long table he middle of the room. They headed for nd set down their dishes. As they settled first the women there stopped talking and back, then the men. They all stared.

ust as the doc had said. Andy couldn't eve it. He began talking to her fast, not wing what all he said, to keep her from ing bad. He was sweating all over, trying think up jokes. Pleased and smiling, she n't seem to notice a thing wrong. Once even put her head back l laughed. It was hot in re, and he grabbed her t and went to hang it eplace. When he got k, she was alone at the g table. Took him a le while in the crowd. erybody had been there ie, and those coming in took a look and it elsewhere.

But she looked up at him, still smiling. t down, Andy," she told him, low and tle, "before your beans get cold."

t had been like this all along. In the store, the post office, on the road, wherever she t anybody. She had known it would be this tonight. She was trying to tell him lidn't matter.

His throat hurt him. The little tyke. . . . He ldn't have her, then nothing was any good more. Never been real mad in his life, but could use a handful of tenpennies to chew now. "You stay there," he said, and left

n the heat and the clamor he scanned the low room, spotting this one and that of old high-school crowd. Saw Pete Sproule t, and walked up behind him and leaned vn close.

Pete, take your girl and go over to that ldle table." He kept his voice even. "Or o outside till I knock your block off."

Then he waited a little to see if anything ther was needed, saw not, moved along till was beside Stitch Bell. Same business. en Hen Pruett, same. And so forth till he l mentioned the matter to six or eight. It rked. Sometimes they looked up quick and d, "Okay, okay," sometimes not, just red, then slowly nodded. They did as he d, though. Never picked a fight in his life, t he'd never spoken up like that either. aybe they thought he was kidding and yed along for the heck of it.

HEN he got back to the table, things were king up a mite. Old Mr. Farlow had come and sat down the other side of Julie, and verend Felton and his wife were just across; y were talking to her as if she was any- dy. Andy began to eat, no idea what, except wasn't nails. The table filled up again, all nds as if nothing had happened. And soon noticed the guys here and there looking at lie, then their wives or girls nudging them behave. It was different, that sort of look, d he was like to bust with pride just to be ing her out.

After they'd eaten, just like old times all the guys were down one end talking politics, all the women up the other gossiping. And the whole shebang was having another cup of coffee when Mr. Farlow cocked an eyebrow at Andy, tapped a tumbler for attention, and stood up to mention a little matter they had talked about.

"FRIENDS and fellow citizens," and so forth, but he was soon down to brass tacks. Anybody lived as long as he had, the old man said, could see the town was suffering from dry rot. Glad to see one or two new faces, he said, but mentioning no names; for the most part it had been a case of our townspeople lighting out for other places. Little or no new business, some of the old doing poorly, and a whole lot dead. Now to his mind what was needed, he said, was a committee or something—call it a chamber of commerce—to get things going again. The Center had one, and see what it had done for them. "New blood, a common aim, new energy," he wound up, "or, if the ladies and Reverend will pardon me, guts will put us on our feet again. And by the way," he added, and this was new to Andy, "to start things off right I have purchased a new public conveyance, latest model, which starts running Monday. The old vehicle to be overhauled and renovated by our up 'n' coming firm of Soames and Marr, after which both will operate on doubled schedule, same fare."

He sat down to great applause. Old skinflint must have gone crazy.

Reverend spoke, then Orrin Wilder for the selectmen, and a couple others. They were all for it, and Andy's idea had caught on. They set date and time for a first meeting, and the crowd began to break up.

So Andy went to fetch Julie's coat. Coming back, he saw some old party with her, and then he saw it was pa. Been there all the time. "Since you two first come in," he said meaningly, and his eyes looked rheumy. "Says she can cook," the old fool said, and in plain sight of her he winked at Andy.

He was low as a bloodworm again over that. A thing like that just made a bad situation worse. As if she would look at him after he had made her suffer all this tonight, after she had seen all the smart wolves in town giving her the eye. Going back across the road he was scared to death again. No experience, and a mouth felt like a dose of alum, and shakes in the knees real bad.

"Just like anybody else, once you get to know them," she was saying.

"I's as bad as all the rest," he said. "Never gave you credit."

"Credit for what? I'm lucky, that's all." She took hold of his arm. They were almost back, it was now or never. Go down trying.

"Julie, look. How about it?" he said, desperate.

She didn't say anything. They were going up the back path. He felt her tremble. Finally, "I got to take care of them, Andy," she said in a small, shaky voice. "I set out to and I will, whilst they live."

"But what I mean, after."

She let out her breath, hugging his arm to her. "You bet, darling. The day after."

They were back. She looked in a minute to see if those two were still sleeping, then came out again softly. They sat down close on the steps. A sky full of stars going round and round for Andy.

"I dunno how you'll make out with me, Julie. No great hand at the girls, never was."

"Never tried, have you?" she asked.

Thought he'd best do something about that, and he bent down and pulled off the job somehow. It was better than that time after fishing. They were quiet a spell, hanging onto each other.

"You were right at that, what you said when we were kids in school," he told her.

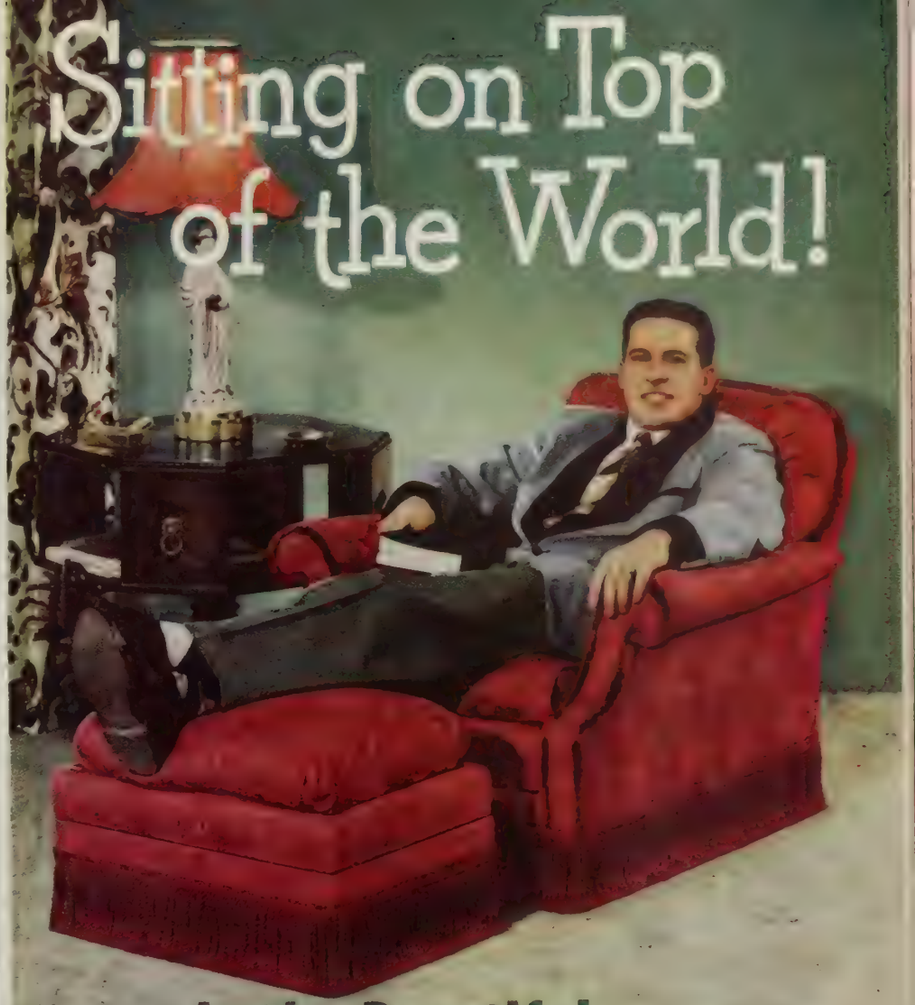
"What was that, Andy?" she said dreamily. "I don't remember."

"Finders keepers," he said, and to show her he kissed her good again, no effort whatever.

THE END

> **No one is exempt from talking nonsense. The misfortune is to do it solemnly.**
> —MONTAIGNE.

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in the Beautiful Streit Slumber* Chair

Illustrated: No. 70-F THE WELLESLEY

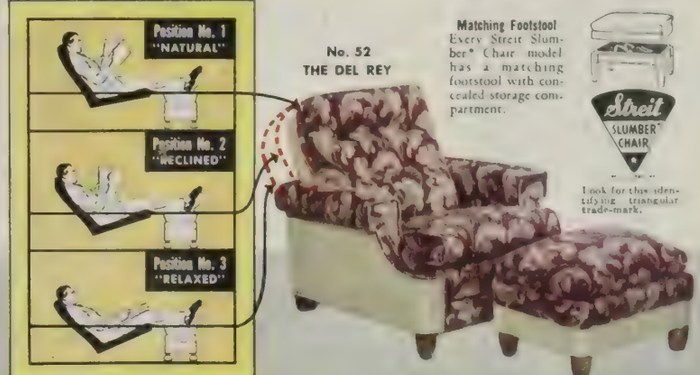


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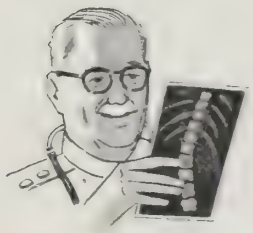
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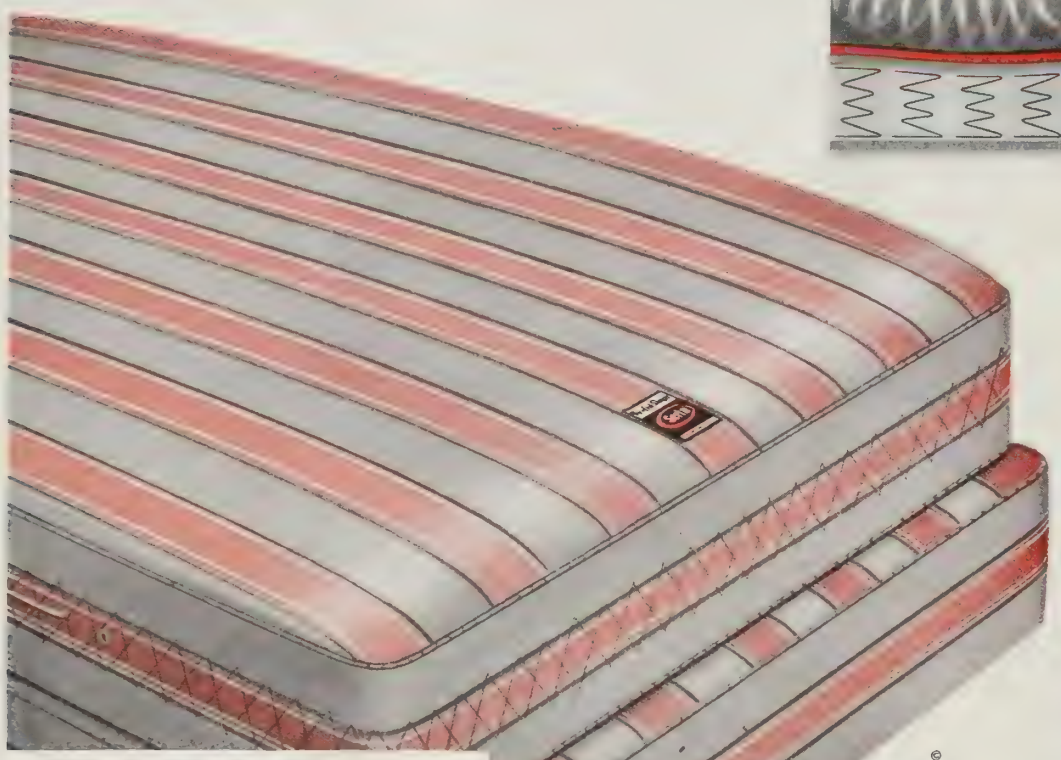
Serta questioned hundreds of orthopedic doctors, took x-ray photos and stroboscopic action pictures. Here are the facts:



You Sleep *ON* It — Not *IN* It!

Fig. 1—X-ray photo shows a normal person lying on the "Perfect Sleeper" Mattress—built to specifications approved by orthopedic specialists. Notice the spine is given *level,* even support. This makes complete relaxation possible . . . permits more restful sleep.

Fig. 2—Same sleeper on common type of soft mattress with many individually covered coils. Notice body sinking into mattress. Doctors say this often causes muscle strain and backache. "Form fitting" springs also confine body heat, causing restless sleep.



© 1949

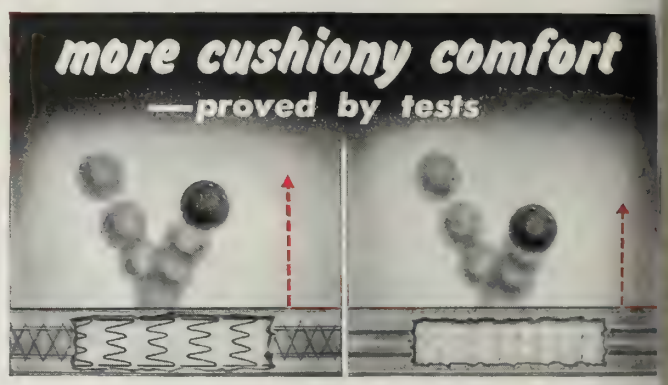


Fig. 1—Laboratory photos show that bowling ball dropped on a "Perfect Sleeper" bounces high! This proves the extra springy resiliency of this mattress which combines with healthful support to give complete sleeping comfort.

Fig. 2—Same test made on common type of soft mattress with many individually covered coils. Note the low bounce of the bowling ball on this mattress—as compared with the high bounce produced by the "Perfect Sleeper."

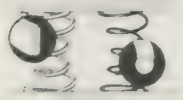
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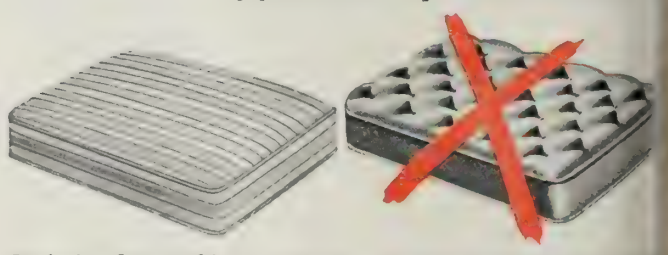
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Spring makes its way even to this quiet corner; and all its sounds, smells and sights are those of peace.

Diary of Domesticity

By ***GLADYS TABER***

MY watch has been broken for a couple of months, and I have made a startling discovery with regard to time. I get along very well without being able peer down at my wrist every few minutes. In fact, life moves along so easily that ave stopped going into the jeweler's and ing wistfully, "I don't suppose you ld hurry a little?"

have never known a jeweler who be- ed in hurry, certainly not my gentle old n. After all, he lives with clocks and ches going on like mad all around him; can flick his tools and make a timepiece ister any hour at all! So possibly he nes to feel that one day is as good as ther.

At first, I fretted considerably. And fi- ly a sneaking kind of freedom crept into mind. I find it delightful to go to a tea ty and just relax, visit comfortably, and er wonder whether I ought to be going ne because look how late it is! I don't *w* whether it is late or not. And when an storm took down our wires so the elec- clocks stabilized themselves at a quar- of nine for a day or two, I went happily ad. We had lunch when we got hungry, l supper after dusk.

found out that the washing does not e to be on the line at ten in the morning. d that it is rather nice to iron sometime in the evening.

Of course I know if a man has to get to office and the children must catch the ool bus, it would not work to be so un- dful of time. But it occurred to me that ny women might present themselves h an untimed day now and then and l just how restful it is to the hurried ves.

dare say eventually I shall have my tch back and begin dashing around on a it-minute schedule. But I do think it st have been pleasant in those days be- e clocks were invented and nobody ever ew exactly what time it was! For after sundials mark only the hours that ne!

The heart has its own time. How incredibly fleet are the happy hours, and how leaden slow the sad ones. The clock cannot hurry the sorrowful minutes a jot, nor clip the wings of the joyous ones!

Most of the April hours are happy ones—for even the dreariest rain means the quickening of the frosty old earth into a new splendor. It isn't just a rainy day, but it is a day to make the hyacinths grow, and lengthen the green lances of the tulips. We often have to put the furnace on, and snow sometimes sifts down over the greening lawn, but we know it is just a temporary note from winter and tomorrow will be warm enough to eat in the Quiet Garden again.

The twelfth of this month being my birthday, I begin to think April comes around pretty fast. Where in the world have all the birthdays gone? Every time I have another birthday, I make a firm resolve to make every single day before the next birthday have one good thing in it. Not anything big or impressive, but something like an hour reading a book that I have put off for ages and really do want to enjoy. Or writing a special letter to a friend. Or listening to the old Caruso records. Or fixing a bouquet for a neighbor.

In other words, I think life is too much putting off things, and it is high time to stop putting them off.

I admire women who can plan their menus a week ahead, and prepare accordingly. I love to read a week's menus in the magazines. But my goodness, for our family it just would never work! We just wouldn't have the leftover meat from Sunday's roast to make Monday-night dinner. For somebody would get hungry late Sunday night, and poke around in the refrigerator, helped largely by Maeve and the cockers and Esmé the Siamese. A plate of roast-beef sandwiches with herb mustard and lettuce and a sliver of dill pickle makes a nice bedtime snack. And the cockers and the setter girl like all those bits that might make the stock for soup for Tuesday. Many



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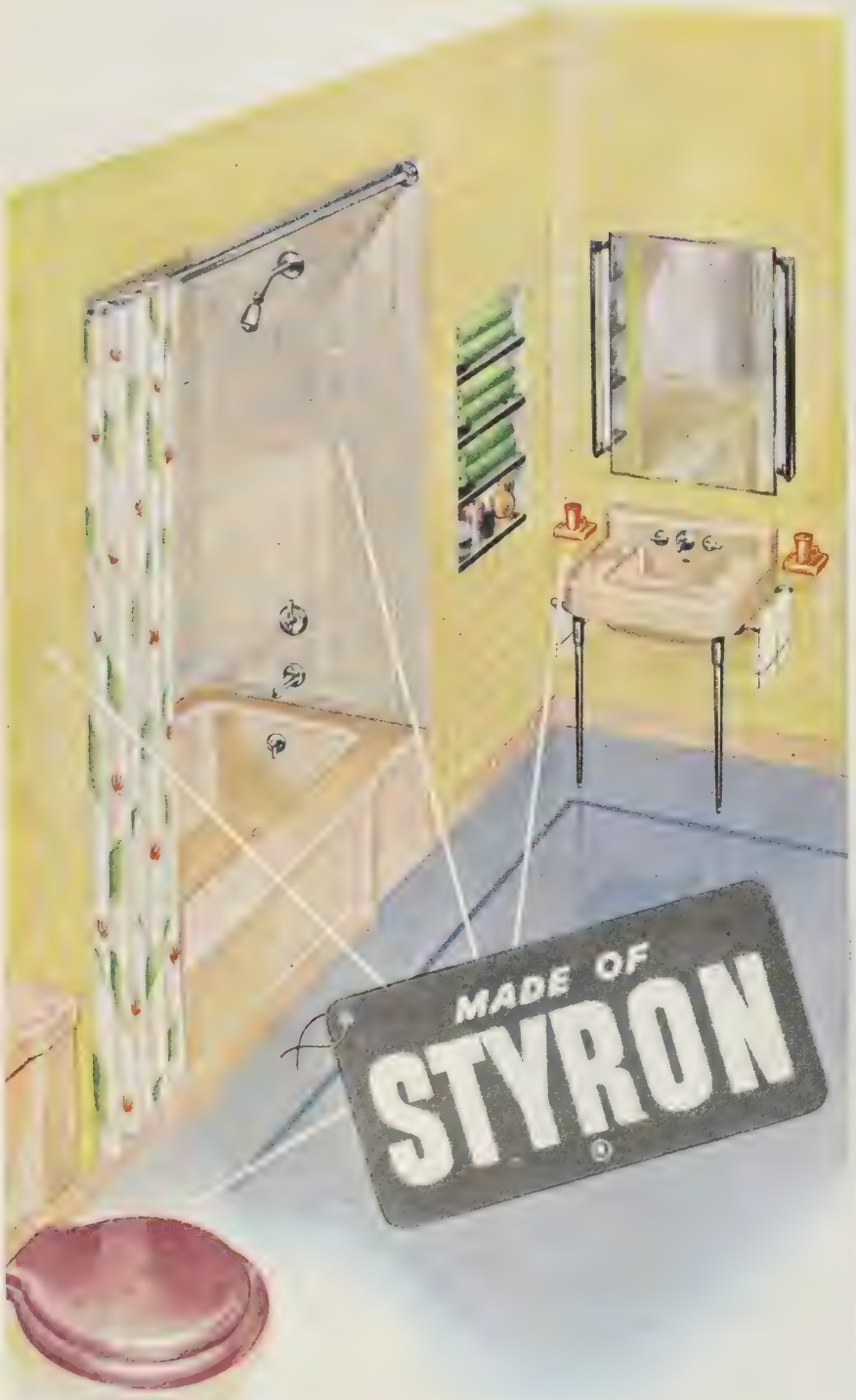


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and many a time I have gone briskly to the kitchen with a shepherd's pie or a baked hash and sour-cream dish in my mind, only to find one leftover bone (earmarked for Melody) and one piece of suet (the birds).

But I like to cook by emotions anyway. I like to make up a meal from staples and a can of something. In winter we make a game of eating for a week or so without shopping at all. Then if we are out of rice, we use noodles. If the bread is gone, we make corn muffins or spoon bread. We pick out a package of meat at random from the freezer and choose the vegetables that we have a surplus of, and in the end we sit down to a very good meal.

If we find a package of ladyfingers on the shelf, I may make icebox pudding for the next day and bake some date torte because I found a box of dates behind the ladyfingers.

The icebox cake is a wonderful dessert, for it is easy and quick. It makes a company dessert too. I split the ladyfingers in half lengthwise (there are 12) and line a glass bread-baking dish with them. Meanwhile I melt 8 ounces semisweet chocolate in a double boiler, add 4 tablespoons boiling water, let cool. I beat 4 egg yolks, add 4 tablespoons sugar, the chocolate, and fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. I spoon this mixture over the ladyfingers (saving 4 or 5 halves to go on top). This goes in the refrigerator overnight and is served with whipped cream. This will serve four or five—but three will clean it up if they are hungry.

Veal Paprika makes a good one-dish dinner with a mixed green salad. And the icebox cake. It calls for 2 pounds veal, about an inch thick, cut into squares. Season and brown with a clove of garlic in 2 tablespoons fat. Add 1½ cups hot water, cover and simmer for an hour. Then add ¾ cup sour cream and 2 teaspoons paprika. If the sauce is too thin, thicken it a little.

The new canned cream-of-chicken soup is a wonderful thing for a cook to have at hand. I have always used the regular kind with the rice and chicken bits in it for many dishes, but there are times when you do not want that thickening which the rice gives. The new soup makes a cream-chicken gravy, adds flavor to almost any soup, is fine for the liquid in a chicken pie, and is wonderful to add to vegetable casseroles. Try scalloping potatoes with it instead of milk—you can thin it if you want to—or try it poured over tender fresh noodles! Then of course you can add cheese and have a chicken cheese sauce in which to poach eggs for Sunday supper.

One reason cooking is so exciting is that there is always something new you can make; actually, it can be a new adventure every single day. We are currently experimenting with various things to serve with tea. Hot light teacakes, coffee rings, little afternoon tea muffins—there are dozens of them.

My mother and I used to have tea every afternoon when I was growing up. At first I had cambric tea, but later I grew up to a real cup. She used her mother's old silver teapot, and I use it now, and when we sit down by the apple-wood fire and pour the tea from that little fat teapot, my mother seems very close to me.

MAMMA liked strong black tea. Last year we got one of those tea taster's packages and tried to decide which was really the best. And I confess I loved every one of them. Earl Grey is very special, but so is Darjeeling. I like smoky teas and jasmine-scented teas and every other kind.

The teapot must be boiling hot when the tea goes in. And the tea should steep four or five minutes. Thin slices of lemon pricked with cloves are all right; so is colored sugar. But for a family tea, we pour it out and drink it without anything in it. Just tea.

The hour to have your tea is that time in the afternoon when you feel blank. Around four, with us. Then you can attack the end-of-day chores feeling encouraged.

Date torte is nice for tea or dessert. Beat 3 eggs, add 1 cup sugar. Sift 1 cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, stir in 1 cup chopped dates and 1 cup chopped nuts. Combine flour and egg-sugar mixtu add ½ teaspoon vanilla, beat until smoot bake about 40 minutes at 325°F. in a shall pan (greased). Turn out at once and cut in squares. Serve dusted with powdered sug if you use it for tea, but with whipped crea if you make it dessert.

This is another recipe of my mother's always mean to try it with mixed dried fru or big sun-cured prunes, but when I get the kitchen I make it just as mamma di

This winter I finished reading most of t good war books, and I wish everyone cou be persuaded to read No Place to Hide. F every American should face the tru squarely, and we should have no more of th loose talk about another war. We don't ha to be a nation of ostriches.

RECENTLY in New York I went to a dinn in honor of several of the war authors. I w interested to see that the younger write thought that war was the normal state affairs, not abnormal, whereas the older a thors felt war was abnormal and peace t normal way of living. Some of the younge had never lived in days of peace at all!

Tales of the South Pacific is, to me, one the best of the books with the war bac ground. For it is more than reporting; it is searching study of the meaning of life. M Michener is not so much concerned with th falling of the bombs as with the effect th have on men's mind and spirit. To me, th story of the cutting of the great stand of tim ber for an airplane base has pretty near all life in it, and belongs on any shelf of gre literature. Jim Michener himself is a mode quiet man with a nice sense of humor, a he is much more concerned with the futu of the world than with h own success.

Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is of you.
—EMERSON.

My experience is th people who tell you ho clever or superior or su cessful they are resemb those colored circus ba loons. The surface may h wonderfully colored, but inside there is jus enclosed air, and they are easily deflate

When I came back from the dinner, looked at my valley with new eyes. It hasn changed much since the Revolution. A fe more fields are tilled, a few woodlands hav been lumbered, a few gas stations mushroo around the post offices in the little village There are road signs, too, and electric pole But if you look down on the valley from th top of Sherman Hill, it is green and gentl and unchanged. The same white houses stan serene under the ancient maples, the sam church spires rise to the same spring sky.

O beautiful land, I thought, *surely you ar worth saving! We have lived through the de struction of a large part of the world, and no let us have done with the blasting and killin and laying waste. Let us plant the gardens the world again, reroof the little houses, purif the defiled altars.*

The hills are tenderly green now, the ur shuttered brooks mirror the hyacinth-blu skies, and the little singers in the swamp, th peepers, are making sweet music. The cocke race wildly after spring smells, their paws ar deep with soft mud. The cats sit on the gar den fence, their fur bright with sun.

Maeve is jumping back and forth over th picket fence, just because she can do it an the cockers can't. Her Irish-setter coat is th color of a copper teakettle, her plumed tail i a gay banner. Honey makes her way neatly along the terrace stones, so her paws, at least, will not be muddy. She reminds me o the Victorians with their parasols and lac mitts. The rest of them may make mud pies of themselves, says Honey, but she expect to come to tea and have her vanilla wafers in ladylike manner.

Wonderful is the spring! Full of wonder And the sky so pure and soft, and all th sounds in the valley are the good sounds o peace. The sound of the plow turning over the rich earth with its shining blades. The sound of the ax cutting the firewood for the cool spring nights. The sound of the bucket creaking down into the fresh clear well.

April in New England is the heart made young!

THE END



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VOCATIONAL COUNSELOR

(Continued from Page 23)

that I should prepare for a definite job?" Mrs. Wilson talked to other young college graduates. Four out of five had no definite scheme. Those who did had chosen overcrowded professions.

Dell Wilson started her campaign by offering her services to her own community. An English major from Agnes Scott College, she had taught at a mountain school for a year before her marriage to Henry Wilson, a young furniture manufacturer in Morganton, North Carolina. She had been a Sunday-school teacher too. Even before her boys arrived, she read everything on educational guidance she could lay her hands on. As soon as the oldest, Henry, entered school, she joined the local P.T.A. Now, after twelve years' close association with the parents and with the schools, she felt she at least understood what was needed. What did they think, she asked the high-school principal and the superintendent of schools, of starting a vocational counseling service?

"Not interested. We have neither funds nor personnel," she was told.

"I decided that if they couldn't pay anyone, perhaps they wouldn't refuse to accept the services of someone who would provide counseling free," she says. So Mrs. Wilson began to train herself for the job. She began by commuting the twenty miles to near-by Lenoir-Rhyne College to bring her teacher's certificate up to date. By the spring of 1945, she was ready to begin formal training in guidance.

To get a better idea of the courses she should take and the university she should choose, Mrs. Wilson attended a meeting held by state experts on guidance at Asheville. "I went to the meeting, but I didn't get a chance to ask any questions. By luck I returned home on the train with Dr. Roy Anderson, who came to our state university from a guidance post at Columbia University. I told him I had considered going to work for my master's degree. 'If you do,' he said, 'you'll be merely getting required courses. Say nothing about wanting another degree. Go to Columbia, and take what's useful.'"

That was sound advice. But it took a good deal of persuasion on Dell Wilson's part to convince her husband and sons that it was really necessary for her to go all the way to New York City to learn to be a counselor. Mother was smart enough already, they thought.

The Wilsons decided to make mother's graduate studies a family project. Douglas went for the summer to Camp Carolina, where his older brother was a junior counselor; John found a job on a watermelon farm, and a reliable housekeeper was found to look after Mr. Wilson.

"Columbia gave me a new concept of vocational guidance," Mrs. Wilson tells you. "I came away convinced that high-school and college students needed most information about our world of work, the people in it, and how the individual can fit in. They need a new attitude about work—its dignity, its importance."

When she returned to Morganton, it was pretty discouraging to discover the high-school authorities were no more interested in her services than they had been when she went away. It looked as if she might have a little employment problem of her own!

"There are nine high schools in my county," she explains, "and I decided to apply to every one of them. They have auditoriums, gymnasiums, home-economics kitchens—but no vocational guidance."

She finally got her first encouragement from Richard Spainhour, superintendent of the high school in Valdese, North Carolina. Hemmed in by the Blue Ridge Mountains, this little town of 3800 was settled in 1893 by the Waldensian colonists from the Cottian Alps, between Italy and France. Today their dark-eyed descendants still speak French and care for their fine vineyards and industries.

Spainhour listened with interest to what Mrs. Wilson had to say. "Heaven knows how we'll manage," he told her. "We have no money, no room and no books." But with the hearty approval of R. L. Patton, the county superintendent, manage they did. They gave her a coatroom for an office, supplied her with materials for a year (1945–46) and paid her $25 a month. In addition to her guidance work, Mrs. Wilson was also brought in to teach tenth-grade English twice daily.

This unexpected opportunity to teach in the regular curriculum gave Mrs. Wilson a closer understanding of students' problems and a more intimate relationship with the other teachers, whose co-operation is imperative in such a program.

"As a vocational counselor," Mrs. Wilson explains, "my work must supplement the teacher's in assisting each pupil to make the wisest choice for his future, as well as the best solution to his immediate problems. Sometimes these problems are personal and social as well as academic or vocational."

One of the most pressing problems, Mrs. Wilson points out, is the lack of help and encouragement for the boy or girl who doesn't want to go on to college. Boys like Harry Butler need guidance to take their places in industry. Harry usually came along with other boys to her office and listened while questions were answered. There's nothing formal about Burke County guidance; if a fellow feels better with the support of friends, they can come along. The counselor can always get him back alone. One day Harry came in and asked for the name of a college where he could study business. Knowing that he had fine mechanical aptitude but a poor record in English and clerical subjects, Dell Wilson was surprised.

"Do you want to go to college?" she asked him.

"No'm, but my dad wants me to. He wants me to work in an office," was the reply.

Investigation showed that Harry's father, a mechanic, made a good income, was an excellent worker, but was convinced that office work would be a safer and brighter future for his son. With Mrs. Wilson's help, a family conference was arranged and everyone agreed that being a good factory worker was better than being a poor clerk. Arrangements were made with a local factory so that Harry could do apprentice work each afternoon, and when graduation came, he stepped into full-time employment.

Dell Wilson has a deftness about putting her finger on the problems of young people. There's the case of Theodosia Hogan, for instance. She's a bright little mountain girl. Her record showed a superior I.Q., but she had poor grades. Mrs. Wilson tried to seek out the underlying cause.

"You've been working after school?"

"Yes'm. In the mill." (Two of Valdese's most thriving industries are the hosiery and woolen mills.)

"You like to help out at home?"

Theodosia shrugged resignedly. "I guess so. I almost hafta. We've got seven kids, you know. Seems like one of them always needs something."

More conversation brought out Theodosia's keen desire to go to college. She thought it hopeless, however, and so did her parents.

"My folks say there ain't no use in working folks goin' to college," she told Mrs. Wilson.

Convinced Theodosia was college material, Mrs. Wilson encouraged her to do her best on her courses. She talked to the parents and asked them to encourage Theodosia to study—even though she was hard pressed to keep up both mill work and school. Later, she arranged a trip for Theodosia to Berea College, in Kentucky, founded to help mountain boys and girls like Theo. When the child's record had improved sufficiently, she went to the local P.T.A. and explained Theodosia's case. A small fund was raised. With Mrs. Wilson's encouragement, Theo passed the entrance exams with flying colors.

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Time out for an idle moment—there are few in the lives of clubwoman Louise and busy Donald, president of the Hastings Seed Co.

WELCOME TO FLOWERACRES

Meet the Donald Hastings, of Lovejoy, Georgia:
Home life and a business
flourish together on a 1500-acre plantation.

by THELMA STRABEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LISA LARSEN—SCOPE



Louise and Donald met in the Decatur High School when both were 12. "Right there, I knew she was the girl I'd marry."

LOUISE HASTINGS is mistress of a 1513-acre plantation in the Gone With the Wind country near Atlanta. There's scarcely a week without a guest in the chintz-hung guest room, and she thinks nothing of having forty-two of the "kinfolk" for dinner. But along with that, she's a clubwoman and lecturer. She makes all her own clothes and she's a superb cook—she'll dash home from giving a long lecture, whisk on an apron and turn out a batch of her Sally Lunn muffins which are practically legendary.

All five of the Hastings live an equally crowded, usually intense, occasionally frantic life, and they love every minute of it.

Take a day, a balmy day in April. There's a great drift of dewy, freshly cut azaleas on the table in the wide center hall. Willie, the colored houseman, is making "hot bread." Louise is the first of the family to be up. She has cut tea olive with shining green

1.3% of American families have incomes of $10,000 or more.



It's welcome home from Mary Louise, 22, to brother Donald, 19, a hard-working junior at Cornell's agricultural college.



"My hobbies are vegetables and roses." Donald is in the $10,000-to-$20,000-a-year bracket, pays approximately 30% of net income in taxes.

DONALD: *"Both of us believe that we should take a large share in our community's life and problems. It's a duty all people owe."*



Donald kibitzes while Louise makes jelly: last year Hastings put

leaves for a dining-room centerpiece. "I never like to have last night's flowers greet guests at breakfast," she says. "I always try to have something gay and green for early morning." She's dressed for town, because she's giving a talk on flower arrangement before her garden club this morning. Forty-seven, she's slightly overweight, in spite of recently dieting away fifteen pounds. Her weight, however, isn't noticeable in that black suit she herself tailored. She has abundant gray hair, smartly dressed.

As she places the twigs expertly in a Lowestoft bowl, you can see behind her the long, winding drive, bordered by crape myrtles, that leads to the classic Southern Colonial brick house with its white-pillared entrance portico—not an old house, but serenely blending into its setting. To the right, the garden descends in four terraces. Here in season bloom camellias, star jasmine, Christmastime's golden-belled wintersweet, such rarities as the "lost" Gordonia and Stewartias.

The rest of the family comes down: "Sugar," as Louise calls Donald, her husband, president of the Hastings Seed Company; then his father, Mr. H. G. Hastings, an erect, quiet, dry-humored man of 80; and Mary Louise, 22, with curling titian hair and golden freckles. You'd cast her as a wide-eyed "Southern belle" if you didn't know about her going through Vassar in three years, and making Phi Beta Kappa too. Donnie, 19, a slender, brown-haired boy with a gay, infectious grin, is at Cornell, a junior.

They're all breakfasting together this morning, as there is a visitor, but if there were no guest Louise would indulge herself with breakfast in bed, while Mary Louise had a tray in the room and they had a good mother-and-daughter visit.

After breakfast, Donald goes to the farm office to discuss the work on this seed-and-nursery-stock plantation with his superintendent and to bring back the milk



His stories and his flowers are both in demand when Donald visits the kids at the Atlanta Child's Home. The Hastings belong to many charitable and civic groups, are anxious for Donnie and Mary Louise to carry on this responsibility.

Donald and his father inspect the testing fields: 12 white and 30 negro workers are regularly employed on the plantation at above-average hourly wages. Housing and garden plots are also provided free for 35 families.





Donald and his employees exchange ideas on new vegetable stock. Products are tested and then introduced through mail-order catalogue and in one of company's four retail stores. (Right) A customer discusses the merits of special "Dixiana 6" grass seed.





...) jars of conserves, fruit and vegetables, churned all their own butter.



Louise is family organizer—"Goodness, I have to be"—budgets time for judging flower shows, lecturing and clubwork as well as homemaking.

LOUISE: *"Southern women have been romanticized too much. I'd like to uproot the theory of the clinging vine as I would a weed in my garden."*

from their own cow. Mary Louise runs to the garden to gather flowers, because she's going along to help illustrate her mother's talk.

They're a two-car family, but before the men leave for town there has to be planning about meeting and picking up, because the schedules of the Hastings often become very involved. Today, after the club meeting, Louise is returning to spend the afternoon working in the garden. Willie will help, but "I just have to get my fingers into the dirt myself," Louise says, for she shares with Scarlett O'Hara a passionate devotion to her land. Mary Louise, whose great interest is the drama, will be at the Atlanta Journal this afternoon writing a review. At night, they're all attending a concert sponsored by the Atlanta Music Club, of which they're active members. Mary Louise is going with three—yes, three—boys. She enjoys parties, but her friends are mostly young people interested in music and in the new Atlanta stock company, for which she acts as secretary of the board of directors.

Well, that's today. Tomorrow, Louise is getting up at five to drive to Camilla, Georgia, to talk on church flower arrangements. The following day she'll meet Donald in Macon, where they'll do a husband-and-wife act, speaking before the garden clubs of middle Georgia. They're in great demand for giving lectures and judging flower shows, especially since the publication of their Southern Garden Book, now in its third printing.

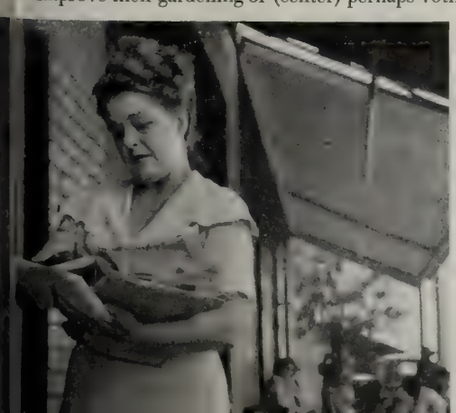
But for all their activities, their beloved Floweracres is the real core of the Hastings' lives. Here the deep-rooted Southern tradition of "making it in the home" flourishes. They churn all their own butter. And how they can! Last year they put up 400 quarts of soup stock, tomato juice and vegetables, 600 jars of jelly and conserves, 400 quarts of peaches. Though there are servants, for a



Louise autographs copies of The Southern Garden Book—written with Donald and now in its 3rd printing—for customers at Davison-Paxons. Store employs her to supervise its decorations in Atlanta and three other Southern cities.

Her many activities bring Louise letters and invitations to speak from all over the South. She takes pride in backing "Southern" causes—whether it's helping small towns improve their gardening or (center) perhaps voting "Dixiecrat" in presidential election.

"We make all our own clothes." Mary Louise shares mother's flair for sewing and her love for Georgia. A Vassar graduate, she turned down acting career to be at home: "The South needs its young people with specialized training."







"We can't tell what the future may hold for them,

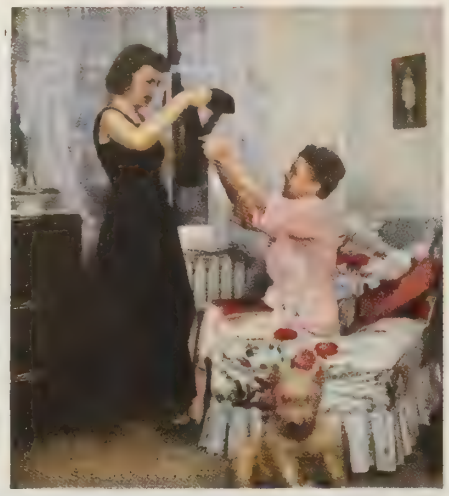
but we want to create lovely memories for our children."



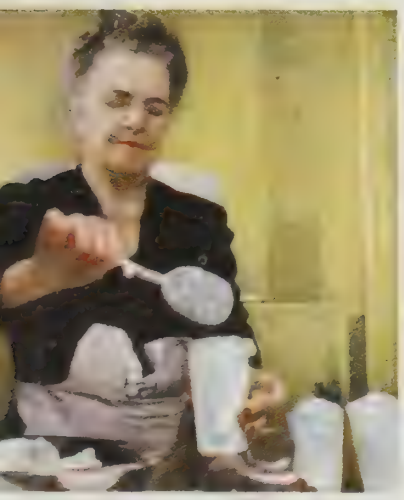
There's a party in the offing—Mary Louise finishes a new evening dress.



Louise perks up the holly before the Hastings' Christmas open house.



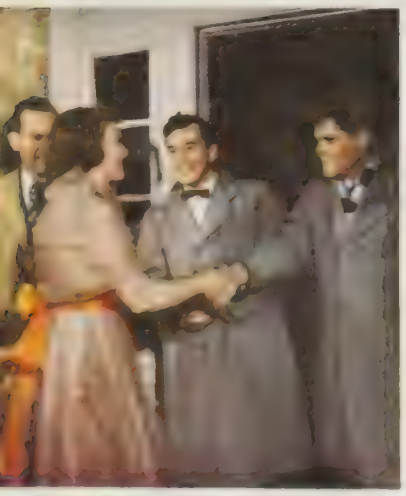
Busy needles try to keep pace with the gaiety when holiday time comes around.



Grandmother Brown mixes the cream, milk, flavoring for traditional sillabub.



A last-minute briefing for Willie, the butler, before 250 eager guests arrive.



Mary Louise greets friends; mother says she's "idealistic" about beaus.



Donnie deserts the girls to talk sports, his "next favorite" hobby to chemistry.

typical guest meal Louise goes into the kitchen and broils the steak, makes the muffins, mixes the salad. And of course the brandied peaches and the pound-cake are her own creations. Most surprising, though, is the fact that Louise and Mary Louise make *all* their own clothes.

The whole family prefers entertaining at home. They feel that their friends love the country atmosphere and the brand of hospitality which they dispense. They don't really need lots of company, though, for they so thoroughly enjoy one another, in spite of temperamental differences.

Donald, 47, boyish-looking, with amused blue eyes, has an easygoing disposition and a natural gift for mimicry and storytelling. Mary Louise is just like him. Louise and Donnie are impulsive, inclined to "fly off the handle." The two children used to squabble, because Donnie hated being bested at anything—still does. When his sister beat him at croquet, he'd take after her with the mallet. She stopped this by hitting him back once—hard. Then she went to her room and cried.

She's a soft-spoken girl, with an almost shy manner and a tendency to underrate herself, but she has a mind and will of her own. Her mother thinks that she's rather idealistic about what she expects of boys. Mary Louise has gone with several boys of whom her mother highly approved—and then suddenly it would be all over. Louise admits that she gets firmly put in her place when she tries any matchmaking. Mary Louise will know, decidedly, when she finds what she wants.

Donnie is the most social one of the family. He has a charm which must be devastating among the debutantes, but he still plays the field. He's the sportsman, too; loves riding and shooting on the place. But he also has a scientific turn of mind. He has a laboratory in the three-room guest apartment above the garage, which he occupies as "bachelor quarters" when he's at home, and last year one of his experiments almost wrecked the place. He and his mother are great pals and have a fine understanding. Louise doesn't drink, and one day Donnie said to her, "Mother, if you never drink, the way I see some mothers do, I'm not going to, either." It's a pact they've kept.

The house, with its plant-filled sunroom, living room with painted Victorian pieces, and four flowery bedrooms, is always lively, and they're casual with a guest. Donnie, when he's home, may come in, with his father, from work in the testing fields in old clothes, Mary Louise runs downstairs with a dress she's making, and Louise will bring a mixing bowl and stir a cake right in the library. The servants—Willie, his wife Ludie, who "helps out," and Annie May, the cook—are off on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, but Louise always welcomes any

Festivity means family, too, to Louise, who thinks nothing of having 40 or 50 "kin" to a party. "It's good for the children. The more people there are whose concern they have now, the better future decisions they'll make. They can't let so *many* down."



Carols on the stairs at Christmastime: holidays are especially gay, but at Floweracres hospitality's a year-round proposition.

number of drop-in dinner guests. She's never caught without a cake on hand, a ham, and a chicken ready for frying, in the refrigerator. She may open a jar of homemade consommé, slice the ham, toss together vegetable salad, and dish up the ice cream that has been made in a hand-turned freezer. "Guests are a lot happier when the hostess isn't doing elaborate fussing in the kitchen."

The Hastings' big extravagance is this "Southern hospitality" of theirs. It's often on a big scale. During Opera Week last year, Louise had 65 for Sunday lunch, including all the stars (Donald is an "opera guarantor"). On Tuesday there was a dinner for the officers and directors, and their wives, of the Men's Garden Clubs of America, then meeting in Atlanta, of which Donald is a director. Around 40 had been expected, but 70 came, and Louise managed without turning a hair. The following Monday she served a luncheon for 65 fellow members of the board of the Garden Clubs of Georgia.

For each meal, Louise sensibly used the same menu: their own baked hams, sliced, then covered with icing and decorated with crystallized fruits; fried chicken; their own asparagus with hollandaise sauce; Sally Lunn bread

Reward for a corsage early in the evening may be claimed under the moonlight later.





Drop-in callers are Louise's delight, impromptu dinners her specialty: she learned to decorate cakes at 6, likes to bake her own every week end.

"Make it in the home" is an old Southern tradition—and that goes for entertainment too.

and homemade grape conserve; a tossed salad; home-grown strawberries on ice cream and her special angel-food cake. The opera people, especially, loved it, sitting on the beautiful terrace (they were a little shattered; that was the week their costumes hadn't arrived for the opening performance). The ever-charming Madame Bori came up to Louise and announced, "I am now taking another plate and starting all over again!"

Louise feels that they balance such expenses somewhat with all their home dressmaking. The women of her family, the Browns of Grovania, Georgia, have always been proud of their sewing, as they are of their cooking (Louise's grandmother taught her to decorate cakes in French-chef manner when she was only six). She watches thriftily for sales, especially those season's-end ones of *couturier* fabrics, buys dress and suit lengths and puts them away. She bought all the bedroom chintzes at a great bargain in a decorator's close-out, and made the curtains and chair covers herself. She took a summer course in designing and dressmaking at Columbia before she was married, and Mary Louise studied under designer Aline Bernstein at Vassar, so their sewing is highly professional. They swear by Vogue patterns.

Before Mary Louise went abroad last summer they made eight suits and dresses. They report triumphantly that they saw an almost exact replica of one of the evening dresses, a lace one, in an Atlanta shop, priced at about the cost of the entire wardrobe. Mary Louise had used the Holiday list of clothes to take and says it proved "just perfect."

They pick up and carry around sewing as some women do knitting. Last year, on a trip to Texas with Donald, Louise turned out a hand-sewn print dress on the train.

They've other pet economies, such as home permanents and doing their own dry cleaning. They're pretty lavish about spending on hats, shoes and bags, but insist that good ones are a real investment.

Louise runs the house on a weekly budget, and says that except for peak-entertaining periods she sticks to it. She's a great organizer too. "Goodness! I have to be!" She makes out *(Continued on Page 242)*

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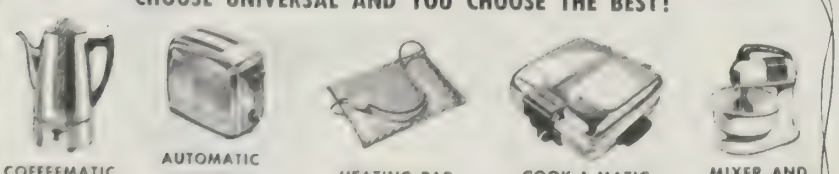
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Roses in full bloom, heirloom silver in full gleam are the perfect complements of each other—and of the smiling hostess, Mrs. Donald Hastings.

A Thing of Beauty is a Job a Joy Forever

By **MARGARET DAVIDSON**

DONALD HASTINGS runs a seed farm and nursery whose mail-order business covers most of this country's southeast quarter. His wife's housekeeping is to scale. Her entertaining is in the grand manner, and in addition lecturing on flower arrangement and her decoration jobs take her hither and yon. We felt sure that such a busy, able woman was good for useful tips on looking after silver, and she didn't let us down.

THE MORE WEAR, THE LESS CARE

Mrs. Hastings believes in using her heirloom silver, not just keeping it on display. This policy keeps her from taking time out for polishing bouts that would otherwise be necessary before parties, and from getting flustered when unexpected guests turn up. And then it is good for the silver. All of it that has been used is cleaned once a week. Used or not, it is counted and any tarnished pieces are polished. But constant use is her main recommendation.

Regular use and regular washing will guard against tarnish and develop a lovely, unmistakable patina, so that rotation of your flatware helps keep it in fairly good condition. It will also keep its appearance uniform so it all belongs together, if changes of table settings are made every week or so. But don't forget to rub off the worst discolorations right away with a treated cloth or treated paper kept near the sink. (These are wonderful, too, for between-times swiping out of metal and trays.) Or if a fork is badly stained, you can push the tines up and down in a handful jar of polish. And don't forget the thorough rinsing and polishing afterward.

WORK OF ART IS WORK

Labor of love though it may be, a work of art is always work. If you would have gleaming silver, there is no substitute for periodic cleanings, especially if you own hollow ware. We know that a tarnished ice bucket can look as big as a water tank and that shining up the ancestral tea set can go as slowly as a rainy Sunday. But take your seat near the hot-water faucet, have everything you need before you, and see if size and time don't dwindle. Among your tools (besides polish and cloth) you will want a medium-hard toothbrush for gadroon borders and *repoussé* flowers, and an orange stick you can cover with a piece of cloth for those deep crevices and the pesky spot between the bottom of a handle and the pot or cup or bowl to which it is attached. Spare your manicure and use your head.

Rub lengthwise on flat silver and around and around on hollow ware to achieve a professional finish, but don't expect hand methods to produce the even glitter of silver in a jeweler's window. Here you have two feuding viewpoints that out-

rtins and the Coys. One side likes shine, the other prefers a soft even ince silver polishes do their clean- lightly crosshatching the surface, ese tiny lines that give the dull some so emphatically admire. u belong to the other side and like w-window glitter, then electrolysis ou. This is the boiling-in-a-dishpan , with baking soda and salt added vater, a tablespoonful of each for uart. The latest wrinkle is to put a f aluminum foil in the bottom of and make certain all the silver it or another piece of silver. Two minutes are sufficient to do the ou can throw away the foil, but ns must be cleaned off the alumi- e plate we formerly put in. This is not for candlesticks, hollow th spouts or handles attached, or with lightweight hollow handles. ay loosen at the joints. A dull finish is totally destroyed. When in a really bad way, send it to your and let him buff it bright.

DO YOU LIKE YOUR COPPER SHOWING?

there is the sort of woman who Sheffield with the copper showing , and the sort who likes her copper no better than she does her slip. stings was telling us that she is fond old tole flower containers in her ause they are trimmed with brass with pewter, and the pewter is off so that the brass shines through ies. But if you subscribe to the it-once way of thinking, it's just to know that ten different shops te you ten different prices for the —or what appears to be the same the prices generally vary in pro- to the amount of silver used, and est price can mean the most silver. pensive job might indicate that a sh of silver had been applied, ould have to be done over again e while.

REVENTIVE MEDICINE

ver care, as in many things, fore- better than hindsight. Among of prevention, in Mrs. Hastings' and in ours, proper storage ranks hen she found that stacking her ays bent them out of shape, she out a method of hanging those idles from a rack in the pantry. another scheme for those without She plans to put up a horizontal with a slot between it and the o which the lower edges of the n be inserted—a decorative idea nvenient too. The trays with are hung up in their flannel pa- nd though those in the molding are, she uses them so often that n't become too tarnished between

nyone who doesn't entertain as Mrs. Hastings, we are all for the ajamas, particularly those chemi- ated to ward off tarnish. We're imilarly treated linings in silver and silver chests as well. We our- nce put our flat silver in storage en months, and because it was in with a chemically treated lining, it bright enough to use when we ut. You can buy tarnish-deterrent the yard, and make your own sil- and linings for your silver drawers es. Or you can buy treated paper ame purpose.

ative silver, such as candlesticks, is ly lacquered to prevent tarnish. Experts take a dim view of its application and removal by rank amateurs, although silver can be taken to a silvershop to have this transparent protective coating applied. If inadvertently you happen to try to polish a piece of silver that has been lacquered, the lacquer will peel off in spots. The best treatment is to keep it clean by dusting and polishing with a dry cloth—to keep the lacquer intact. For home use there is a clear liquid which is rubbed on, then polished to give a tarnish-resistant finish. This is removed by water, and must be reapplied after washing.

VIM AND VIGOR FOR METALS

Though silver is the *grande dame* of household metals, its more modest sisters are equally attractive and fit into some interiors better. For these, if you like copper in the pink of condition and the greenish tinge that comes out in good brass polished within an inch of its life, a reliable metal polish, clean cloths, a brush for the humps and hollows, and time and muscle for a polishing session are all you need.

How much silver, copper and brass you use is to some extent a regional problem. Our friend, Mrs. H., for instance, lives in the South, where help with the housework is easily arranged, and she finds it a simple matter to keep metals shining. For those who may have much silver and little help, we suggest storing some of it, at least, and keep what you use sparkling. Save the rest for your children and your grandchildren. This advice sounds heartless, but to put it painlessly out of the way is better than neglect.

Meanwhile, consider pewter. It's so easy to care for that an occasional washing in hot soapy water and a thorough drying are all it needs as a regular thing. Polishing (with some good silver polish) is called for only two or three times a year, though you'd better keep in mind that it shows fingerprints more than other metals. As you give it the final shine, handle it with gloves—literally—or cover your hands with a cloth.

If you have more copper than you can cope with, you may find that you like that Indian-penny brown as much as the rosy cast of the polished metal. But there isn't any out for brass. Though some people prefer dull brass, most like their brass to give an interesting glimmer of luster. It takes rottenstone and linseed oil bought at the hardware store and mixed to the thickness of heavy cream, plus energetic rubbing, to bring out that luster.

EASY DOES IT WITH CHINA AND GLASS

As for china and glassware, elbow grease is unnecessary to their preservation. Under vigorous treatment, in fact, they come apart in your hand. Be gentle, be tender with them. When you wash fine china and fine glassware, put a folded dish towel in the bottom of the pan, and avoid washing them and silver at the same time. Old china and glass, owing to their uneven tempering, are especially likely to break under sudden changes of heat and cold.

Since old glass and china are heat-sensitive, they should be washed by hand, for water temperatures in dishwashers are higher than is desirable for such items. Those of you who live in hard-water localities may prefer to wipe your best dishes and glasses dry instead of letting them dry in the dishwasher, for the towel will wipe off the mineral film. But if you use the exact amount of the detergent recommended in the directions, the murky film that lime deposits cause may be pretty well

(Continued on Page 257)



No, Mother . . .

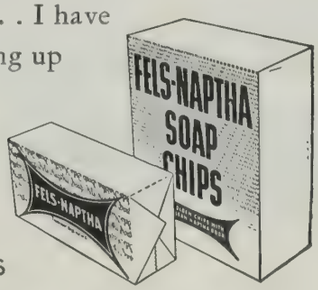
"I didn't forget to 'phone . . . but I never knew
just how much work went with a wedding ring.
Seems to me there's always something . . .
Oh, my goodness! that's what you used to say, isn't it . . .?

Yes, Mother . . .

"I'm doing my own cleaning and washing.
Our place is so tiny . . . and everything's so new
and bright, I can't bear to let anyone else touch it
or my beautiful linens and towels either . . .

Of course, Mother! . .

"Fels-Naptha Soap? . . . I never use anything else.
That's one thing I did remember . . . By the
way, Mother, *how* does a man get so much dirt
in his collars and cuffs? . . . All you've learned
is how to get it out? I see what you mean,
darling. Fels-Naptha Chips? . . . I have
plenty—I think. Soon as I hang up
I'll make sure . . . 'bye!"



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Prize Winning Flower Arrangements

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

A well-known judge at Garden Club flower shows, Louise Hastings, highlights for us the points that make these arrangements prize winners. Each was judged for composition, balance, originality and general artistry in the class in which it won a prize. You can make bouquets out of almost anything that grows, provided you do it with similar artistry. (More about flower arrangements on page 234.)

JACKSON AND PERKINS



Winning composition of roses with their own buds and branches, to show color balance and leaf pattern.

JACKSON AND PERKINS



Best arrangement of garden roses gracefully composed with unrelated foliage in simple pottery vase.

GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA



A prize winner because spring flowers are richly color-styled to harmonize with a pine-paneled room.

GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA



Showing how formal flowers with mixed foliage can be used informally to accent a modern setting.



Best example of arranging common garden flowers to give the effect of an elaborately composed painting.

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enduringly right. Solid silver "Overlay"
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jan Whitcomb

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SAVE YOURSELF ten solid minutes of stirring! Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, just as it comes from the can, gives you a heavenly, smooth cream sauce *plus* the luxury of mushrooms! Try it these 3 delicious ways:

Try **Mushroom Cream Sauce**

Place contents of one can of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup in a saucepan; stir until smooth. Add a half cup of milk, a bit at a time, stirring constantly. Heat....This sauce is wonderful with fried chicken (as shown above), meat cakes, chicken or meat croquettes, seafood, eggs, new potatoes, broccoli, green peas, etc.

or **Mushroom Almond Sauce**

To mushroom cream sauce add 3 tablespoons of sliced, blanched almonds Mix well. Heat. Almonds plus mushrooms lend top luxury at moderate cost.

or **Mushroom à la King Sauce**

Brown ¼ cup of chopped green pepper in 2 teaspoons butter or margarine. Add to mushroom cream sauce. Then garnish with pimiento. This is an easy, delicious way to use leftover stewed or roast chicken.

...AND FOR THE FINEST TOMATO SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED, USE CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP



IT'S GRAND AS A COOKING SAUCE . . .

Whenever the recipe calls for tomato sauce, you'll find that Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can, is the best and quickest way. Made from selected tomatoes, grown from special seed. Money can't buy a finer tomato sauce! Try this delicious dish:

Sausage and Rice Casserole

1 pound sausage meat
3 cups cooked rice
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup

Cook sausage meat until light brown, stirring to keep meat separated. Drain off fat. Add cooked rice and soup. Mix well. Turn into a greased 1½-quart casserole. Cover and bake at 350° F. (moderate) for 40 minutes. Garnish top with green pepper rings. Makes 6 servings.

WONDERFUL AS A POUR-ON SAUCE . . . Lends extra flavor and color when poured over egg dishes, cheese dishes, fish, hamburgers, and many other favorites.



I JUST COULDN'T KEEP HOUSE WITHOUT THESE TWO CAMPBELL'S SOUPS...AS SOUPS ...AS SAUCES...AND IN COOKING!

Campbell's SOUPS

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★



PHOTO BY STUART

Baked ham is a regal sight and beautiful eating. It is first carved, then frosted with white icing, decorated with candied fruits and garnished with brandied peaches.

Specialties of the House

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

HASTINGS parties are long anticipated, long remembered. The food serv with charm and grace at their table upholds—in fact, exemplifies—t romantic idea of traditional Southern cooking.

There's a reason for such excellence. The reason is Louise Hastings. gifted cook herself, she plans and personally supervises the preparation every meal and party. She gives as much attention to the ritual of maki grape conserve or the garnishment of a platter of fried chicken as she does her artistic flower arrangements which add so much to the beauty of her tabl No wonder the hospitality of this house is famous in Atlanta.

Though Christmas is past, there will always be another; and when it com around again, the menu below, or a similar one, will be served at the Hastin open house. Cakes and sillabub are served in the dining room, sandwiches a coffee in the library. Preparations for this party begin weeks in advance. T fruitcake is made at least two months ahead—not just a few pounds, but son times as much as 150 pounds. It is put in great cans, each cake sprinkl generously with rum. The cans are then sealed so the cake will season or a

FLOWERACRES OPEN HOUSE

Served in Dining Room	*Served in Library*
*Rum Cake	*Hot Mushroom Canapés
Lemon-Cheese Cakes	Turkey Sandwiches
Spongecakes	Cream-Cheese-and-Ginger Sandwich
Fruitcake	Salted Nuts
Brandied Cherries	Coffee
Sillabub (served from a silver bowl in tall crystal goblets)	

RUM CAKE

Use Ann Batchelder's delicate white layer cake, or any other favorite white layer cake that calls for 6–8 egg whites and that makes 3 layers. When baked and cool, fill the layers with rum filling. Ice the outside of cake with boiled icing.

Rum Filling: This uses the yolks from the 8 egg whites called for in Mrs. Hastings' 3-layer white cake. Beat 8 egg yolks. Add 1 cup sugar, a pinch of salt, ½ cup butter or margarine, 1 cup white raisins, 1 cup shelled pecans, chopped fine. Heat in top of doul boiler over hot water, stirring constant When hot, add ½ cup water and 2½ t spoons rum extract. Mrs. Hastings adds cup rum instead of the water and rum tract. Cook over boiling water, stirring c stantly until thick. Remove from heat a cool. Fill layers.

Mrs. Hastings usually makes this ca herself and it is traditionally served at t family Christmas dinner, as well as for p ties. She makes and fills the cake seve

before, so the flavor of the rum has
:o go all through the cake. The cake is
ed until the day it is to be served. For
parties, such as the open house, she
the layers in long rectangular pans.
shape cuts better for serving large
s.
netimes, too, she bakes tiny cupcakes
1½ inches in diameter, using the
white-cake recipe. The cakes are
d with confectioners' sugar. Instead of
ım-pecan filling, which would not be
ble for these miniature cakes, she
s a butter-cream icing, flavors it with
ınd frills it onto the tops of the tiny
with a pastry tube.

HOT MUSHROOM CANAPÉS

pound fresh mushrooms, stems and
through the food chopper, saving all
that forms. Drain mushrooms. To the
add enough milk to make 1 cup.
2½ tablespoons butter or margarine.
in 2½ tablespoons flour. Add the cup
:e and milk. Cook, stirring constantly,
smooth and thickened. Sauté the
d mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter
rgarine until tender. Add 1 tablespoon
l onion. Combine with cream sauce.
son with ¼ to ½ teaspoon curry pow-
teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and
r and salt to taste. It must be well
ıed. Mrs. Hastings adds a little sherry.
Spread on small toast squares. Grease
g pans with butter or margarine. Lay
oom-toast squares in pan and bake
t oven, 400° F., until well heated
gh, or you could run them under the
r a few minutes. This filling makes
h for 3 to 4 dozen canapés. For a large
bake only a trayful at a time.

sn't unusual for the Hastings to have
s of three buffet dinner parties in the
when the gardens are at their beau-
est, with as many as 80 guests at one
Depending on the guest list, Mrs.
ngs may often serve the same menu—
slight variations—for several parties
ries.
e is one of her menus for a spring
dinner:

ked Ham — Iced and Garnished with Crystallized Fruit
ied Chicken — Candied Apples
paragus with Hollandaise Sauce
ed Salad — Tomato-Aspic Salad
Hot Buttered Sally Lunn
Spiced Grape Conserve
Watermelon Pickle
Brandied Strawberries
gel-Food Cake — Frosted with Whipped Cream
Coffee

ICED HAM

Bake a ham as you usually do, following the directions for baking according to the type of ham it is. Cool. Carve, but do not remove slices, leaving shape intact. Frost with boiled icing. Floweracres hams are home cured and smoked. Sometimes they are boiled and soaked in wine, sometimes they are parboiled and then baked with a bread-dough crust around them. Mrs. Hastings says she makes a dough of water and flour which is very stiff. She wraps this dough around the ham, bakes it in a hot oven, 500° F., 20 minutes, then reduces the heat to 300° F. and bakes until done. During the last 30 minutes of baking, she breaks a hole in the dough and pours in a cup of sherry or other wine.

When the ham is cool, the crust is cracked off. The ham is then cooled and sliced so that it will be easy to lift slices out. This is done by cutting a small wedge from the shank end, then cutting thin slices down to the leg bone. Release slices by cutting along bone at right angle to slices, but leave intact so the ham will look whole. Then she frosts the surface of the ham with a boiled icing and decorates it with candied fruits.

Arrange this splendor on a silver platter and garnish with fresh water cress and brandied or pickled peaches. When it is set out on the silver platter for serving, Mrs. Hastings lifts out one piece as a starter so that guests will know it is already sliced.

Mrs. Hastings takes just as much care and pride in planning luncheons and dinners for the family and a few guests as she does for big parties. Everyone who has ever been a guest at Floweracres has raved about the cheese soufflé and the Sally Lunn. Mrs. Hastings' cheese soufflé is delicate in flavor, smooth and velvety. The Sally Lunn, a raised bread, is served hot with their own fresh-churned country butter.

The original recipe was Mrs. Hastings' mother's. This recipe is from her mother's own handwritten cookbook. Mrs. Hastings told us that one of her guests once commented, "When I go to heaven I hope the Lord will serve grape conserve and Sally Lunn." She said she "hoped not, because then she'd have to make it."

LUNCHEON FOR FAMILY AND GUESTS

Consommé
***Cheese Soufflé**
Tomatoes with Homemade Cottage Cheese
***Hot Sally Lunn**
Fresh Fruit — *Orange Cookies *or* *Lemon Cup Pudding
Tea

(Continued on Page 245)

PHOTO BY LISA LARSEN



Christmas open house at Floweracres. Two maids are arranging a tray of assorted cakes and brandied cherries to accompany the sillabub.



FLUFFY EGGS EVERY TIME if you follow this method: Break eggs into bowl; for each egg used, add ⅛ tsp. salt, 1 tbs. cream, milk or water, dash of pepper. • Beat lightly with a fork. • (You may want to add finely chopped chives or onion, a dash of steak sauce.) • Melt in skillet enough butter or margarine to coat bottom. • Turn heat low, add eggs. • Don't touch until they "set" slightly. • Then keep turning edges gently toward center of pan; avoid stirring. • Remove from burner before quite firm—pan heat will finish the cooking. • SPAM slices have been browning in another pan. • Serve both on a *hot* plate. • What a meal—what a *meal!*



ON TOASTED BUN HALVES, lay SPAM slices and a slice of cheese. Slip under broiler till SPAM browns, cheese bubbles. Any time is SPAMwich time.



NO FRILLS, JUST GOOD EATING. Bake two SPAMs 20 min. at 350°, basting with half a cup of canned fruit syrup — cling peach, pineapple, apricot. Serves six — and how!



AROUND THE CLOCK IN COTTONS

Mary Louise Hastings is a typical Southern belle, possessing all the charm and accomplishments that go with the title. One of her many talents is sewing. She not only makes most of her own clothes, but she designs them. Often she combines parts of different patterns . . . sometimes she cuts directly in the fabric. She loves lots of detail and fine hand sewing. She has a passion for beautiful fabrics, loves interesting combinations of color. Her cotton wardrobe runs the gamut of texture and pattern—from a sheer wallpaper print to a heavy cloqué-textured cotton, so wonderful for suits. ★ By Nora O'Leary

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto. *Connecticut residents please add sales tax.





Plaid gingham strapless dress with its own button-backed, scallop-trimmed top. Junior Vogue Design No. 3269, 9 to 15.



Two-piece summer suit in new clo cotton. Patch pockets, long or sh sleeves. Vogue Design No. 6711, 12 t



PHOTOS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO.



Mary Louise in her white eyelet bouffant evening dress. Double collar of plain organdy, with a blue taffeta ribbon sash. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6700, 12 to 20.

Turn to Page 245 for Other Views of These Patterns



© VOGUE

Afternoon dress in a sheer wallpaper print. Contrasting binding, cord belt. Vogue Design No. 6712, 12 to 18.





He sets the style for the younger set . . . While these crocus-crisp dresses were being tucked and ruffled, the man who designed them ordered Talon slide fasteners for the dainty neckline closures. This thoughtful man in the background sees no reason why mothers shouldn't have the quick-dressing aid (and little girls the grown-up thrill) of this finest, fastest, most durable of closings. Look for children's clothing with this important improvement. It tells you that a thoughtful man in the background is giving you extra value, extra quality!

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DAVIS & CATTERALL
40 Worth Street, New York 13

ROUND TRIP

(Continued from Page 50)

cup, rose and went over to the basement door. He switched on the light and started down the stairs. Halfway down he stopped. The basement was six inches deep in water.

For a moment Thomas stood motionless, then slowly he went back upstairs and into the kitchen. Lynn had just come down with the children and was getting their breakfast.

"The basement is flooded again," he said.

"Oh, no." Lynn spooned some cereal into James' mouth. "Well, I guess you'd better get the plumber."

"Look," Thomas said, "the plumber isn't going to do any good. It's the stuff that gets into the outside drains that clogs the pipes. We've got to find a way of keeping those drains clear. I thought you were going to call the man about it last week."

"I did, but he never showed up. At any rate, you'll need the plumber to clear the drain now, or you'll never get the water out."

"I guess you're right. I hope he's open at this hour." Thomas started toward the door.

"If he's not there, go next door to the cleaner's. Mr. Prince takes messages for him when he's out."

He left, and returned in a couple of minutes. He poured himself another cup of coffee, and sat down and scribbled a couple of ideas on the back of a grocery slip.

"He'll be here any minute," he said finally, putting the pencil down. "I left a message with the cleaner."

"I wouldn't bank on that," said Lynn. "He often doesn't get in until eleven or so. I think we'd better start cleaning it up now." She went to the closet and got two sweaters, wrestled the protesting children into them, and shooed them out into the garden.

THOMAS sighed, took off his shoes and socks, rolled up his trouser cuffs, and followed her downstairs. For a half hour they splashed around, lifting soggy rugs and mats out of the water and draping them in the furnace room, and collecting bits of floating debris.

Upstairs there were a clank and a thud. Lynn straightened up and with the back of her hand pushed a strand of blond hair away from her eyes.

"What was that?" she said.

"I'll go see."

Wiping his hands on his trousers, Thomas padded up the stairs, his feet making wet slapping noises on the rubber matting. In the kitchen was a man in overalls, crouched under the sink.

"Hey," said Thomas. "What goes on?"

"The cleaner said your sink needed fixing."

"Sink nothing. Our basement is flooded."

The plumber stopped his work and looked absently around. "Well," he said, "I guess I'd better get this back together first." He picked up a section of the drainpipe.

Lynn came into the kitchen and knew immediately what had happened. "Did you tell Mr. Prince what we wanted the plumber for?" she asked.

"No," said Thomas petulantly. "I just told him to have the plumber drop around when he came in. I didn't think I had to go through the whole routine with him."

"I should have told you. Mr. Prince always assumes that when you want the plumber it means that your kitchen sink is out of order. You should leave a note."

"Well, thanks for the tip," said Thomas sourly. To the plumber he said, "How about leaving that and taking a look downstairs? I've got to use the room down there."

"Okay, Jack," said the plumber, rising. "Anything you say." He went to the basement stairs and peered down. "That looks bad. I'll have to go back and get some other gear. It shouldn't take too long."

The front doorbell rang. "I'll get it," said Thomas. He opened the door and was confronted by a small, dumpy woman in her middle fifties. She was quite agitated.

"I thought you ought to know," she said "that your children are spreading garbage all over your back yard. They'll poison themselves, or worse, if you don't look out."

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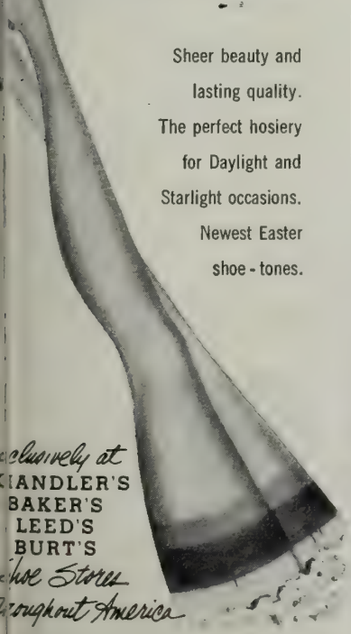
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"Thank you," he said testily. "I'll see about it."

The woman started to say something more, but Thomas closed the door. He went through the house and into the garden, where he found that Roger had managed to upset one of the garbage cans and the two children were happily taking inventory of its contents. James had a coffee-speckled orange peel in his mouth and an eggshell in each hand, while Roger was inspecting a banana skin that appeared to have been covered with mustard. They had both tramped in soggy toast, and Roger's front was smeared with uncooked chicken giblets. Thomas snatched the orange peel and eggshells away from James, and slapped the banana peel out of Roger's hands.

"How many times," he thundered, "do you have to be told to let that can alone?"

James watched in stunned silence as Thomas pulled Roger to his feet and shook him. Roger began to wail.

"Now, pick it up," Thomas said. "Pick up every bit of it. And stop that noise."

Roger's wail rose to a shriek. A window in one of the adjacent apartments flew open, and a woman put her head out. She wore a dirty pink bathrobe, and her hair was in curlers.

"You leave that child alone!" she shouted. "You stop beating that child!"

Thomas looked up at her and made an impolite answer under his breath, then turned back to Roger. "Go on," he said, "start picking it up." Roger squatted down, sobbing, and picked up an eggshell. "Now put it in the garbage can," Thomas directed

I would rather fight with my hands than my tongue.
—DOLLY MADISON.

"If you don't leave that child alone I'll call the police!" shouted the woman.

Thomas whirled back to her. "I'd love to see the police," he said, "so I could report you for indecent exposure."

The window slammed shut.

Thomas went inside and sat down, and the bell rang. He got up resignedly and started for the door.

"Don't move," said Lynn, coming downstairs. "I've got it."

Thomas teetered to a stop as she opened the door and admitted the delivery boy from the market, who breezed in with a packing case full of groceries and slammed it down on the kitchen table.

"Good morning, Mrs. Thomas," he said, and then, seeing Thomas, added, "and *Mr.* Thomas." He started piling the groceries from the box onto the table. "That was quite a party you had the other night," he said. "From what they tell me, it was a regular whing-ding."

"From what who tells you?" Thomas asked.

"Oh, the word gets around," said the boy. "Mrs. Gresham—she lives in one of the apartments behind your garden—she said she couldn't get to sleep until four. Just lay in her bed, she said, listening to the noise."

"We weren't making any noise," said Thomas defensively. "It was an unusually quiet party."

"Mrs. Gresham said you were drinking champagne."

"It occurs to me," Thomas said, with mounting irritation, "that Mrs. Gresham must sleep in a hammock slung outside her window, if she was trying to get to sleep and still saw all that she saw. She must also own a very fine set of binoculars."

"I wouldn't know about that," said the boy, picking up the empty case. "I just know what she tells us. Well, so long, Mrs. Thomas; so long, Mr. Thomas." He put the case on his shoulder and went out the door, whistling.

Lynn went to the garden door and opened it. "Come on in, men," she called. "Time to clean up."

There was a shuffling of feet and Roger entered, followed more uncertainly by James,

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Makes beautiful buttonholes . . . easily—even keyhole buttonholes, never before possible on a home machine. Fits many machines.

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AGREES DESIGNER TINA LESER



Crisp cottons lead the fashion parade for 1949 . . . and foremost dress designers accent starching with LINIT to keep cottons crisp, sparkling, charming . . . LINIT, the superior laundry starch, thoroughly and evenly penetrates the fabric, restores crisp, original finish, keeps cottons fresh looking, lovely longer. Yes . . . your cottons will look their stylish best . . . starched the easy, perfect LINIT way.*

THE NEW *Crisp* LOOK
in an
AFTERNOON SUNBACK
by Tina Leser. The gay swagged skirt is a brilliant new Leser touch. Add the jacket and you're set for shopping, tea, informal dining. The Capezio shoes were also designed by Miss Leser.





. . . adds the *"finishing touch"*

to dresses, blouses, children's clothes, housecoats, men's shirts, curtains, bed and table linens. Directions on every LINIT package. All grocers sell LINIT.

*LINIT is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y.

whose head was wrapped in yards of dirty bandage, part of it bloodstained, that kept slipping down over his eyes.

"Jamie's wounded," Roger explained solemnly. "Wounded in the war."

Lynn dropped to her knees and tore the limp snarls of bandage from James' head. There was a generous smearing of garden dirt on him, but no blood.

"Where did you get the bandage?" Lynn asked.

"Out there." Roger pointed to the garden.

"Where did it come from?"

"Out there."

Thomas sprang from his chair and ran into the garden. In the far corner, cluttered all through a rhododendron bush, were the complete contents of a bathroom wastebasket that had been emptied from one of the apartment windows above. Quivering with rage, Thomas looked up at the surrounding buildings. The windows stared back at him, mute and expressionless. For several minutes he stood there, and then slowly he began to pick up the soft, stringy trash. He threw it in the garbage can, slammed the cover on tight, and stamped into the house.

"So help me God," he said, "I'm going to find out who's doing that." He went over to the sink and washed his hands.

"I wish you could," said Lynn, scrubbing James' face, "but I don't know how you're going to do it." She put James down and turned to sorting the groceries. She opened a pink wax-paper bundle and stared at it. "Oh, for heaven's sake," she said.

"What's the matter?" Thomas asked.

"I ordered hamburg for the kids, and that clown sent me kidneys."

"I'll take it back."

"No, I'd better. I know him. I want to give him a piece of my mind anyway. He charged us double for that steak yesterday." Lynn rewrapped the kidneys and started for the door. "Keep an eye on the kids," she said. "I'll be right back."

She left, and Thomas went into the dining room and settled himself by the window. His anger was still smoldering, and he stared at the apartment buildings in the futile hope of catching someone throwing things out. Roger pulled his tricycle out of a corner and began to ride around the room, dragging behind him a wheeled toy consisting of a monkey and a xylophone on a stand. The monkey hit the xylophone fast or slowly, depending on the rate at which the contraption was pulled. Roger finally built up enough speed so that the xylophone sounded like a telephone bell.

"All right," said Thomas, "that's enough."

Roger brought his machine to a halt, and then slowly, hesitantly started off again, so slowly that the xylophone tinked about once every five seconds. As he tentatively creased his speed, Thomas looked up, an stopped. Thomas was about to look ba the window, when a flash of light throug mail slot in the kitchen door caught his He rose and slowly walked toward the and when he was about fifteen feet away it he saw two brown eyes staring through mail slot at him. He opened the door confronted Gerald Green, a thin, nine-y old boy who lived in one of the near-by a ments.

"Good morning, sir," said Gerald. "I my cousin and I come in for a minute?"

"The kids are about to eat," Thomas looking around for the cousin.

"I just want to return a toy I borro from Roger," said Gerald.

"All right, then." Thomas opened door wider and Gerald zipped in, followe three children who had apparently been ing against the outside wall of the ho They were all thin and dark, and the way of telling them apart was by t clothes. The first one after Gerald wo blue knitted stocking cap which came to bridge of his nose, and from his chin on d he was encased in overalls. The second sported an aviator's helmet and a tatt Eighth Air Force flight jacket which hit about the knees, and the third one wa rayed in a pirate costume made of ch cloth and cardboard. He was waving a sword and shouting, "Death to all subjec the Queen!" Thomas stepped back, star "Just take it easy," he said. "Remem this isn't a gymnasium."

When she returned from the market, I was greeted by a curious sight. Thomas picking up the groceries, which had some been strewn all over the kitchen floor, an was being assisted by James, who sam each item as he picked it up. In the di room, Gerald Green had appropri Roger's tricycle and was riding it at a d clip around the table, with the monkey-a xylophone attachment clattering away what approached a high scream, while child in the pirate costume chased after taking wildly inaccurate swipes at the m key with his sword. Roger lay under an o turned chair, while above him the boy the stocking cap fought the boy in aviator's helmet for possession of a toy j Above the din Thomas' voice could just heard, shouting, "Cut it out, cut it out!

Lynn rushed into the dining room, yan Gerald Green off the tricycle, took the from the two who were fighting over it, tripped the boy in the pirate costume, went sprawling.

"Now, get out of here," she said. "Ev one of you! Out!" She picked the chair fr

(Continued on Page 224)

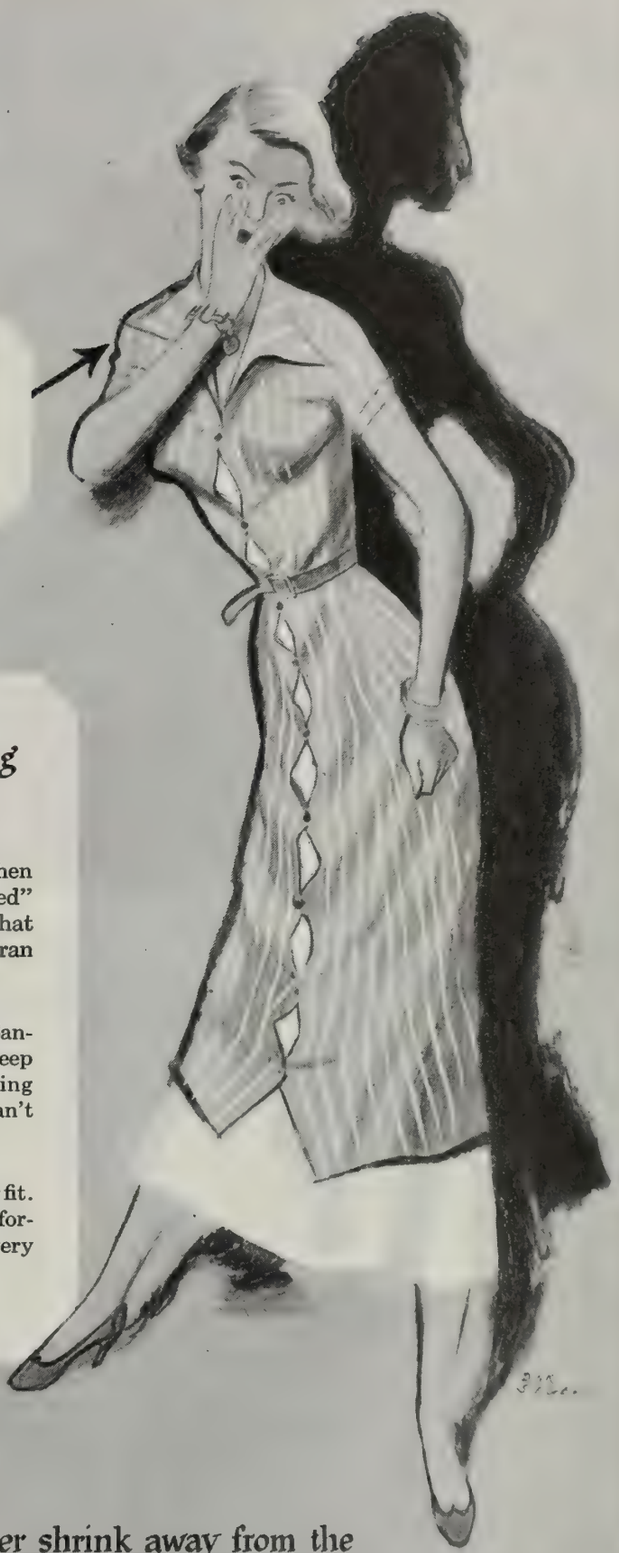


"They looked so dashing in the store window!"

Nan looked twice...



Fran looks awful!



Do your shopping like Nan!

Look for pretty cottons, then look for the word "Sanforized" on the label. (That's what Nan did. That's what Fran forgot.)

For the dress with the "Sanforized" trade-mark will keep its looks through washing after washing. Shrinkage can't steal its charm away.

Get cottons that *keep* their fit. Demand to see the "Sanforized" trade-mark on every cotton you buy.

The style will never shrink away from the dress with "Sanforized" on the label.

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Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

Quite a dish TO SET BEFORE A HUSBAND



IT'S CORN ON THE COB —WITHOUT THE COB

Want to give him that happy look of a small boy with butter on his chin? Then set him down to a piping dish of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn, always farm-fresh and tender. It's grown from special seed (D-138) by a scientific system of Flavor Farming . . . it's "packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor." Kernels from four golden ears in every can.

Listen to the Fred Waring Show on NBC every Friday morning for the Green Giant

NIBLETS BRAND *whole kernel* CORN

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of Green Giant Brand peas.

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(Continued from Page 222)

over Roger and helped him to his feet. The other boys tiptoed through the kitchen and out the door. Lynn went into the kitchen and helped Thomas retrieve the groceries. "What happened?" she asked.

"I don't know," he confessed. "They crept up on me."

Very quietly the garden door opened, and Peter, the Perkinses' five-year-old, entered. He walked up behind Thomas, who was still crouched on the kitchen floor, and looked over his shoulder. "My brother's got mumps," he said finally.

Thomas almost fell forward. "Get out of here!" he shouted.

Peter turned and walked out, leaving the garden door open behind him.

Around two in the afternoon the plumber came up from the basement, bringing his dripping equipment and leaving small red smudges behind him as he walked. The paint on the basement floor was not completely waterproof, and a good deal of it had adhered to the soles of his boots.

"Well," he said to Thomas, "she's draining now, but I sure can't figure out what caused her to clog up. Must have been something from one of the outside drains."

Thomas looked at him sourly. "That was our original idea."

"If I was you," the plumber said, "I'd look to my roof gutters. The stuff probably washes down into the drainage system from them." He squidged through the kitchen and left.

"I don't mean to say, 'I told you so,'" Lynn said, "but I suggested a couple of weeks ago that you look at those gutters."

"And I suggested only last week that you get a man to look at the drains."

"I told you, I called him but he never came."

"There's no law against calling a man twice."

"And there's no law against your doing a simple little thing like cleaning out the gutters. I don't call the Department of Sanitation to scrub the kitchen."

"And I'm not supposed to be the janitor around here, either. Remember me? I'm supposed to be a playwright."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you to do a little something around the house now and then. You don't write *all* the time."

"You're right, I don't. It's a wonder I get anything done at all."

"I'm not stopping you. What have I done to keep you from writing?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

Thomas flung out of the room and clattered down the basement stairs. The floor was still slightly sticky, and he walked gingerly to a chair in his workroom and sat there with his feet up, while his anger bubbled and simmered and finally began to cool off. He sat for about an hour, smoking cigarettes and thinking random thoughts, and gradually his mind worked back to the play. With a little concentration his interest returned, and the dialogue was just beginning to flow in his mind when he heard running footsteps above and the basement door opened.

"James!" Lynn called. "Come up here! Roger's lost!"

Thomas rose and trudged slowly up the stairs. "Do I have to take care of the children *too?*" he wanted to know. "What do you mean, he's lost?"

Lynn was trembling. "He was out front," she said, "riding his tricycle. And then when I looked just now he was gone. His tricycle is there, but he's gone. I called the Perkinses, and he's not there."

"Where's Jamie?"

"He's still out front."

"Did you look down the block?"

"I looked all around the block. There's no sign of him."

"Why do they have to be out front when they've got the whole garden to play in?"

"I thought it would be good for them to get the sun. I was watching them, but the phone rang, and when I was through w that Roger was gone."

Thomas went into the dining room and down by the telephone. "What was he we ing?" he asked.

"A sweater—his green one; no, it was brown one—and his plaid pants; no—ol can't remember." She was on the verge tears.

There was a rattling in the mail slot, a Lynn leaped up and opened the door. Ro stood there. "Hi," he said.

All of a sudden Thomas' stomach relax and he stamped out the cigarette he had j lighted. He rose and walked into the kitc as Lynn dragged Roger inside.

"Where *were* you?" she cried. "Where you go?"

"With Mrs. Hawkins." Mrs. Hawkins v a grandmother who lived in the apartm next door.

Lynn took a deep breath, and the relief side her was disturbed by a small lump rage. "Where did you go with Mrs. Ha kins?" she asked.

"To the store, and then her house." Ro was a little bewildered.

Lynn turned to Thomas. "I don't mi it," she said, "when Mrs. Hawkins thro candy into the garden for the children, bu wish she'd let me know when she decides take one of them shopping with her. I th I'll call her," she said.

In any argument, if two men disagree, one is certain to be wrong; but if they agree, both are probably wrong.

—From THE COUNTRYMAN'S YEAR by David Grayson, copyright 1936 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

"Why not wait till cool off a little?" Thor suggested.

"Mommy, do we h burglars?" Roger as suddenly.

"No—why?" Ly knocked three times the kitchen table.

"Mrs. Hawkins doe

"That's right. I hea about that." She look at Thomas. "Her apa ment was entered a couple of weeks ago."

"Will we have burglars someday?" Ro said.

"I hope not. Now, stop worrying."

Thomas left the kitchen and went down his workroom, but his mind was a comple blank and he felt exhausted. He had a cig rette and thought briefly about the play, b it was all he could do to remember the nam of the characters.

Finally he turned out the lights, lock the door and came upstairs. Lynn was ma ing supper for the children.

"The hell with it," he said. "I'm goi over and sponge a drink from the Perkinse

"We have plenty of liquor here, if you thirsty."

"Thanks. I somehow feel the need o change." He went out the garden door a Lynn heard his footsteps crunch on gravel.

Dinner was unusually quiet. Thomas tr a couple of times to start a conversation, with nothing but monosyllabic answers work on, he gave up. They had their cof in the living room in silence, and after a s ond cup Thomas poured himself a drink

"Look," he said, "I sort of told the P kinses we'd have them over for a drink af dinner. Is that all right with you?"

"Sure," she said. "Fine."

Thomas went to the telephone and dia the number. "Charlie?" he said. "You through? . . . Oh. . . . Well, bring him along. Sure. . . . No, we don't care. . . . Sure." I hung up. "A friend dropped in on them," said. "They're bringing him over."

About five minutes later the Perkinses a rived with their friend, whom they intr duced as a Mr. Turner. He was tall and th and wore glasses, and he made himself i mediately at home by sitting in the ch from which Thomas had risen. Perkins, w was also tall but more heavily built than friend, seemed a little nervous, and almo too pointedly tried to keep Turner from g ting into the conversation. He talked wi Thomas about household matters, mutu friends and Freddie's mumps, but finall and inevitably, Turner got a word in.

(Continued on Page 226)

Water Lily
by Trifari

ool white magic for every Spring nd Summer costume is this versa- le, original jewelry by Trifari.



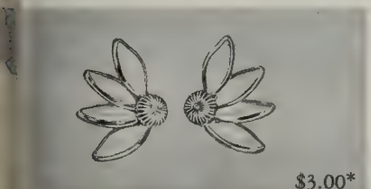
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huge, perfectly proportioned Water Lily with white or frosted etals forms the dainty pendant on a olden Trifanium chain.



50*

or double-duty, the pendant is de- achable and can be worn alone as a ramatic pin. To complete the en- emble, a charming petal bracelet—



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nd matching earrings perfect a jewel- ouquet exquisitely in keeping with aster and Spring. Where can you nd so much luxury at such pleas- ngly modest prices? At the finest tores that feature—

Jewels by TRIFARI

not authentic unless stamped on the back with the name Trifari extra*

"Sure. Why not?"

Thomas reached in his pocket, smiling, and handed her the letter. She opened it and read:

Tuesday

Dear Group: If you will take your heads out of the aquavit long enough to listen, I will give you the latest word from the block, none of it particularly sensational.

First off, your *ménage* is in fine shape, and the kids are getting quite fat on the candy Mrs. Hawkins throws them out the window. The word has gotten around that you are away, so everybody seems to want to do something for the children. Mrs. Hawkins had them over for tea (*with* permission, this time), Mr. Platnik sent them a bag of balloons, and Gerald Green had Roger to his house for supper. It's getting so they scarcely have time to look at the garbage any more.

Today it smelled like snow all day, and Freddie has been grubbing around in the cellar looking for his sled. The leaves are all off the trees in the garden, and the place looks quite wintry. Kind of nice. But *I* should be telling *you* about winter. You're probably up to your whatever the word for it is in Swedish in snow.

The cleaning woman is trying to sweep around me, so I guess I'd better close. She's bigger than I, and her muscles bulge.

Rspftly,
crp

Lynn folded the letter and put it in her purse. Thomas had finished his *smörgåsbord* and was sipping some iced schnapps.

"May I read it?" he said.

"Of course."

She handed the letter to him, and while he read it she nibbled her food and looked around the room. The restaurant was crowded, but there was not one face that was familiar to her. The people were all recognizable as types, and seemed happy and sociable, but she had the feeling that if she were to go up and speak to any of them, they would be polite and no more. Then she realized that few of them spoke English, so they would probably just be embarrassed. All of a sudden, she wanted very much to see someone she knew.

As a main course they had *scallopini*, followed by sherbet and pastries. The coffee tasted ersatz and sweet, and was so full of sediment that it had to be stirred constantly. Thomas tasted his, grimaced, and said:

"Well, in two weeks we'll be home."

"Yes," she said. "It seems as though we'd been gone two months."

Thomas beckoned to the waiter and asked for the check. "You know," he said, "when we get back, I think we ought to throw a monster home-coming party for ourselves. Get a ham and a turkey, and Charlie and I'll make some punch, and then we'll get everyone we know and just beat the place to pieces. And we can put a lighted sign in the garden window, so Mrs. Gresham will have a running score. We might even decorate the garden a little bit, to make it look more festive."

"That sounds perfectly marvelous."

Thomas paid the check and took her arm as they left. "Then," he said, "around three or four we'll have some chile, just so we won't be hungry, and maybe around daybreak we'll go over to the river and watch the sunrise over Astoria. And we will make three gallons of Bloody Marys for the next day, when we will do nothing but lie down and look at the fire and either play Gregorian chants or read Irish poetry."

When they got outside it was snowing. Big, silent flakes drifted down from the black sky and hushed the already quiet city.

"Let's walk a little way," Lynn said.

They walked in silence for a while, and finally Lynn spoke.

"I wonder if it's snowing in New York," she said. "Charlie said it smelled like snow, in his letter."

"Maybe it is. It's a little early, though."

They were silent again. The snow was now deep enough so that the footprints on the sidewalk were no longer black. Lynn tilted her face to the sky and closed her eyes.

"James," she said quietly.

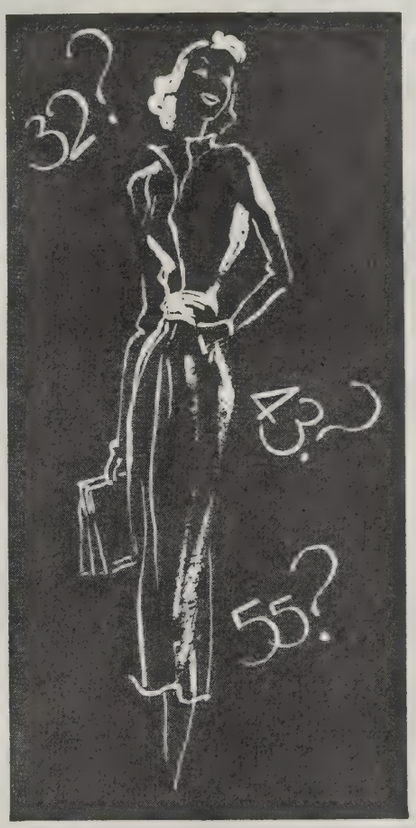
"Yes?"

"Let's go home. Now."

"I hoped you'd say that," he said.

THE END

A woman's only as old as her figure



DON'T let your figure gossip about your age! You'll *look, feel,* and *act* years younger with a Spirella foundation.

Only Spirella can do all these things for you: first, in the privacy of your home, the Spirella Corsetiere takes your individual measurements with the patented Spirella Modeling Garment. You get a preview of how you will look and feel.

Your made-to-measure Spirella fits like your skin. Doesn't ride up, or constrict at the waist. Doesn't pull on hose supporters. It lifts as nature intended, upward and backward for a naturally beautiful active figure! Retains *its* shape and *your* shape longer, too. Thanks to Spirella's designing principles and the famous Spirella stay which lets you bend or twist as you please.

Don't let your figure make you old ...look and feel *years younger* with Spirella's help! For the name of your local Spirella Corsetiere, write The Spirella Co. Inc. Niagara Falls, N. Y. (In Canada, Niagara Falls, Ont.)

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Get a natural lift with Spirella

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One of many beautiful Drew patterns

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*Sculptured to Fit your Foot. No Slipping, No Crowding, No Pinching.

Footwear loveliness is yours in these beautiful Springtime Shoes by Drew, with their exquisitely smart styling, their luxurious leathers, and the custom-like craftsmanship with fine fit which only Drew shoemakers can impart. All Drew Shoes have exclusive *Ankle-Fit features.

Write for Spring and Summer Style Folder.

At Better Stores Everywhere. For the One Nearest You, write —

THE IRVING DREW CORPORATION, LANCASTER, OHIO

PHOTOS BY STUART

The focal point: a crown roast of pork with a subtle herb marinade. Accompaniment: spiced cabbage, sweet-potato puffs.

conversation piece



By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

THIS month I'm going to give you a menu as an example of how the judicious use of a few herbs can lift fairly prosaic dishes into the something-special class. Then at the end, instead of talking about how you might serve the meal—which you'll know perfectly well anyhow—I'll give you a few pointers about which herbs I find most useful, and a little about when and where.

We'll build our menu around the aristocrat of the pork family, a handsome crown roast. A roast of pork seasoned with nothing but salt and pepper is delicious, but when it has been treated with a subtle marinade of herbs and allowed to stand in the refrigerator overnight before it reaches the oven, a crown roast becomes a truly royal dish. *(Continued on Page 230)*

Delightfully refreshing, mint sherbet with orange slices.



Hunt's Heavenly Peaches



at down-to-earth prices!



THE MOST tender-mellow, the most tantalizing peaches that ever won a big blue ribbon in any taste test — that's Hunt's Heavenly Peaches!

And that's facts! For in a series of recent professionally-conducted blindfold taste tests, Hunt's peaches were tried against *all other leading canned peach brands!*

And Hunt's Heavenly Peaches came out first — *way up yonder first!*

First for fuller, richer flavor — the sort of golden ripe goodness you get, fresh off the tree! And first for velvety smoothness — for luscious, heavy syrup.

And yet — for all their praise-winning, prize-winning qualities, Hunt's cost you *less.*

So, ask your grocer for the peaches with the *Hunt red label* — the most honest-to-heavenly peaches you ever had!



Hunt-for the best

Hunt's Fruits • Vegetables • Tomato Products
Hunt Foods, Inc., Los Angeles, California



Creamy caramel frosting—on a lusciously lovely cake! So beautifully fine-grained, soft and even because of the tiny-bubble double-action of Calumet Baking Powder. Calumet's tiny-bubble double-action works wonders for *all* butter-type cakes—and my, how it glorifies chiffon-type cakes!

He'll think he married an angel!

Can you blame him? One taste of this homemade beauty is enough to convince any man he's in heaven!

Every melting crumb of a Calumet Cake—any cake—reveals a wonderfully delicate fine, fine texture. That's because of Calumet's tiny-bubble double-action. It raises your batter twice . . . first in your mixing bowl and later in the heat of the oven.

And up comes your batter—so high—so even—so light!

Use Calumet for all your cakemaking—butter-type cakes, chiffon-type cakes—and for super-wonderful biscuits, waffles, muffins, too.

CARAMEL PECAN LAYER CAKE

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two round 8-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:
½ cup butter or other shortening

Measure into cup:
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:
1 egg, unbeaten

Now—The "Mix-Easy" Part! (Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes.* Add egg and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Cool. Spread Quick Caramel Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Garnish with pecan halves, if desired.

Quick Caramel Frosting

½ cup butter
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
¼ cup milk
1¾ to 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar

Melt butter; add brown sugar and cook over low heat 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add milk and continue stirring until mixture comes to a boil. Remove from heat and cool. Add confectioners' sugar until of right consistency to spread.

For fine, fine baking . . .
CALUMET · BAKING POWDER
with *tiny-bubble double-action*



(Continued from Page 228)

Now that the meat has been selected, we can go back to the beginning—the only safe procedure in planning any menu. The criterion of a perfect meal is not how good the dishes are individually, but how good they are in combination.

This time I'm going to suggest a hot appetizer, grilled bread-and-cheese squares. They require only two or three minutes under the broiler before serving, because part of the grilling can be done in advance. As first course of the meal proper, there will be mushroom-spinach bouillon, a soup that is all flavor, no calories, and *what* a flavor! Then will come the crown roast of pork, garnished with caramelized apple slices and lots of parsley—enough parsley for everyone to have a big sprig to eat. There will be delicious sour-cream gravy, made from the drippings of the roast minus most of the fat, and two vegetables—sweet-potato puffs and sweet-sour cabbage. Some relishes—gherkins, *finocchio*, celery, watermelon pickles or whatever—and toast sticks will complete the main course. The dessert must be light and refreshing, and what more perfect than mint sherbet with minted orange slices? Good food, I call this. It makes me hungry to write about it—and it's early in the morning and no time to be hungry.

The recipes will serve six or eight people.

GRILLED BREAD-AND-CHEESE SQUARES

Cut sandwich bread into slices ¾ inch thick, remove crusts and cut each slice into 4 squares. Grate ⅓ pound store cheese and mix it with 1 teaspoon curry powder and 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh tarragon leaves or ¼ teaspoon dried tarragon. Beat 2 egg yolks with ⅓ cup milk (you'll use the 2 egg whites in your sherbet) and melt some butter or margarine in a skillet. Put bread squares in skillet and turn them so that all surfaces are lightly coated with butter or margarine. Dip each bread square quickly into and out of egg and milk so that it won't absorb too much moisture, and then into the grated cheese. The squares should be entirely coated with cheese, and if it doesn't stick well enough, press it on with your fingers.

Put squares on a cooky sheet and cover with wax paper. This much can be done as early in the day as you like. At some convenient time before dinner, put the cooky sheet under broiler and toast one side of the squares until the cheese melts and becomes delicately browned. Turn the squares over and set aside. Just before serving, put cooky sheet under broiler again and toast top side of squares. These are really delicious and certainly easy on the cook.

Two sisters lived together for many years. Neither had ever married, and their affection for each other apparently increased with the passage of time. Then when Samantha was ninety-five she developed pneumonia and died. The family doctor dreaded breaking the news to Matilda, who was ninety-one and a victim of heart trouble. The shock, he feared, might prove too much for her.

But the good old woman bore up wonderfully well. "I suppose it's the Lord's will," she told the doctor. "And now I can make my tea the way *I* like it!" —WEBB B. GARRISON.

MUSHROOM-SPINACH BOUILLON

This bouillon takes long cooking but little watching, and can be made a day in advance if you like. Put 2 pounds well-washed spinach and ½ pound finely chopped fresh mushrooms in an enamel or heatproof glass pot, add 2 quarts cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Lower heat, cover and continue to cook slowly 1 hour. Add 1 large onion, cut into chunks, ½ teaspoon whole pepper, 1 scant teaspoon each of caraway seeds and celery seeds and 1 teaspoon salt, and continue to cook for 2 hours. Water should be added from time to time to keep water level at its original height.

Let stand several hours or overnight. Again bring to a boil and strain through a fine sieve, pressing gently so that all the flavor but none of the spinach leaves or mushrooms will be strained into the bouillon. Add 2 envelopes beef-bouillon powder or enough beef extract to give a faintly meaty flavor; and, if you like, a very little sherry may be added. But go easy on the sherry if y it—just a couple of tablespoons—b the quite distinct but delicate flavors spinach and mushrooms must not be powered. Serve very hot in preheated

CROWN ROAST OF PORK

Ask your butcher to make you a be crown roast of pork and to grind th scraps with ¼ their quantity of lean fill the center of crown. Sometime butcher will strip the meat off the pork bones that stick up, but I prefer to ha this meat left on. Little wooden skewe be stuck in beside the bones to hold the frills that are so necessary to the good of a crown roast.

The day before it is to be used, r ground meat from center and rub insi outside of roast with a split clove of then with salt and freshly ground blac per. Make a marinade by combining 1 spoon olive oil, 1 tablespoon lemon j tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 spoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon ch fresh sweet basil or ¼ teaspoon dried basil, and 1 teaspoon chopped fresh marjoram or ¼ teaspoon dried sweet joram. With a sharp-pointed knife about ten incisions on inside of crow smooth a little of the marinade into Rub the remaining marinade on the o of the roast.

To the ground meat add salt, f ground black pepper, 4 tablespoons bread crumbs, 3 tablespoons chopped ley, 1 tablespoon chopped chives and 3 spoons milk. Stir thoroughly bl and fill crown this mixture. cross some sl strips of salt pork top of stuffing, roast tightly in l paper or plenty of paper and store i frigerator. Before ing, wipe outsid roast with a dry to remove the inade.

The preparatio the pork is rather orate, but the roa of it couldn't be simple or sure. A 35 minutes per pou a preheated 275° F. oven. At the end of 1 add about 1 cup boiling water, and sc the bottom of the pan so that any brow juice or fat will blend with the water. Ex for adding more water whenever the pan dry, the roast needs no further atten When cooking time is over remove roast keep it hot in a warming oven or on heating device.

Tip roasting pan and spoon off most o grease. Put pan over burner, add 1 chicken broth and scrape bottom of pa til broth boils. Homemade soup stoc water jiggered up with bouillon pow cubes or extract may be substituted for canned broth. Now stir in 1 cup sour cr 2 tablespoons catchup and enough wate make the quantity of gravy you w Thicken with flour blended with water add salt and pepper to taste and, if you it, 1 teaspoon gourmet powder (monosod glutamate).

CARAMELIZED APPLE SLICES

Cut 3 or 4 bright red apples in half, rem cores with ball cutter and slice apples wedges about the size of large orange tions. Into a skillet put 3 tablespoons bu or margarine and ½ cup light brown su Cook over moderate heat, stirring consta until fat and sugar are blended and begi bubble up. Stir in ½ cup water, cook u blended and add apple slices. Turn slices casionally with pancake turner until ap are tender and well glazed. They will ab most of the sirup.

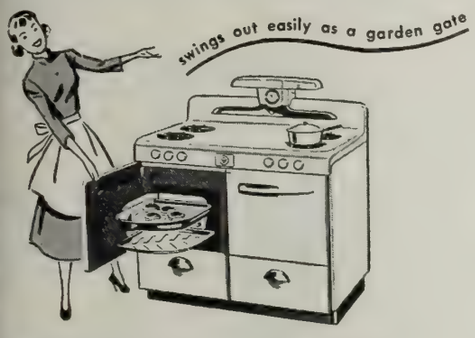
To serve roast, place it in the center platter and put a paper frill on each b

(Continued on Page 232)



Is it any wonder more women cook on *Magic Chef* than on any other range

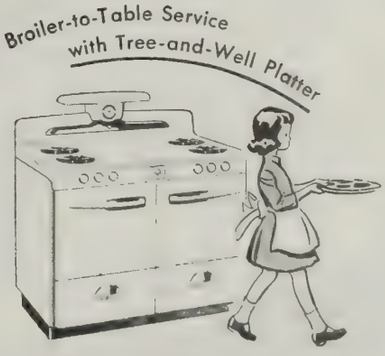
Only the *Magic Chef* automatic gas range has the swing out broiler with the Tree-and-Well Platter



Waist-high feature saves your back. Door shields you against hot spatters. You'll love the way the whole broiler lifts out for easy washing at the sink.



Leading home economists recommend Magic Chef's Swing Out Broiler. They agree it is the one broiler that makes all broiling easy . . . that brings out the superb, healthful goodness of all broiled foods.



The bottom tray in the Swing Out Broiler is really a beautiful chrome plated steel tree-and-well platter. It can be removed easily for serving piping hot food right at your table. When in the broiler, it makes a grand place to warm food or plates.

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Lift Out



Wash



This new burner makes good cooking easier for you in many ways. Its porcelain finish inside and out makes a clean, hot, fast flame. There is perfect heat distribution and instant touch control for easy adjustment to your exact cooking needs. The burner tray will hold a cup of spillovers without affecting the automatic lighting.

Before you buy, compare Magic Chef feature for feature with any other range and then you'll know why more women cook on Magic Chef than on any other range.



Did You Know... Magic Chef has been approved by the American Gas Association Laboratories for use with ALL gases—city ® gas, "Pyrofax" or other bottled gases. See your Magic Chef dealer or local gas company. American Stove Company, Dept. L-2, St. Louis.

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(Continued from Page 230)

or stick that represents a bone. Garnish with apple slices and lots of parsley.

SWEET-POTATO PUFFS

Peel 3 pounds sweet potatoes, cover with boiling water, add 1½ teaspoons salt and cook until tender. Drain off water, return pan to low heat and shake it a minute or two to let moisture boil away. This is an important procedure with any mashed potatoes, sweet or white. Press potatoes through ricer, add 4 tablespoons cream and 2 or 3 tablespoons butter or margarine and beat until fluffy. Taste for salt. I often add a little nutmeg to sweet potatoes, but for this menu I think the seasoning should be simple, in contrast to the more complicated seasonings of the other dishes. When potatoes have cooled to lukewarm, stir in a well-beaten egg and store in refrigerator. This much can be done the day before if you like.

When mixture is thoroughly chilled, spoon out mounds the right size for individual servings onto a well-greased cooky sheet. Shape into cones by drawing the inverted bowls of two spoons up the sides of the mounds. Let the sides of the cones be reasonably smooth and the tops be rough. You can make very fancy contraptions by squeezing the mixture through the largest nozzle of a pastry tube, but I think these homemade-looking cones are quite pretty and certainly they are a cinch to make. Dot tops with butter or margarine and bake in a 450° F. oven for about 15 minutes before serving. If your range has only one oven, put the potatoes in the 275° F. oven with the roast for 20 minutes, and when you remove the roast to make the gravy turn the temperature up to 500° F. and give them 5 minutes more of baking. The cones should have a slightly crusty exterior.

SWEET-SOUR CABBAGE

Cut a large head of cabbage into thick slices, cover with boiling salted water and cook until barely tender. Drain at once. Blend 3 tablespoons cornstarch and ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard with a little water and stir this into 1½ cups water and ½ cup vinegar. Add ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar, ⅛ teaspoon red pepper, ¼ teaspoon dried borage or 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh borage, 4 cloves, heads removed, and 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly, and let sauce cook gently for a while in top of double boiler. Remove cloves and mix sauce with cabbage about an hour before serving time. Heat on top of range or in hot oven.

BREAD AND RELISHES

I needn't tell you how to cut bread into thick sticks and toast them, and the choice of relishes is up to you. But I would like to put in a little plug for *finocchio*—Florence fennel—in case you aren't familiar with this delicious root. It looks very much like celery and has almost the same crispness, but it has the flavor of anise. Many fancy groceries carry it, and you'll find it in most Italian markets. When you serve it raw, let it stand first in ice water, as you do celery, to make it crisp. My favorite way of cooking it is to brown it in butter and then bake it in a casserole with a rich cheese sauce.

MINT SHERBET WITH MINTED ORANGE SLICES

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup water. Boil for 3 minutes 2 cups sugar and 2 cups water. Pour hot liquid over gelatin, stir until dissolved and add 1 cup chopped fresh mint leaves. Cover and let stand 1½ hours, stirring occasionally. Strain and add 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind and a few drops green vegetable coloring. Put in freezing compartment of refrigerator or in home freezer. Stir occasionally, scraping bottom and sides of pan, until mushy stage is reached. Transfer to cold bowl, beat with rotary beater 1 minute, fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites; add more green coloring if needed and blend thoroughly. Return to freezer and again stir and scrape occasionally so that an even consistency will result. I allow about 1 hours for a frozen dessert of this sort.



In a carefully tended Vermont maple gr young trees gradually replace older tree the yield of maple sap will be maintai

Longing for real maple sugar flavo

Anyone who has ever tasted real m sugar can never forget its tempting, mou watering flavor!

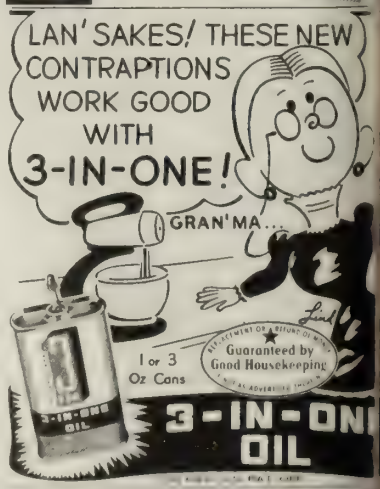
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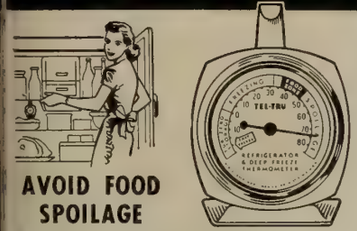
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Slice large navel oranges into sections. Boil for 5 minutes ½ cup sugar and ½ cup orange juice. Add 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint leaves and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, chill and pour sirup over orange slices.

To serve the dessert, heap mint sherbet in center of bowl or platter, surround with orange slices and garnish with small sprigs of mint.

Now to get back to herbs. My first herb garden held only chives, parsley, sage, sweet basil, dill and one root of horse-radish. I'd hate to be without any of these, but to them I've added sweet marjoram, tarragon, thyme and borage, and I'm still adding—as you will, too, once you get started. Mint is important, but it grows in abundance along our brook, so I don't have to plant it. It's wonderful to have all these fresh in season, but if I could have only four growing, I'd choose chives, parsley, tarragon and sweet basil. You can make a marvelous omelet *fines herbes* with only these four, and a judicious use of them finely chopped in a mixed green salad will lift it far above the ordinary.

I always keep a jar of herb butter in the refrigerator, to be used as topping for vegetables, or to spread over broiled meats or fish, or to serve as a sandwich spread. To make it, combine ¼ pound sweet butter with 4 teaspoons finely chopped fresh herbs or 1 teaspoon dried herbs in any combination (my favorite is chives, parsley and sweet basil) with a few drops of lemon juice.

Except for chives, all the varieties of herbs I've mentioned can be bought in dried form, although I've little use for dried parsley. Fortunately, parsley and chives are easy to grow in pots, if you have no other space for them. In using dried herbs, remember they have about four times the strength of fresh leaves, so for 2 teaspoons of fresh you use ½ teaspoon of dried. On my herb shelf I always have sorrel, chervil, tarragon, rosemary, sweet basil, sweet marjoram, sage and thyme. This is by no means an exhaustive list, but it gives you plenty of scope.

Both sage and thyme have very dominating flavors, and though they are important, especially in the stuffing of fowls, they must be used with restraint and are frequently overdone. It's hard to overdo fresh, finely chopped chives, sprinkled on soups, meats, fish or vegetables, and they combine beautifully with all the other herbs. Tarragon is another one I use in many dishes, but in very small quantities. You can make your own tarragon vinegar by putting a husky sprig in a bottle of ordinary vinegar. As a marinade for any meat, always start with lemon juice, oil and chopped parsley, adding pinches of other herbs until you achieve a taste that satisfies you; it needn't always be the same—after all, it's a matter of accent.

This is a big subject, with a literature of its own, and here I've run through my space without scratching the surface. My only consolation is that there really are no hard-and-fast rules—you make your own to suit your own taste. Go ahead, experiment—cautiously!

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Immortality

By GERTA KENNEDY

Their early voices scatter
Through years of our sleep;
First birdsong
Then oboe, then deep.
In the loom they struggle,
Chant, cry, leap,
As the warp of love
Holds the cloth tight.
Of our wild threads forever,
Dark, dull, bright,
Our children weave the texture
Between us and the night.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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YOUR HOME BAKING. [illegible] . . . make sure they're ex- [illegible] . . . and look [illegible]

TREATS YOU BUY. Your baker has an exciting array of [illegible]

Think about all the wonderful things made from white flour . . . golden-crusted loaves of bread, feathery hot biscuits, stacks of nut-brown pancakes, tender rolls fragrant from the oven. The delectable list would stretch from breakfast to midnight.

You used to enjoy these foods just because they tasted good and filled you up. But see these flags . . . the story *they* tell! Modern *enriched* bread and flour give you *6-way nourishment* with every delicious bite . . . six real contributions to the balanced diet your family needs for buoyant vitality and health.

"IS BREAD FATTENING?" No more so than [illegible] of equal energy content. Nutritionists point out that the carbohydrates of bread are easily [illegible] as needed.

WHEAT FLOUR INSTITUTE

Learn the Artistic Touch in Arranging Flowers

By Henrietta Murdock
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

THE Garden Clubs of America have encouraged and stimulated women to use flowers artistically in the home. Results show that the skill can be acquired if one isn't a natural, and no more delightful hobby can be imagined. These suggestions may help if you are not already proficient.

What flowers . . . Practically any flower, shrub, budding branch, foliage or evergreen will make a delightful bouquet. For winter, some of the most subtle effects are achieved with dried leaves and grasses, seed pods, vines and berries. Using them with distinction makes your bouquets special, gives results plus. Cut flowers, even more than garden varieties, need skillful arranging, as the blossoms are so much alike.

Containers . . . Simple bowls, vases, jars, bottles, mugs—anything with a graceful shape, soft color and appealing line is good for a bouquet. Try unusual containers such as a pewter coffeepot for larkspur, a copper kettle for zinnias, pressed-glass goblets for garden pinks, a luster pitcher for cornflowers, sugar bowls for violets and pairs of wineglasses for tiny flowers.

Pay attention, also, to the personality of your flowers. Roses look enchanting in glass so the stems will show. A silver container also is flattering to roses and delicate blue or white flowers. Use undecorated pottery, brass or copper for old-fashioned, sturdy garden flowers and branches with berries or heavy leaves. Flat, shallow bowls are good for floating flower heads, or a slender arrangement of tall graceful flowers. Straight glass cylinders, jars or fish bowls are perfect for flowering branches such as forsythia, crab apple, quince and lilac. Put pussy willows in dull green, blue or brown pottery, and jo quils in a square dish or vase so they star upright. You soon will be able to mat flower and container instinctively.

Techniques . . . Some mechanical hel are almost a necessity for good flower a rangement. Needle holders in various siz are good for average and larger stems. Hai pin holders support small or hard-to-anch stems, and fine chicken wire squeezed into bunch is perfect for spraying effects. Y can buy fine flower wire at florists' or har ware stores, and use it over and over aga to support weak stems or curve a spra Bouquets last longer and are easier to a range if the more perishable flowers are wir individually. Stick one end of the wire in the calyx and twist the remainder around t stem. This does not injure the flower.

Reminders . . . Many flowers, such cornflowers or sweet peas, do not have ac quate foliage of their own, or the foliage wi before the blossom has faded, so that addi another variety of foliage is advisable. E sides, leaf shapes are in themselves beau ful, and their varied colors and patterns ma flower arrangements more interesting.

Composition . . . No one rule appli to all flower arrangements; but in gener larger flowers with stems cut short are mass or composed as a base or axis from which e tend the lighter sprays, spikes or branch that give the arrangement grace.

Variety in both color and flower types the same bouquet is picturesque. You deci which flowers look well together and su your containers to them. Your skill gro with each achievement, and sooner than y think you become expert.

WHAT IS MENTAL ILLNESS?

(Continued from Page 37)

warning in a sniffle, however, that we need a rest or some relaxation, and so should we heed the warnings of being slightly "off the beam" in passing emotional upheavals.

To aid you in taking your own mental health pulse, try this list of questions from You and Psychiatry, drawn up by Dr. William C. Menninger, president of the American Psychiatric Association:

Are you *always* worrying?

Are you *unable* to concentrate because of unrecognized reasons?

Are you *continually* unhappy without justified cause?

Do you lose your temper *easily and often?*

Are you troubled by *regular* insomnia?

Do you have wide fluctuations in your moods, from depression to elation, back to depression, which *incapacitate* you?

Do you *continually* dislike to be with people?

Are you *upset* if the routine of your life is disturbed?

Do the children *consistently* "get on your nerves"?

Are you "browned off" and *constantly* bitter?

Are you afraid *without real cause?*

Are you *always* right and the other person *always* wrong?

Do you have *numerous* aches or pains for which no doctor can find a physical cause?

If the answer to any of these questions is "yes," then it is Doctor Menninger's "sober advice" that help is necessary. The conditions charted in these questions are the major warning signals of poor mental health in one degree or another. Note, however, as you answer the questions, the frequent use of such words as "always," "often," "regular and "continually." We all get worried *som times*, or get "browned off" *sometimes*. O sniffle doesn't make a cold, nor one sympto a breakdown. It is when these symptoms cur frequently, or last for weeks and mont and we cannot shake them, that we need seek help for ourselves or encourage oth to do so. The important thing is to cat your neurosis before it catches you.

For the seriousness of mental illness is direct ratio to the extent that an unhealt attitude dominates. Take, for instance, t difference between a daydream—a norm part of healthy living—and a real delusion a sure symptom of the presence of a ps chosis.

There is a little of the Walter Mitty in of us. Maybe you are sitting in a restaura waiting for someone, and for a minute y daydream yourself into a very rich, beautif and bored-with-it woman. You sit there for minute looking at the very ordinary peop with elegant disdain; then suddenly you s your friend and, probably with some co fusion, you come out of it. Or perhaps y are lying in bed, thinking about what y are going to get for dinner the next da and suddenly you are a famous hostess in evening gown, and your husband is bowi slightly to you as he offers you a cigaret Maybe you go to sleep in the middle of th dream, or maybe you get up and get a gla of water and decide to read awhile.

The difference between daydreaming a the condition of the man prancing through mental hospital calling himself Napole President Roosevelt or God is that the m

(Continued on Page 236)

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DINNER SANDWICHES they are . . . well-worthy of being a main dish because the ham *and the Kraft American* put in plenty of high-quality, complete protein.

For the mighty-good filling, mix 2 cups chopped ham (baked or boiled), 2 tbsps. horseradish, 1 tsp. lemon juice, ¼ c. Kraft Mayonnaise, seasonings to taste. Spread generously between bread slices (crusts trimmed). Brush the *outsides* of each sandwich with melted butter or Parkay Margarine and toast on both sides under low broiler heat.

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BURLINGTON'S 100th ANNIVERSARY
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(Continued from Page 234)

lives in his delusion: it dominates him; he has no control over it. He finds the real world is unreal—not himself—whereas with a daydream you know it's not real and that actually you're you, and, when it comes right down to it, you like being you.

Similarly, the person suffering from a mild form of mental illness such as a neurosis knows who he is, where he is and what he is doing—even when he is acting in an unhealthy fashion. But a psychotic's emotional upheaval has shut out the real world even though his intelligence may continue to operate. He may hear, see and often remember actuality, but his mind cannot always respond to it as such. He is absorbed in being ill: his disordered emotions are his world.

The actual "breaking out" of either a neurosis or a psychosis never comes overnight, although it may appear to on the surface. Often certain events are picked out by the uninformed as "causes"—the ill woman's husband died last year, or her child was killed in an accident. These are only "last straws"—events are never the *causes* of mental illness. The causes lie in the attitudes we take toward events, unhealthy attitudes which we build up as we grow, attitudes which make us incapable of handling stresses and strains which mentally healthy people meet and deal with successfully.

To see what a tremendous force attitude is on your behavior, consider whether you've ever worried about falling out of bed in recent years. It is highly unlikely that you have. Now consider how you would feel if your bed were placed not on solid ground but on the edge of a precipice. Your whole feeling about getting into bed would change. It would be just as unlikely that you would fall out of bed that night as it would be any other night, but your *attitude* would be such that you would be filled with anxiety and fearfulness.

To him who is shod, the whole world is covered with leather.

This example from psychiatrist George Preston's files not only serves to give you an idea of what forceful things attitudes are, but it should also reveal something of what the mentally ill suffer within themselves.

Cure for mental illness comes with the changing of handicapping attitudes. An attitude which is known consciously, and taken into consideration by the mind, is never handicapping—it is the buried fears and worries which cause us trouble through their unpredictable interference in what we know is best for us. When our needs are satisfied, our anxieties reduced and understood, our attitudes change of themselves. Buried frustrations can best be brought to light through psychiatric consultation, guidance or analysis, each of which seeks to help the patient to face his conflicts so that the emotions and intellect can work in harmony. This facing-up is highly successful in arresting mental illness in its early stages, but difficult to use, obviously, when the ill person's mind is so clouded that it is hard to reach.

THERE are treatments, however, which are helpful in reaching the acutely ill. These include shock treatment (insulin, metrazol or electric), warm baths, drugs (like sodium pentathol, the so-called truth serum) and glandular treatments, like the hormones used in change-of-life breakdowns in women. Since we do not know precisely what happens physically in a mental breakdown, it is not known precisely how these treatments function. This means, of course, that great care must be taken to restrict their use to experts operating under controlled conditions.

In a mild emotional disorder, or a mild neurotic condition, the surface symptoms are repeated failure, unrewarding relationships and a burdensome amount of dissatisfaction, futile worry and anxiety. From these we may deduce *something* is wrong—but we cannot deduce *what*. To diagnose the character of the illness, or its potential severity and course, much deeper symptoms must be studied. This calls for trained and expert diagnoses: glib, lay diagnoses are dangerous and foolhardy and may unwittingly add further strain to someone already carrying a heavy burden of maladjustment. The most common mistake is made on people who are erratic or unconventional. They are often mistakenly thought of as "crazy," while the shy, repressed, withdrawn individual who is really heading for illness passes unnoticed.

When emotional illness becomes acute enough to be actually hampering the individual's life, it is classified under the general heading of neurosis. A neurosis does *not* interfere with intelligence, but with judgment; the mind is not ill, but the emotions, the feeling capacity, are. Thus it comes under the heading of *emotional* illness rather than *mental* illness technically.

THERE are four main technical classifications of neuroses. They are the obsessive compulsive, the conversion hysteria, the anxiety neuroses and the reactive depression. While a neurosis may show more than one pattern at a time, or may shift from one type to another, classification is made on the basis of the prevailing disturbance. The disturbance, however, is not a cause, but an effect—of a mechanism of adjustment to conflict. According to Freudian theory—the predominant school of psychiatry—everyone adopts some sort of mechanism of adjustment (technically called a dynamism) in order to reconcile his primitive drives and desires (the id) with the demands of reality. For instance: "repression" is a mechanism which pushes down, out of conscious thought, unacceptable ideas and notions; "rationalization" assigns reasons to actions which are more acceptable to the Self (or the "Ego") than "id-driven" motivation; while "regression" is a return to childish behavior and the pleasures of being taker, not giver.

Another is the compulsive mechanism—when the sick man or woman repeats an action over and over in the belief it has "magic" powers. Most of us knock on wood when we've been bragging. We may know intellectually it won't have the slightest effect on our talents, but we feel compelled to do it as a hedge against fate. A frequent compulsion is endless washing. Under analysis of the problem this washing usually is found to be symbolic and when the real or fancied inner "dirtiness" is understood, the compulsion ceases.

Conversion often entails the using of physical ailments to avoid, or conquer, conflict. In our society, physical illness is held above reproach, even though it may have been our own silly fault that we caught cold, or tripped and fell, or whatever happened to us. Because we get sympathy, not blame, however, we frequently tend to use illness as an excuse to get out of what we don't want to do. This may be deceitful, but so long as we do not deceive ourselves, it does not fall under the heading of mental illness. It is when we use illness as a means of escape and *do not know we are doing it* that we step into the illness area included in the label "conversion neurosis"—when we start converting our emotional disturbances into physical ailments. The most common forms of conversion show up in digestive disorders, heart ailments and "paralyzed" limbs.

The projection mechanism entails the projecting, or throwing, of your own incapabilities onto other people or other things. The woman who *always* thinks it is someone else's fault that she didn't catch the right train, or play her bridge hand right, or didn't get enough sleep, is a victim of this mechanism, born of fear of self-responsibility.

Neurotics—or psychoneurotics, a longer label for the same group—are rarely found in state hospitals, because they are usually able to go about their daily lives without disturbing anyone but themselves to any great extent. A great increase in mental health could be secured for these people, if more psychiatric help were available to handle the problems which hamper their success.

In the classifying of psychoses, the most familiar listing is that of schizophrenia, a broad label covering the mentally ill who

(Continued on Page 239)

the MEAT page

How to make 4 fresh-cooked meals from half a ham

When ham is on your shopping list, it's a real economy for the average size family to get a full-cut shank half large enough to make four meals, as shown here.





1 "Boiled" Dinner

Before you bring it home, have your meat-man saw off a generous shank end for lots of flavor in a "boiled" dinner. Simmer it gently with carrots, onions, potatoes and wedges of cabbage.







3 Fried Ham Slices

The remaining piece is boneless and easily sliced with a sharp knife. Cut your first slices from the larger end. Make them fairly thick to fry or broil.





4 Ham and Scalloped Potatoes

As you get to the smaller end of the boneless piece, cut thinner slices. Use them in alternating layers with sliced potatoes to make a dish of scalloped ham and potatoes.



2 Baked Ham

Later in the week you can easily divide the center part of the ham half into two portions as shown here. Bake the piece with the bone. Score it and decorate it, if you like, with your favorite glaze. The slices will be small, but no less delicious.

This way of getting four fresh-cooked meals from one cut of ham will help you give your family more often the generous supply of B vitamins that ham provides, and the complete, high-quality protein that ham, like all meat, offers. Yes, there's thrift in the buying of meat, and also in the way you use it.

P. S. Illustrated booklet, showing six "thrifty use" ideas like this, yours for 5c in coin sent to Box 1133, Chicago 77, Illinois.

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association

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Want to know why Live-Water washing gets clothes really clean?

Ask your Frigidaire Dealer to show you how the only All-Porcelain Automatic Washer launders differently from all others.





See Live-Water action—and the all-porcelain finish that stays beautiful!

Live-Water washing is really different! You can see that difference when you watch the Frigidaire All-Porcelain Automatic Washer in action—rolling, penetrating currents of clean, hot, sudsy water keep the clothes moving with no metal parts to rub and wear them.

You'll see the difference in results, too—the cleaner, whiter, brighter clothes you get with Live-Water rinsing and re-rinsing in *clean* water. Lighter clothes, too, because Rapidry-Spinning gets them far drier than most washers—many clothes dry enough to iron immediately!

It's all so easy for you—put in the clothes and soap or detergent, touch the dial, that's all! The new-type underwater suds-dispenser prevents all soap spots or stains. And it's so easy to clean the all-porcelain Frigidaire Washer—a damp cloth does it. The Lifetime Porcelain finish resists rust, scratching, grease, dirt and soap.

Visit your Frigidaire Dealer today to learn all about this really different Automatic Washer. And ask to see the new Frigidaire Electric Ironer and Automatic Clothes Dryer to complete your work-saving home laundry, as well as all the other Frigidaire appliances for pleasanter living.

Look up name of your Frigidaire Dealer—in Classified Phone Directory; or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside 12, Ontario.

Listen to Frigidaire's New Lum and Abner Show, Sunday nights, on your Columbia Station.

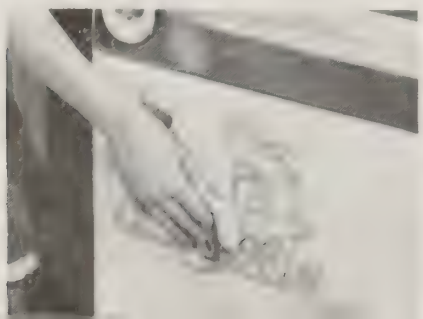
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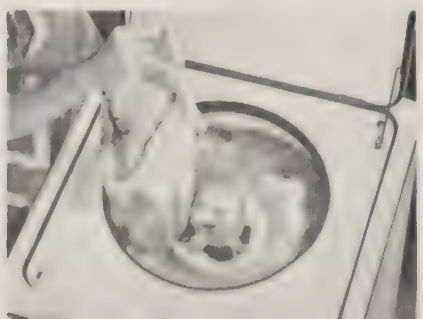
All-Porcelain inside and out — that's only true of the Frigidaire Automatic Washer! And how you'll enjoy the feature! The exterior stays gleaming white with just the touch of a damp cloth. The self-cleaning interior needs no attention at all.

Rolling currents of water do the work! And it's clean water for each operation—you can't expect dirty water to get clothes really clean. Yet Frigidaire is economical with hot water—making maximum use of every drop for finest laundering.

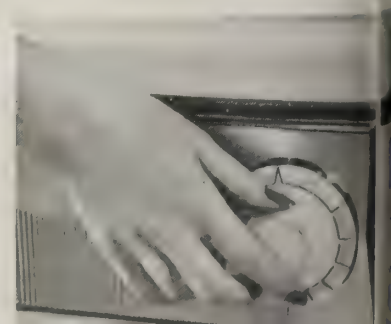
Rapidry-Spinning gets clothes drier—far drier than most washers—really damp-dry. And that means they're lighter to lift, too. Many of the clothes will be dry enough for ironing right away. Your hands need never touch water at all!

Hand-Control it if you wish! For special jobs you can alter the laundering cycle of the Frigidaire Automatic Washer—lengthen, shorten, repeat or skip any operation. But on most occasions you'll just touch the dial and forget it!









(Continued from Page 236)

ve split away from the world of reality into
ıental world of their own, and who move,
f awake, between the real and the unreal.
is illness was called formerly dementia
ıecox and was thought incurable. Now re-
rkable results are gained through shock
atments, especially during the first year.
But schizophrenics do not all act alike, by
y means. There are the catatonic, who is
ject to trances which twist his face or
ke his body rigid; the hebephrenic, who
ys cute, is often more flirtatious than his
ırs would deem proper, likes to giggle, ex-
e his body, and often hears voices; the
anoid schizophrenic, who may have de-
ions of grandeur one moment and delu-
ns of persecution the next, or both at
e; and the simple schizophrenic, who is
less, tired, disinterested and uncaring
ut life and his appearance, and can't fin-
his thoughts, much less his sentences.
Around people who are patient and hu-
ne, schizophrenics are rarely violent. Well-
ffed, well-equipped mental hospitals do
use nor need restraints or punishments.
chizophrenia usually attacks young people
der 35) of slender, disproportionate build,
l, if the patient goes without treatment
ing the first year of the acute stage of his
ess, the disease may run a debilitating
rse of from four to twenty years. It is
erally believed to be a functional dis-
e—that is, it has no organic cause, but is a
ılt of faulty functioning. But some psy-
ıtric thinkers believe—and there is con-
rable objective evidence—that it may
e physical causes. For one thing, the
nds function poorly in schizophrenics.
ere is hope that new medical research as
l as new psychiatric research will give us
re insight than we have currently on this
up of the mentally ill.

The next largest group is the older people—
senile psychotics who number about one
rth of the state-hospital patients. Their
ıdily increasing ranks are a major factor in
overcrowded conditions of our institu-
ns. Sadly enough, however, many of these
ile patients have only mild cases of psy-
ses. They could be cared for at home, if
y were wanted, or in old-age homes, if
re were enough. The senile symptoms are
ıiliar to all of us—lapses of memory, a
ng in the past, a lack of recognition of
ple and places. Some also suffer from psy-
choses brought on by hardening of the arteries. At present we know little about helping them, but, when we apply our knowledge of healthy living, both mental and physical, to our way of living, the rate of senile psychoses can be expected to come down.

A smaller group among the psychotics are the manic-depressives, 7 out of 10 of whom are women. They usually alternate between overactivity and depression. Manic depression usually responds to shock treatment if it is caught before it becomes chronic. It attacks people between 35 and 50, usually runs at least a three-year course, with intermittent periods of normal living. The patients, mostly women, ill from involutional melancholia, make up 10 per cent.

A small group, mostly male, suffers from general paresis, the brain disease caused by syphilis. If caught early, it can be arrested in about one case in two.

It can readily be seen from this varied list of kinds of mental illness that there is no one condition that can be described by the term insanity. "Insanity" is a term used by lawyers and others involved in legal matters pertaining to the mentally ill to describe total incompetence in dealing with reality. But it is not used in cases of incompetence induced by drugs or coma in other forms of illness, even though this incompetence may be many times greater than that exhibited by a patient with mental illness. The term "insanity" is out of step with modern knowledge and should be eliminated.

Even with the out-of-date conditions existing in the majority of our mental hospitals, seven out of ten patients will be discharged eventually—but two of these will return to hospital, and only five will remain out permanently. Under prime conditions, it's believed this figure could be raised immeasurably. This demands speedier diagnosis of the early stages of mental illness, better facilities and more of them, and greater public knowledge and understanding than now exist. This is *our* problem. The psychiatric profession, overworked and few in number, needs public encouragement and interest if it is going to be able to put its hard-earned know-how to work. The sooner we face up to the powerful problem of mental illness, the sooner we shall be able to lick it.

This is the second of four articles on mental health. The next, dealing with psychiatry in the home, will appear in the May JOURNAL.

The Virgin With Saints . . . By El Greco

AMONG the Old Masters, the great prophet of modern art is El Greco. His work foreshadows the abandonment three hundred years later of naturalism for expressionism, of proportions determined by nature for proportions determined by emotion. Academic critics fighting this trend used to assert that El Greco distorted the human form because his eyesight was defective. We now believe that astigmatism affected him less, if at all, than the stylization in Byzantine icons and mosaics he had seen as a young man on his native island of Crete. But the fashion initiated by Parmigiano, that vogue for tall, slender figures with small heads, which became modish in European painting of the late sixteenth century, also played its part and prepared the public to accept the exaggerated elongations El Greco found suitable for his highly emotional style.

El Greco, however, was not merely a precursor of many contemporary artists; he also expressed, through the flamelike forms he created, the spirit of his own time, that ardent and mystical piety which followed the newly launched Counter Reformation. *The Virgin Between Saint Inés and Saint Tecla*, once in the Chapel of San José in Toledo, the Spanish town which became El Greco's final home, is a summit of such visionary painting. What more marvelous rendering of substance at once tangible and intangible, corporeal and incorporeal, than the cherubim who surround the Virgin? They seem modeled in ectoplasm, formed of some emanation of thought. Even the artist's signature, the initials of his Greek name (Domenico Theotocopuli) traced on the forehead of St. Tecla's lion, seems to have taken on symbolic significance. The whole scene illustrates, so far as this is possible, the experiences described by El Greco's great contemporary, St. John of the Cross, and other mystics.

But if El Greco himself was a mystic, he was a very practical one. We know he was an efficient painter, ran a profitable shop, and was ready to repeat his pictures as many times as the market required. Even his distortions did not diminish his popularity, for his paintings apparently gave concrete and convincing form to visions that many pious people in Spain had seen or hoped to see.

—JOHN WALKER,
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.

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WRITES MRS. JOHN J. JANDINSKI, JR., NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



"I HAVE OODLES OF COTTONS to wash and iron for my 2-year-old," writes Mrs. Jandinski. "Satina not only makes my starched ironing 3 times easier, but makes clothes stay fresh longer, too."

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It not only makes ironing lots easier, it makes clothes *smell fresher, look newer,* and stay *clean longer,* too!

FREE FULL-SIZE PACKAGE



WE'RE SO SURE *you'll* love Satina, if we can just get you to try it once, that we're offering you a *free* full-size package. Enough for 4 big starchings! Just you try it and judge Satina for *yourself!*

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Satina users say: "Put SATINA in your starch! It makes starched ironing 3 times easier!"



PHOTO BY PRAT

Barnyard Garden

By RICHARD PRATT

Flowers congregate here now instead of animals, indicating that a garden can attractively take over almost any spot that has lost its original usefulness. Lowering a high enclosing wall made available enough stone with which to build retaining walls across the barnyard and turn the sloping ground into a series of level terraces; the lower ones for cultivating beauty, the topmost for sitting—one of gardening's greatest pleasures.



It's perfect for families with children!



You feel so *safe* driving this easy-steering car. With extra large windows and windshield, you have wide vision all around . . . you see the road right in front of you. It parks in far less space, too.

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Family hauling jobs are easy with a 'Jeep' Station Wagon—even a bicycle can go along when you visit! Rear seats are easily removable if you have an extra bulky load . . . and there's huge parcel space with all seats in.

SO many cars are like formal living rooms—for adults only. But not the 'Jeep' Station Wagon . . . it's made for families with children!

Imagine never worrying about wet clothes and shoes or even a dripping dog—the seats, floor and interior paneling are washable.

And do children love riding in a 'Jeep' Station Wagon. They have lots of room in its all-steel body . . . they sit up where they can see through the wide safety-glass windows.

You'll love riding in it, too, for it is a smooth comfortable car that is easy to handle, smart in appearance and so widely useful for every family need.

With its gas-thrifty engine and overdrive, the 'Jeep' Station Wagon goes farther on a tankful . . . and repair bills will cost you less.

Let a Willys-Overland dealer take your whole family for a trial ride in this grand car.

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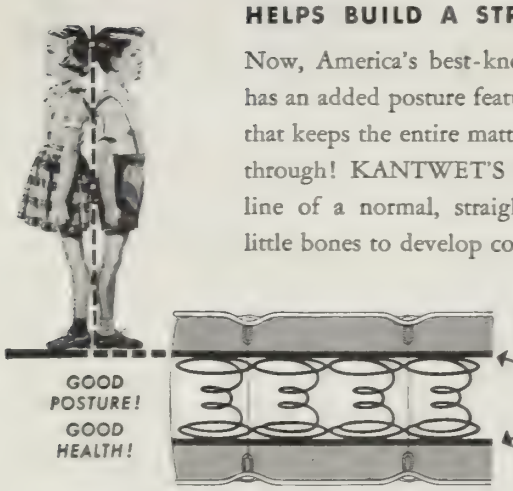
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Now, America's best-known, most-used crib mattress has an added posture feature — a built-in reinforcement that keeps the entire mattress firm and level, all the way through! KANTWET'S DORSAL PAD parallels the line of a normal, straight back — encourages pliant little bones to develop correctly.



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DORSAL PAD that makes a firm, level foundation for the entire mattress — for better posture!

Extra layers of fluffy, white cotton felt filling where baby's weight rests most heavily — for better posture!

Double-sealed button tufting anchors filling in place, eliminates lumps and hollows — for better posture!



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Gay, new covers—wetproof, washable, flame-retarding!

KANTWET — FIRST in wetproof crib mattresses — PROVEN in over 1,000,000 homes!

WELCOME TO FLOWERACRES

(Continued from Page 210)

a week's menus at a time and markets only once a week. Saturday is always baking day, when she turns in and makes bread as well as a cake and cookies.

Of course, she has plenty of help. Servant problem? "I've been lucky," she says. Their colored couple has been with them nineteen years. Though wages for a servant run about $20 a week in the country district, Willie and Ludie have their own house on the place. They know that when they are old and unable to work they can stay there and be looked after. When they are sick, the Hastings pay the bills. They kept Ludie in a hospital recently for nearly a year. She can't do much in the house now, so they have Annie May, who comes daily. For the big parties the mainstay is Lizzie Miller, a capable colored cateress, at about $10 a day.

At Christmastime Willie and Ludie join the Hastings under the tree for their gifts. Louise remembers not only their birthdays, but also those of their two children and grandchildren. And they know they're appreciated. "Willie," Louise declares as they're working together in the garden, "if the Lord ever takes you, I just hope He takes me the day before!" And Willie likes to tell about the time "Miss Louise" saw the coiled-up moccasin and just stood there screaming "Willie!" She knew he was "bound to fix it." And he did, with a quick blow with his hoe!

Life on a plantation is familiar to Louise, who spent her childhood on one, a happy life with four brothers and a sister. When she was twelve, the family moved to Decatur to be nearer the schools, and that was when Louise and Donald met. He was playing the phonograph for the pupils to march in when he first saw pretty little Louise Brown. "Right there," he declares, "I decided she was the girl I would marry when I grew up."

They were married in 1924. Meantime, Louise had graduated from Agnes Scott College, majoring in biology, and studied a summer with the scientific group at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Donald had graduated from the College of Agriculture of the University of Georgia, *cum laude*, with an average of 90.

They had a big June wedding at the Presbyterian church in Decatur. Louise wore a white satin dress her mother had made. Washington was the first stop of the honeymoon, and as Mr. H. G. knew President Coolidge, they were received at the White House. The first person to whom Donald proudly introduced Louise as "Mrs. Hastings" was the President.

When the plantation house was built, ald was in charge of research for the com which his father had founded. Mr. H. G bought the acreage in 1919 to use as testing and production fields and for nu stock. In 1942 he turned over the presid of the company to Donald and became c man of the board of directors. The bus has a three-quarter-of-a-million capital surplus, with retail stores in Atlanta, tanooga, Birmingham and Charlotte, an large mail-order distribution "home of in Atlanta. Annual sales total $2,000 and all officers and employees are on salaries. Donald's own income varies tween $10,000 and $20,000 a year.

At Floweracres, quarters are provide fifteen white families and twenty colored houses are well built, each with a plo growing vegetables. Donald says they h remarkably small turnover, which h tributes to the fair wage scale—$3.5 $10.00 per day. But everybody just natu likes working for "Mr. Donald."

Young Donnie is going into the family ness. Summers he has worked hard i fields, regular hours at a regular salary Hastings are sensible about their childre money. When Donnie and Mary Louise very little they began to receive small a ances. Donald says he's seen too many to-do parents spoil their children by d ing them of the privilege of earning mon themselves, so when Donnie went to C he was given enough to cover his boar tuition, but he earns spending mone working in the college greenhouse, a treasurer for his fraternity, Chi Psi, at $5 month. At Washington Seminary, Louise acted as a paid assistant in sp classes; at Vassar she served as paid w robe mistress for the dramatic group (when she learned all about dry cleanin

Louise and Donald are also strongly o opinion that parents keep closest to growing children by having mutual inter They all love a family fishing trip. Do and his mother have always ridden toge She and Mary Louise are active in the s garden club and they garden long hour gether. Donnie and his father and gr father work in the testing fields together, go on inspection trips to their seed gro farms. While the men were away last Louise and Mary Louise made a studious of Washington and New York art galleri

They're together in church interests Mr. H. G. is a deacon, and Louise head

They Get Paid a Lot—But
How Much Can They Keep?

THE highest-paid men and women in the U. S. today work in the motion-picture industry, according to the Treasury's final listings of top salaries for 1946. Actress Bette Davis topped the women, but out of a salary of $328,000 would probably net only around $69,230; her tax would be approximately $258,770, if her deductions were the standard minimum ones, plus one exemption. Film tycoon Charles P. Skouras led the men with $985,000—which, again with the standard minimum deductions and one exemption, would leave him $158,253.

In 1945, 49,750,991 Americans paid income tax. On the basis of standard minimum deductions and one exemption, incomes in the higher brackets, after taxes, would net:

$25,000 income: net $15,605
162,973 taxpayers had a gross income of $25,000–$50,000

$50,000 income: net $23,510
42,753 taxpayers had a gross income of $50,000–$100,000

$100,000 income: net $31,885
9,258 taxpayers had a gross income of $100,000–$500,000

$500,000 income: net $57,485
329 taxpayers had a gross income of $500,000–$1,000,000

$1,000,000 income: net $100,450
71 taxpayers had a gross income of $1,000,000 or more

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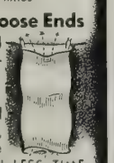


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Altar Guild. Grace is always said at meals. Mary Louise helps her mother with church decorations, and they both take an interest in Donald's project of supplying flowers for Mother's Day services at the Federal penitentiary (he tells you about watching Al Capone fondle one of his roses).

Both parents say they'd rather have well-balanced children than brilliant ones, though they're proud that Donnie won nine out of fifteen possible honors in high school and that Mary Louise was one of sixty students chosen to study at the School of Extra-Mural Studies at Stratford-on-Avon last summer.

They hope their children will take a large share in community life and organizations, for they think that's a duty that all people owe. Louise is emphatic in her belief that being a clubwoman hasn't deprived her family, but has enriched their life together.

As they were living in the country when the children became of school age, Louise drove them into town two days a week and taught them the other days herself, which didn't allow much time for outside activities. Then the senior Mrs. Hastings died, and the family began spending winters with Mr. H. G. in Decatur. It was then, following the presidency of her own garden club, that Louise was asked to become president of the Garden Clubs of Georgia.

THIS seemed a big step. Donald was all for it, but she talked it over with the head of her children's school, whose advice was that with her energy and active mind, it would be good for her to develop outside interests, and would give her children more self-sufficiency. Now for seven years she's been on the board of the National Council of State Garden Clubs. As for lecturing, she went into it with the idea that it would be a real help in the promotion of the love of gardening and appreciation of flowers and their proper use in the home.

Being a clubwoman isn't all luncheons and corsages. The first time she toured the state, staying often in uncomfortable little hotels, Louise came home and cried about it. "You're in this," Donald said, "and I know you can take it." When she lectures, she lugs around heavy vases and urns, in places with no janitor service, spends exhausting hours setting up flower arrangements. "I am fortunate to have inherited the Rutherford family energy. And I feel I'm really doing something when I talk on church flower arrangements. Our Southern churches need beauty so."

"Southern" is a word frequently in the Hastings' talk. They're consciously and loyally Southern, though Donald is only first generation. Mr. H. G., son of the publisher of the Springfield, Ohio, Republican, still votes the Republican ticket, but Louise and Donald both voted for Thurmond. Mary Louise, though encouraged by Helen Hayes, a friend of the family, for a stage career, returned home, because she says, with the grave expression she often has, "The South needs its young people who have had special training." And Donnie decided to go into the business because he's interested in the company's research in seeds adapted particularly to the South, such as their new Dixiana grass, which they've spent ten years developing to withstand the hot Southern summers.

He and his mother are the real "rebels" of the family, though. "That Lincoln!" Louise sniffs. Mary Louise says, "Now, mother, you've never tried to understand Lincoln." Then Donnie grins and tells about the big Confederate flag hung above his desk at college. They're proud of the fact that the tall poplar on the front lawn marks the end of a trench in which the Confederates made a last stand at the time of the Battle of Atlanta, that there's a monument on the place commemorating the formation by young soldiers of a Southern branch of Sigma Chi, and that the old family home of their friend Margaret Mitchell is not far down the road.

They're very Southern, too, in their enjoyment of their "kinfolk." There are always 40 to 50 of them for Christmas dinner. "So many people nowadays," Louise says, "don't go to the trouble of bringing all the family together. But I believe in it. The more people there are whose love and concern children have, the more obligated they will feel in

When a youngster's upset by "Childhood Constipation"



...give Fletcher's Castoria!



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

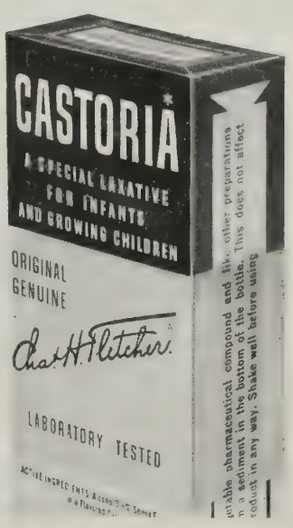
WHEN your child frets and fusses ...when he's cross because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's wise to know what to do. Give him Fletcher's Castoria.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

***Get Fletcher's Castoria** at your drug-store today. Be sure you see the green band and the Charles H. Fletcher signature on the package—then you will know that what you are getting is the original and genuine.*



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The original and genuine
CASTORIA

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has 3 times the *Whiter Washing* Action of any other soap!



WASHES CLOTHES WHITER... COLORS BRIGHTER...THAN NEW

YES, this greatest Rinso of all . . . the latest triumph of the world-famous Lever Laboratories . . . will do what no other soap can do! It is the new 1950 Rinso with Solium that gives you 3 times the *whiter washing* action of any other soap! This sensational new washing action makes clothes whiter *than new* . . . colors brighter *than new* . . . and KEEPS them whiter, brighter than any other soap! Even yellowed and grayed clothes become whiter and brighter . . . even in hardest water. The Rinso now at dealers is the 1950 Rinso with Solium, the scientific Sunlight ingredient. Get a package today.



SO SAFE FOR CLOTHES
SO KIND TO HANDS

ONLY Rinso CONTAINS SOLIUM—*the scientific Sunlight Ingredient*

making their important decisions in life. They can't let so *many* down."

Last fall 170 of the clan gathered for the celebration of the golden wedding of Louise's father and mother. She was up until three A.M. arranging the chrysanthemums and yellow roses, decorating the three-tier cake with a gold cup full of golden roses and violets sunk in the top, and gilding all the candles.

There have been many other notable parties at Floweracres. Five hundred came to Mary Louise's debut in 1946. Bouquets sent by friends made a gorgeous display tied into swags of Southern smilax down the staircase, with Mary Louise a picture in flesh-colored satin lamé brocaded with copper. She made the dress herself, of course.

But the party of the year is always the Sunday-before-Christmas Open House. Louise tells you seriously that she cut the invitation list away down last year—to only 250! This party, as all Hastings parties, is like a theatrical production: a smooth performance, but a blithe pandemonium until curtain time. The men bring in great armloads of holly and mistletoe from the woods. Willie makes a rope of boxwood for the dining-room table, to be punctuated by the exquisite Pink Perfection and white Albaplena camellias sent in huge, flat boxes by a beau of Mary Louise. Grandmother Brown arrives to take over the making of the sillabub, contributing the old-fashioned sillabub churn brought from South Georgia. Ludie polishes the huge silver punch bowl and tall silver cups. The fruitcake, made according to Great-great-grandmother Rutherford's recipe, has already been baked, but Annie and Lizzie are turning out platters of minced turkey sandwiches, hot mushroom sandwiches, little rum cakes and their special lemon spongecakes.

Mary Louise and Donnie hang the mistletoe, Mary Louise teasing Donnie about losing his Southern accent among the Yankees. Louise, standing on a chair to arrange holly, drops the clippers, gouges her knee and limps through the rest of the day.

There's a mad scramble at the last. But all is in readiness when the first guests arrive. The parents' friends come from four to six, the young people after seven. They fill all the rooms, the pretty little-girl cousins in long dresses passing out heather to bring everybody good luck in the New Year.

It's ten-thirty when the last guest has said, "Such a beautiful party." Louise sinks onto the couch and rubs her knee. "It was nice, wasn't it? The young people seemed to have such a good time," she says. "Donald and I are sentimental, and we believe in creating lovely memories for our children. We can't tell what the future may hold for them, but we feel that the memory of a happy life here at Floweracres will be something to sustain them always."

THE END

NEXT MONTH

AFTER nearly ten years of visiting American homes to report How America Lives, the editors of the JOURNAL will take readers into their own working quarters next month in the newly redecorated JOURNAL Workshop in New York's Radio City. You can see how—from this working center—the staff which produces How America Lives carries out transcontinental assignments, how fiction and article editors do their work, how Paris fashions and Ann Batchelder's dinner parties are photographed and how new tools for homemaking are tested and selected. With such distinguished contributors as Eleanor Roosevelt, Taylor Caldwell, John Gunther and Al Parker you can meet the JOURNAL editors and learn how, each month, a magazine comes to life. You can visit the Workshop, in photographs and text, in

• *the May Journal* •



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SPECIALTIES OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 217)

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

t ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 6 espoons flour. Blend until smooth. Add easpoon salt, a dash of cayenne and ¼ poon dry mustard. Scald 1 cup milk and to fat-and-flour mixture gradually; cook l thick, stirring constantly. Remove from and add 1 cup grated Edam cheese. erican cheese could be used, but Mrs. tings uses Edam and it really gives the flé a very nice flavor. Separate 3 eggs. t yolks until thick and lemon-colored. l into sauce base. Beat the 3 egg whites l stiff but not dry. Fold in carefully the last. Pour into a greased 1-quart cas-le. Set in a pan of hot water. Bake minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. es 4.

you decide to hold it over for late ar-ls, lower heat to 200° F.—very slow—r soufflé is done. A soufflé should be served oon as it is removed from oven. It's best n it's just done.

HOT SALLY LUNN

ld ¾ cup milk. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, ıblespoons butter or margarine, ¾ tea-on salt. Cool to lukewarm. Add ½ cake h yeast, crumbled, or use ½ package k dry yeast, dissolved in ¼ cup luke-m water, and reduce milk ¼ cup. Stir un-lended. Add 2 eggs, beaten. Then add 2½ s flour to make a soft dough. Put into a greased bowl, and when it doubles in , punch dough down with a spoon. Pour a well-greased square or bread pan. Let ble in bulk again. It takes about an hour. e in moderate oven, 350° F., 30–40 min-s, greasing top with butter or margarine e or twice during baking. Serve hot, ed, with butter or margarine. Or butter the es, put back together as a loaf and reheat.

ORANGE COOKIES

am ½ cup butter or margarine with 1 cup ar until light and fluffy. Add 1 egg, beaten il light and thick, and the grated rind of 1 nge. Dissolve ¼ teaspoon baking soda in cup thick sour cream and add 1 teaspoon nge juice. Sift 2½ cups flour with ¼ tea-spoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder. Add dry ingredients alternately with the sour cream, baking soda and orange juice. Beat thoroughly or until smooth. Drop from teaspoon onto greased baking sheets 1½ inches apart. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake 12 minutes in moderately hot oven, 375° F. Makes 6 dozen small orange cookies.

LEMON CUP PUDDING

Blend 1 cup sugar, 4 teaspoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine together. Add 5 teaspoons lemon juice and the grated rind of 1 lemon. Separate 3 eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add to first mixture. Then add 1½ cups milk. Beat the 3 egg whites until stiff and fold into the mixture last. Pour into greased baking dish or 6 individual custard cups. Set in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 45–50 minutes, if in a casserole, 20–25 minutes if in custard cups.

LUNCHEON FOR FAMILY AND GUESTS

***Potatoes Luncheon Style**
or
***Stuffed Peppers**
or
***Deviled Crab**
Tomato-Aspic Salad with Avocado
Hot Biscuits
Brandied Fresh Fruits in Season
Spongecake *or* Hot Poundcake
Tea

POTATOES LUNCHEON STYLE

Scrub 8 medium-size baking potatoes. Place in shallow baking pan and bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for about an hour or until done. Cut a slice from the top of each potato and scoop out inside, leaving a thin shell. Keep each slice with respective shell. Put potato through ricer. Sauté 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper and 2 tablespoons chopped mushroom in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add to potato and season with 1½

her Views and Prices of Patterns on Pages 62 and 63, and 218.

Vogue Patterns on Pages 62 and 63

Vogue Design No. 6720. One-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6729. "Easy-to-Make" suit; 12 to 20, 30 to 42. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6765. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
Paris Original Model—by Lanvin. Vogue Pattern No. 1052. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $2.50.
Junior Vogue Design No. 3258. One-piece dress; 9 to 15, 29½ to 33. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 6735. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 60c.

How America Lives Patterns on Page 218

Junior Vogue Design No. 3269. One-piece dress and topper; 9 to 15, 29½ to 33. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6712. One-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 6711. Two-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6700. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 60c.

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★



3269 6712



6720 6729 6765

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Chix Chat

About your baby and you

By Louise Zabriskie, R. N., DIRECTOR, MATERNITY CONSULTATION SERVICE, NEW YORK.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO BE A MOTHER! Since taking care of baby requires 7 to 8 hours a day, you'll be happy to hear about new ideas to save you work and keep baby amazingly comfortable. For example, CHIX layette essentials are such work-saving wonders they're bound to make grandma envious of you, the modern mother.



LATEST DIAPER DATA! It's the happier baby that's diapered in gauze for it's so much softer and more absorbent than birdseye cloth. That's why CHIX Gauze Diapers really cater to baby's comfort. Made of double layers of surgical gauze, they have the exclusive Cushion Weave that makes them the most absorbent diapers ever and so much more gentle to baby's tender skin. And what a help to mother! Light, airy CHIX Gauze Diapers wash easier, dry quicker, always keep their snow-white freshness.

THE INSIDE STORY: What could be more sensible than CHIX Diaper Liners! You'll be thankful for these completely disposable liners every time you put one inside of baby's diaper. The liner holds the bowel movement—keeps it from staining the diaper, and when the diaper liner is soiled you just flush it away. Less washing drudgery!

TRAVEL TIPS FOR BABY: Several days before your trip, check with your doctor to find out if baby's food formula is to be changed. And be sure to take CHUX along—the wonderfully convenient 100% Disposable Diaper. Made with a soft cottoned facing, waterproof backing.



SWEET DREAMS: A well ventilated room will help to assure a good night's sleep for baby. And baby is more likely to sleep comfortably on smooth CHIX Fitted Crib Sheets. They can't crawl or wrinkle. Fine percale.



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This advertisement read and approved by a well known Professor of Pediatrics.

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Peggy Armstrong's story from bottle to 13 years

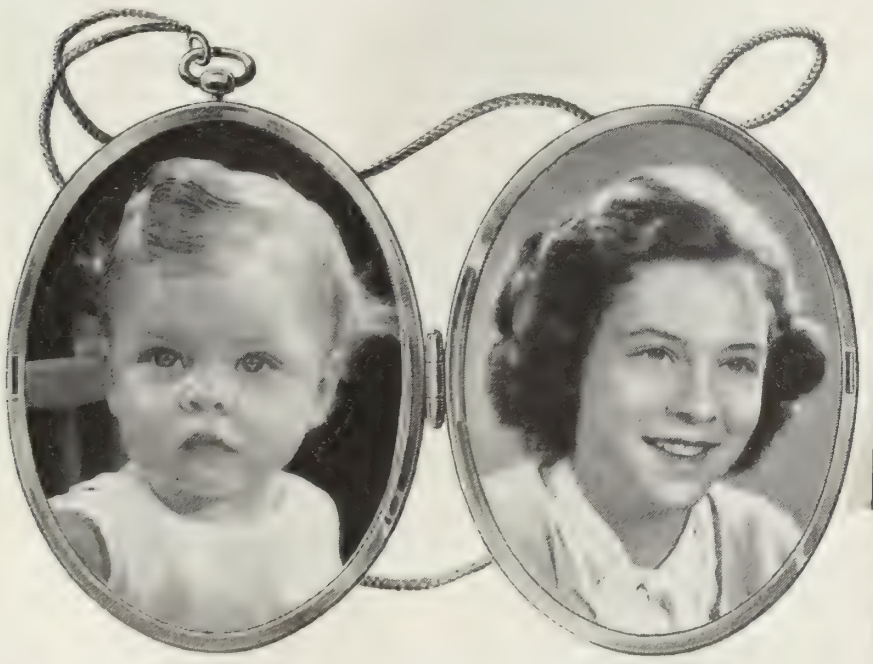


3 months

Peggy Armstrong's story starts when she was 3 months old. She was one of the lucky few chosen in a special test to prove to mothers everywhere how beautifully babies thrive on Clapp's—the *first* in baby foods!

8 months

Here's Peggy at 8 months. Every month she's gained a pound, and grown 1½". What did Clapp's have to do with it? *"Lots!"* says Peggy's mother. All Clapp's Foods, you know, are pressure-cooked! Bursting with vitamins and minerals.



10 months

Peggy was walking at 10 months. Chubby. Bustling. A picture of health! And why not? All Clapp's Baby Foods are made to fill doctors' requirements. So your baby gets *top* nourishment in every single one.

13 years

Today Peggy is an honor student, a good horseback rider and skater. What a thrill to see how well Clapp-fed babies thrive! And what better proof could we give that your baby, too, will thrive on Clapp's! Try it and see.

Clapp's Baby Foods

THE FIRST IN BABY FOODS

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teaspoons salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika. Beat in 1 cup scalded light cream and 1 egg yolk. Whip all together until light and fluffy. Fold in 1 cup cooked chicken, diced. Stuff each potato shell with mixture and replace top. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Return to oven, bake 15 minutes. Serve hot.

UNUSUAL STUFFED PEPPERS

To 2 cups (about 6) hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine, add 1 cup medium-thick cream sauce, ½ cup ground cooked ham, boiled tongue or crisp bacon, crumbled. Season highly with salt, pepper and prepared mustard. Cut 4 green peppers into halves lengthwise. Remove seeds. Parboil 10 minutes and drain. Fill pepper shells with mixture. Top with buttered bread or cracker crumbs. Bake until brown—or 15 minutes in a hot oven, 400° F. Makes 8 servings.

FLOWERACRES DEVILED CRABS

Pick over meat of 1 dozen crabs—1 pound crab meat, if that's the way you buy it. Be sure there are no bony pieces left in. Add the chopped yolks of 4 hard-cooked eggs, 2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine, a little red pepper and salt to taste and about 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce—more or less, as you like. Beat this up thoroughly, then add ¼ cup finely minced celery and 1 cup heavy cream. Squeeze the juice of 2 lemons, and add it a little at a time to taste. Some will prefer it more lemony, some less, than others. Pour into scallop shells and top with a generous coating of buttered cracker crumbs. Bake 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. Makes 6–8 servings.

Music expresses that which cannot be said but on which it is impossible to be silent.

—VICTOR HUGO.

Fried chicken has always been synonymous with Southern cooking. That served at Floweracres lives up to the best in the Southern cuisine. Mrs. Hastings' barbecued chicken is really something special too. It's featured on her menus almost as often as the fried chicken. If you live in the South, "English peas" is a familiar term to you. When I asked Mrs. Hastings what English peas were, she said, "Oh, peas are always called English peas in the South"—in a tone that meant "everyone knows that!" Well, now you know, if you didn't before.

DINNER—SPRING OR SUMMER
FAMILY AND GUESTS

Jellied Consommé
*Barbecued Chicken
English Peas
Tomato *or* Fruit Aspic
Ice Cream
Coffee

wiches, hot mushroom sandwiches, little run cakes and their special lemon spongecakes

Mary Louise and Donnie hang the mistle toe, Mary Louise teasing Donnie about losin his Southern accent among the Yankees Louise, standing on a chair to arrange holly drops the clippers, gouges her knee and limp through the rest of the day.

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THE EN

TUMBLE-PROOF *for Lively Babies*



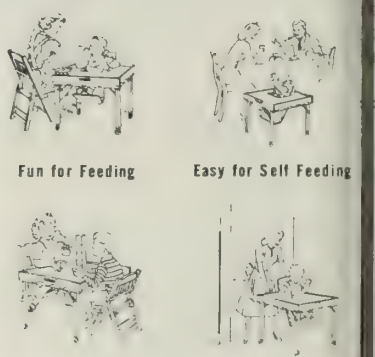
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Nearly always, a child's emotions and moods mirror those of his parents and others with whom he associates.

Love, a Child's First Need

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

ND that many parents I talk to nowa-ys are positively terrified lest through me careless mistake they may upset eir child's emotional stability, and do g damage to his proper development. e mother had read of complexes a child t acquire through being put to bed in a ned room, with the door closed; gh being required to eat foods that 't favorites; and through being trained e toilet at an early age. She had done ese things with her own youngster. emed a perfectly happy, well-adjusted fellow, but had she possibly planted ses which would show up in adult life? e wide dissemination of knowledge health and child care that we enjoy must certainly be counted among the ngs of modern civilization. Yet like a other benefits, it is not an unmixed blessing. So much has been written, especially about the psychological problems of early childhood, that a good many parents are afraid to do anything, for fear it may be the wrong thing.

As I tell parents who come to me expressing such fears, the possibility is remote that any real emotional damage will come to children whose parents have a genuine love for them and for each other. The real threat to children comes from parents who are themselves emotionally immature, or who have antagonistic feelings toward their children, toward each other, or toward the world in general, which find expression in their relationships with the children.

About a year ago, a young couple of my acquaintance asked me for advice about their seven-year-old son, who showed many disturbing signs of emotional upset. Always in these cases my first suggestion is that the child be given a complete physical examination. In Paul's case, the family doctor could find no evidence of any physical disorder that might account for the youngster's temper tantrums, nightmares, hostility toward his parents and teachers, and other symptoms of deep-seated emotional disturbance. Yet doctors know that these behavior problems never just happen.

It was necessary to probe deeply into the background of Paul's family to find the cause of his upset. On first examination, this seemed to be a normal family, exhibiting only the usual amount of conflict that one must expect in every group of people living together as closely as families do. In one talk with Paul, however, the doctor picked up a clue that led him to re-examine the father-child relationship.

The fact was that the boy's father was a fairly common type of immature personality—getting by with his friends and business associates, but taking out his frustrations on his family, and particularly on Paul. As it turned out, the cause of his hostile attitude toward the boy (an attitude, it must be remembered, that he himself wasn't aware of) was a feeling that they were competing for the love and attention of the wife and mother. This is something that I have seen in many families; one of the parents is an immature type that is too self-centered and

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Just who were you calling a crybaby, Mom?



BABY: If you think I'm a crybaby, Mom, you should see *your* face! After trying my "easy life," you look ready to *howl!*

MOM: Lambkin, I certainly am! I've crawled and crept. I've wriggled and twisted. My skin feels sore and scratchy and miserable!

BABY: Well, Mom, that's the way *my* skin feels *all* the time. How long do I have to wait before you treat me right—with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

MOM: You'll get 'em today, honey! *Both* —if you need 'em!

BABY: Sure do, Mom! After my bath, you can smooth me with gentle Johnson's Baby Oil. Use it at diaper changes, too, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

And between times, you can bring out the Johnson's Baby Powder, for cool, silky sprinkles that help keep chafes and prickles away!

MOM: Guess I haven't been very smart! Things will be different now!



BABY: Including *me*, Mom! You won't know your sunny son! I'll smile, and play, and beam, and coo, like *all* the Johnson's babies do!

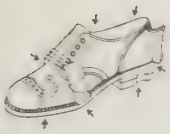




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demanding to share the other parent's love with the child, who is thus thrust into a conflict in which he is bound to be the loser.

Fortunately, Paul's father was an intelligent man who came to understand his own failure as a parent and made a sincere effort to do better. As we were able to show him, the severely critical attitude he displayed toward the child was itself the chief cause of the kind of behavior that drew the reprimands.

Nearly always, a child's emotions and moods mirror those of his parents and others with whom he associates. Kindness and patience on the part of parents are reflected in an emotionally stable, happy child; nervous, hypercritical parents usually have irritable, unmanageable children.

The amazing thing to me is the fact that this kind of parent invariably believes it is the misbehaving child who makes him cross and critical, whereas the exact opposite is usually the truth!

Here are a few of the situations, all common enough in modern life, that can easily lead to feelings of insecurity in children unless the parents make a sustained effort to guard against ill effects:

1. The arrival of a new baby, with consequent neglect of the older child, can quickly result in a hostile, aggressive attitude toward the baby and the parents. The older child may misbehave outrageously for no other reason than to win back the attention that has been lost. More than anything else, such a child needs lavish displays of affection.

2. Parents with a too active social life which necessitates leaving the child with a succession of baby sitters may soon find themselves with a little demon on their hands. Rightly or wrongly, the child is responding to the feeling that his parents are indifferent to him. Th is only one remedy: stay home more!

3. The father whose job or occupation quires frequent moves from city to city n wonder why his advancing career has brou him so little pleasure from his children, w seem to become more and more troubleso as they grow older. The fact is that these fa ily upheavals are deeply disturbing to c dren emotionally. Each move means adju ment to a whole new set of friends, teach and circumstances. At such difficult perio children need extra surances of love home.

4. At the other e of the economic sca the family with fina cial problems that not concealed fr young children, p haps cannot be, m easily sow seeds of security. The moth who makes a big thi of lack of money a the father who co plains about expen may unwittingly gi the impressionable child a feeling of disas that is far graver than the actual situati

5. Probably the most serious circumsta of all is conflict between the parents. E the child who is too young to understa what is happening is chilled and frighte by quarreling. One can only plead with s parents to remember the child's needs well as their own.

In the foregoing cases, even the best te nique for handling a child's undesirable havior may not avail, for the kind of love needs more than anything else is lacking

Techniques change as our knowledge creases, but the need of a child for love w never change. Supply that, do the best y know how, and you have nothing to be afra of in the most fascinating job there is—th of parenthood.

THE E

WELL HEELED

The term is probably borrowed from the sport of cock fighting. These birds could give their opponents a severe cut with the spurs on their feet. A bird with razor-keen spurs was said to be "well heeled." Because such a bird would be able to take care of himself, being well heeled came to mean equipped with money, personality, fame, and so on.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

NANNETTE MFG. CO., INC., PHILA., PA.

COMPANY FOR DINNER

(Continued from Page 44)

mer, the first time Dick's boss and his fe would ever have been to the apartment. ck was excited about it, for Jim Ferguson d practically asked for the invitation him- f, and what with the rumors flying about at the manager of the London branch was ng to be replaced —— Yes, she wanted erything to be perfect.

And this time it will be, she vowed; *I won't get a thing. I'll spend the whole evening nning and making lists of what to get to- rrow.*

That was what Dick had told her before left for the office that morning. "Write it down in big, clear print," he had said, nd make three carbons. Put one in your t. For Pete's sake, Mimi, don't leave a ng to that memory of yours. Remember e Brandons."

"Remember the Brandons" was a phrase at had taken on the significance of "Re- mber Pearl Harbor" in their household. he night the Brandons had come to dine, e table had been like a picture in a maga- he advertisement, each course of the formal nner had been planned down to the last de- l. And while they were nibbling canapés, nes had called her into the kitchen. "Where the steak, Miz Gambert? I cain' find it." he steak had been at the butcher's, now sed; Mimi had forgotten to pick it up on r way home. They had served an omelet rnished with the steak's French-fried ions, and Dick had never forgotten it.

During the first year of their marriage he d been indulgently amused by her dreamy sent-mindedness; he had found it "cute" d rather endearing. But during the past w months she had noticed with alarm that s attitude had changed to one of irritation d gathering impatience. And one morning, hen he could not find a pressed suit in his set, he had shouted at her in anger.

"You're a grown woman with responsi- lities!" he had cried. "You've got to stop ndering around like a slap-happy kid. his is getting serious, Mimi!"

It was true that she was a dreamer. She uld cross the street with the definite pur- se of going into a bakery and a car would iss her with plenty of room to spare. She ould think, *How close that was—suppose it d hit me?* In a series of vivid flashes she ould hear the screams, feel herself sprawled the pavement. Then came the hospital, rself pitifully small and white in the bed, ick's agonized face bent over hers. She would ar herself whispering, "*Darling, I want u to marry again.*" By the time she had re- rned sheepishly to reality, her eyes would misted with tears, the bakery blocks be- nd her, the errand forgotten. And at din- rtime, when Dick asked, "Doesn't dessert me on the two-and-a-quarter dinner?" r hand would fly to her cheek in dismay. ow could she have forgotten the cake?

WITH a troubled face, Mimi now left the tchen. Dick had a right to be angry with r. She must stop her woolgathering. From w on, she would corral her thoughts as a rmer might pen his straying sheep, and ep them within the boundaries of reality.

After a hot bath, Mimi got into a worn ue housecoat to which she was very much tached and went into the living room, here she sank heavily upon the sofa. *I ally ought to pension this little number,* she ought as she arranged the faded folds out her, *I wouldn't want even a burglar to tch me in it.* But it was comfortable and e was so tired . . . so tired. . . . Her head lled back. *I guess I can just about make it to e dinner table,* she reflected, *if someone rows me a rope.*

She had brought a pad and pencil with r and now, with an effort, she began to int HORS D'OEUVRES at the top of the age. She stared at the ceiling. What was out season? She really wanted to impress the rgusons.

The doorbell rang, but she was only guely conscious of it as Agnes came out of e kitchen to answer it. Dick was home early, she thought absent-mindedly. Frowning, she wrote down Shrimp.

Suddenly her head shot up and her eyes clouded with annoyance. There was the sound of two strange voices in the foyer, a man's and a woman's. She thought in exasperation, *If that's Aunt Hattie and Uncle Walt, they can turn right around and go home again. I don't feel like talking to a soul.*

But it wasn't Uncle Walt's bass she heard, or Aunt Hattie's high, fluttery laugh. The woman's voice in the hall was low and clear and there was something teasingly familiar about it. Mimi held her head at a birdlike angle. Who in the world ——

And then, in a blurred moment, Agnes was in the archway saying, "Mistuh and Miz Ferguson is heah," and a portly little man and a tall woman were coming into the room, their faces smiling and expectant.

MIMI felt as if she were drowning. She was in an underwater world, floundering, sinking helplessly as her thoughts swirled in dark confusion about her. *I couldn't have gotten the date wrong,* she thought in terror, *I couldn't have!* It was Wednesday and she had written "Thursday" in her invitation. Or—could it be—*had* she said "Wednesday"? *Oh,* she thought incoherently as she scrambled to her feet, *I got the night mixed up.*

"Hel-*lo!*" she said, holding out her hand. "Well! Well!" It was not her idea of scintillating dialogue, but she couldn't think of anything else. She cleared her throat and gazed at them with a heavy brightness. "Well, how *nice!*" This was a nightmare.

Mrs. Ferguson gazed at her and then turned accusingly to her husband. "There now, Jim," she said in her clear voice, "didn't I tell you we would be too early?" She turned to Mimi again. "But he insisted that it would take a full half hour to get across town in traffic. The truth was, we made it in ten minutes. I think we covered the last twenty blocks in one long skid."

"You're not early at all," Mimi said. Her voice sounded unnaturally loud to her ears. "Do sit down, won't you?"

She moved stiffly toward the door, babbling something about changing, conscious of her uncombed hair and the fact that her mouth was pale of lipstick. The old housecoat no longer had sufficient lap to cover her legs decently when she walked, and as she clutched the skirt folds together, an old dream flashed through her mind: she was trapped in the subway in her nightgown, with people staring and laughing at her.

"Take your time," said Mrs. Ferguson with a smile. "We're not a bit bashful. We'll probably be old settlers by the time you get back." She was a spare woman with intelligent eyes and there was a neatness about her that even invaded her speech.

Mr. Ferguson peered benignly at Mimi over his glasses. "I'll browse among your books, if I may," he said.

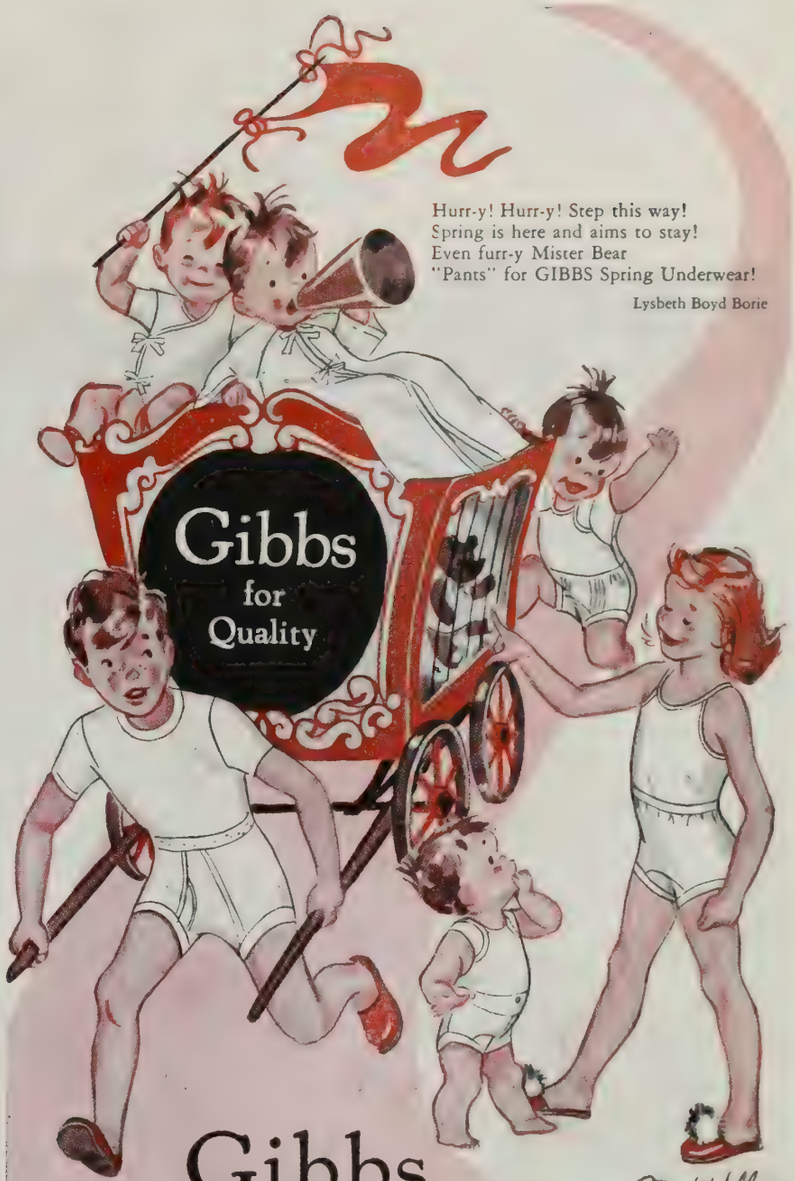
Even as her head whirled dizzily, Mimi was conscious of a faint shock as she gazed at Mr. Ferguson. She had met him only twice before, but each time she had been surprised, as she was now, to find him a mild little man with disarming eyes. Somehow, when Dick described James Ferguson's office activities, she pictured a powerful, flashing-eyed business dynamo who barked out orders something like an animal trainer at the circus.

Why, he's sweet, she thought now; *he looks like the kind of man who would feed birds.*

"Well, then, if you'll excuse me for just a few minutes," she said.

Why don't I tell them? she thought wildly. The only possible solution was to take them out for dinner. But then, of course, they would know the truth and all of them would be thrown into a bog of embarrassment and confusion. There would be laughter, but it would be uncomfortable laughter and the Fergusons would be justifiably annoyed in having to go out into the bitter cold again in search of a restaurant. And Mimi would feel like a fool. Who other than a complete nitwit

(Continued on Page 251)



Hurr-y! Hurr-y! Step this way!
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FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT

FRESH  *...OR*  *CANNED JUICE*

(Continued from Page 249)

1 invite people for dinner and mix up ates in her mind? Dick would be so ned. *I can't tell them,* she thought, *I I can't.*

)m the foyer, she went into the kitchen. s stood leaning against the sink, every f her thick body stiff with belligerence. her eyes moved to meet Mimi's, and were wary and defiant. For a moment, stood staring at each other in the white listening silence of the little room.

gnes," Mimi said, "I got it mixed up. I ht they were coming tomorrow night. 't imagine how I got it wrong."

es'm," Agnes said. She did not move.

gnes, I don't know what to do." Mimi's t was suddenly dry and constricted; it her to speak. "Oh, Agnes!" She was usly close to sobbing.

raculously, the body of the colored n lost its rigidity, became soft and again as she uncrossed her arms. There ity in her eyes. "Lawd save us," she oftly. "What we gonna do?"

don't know," Mimi said in despair.

ere was another silence as they stared ch other. Then Agnes' eyes darted to lock. "If they done come to dinner," id, "then we gotta feed 'em. Won't be t, but we'll do the best we kin."

mi stood like one in a daze. "On what?" id. "What are we going to feed them gnes?"

rozen stuff," Agnes said. "The sto' on 'ner don't close until seven."

mi's hand flew to her throat. "Do you we can do it?" she asked in a hushed

n' nuthin' else we *kin* do," Agnes said. now we gotta *move*."

es," Mimi said feverishly. "Get two chickens, Agnes, and asparagus and h-fried potatoes and ice cream and a chocolate sauce. And get a package of and—oh, I can't think of anything else, ou will. And charge everything; they you there."

"Yes'm," Agnes said, moving ponderously toward the little room off the kitchen. Mimi heard her muttering, "Gotta *move,*" before she disappeared.

Immediately, Mimi wanted to call her back. *This is crazy,* she thought despairingly, *it'll never work out.* She opened her mouth, closed it again and then ran out of the room.

In the bedroom, she grabbed a dress from the hanger and put it on with fumbling fingers, kicked off her mules and stepped into shoes, ran a comb through her hair and applied lipstick. She was only vaguely conscious of what she was doing. Intermingled with the half-formed prayers that rose to her lips were incoherent thoughts that had to do with canapés, highballs and tablecloths. But the bedrock of her misery was the sickening expectation of what Dick would say.

He'll never forgive me for this, she thought as she fumbled with the zipper on her dress—*never, never.* This was the most irresponsible thing she had ever done; it was unforgivable. This dinner, he had carefully pointed out, might have some bearing on their future. And now, to think that through her carelessness and stupidity she might actually be jeopardizing his chances ——

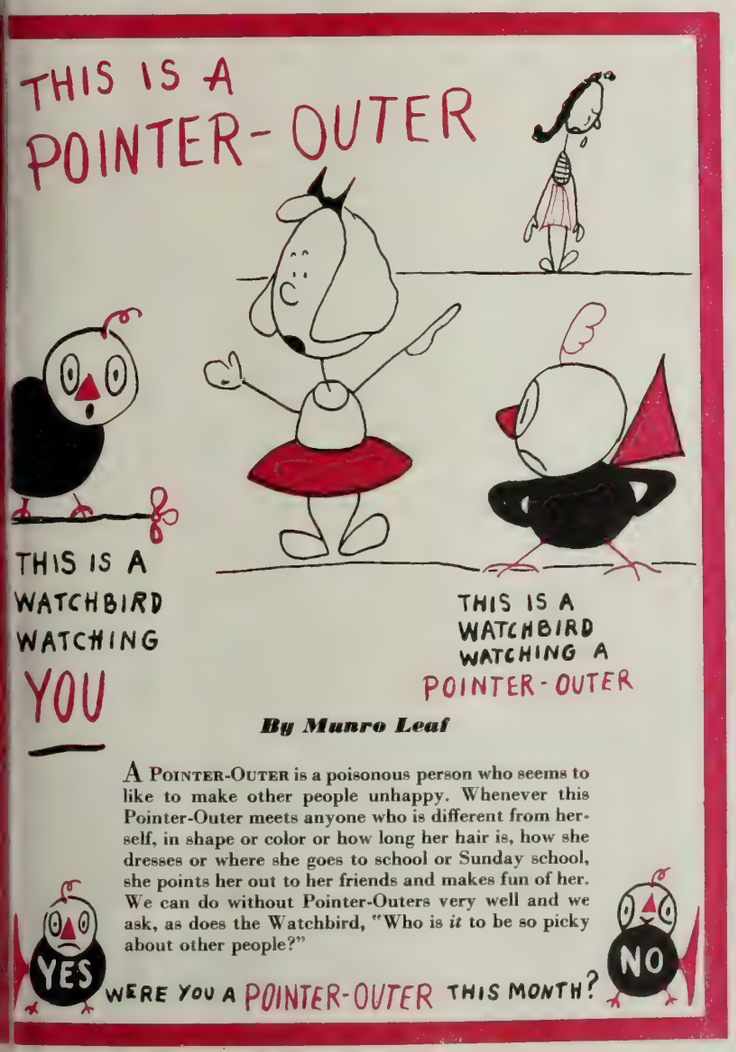
She returned to the living room and found the Fergusons sitting somewhat stiffly on opposite sides of the sofa.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Ferguson cheerily, half rising from his seat.

"Please don't get up," Mimi said hurriedly. Her nervousness held her in a vise, and when she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror she was shocked to see how white and strained she looked. "A Martini, Mrs. Ferguson? A Manhattan—or perhaps a highball?" *And you don't have to hurry over your drinks,* she thought grimly, *you've got time to get the D.T.'s before dinner is served.*

"Highballs will do nicely," Mrs. Ferguson said. "Scotch and water for us both, please."

Mr. Ferguson jumped up gallantly to assist Mimi at the bar and she began to get the strange feeling, as Mrs. Ferguson launched



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into an anecdote, that the roles in this terrible play had shifted; that Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were the hosts and she the nervous guest they were trying to put at ease.

Soon Mimi heard the door closing faintly inside the kitchen, followed by muffled sounds of movement. A wave of relief washed over her, leaving her body damp with perspiration. Thank heaven, Agnes was back with her frozen booty. *She probably needs defrosting herself by this time,* Mimi thought worriedly. *I wish I could go in and help her.* There was so little time! But she could not possibly desert her guests until Dick arrived to take over.

While thoughts burst inside her head like sputtering firecrackers, she made conversation with the Fergusons. When they addressed her, she knew only vaguely what they were saying, and at one time she realized too late that she had been expected to laugh.

The sound of Dick's key turning in the lock, the front door closing, made her put down her highball glass so abruptly that the contents sloshed over. "There's my breadwinner," she said brightly. "Excuse me, won't you?"

Dick was putting down his brief case on the hall table when she rushed into the foyer. She saw at once that he was chilled and exhausted. *He probably couldn't get a taxi from the station and had to walk,* she thought. He looked as if he had had a terrible day, and now —— She felt sick.

"Hi, honey," he said, bending over to take off his rubbers. "What a foul night. I'm frozen and half dead."

"Dick," she said hurriedly, "the Fergusons are inside; they came for dinner."

He straightened up abruptly and stared at her, his mouth gaping. "The Fergusons!" he cried. "But I thought that was tomorr——"

"Sh-h-h!" Mimi clapped a hand over his mouth. "They'll hear you!" She swallowed hard. "I thought it was for tomorrow night, too, but I guess I got it mixed up. I ——" She stopped short at the sight of his face. The man before her was a hard-eyed, grim stranger.

His mouth was working a little. "You mean they just showed up and you weren't prepared or anything?"

Mimi nodded and lowered her gaze, unable to meet his eyes. "Don't worry," she said thickly. "Agnes went out and bought a lot of stuff and it'll be fine. Don't worry about a thing."

"Oh, sure," he said, and she was so shocked at the bitterness in his voice that she raised her eyes to his again. "Everything'll be just fine and dandy. 'Basket Parties Welcome.'" For a wordless moment, they stared at each other. "Didn't I tell you," he whispered in a sudden burst of fury, "how important this dinner was? Can't you get anything straight in that cockeyed head of yours?" There was something terrible about this hard, flaring anger being forced through the narrow outlet of a whisper.

"Dick ——" Mimi said pitifully. Her eyes, swimming in tears, stared beseechingly into his.

Suddenly the anger left his face, he became her husband again. But he looked very tired; she thought she had never seen his face so lined and weary. "Okay," he said. His hand went out to touch her for a moment on the shoulder. "Okay, I'm sorry. I guess the world won't come to an end if the evening's a flop. Chin up. Let's go in."

Somehow, she found this sagging resignation more painful to bear than the hard edge of his anger. But there was no time to evaluate her emotions or indulge in the luxury of tears. Wordlessly she turned and they went into the living room together.

"Well!" Mr. Ferguson rose to his feet. 'Looks like I have to come to your home to see you, young fella! I haven't run across you in the office for almost a week!"

Dick grinned and pumped the hands of both his guests. "Sorry I'm late," he said, "but, of course, if they had union hours at that sweatshop where I work ——" In the midst of the laughter that followed, he excused himself to clean up.

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he Fergusons became Mimi's burden
n. There was a muffled pounding in the
hen and the sound made her heart dip in
usiness. What was going on? Not until
c returned was she able to excuse herself
investigate. She found Agnes breathing
ily over a frozen slab of chicken, an up-
d hammer in her hand.
Cain' git it apaht," she muttered.
Let cold water run on it," Mimi said
iedly, rummaging in the refrigerator.
n't there a leftover piece of American
se somewhere? She found it in the back,
tle hard around the edges but otherwise
ct. "Agnes," she said, "never mind the
ken for now. I've
to rustle up some
of canapés. Grate
will you? And
add some chili
e and spread it
altines and broil
n in the oven."
he rattled further
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d-fire succession
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silver plate. "Ag-
," Mimi said on
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in the refrigera-
took out the six
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anged them be-
en the canapés as
ey were emeralds.
e plate immedi-
ly took on tone.

NES, however,
dubious. "I think
y turned," she
i.
Nonsense!" Mimi
d. "They're per-
t!" She carried the
y into the living
m and presented
o Mrs. Ferguson
h all the triumph of a famous chef dis-
ying a whole roast pig with an apple in its
uth.
The Fergusons each took a canapé, but
mi's step faltered as she carried the tray
r to Dick. With timid eyes, she stood be-
e him.
Forgive me, she prayed silently, *forgive me,*
ase . . . please.
"Listen to that wind outside," Dick said.
was not looking at her as he took the
apé; his words were addressed to the Fer-
sons. "It sounds like something from
thering Heights."
Mimi moved away, caught in a dark mist
loneliness. With a forlorn air, she put
wn the tray on the coffee table, picked up
olive and bit into it.
Mrs. Ferguson was talking to her and so
could not betray her reaction as the ran-
taste spread through her mouth. It was
possible to swallow what she had bitten,
and impossible to speak. She simply gazed at Mrs. Ferguson with an expression of terrible alertness, and when Dick finally turned the conversation their way she mumbled something and reached for the dish.

To her horror, she saw that Mr. Ferguson was bending over it with interest, his hand outstretched. Was he going to take an olive? For an endless moment Mimi held her breath, straining in every nerve. He picked up a canapé.

When the chance presented itself, she whisked the tray into the kitchen, where she found Agnes trying to revive a cluster of wilted parsley with a hand shower of water.

"Looks like it's daid," she complained. "I jes' cain' fresh it up."

"Never mind," Mimi said despairingly. She was near tears. "Is the table set?"

HER gaze darted into the small dining room and she saw with relief that the table looked presentable with her best dishes and silver. But something seemed to be missing and she thought bitterly of the floral centerpiece she had ordered to be delivered the following day.

She found some juice oranges in the refrigerator, three apples that were spoiling in spots and a pear in fairly good condition. These she arranged carefully in a Swedish crystal dish, the oranges on the bottom, the apples turned so that only their good sides showed and the pear resplendent on top. Some rather stiff clusters of laurel were resurrected from a bowl and stuck between the fruit. The final result, Mimi decided, was not too bad and might even be rather good later on under the glow of the candlelight.

The problem of a first course could be solved only by canned soup, but when she searched the grocery shelf she could not find two cans that matched. Clam chowder, bean soup, cream of mushroom—it was impossible to mix any two of them together to serve four people.

For a terrible moment Mimi leaned her head against the closet door and clenched her fists. She wanted to shriek, to go off into hysterics, to relieve in some way this terrible pressure within her. But with an immense effort, she straightened up and immediately saw a package of dehydrated vegetable soup in a corner of the shelf.

"Hallelujah," she whispered. "Hallelujah." She took out the envelope reverently and kissed it before handing it to Agnes. "Here's our first course," she said. It wasn't much, but in her Spode cream soups, and with the candlelight glowing ——

I'm sure banking heavily on that candlelight, she thought grimly as she went back to the living room. *I wish that we could sit down to dinner in a room so dark that we'd have to grope for the food. . . . I wish that the Fergusons had colds in the head tonight so that they couldn't taste anything.* Time seemed to

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Gray Hour

By Sara King Carleton

Remember when you awoke so
strangely, so early,
With the wind stirring the frill of
the white curtain,
And you heard three notes of a
mourning dove come clearly,
The throb and beat of his song, as
you lay, uncertain.

Silence was in the house, listening,
waiting,
No clatter of pans in the
kitchen . . . no voices, only
Silence building stealthily there,
creating
Caverns of space about you,
frightening, lonely.

And you felt your body shrink from
the shadows that beckoned,
Coiled figures of drifting mist
while your world was sleeping,
Terror that crawled like a cat,
closer, second by second,
And you burst into tears, into
uncontrollable weeping.

Remember the small high room, the
child, lost, lying
Awake in that gray, still hour,
with the wood dove calling
Its heart-twisted, plaintive,
melancholy crying,
And the walls of comfort you
knew, shattered to bits, falling.

Now, in this present time, with no
words you can utter
To call out your troubled fear as
that child did, waking,
You hear the wood dove throb
beyond the darkened shutter,
And turn your head on your
pillow, and pray for day to be
breaking.

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drag interminably. Dick kept refilling glasses; he darted manfully from one subject to another and trotted out his best anecdotes. But the Fergusons refused a third drink, and Mimi knew that they were hungry. Mr. Ferguson kept sneaking looks at the clock, and his wife's usually brisk movements had become slow and languid. *Probably from malnutrition,* Mimi thought morosely. This was the worst hour of the endless nightmare, this waiting for dinner to be announced, coupled with her dread of what might be in store for them.

But at last Agnes appeared in the doorway and mumbled, "Dinnah is served." She was wearing, Mimi noted, a lace-trimmed organdy apron over her cotton uniform.

Something like a sigh drifted over them as they rose in concert and went toward the dining room. Mimi walked as if her feet were shackled. *The Last Mile,* she thought numbly.

"This," Dick said with a flourish as they entered the tiny room, "is our *salle à manger.* There's room in here for either four adults and two midgets or six midgets and two adults, depending on which way your party runs."

The Fergusons laughed as they sat down, but Mimi felt small waves of nausea washing over her. It was as if all the misery and suspense of the previous hours had solidified into a sickish churning in her stomach. And now, as she sat stiffly in her chair, her eyes rested on the fruit dish and she saw that one of the oranges directly in Mrs. Ferguson's view had Color Added printed clearly on its side.

A TERRIBLE despair gripped her. *O God,* she prayed, *just let me get through this dinner all right. Don't let me go to pieces, dear God. Please let* ——

"Honey." She lifted her eyes abruptly and saw that it was Dick who was speaking to her from the other side of the table. His eyes were warm and very gentle. "Hello," he said softly. It was almost as if they were alone in the room together, as if the Fergusons weren't there at all.

"Hello," she said shakily. *Why, it's all right,* she thought in wonder, *he's not mad at me any more.*

The Fergusons had started to talk in concert; the moment was over. But Mimi's spirit was immeasurably refreshed as she picked up her soupspoon. Yet, after the first course had been removed, her mind began to strain again toward the kitchen, where she knew Agnes was laboring with the big silver platter.

When it came, she was weak with relief. Agnes had found a can of cranberry sauce somewhere and, heaped on orange slices around the broiled chicken, it made a pretty color pattern with the green asparagus. And when Mimi saw that Agnes had arranged celery leaves as an additional garnish, not uneffectively, she felt tears springing to her eyes. *God bless Agnes,* she prayed silently; *she gets my green hat tomorrow.*

The chicken was a little underdone, the cranberry sauce was warm, but otherwise it was not a bad dinner, and the Fergusons seemed to eat as though they had just gotten out of a concentration camp.

After they left the table and returned to the living room, Mimi almost groaned aloud when she sat down. Not until then, with the horror of the dinner behind her, did she realize that she had been straining every muscle for hours. With her relief came an exhaustion so overpowering that she could hardly lift a finger. It was an effort even to speak.

Dick kept the conversation flowing. She realized that he, too, had been under a terrible strain. His eyes were too bright, his expression too animated to be normal. But she could not make the effort to come to his assistance.

Yet, for the first time that evening, she began to notice her guests, listen to what they were saying. Martha Ferguson, she learned, had been her husband's secretary before they were married.

"I knew when I married her," Mr. Ferguson said, "that I'd never get anyone to take her place in the office. And I never did." He looked proudly at his wife, who lowered her eyes and blushed. "Yes, sir, Martha's got a

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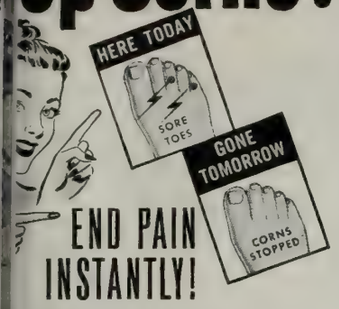
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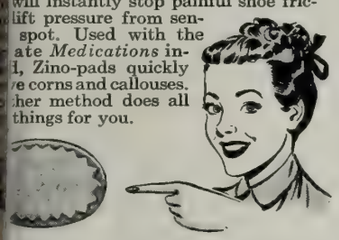
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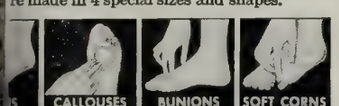


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mind like a business machine; she never has to write a thing down. Give her twenty things to be done and she'll remember every one, never forget a single detail. She just doesn't know how to make a mistake."

I could show her how, Mimi thought gloomily; *I took a postgraduate course.* She felt Dick's eyes boring into hers, but she gazed determinedly ahead.

Mrs. Ferguson was making an effort to look modest, but Mimi could see that she was secretly proud of her husband's praise. *And I don't blame her,* she reflected; *it must be wonderful to be like that.* For a flashing moment she gazed at Mrs. Ferguson's forehead as if it were made of plate glass, and behind it she seemed to see an intricate machine humming smoothly. Wheels turned and keys pumped in and out, printing notations on cards which were expelled on the other end to the accompaniment of bells. It was an awesome sight.

At eleven o'clock the Fergusons rose and after a chorus of amenities, made their departure. The living room seemed deathly still after they had left and Mimi knew that Dick was looking at her. When she finally forced her eyes in his direction, she saw that he was standing motionless by the window. Something about his attitude—the set of his head, the way his hands were thrust in his pockets, the curve of his shoulders—bore the indefinable stamp of defeat. "Oh, Dick," she said tremulously. She burst into violent tears.

"She certainly was a nervous little thing," Mrs. Ferguson said in her clipped voice as she leaned back in the taxi. "She never struck me that way the other times I met her, but I suppose some women find dinner guests a great strain." She shook her head briskly until the feather on her modish little hat quivered violently. "It was such a simple dinner, too, and she had a maid to help her, and still you could see how worried and upset she was about it. She was in and out of the room all evening. Why, I could have turned out the whole thing with one hand behind my back. Even if you have fifty people for dinner, all it takes is a little common sense and efficiency." For a moment, they rode along in silence. "I could swear," she added thoughtfully, "that the soup was canned."

If spring came but once in a century instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! —LONGFELLOW.

Mr. Ferguson had been very quiet since they left the apartment, but now he stirred himself and sighed. "A pity," he said. "A great pity. I had more or less decided on Gambert for the London branch, you know. That was the main reason I was anxious to get into their home, see how they entertained." He shook his head. "Won't do, I'm afraid. Won't do at all."

Mrs. Ferguson seemed bewildered. "What won't do?" she asked. "What does Mrs. Gambert and her home have to do with the London office?"

"Managing the London branch," Mr. Ferguson explained, "entails more than the man's job. It's the wife's too." He stretched his phrases and expanded a little in his seat, for it always afforded him satisfaction to tell his wife something she didn't already know. It did not happen often. "The social contacts are extremely important over there, a great deal of entertaining has to be done. I could see tonight that Mrs. Gambert would never be up to it. I'll have to take Edmonds, after all."

"That *is* a shame," Mrs. Ferguson said, but her mind had already closed a door firmly on the subject and opened a series of others in a row. She peered into the compartments they revealed, noted the contents and listed them neatly on her mental calendar. "Tomorrow," she said, "is your annual board meeting for the hospital, James."

"Tomorrow?" he said in surprise. "Are you sure that it's tomorrow?" But he knew

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that it was a wasted question. Martha was never wrong.

He stirred a little in annoyance. Sometimes he was proud of his wife's phenomenal memory, her driving efficiency. But for the past few months it had caused him increasing irritation. He kept wishing that she were more like a woman and less like an index file. Often details escaped his memory, or he enjoyed the luxury of letting things slide just a little. Martha always pulled him up with a sharp jerk. She had never stopped being his secretary, that was the trouble, and although she was a great help to him he kept longing for a softer, more relaxed companion as they grew older. If only, just once, she would slip up on something too! It would make her more human in his eyes. But she never did and he knew that she never would.

When they reached their apartment, Mrs. Ferguson kissed her husband good night on his cheek and retired to her room. As was her custom, she decided what she would wear the next morning when she attended a book-club meeting, and she proceeded immediately to transfer the contents of her black purse into a brown one. She had not used the brown handbag for several days and now, when she inserted a comb in the pocket flap, she heard a rustle of paper. She took it out, recognized it at once as the dinner invitation Mrs. Gambert had sent her more than a week ago, and was about to throw it in the wastebasket when a sentence of the sprawled handwriting leaped at her eyes.

"We would love to have you dine with us next Thursday, the twenty-third, and ——" Mrs. Ferguson stared down at the note like one hypnotized. Thursday? But this was Wednesday! What in the world ——

Her eyes did not move from the paper; they seemed transfixed with horror. And now a myriad of impressions that she had gathered throughout the evening came crowding back to her in a vivid series of flashbacks. She saw young Mrs. Gambert sprawled comfortably on the sofa in her shrunken housecoat when they arrived, remembered her startled look, her terribly nervous laughter. There had been no sign of expected company in the room, the bar had been closed, not even a glass visible.

And now scene after scene came back to torment her: Mrs. Gambert leaving the room every few moments and returning with that awful look of strain on her face; those canapés on the salted crackers; the canned soup.

Mrs. Ferguson jumped up in agitation. *Why, the poor thing,* she thought, *what a frightful evening we must have given her!* Naturally she had been too embarrassed and c ate to tell her guests that they had o night too early. What a wonderful sp had been to carry it through so bea and with no preparation beforehand you came to think of it, had been a force, really.

Impulsively, she walked toward the tell her husband. They must telepho Mrs. Gambert immediately, of cou apologize. And now James would thin before he eliminated Dick Gambert f plans for the London job!

How could I have made such a stup take? she thought as she reached for t knob. And now, for the first time, th mity of what she had done struck her s With her hand on the knob, she stood less. Why, it was incredible, she ha done such a thing before. Her mental ity was a source of great pride to her knew that James took pleasure in it t he had praised her to the others that e "She just doesn't know how to make take," he had said. And now her reco spoiled. She stood still. After a few m her hand dropped from the doorknob leaned against the wall, her fingers the pattern of the wallpaper.

Mimi lay in bed, one flushed, tear- cheek against the pillow. A little wh Dick had brought her milk and crack insisted on her eating. "You didn't t thing at dinner," he had accused watched you."

Now he sat beside her, smoothing clumsily with his hand. His sweetn given a new depth to her misery, but faint feeling of peace began to steal ov In a way, she thought, the whole eveni been rather dramatic, especially this p scene.

"I've failed you," she said, enjoyi sound of the words. "I'm not the righ of wife for you."

"Oh, for Pete's sake," he said tiently. But his eyes grew soft as he down at her. "You may be a complet wit," he said, "but I'm stuck. I love He bent over and kissed her fiercely. sides, I was proud of you tonight. The evening might have floored many a woman."

They both jumped as the telephone s suddenly. "Who could be calling so Mimi asked wonderingly as Dick to answer it. She heard his "Hello?" then, quickly, "Mr. Ferguson? Did yo get anything?"

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There was a long silence at Dick's end and Mimi's interest subsided. *It must be business,* she thought. She heard a few more disjointed phrases and then the click of the receiver being replaced. A moment later, Dick was back in the room. He looked peculiar, she thought as he came over to her, and she half rose from her position.

"What happened?" she asked in a frightened voice. "Did he fire you?"

He sat down beside her, shaking his head in wonderment. "Well, what do you know," he said softly. He still looked strange. "What do you know, even a business machine can make a mistake once in a while. Otherwise, how would machine repairmen make a living? If ——"

"Richard Gambert," she said, "if you don't tell me this min——"

"Okay, okay," he said. "It wasn't you who made the mistake about the evening, it was Mrs. Ferguson. She found your invitation when she got home and it was for tomorrow night."

Mimi sat back, stunned.

"And," Dick continued, "they were both terribly apologetic and thought you had done a terrific job with the dinner on such short notice. And *furthermore*"—his eyes were very bright now—"furthermore, Ferguson said that there was an 'important matter' he wanted to discuss with me tomorrow morning."

But Mimi hardly heard. "I *knew* I had it right!" she cried excitedly. "I knew it!" She leaned back with a little sigh. "After all, I *couldn't* have gotten mixed up on anything as important as that!" she finished virtuously.

"No?" Dick asked. "Wanna bet?"

He grabbed her and they began to rock back and forth, their laughter rising, gathering in little waves until it burst on a high crest of merriment. But after a little while they both grew still, holding each other close.

"You know," Dick said dreamily, "it's a funny thing. Ferguson sounded so happy about that stupid mistake of his wife's. You'd think she'd done something wonderful and he was proud of her. I couldn't figure it out."

But Mimi's mind was far away. She was standing in the middle of Leicester Square and a London bobby was directing her to Bond Street.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOB/JOY FOREVER

(Continued from Page 213)

avoided. For hand drying, a *little* water softener will help to keep your glass and china in all its pristine beauty. Too much is as harmful as an overdose of medicine. And ammonia in the water is a good shine aid.

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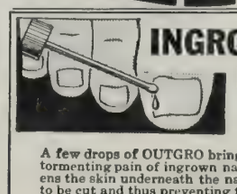
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Not damaging smoke—but protective fog of insecticide is being forced through th house. Fine and dry, it leaves no stains or harmful residue. Also used to rid law and yards of flies and mosquitoes. Reasonable when neighborhood groups chip i

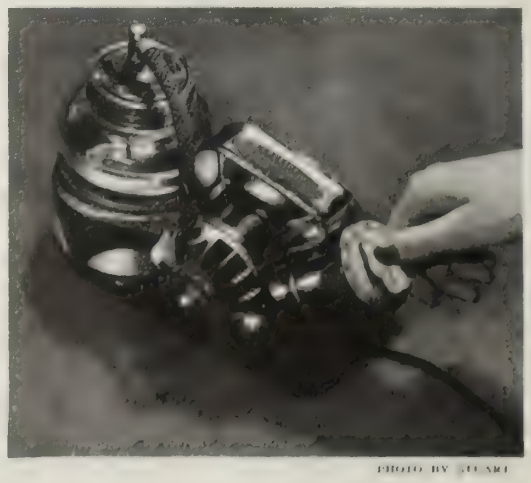
HELP! BUGS

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

A NEW method is coming to the fore for neighborhood eradicatio of almost every kind of bug. It can be surprisingly inexpensiv because many people split the bill, and at a higher price is als available for individual homes.

Killing All Bugs—the Big Blitz. The apparatus used was a smoke-scree generator in the war. Now it is an enormous atomizer of insecticides blowing out clouds of such fine droplets that they don't leave a trace be hind, even on mirrors and windows and polished table tops. It is harmles to humans and animals. In fact, dogs and cats are purposely chase through the fog bank it gives out, so as to rid them of fleas and ticks. Bee are unharmed by it, as used normally, though hornets and yellow jackets ar killed with special solutions. Only your canary is liable to be suffocated and it can easily be removed for the half-hour fogging and the additiona four hours during which the average eight-room house is left closed With this treatment, the inside of a house is protected three to six months

It also comes in amazingly handy for outdoor use. In New York State during the black-fly season, one of these machines, mounted on a heli



Small electric sprayer has built-in timer to turn it off automatically. Once motor is started, spraying continues for time set. Since closet or room is not opened to turn off motor, effects are more lasting.

PHOTO BY [illegible]



sprayer attachment, vacuum is effective for insect control venient for penetrating crevices.



Moth larvae in closets are destroyed when vacuum attachment rapidly converts moth crystals to killing gas.

blitzed a 4000-acre tract of and for the first time a lot of enjoyed comfortable vacaere during bug season.

e are 500 fumigating firms applying this service, and will probably be many more long. Depending on the size cation of the job, individual for an inside job costs $25 to ut when a street or neighborigns up, it's cheaper. The outwork during the summer s can run as low as $1 to $1.50 per house when a commuips in on a co-operative project.

Skirmishes—Against Moths.

short of the total warfare of w technique, there are home , many of them new as well, estalling bugs and getting rid of once you have them. Yeardefenses against warmthmoths, for instance, are a in our central-heated houses. your woolens cleaned before tore them—an old chestnut repeating. Dry-cleaning or ng kills the eggs the flying s lay, and it's the eggs that out as larvae to chew those round holes that made your nd's second-best suit look as if ody had filled him as full of s a quail on toast, the last time ore it. Even if some of your r clothes have been worn only r twice, have them dry-cleaned he same. They've been in conith the oil of the wearer's skin ith other clothes.

ybe you'll want to buy one of w chests or wardrobes that are -treated with DDT, and mildewed besides. They're better ng than the old-style storage , their plastic finish is easily ed with a damp cloth, and re fairly *(Continued on Page 261)*



The familiar inexpensive hand sprayer gives generous spray of insecticide.



Low-pressure dispensing cans with bug-killing mixtures are convenient.



High-pressure insecticide-dispensing bombs can be refilled when exhausted.

Little money miracle



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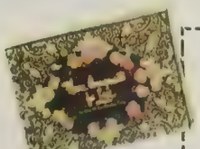
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6 STUNNING BACKGROUND COLORS

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TOWLE
STERLING

There's a Towle pattern that's perfect for yo[u]

(Continued from Page 259)

sive. After their first year, their ef-
ess for moth protection can be re-
y re-treating with DDT solution. Or
you'll use a chest, a closet, a sturdy
or even heavy brown paper you al-
ave, in which case you can do your
T-ing. The 5 per cent oil-base kind is
u'll need, and you can use a squirt
he sprayer attachment on your vac-
aner. Or a liberal sprinkling with
lorobenzene (whtt!) crystals will do
. We insert the jawbreaker because
l of moth flakes is the best. But since
measures are to protect the contents
vent future invasion, the most im-
thing is to seal up all crevices, cracks
nings with gummed paper or ad-
llulose tape.

are fortunate enough to have a closet
ng out-of-season clothing, it is worth
make certain it is tight around the
rds and door opening. It goes without
that it should be soap-and-water
d in addition you can use those un-
ceable crystals or the oil-base DDT
. One of the easiest ways to use the
if you have a vacuum with attach-
s to put them in the vaporizing con-
It takes about one pound for an
sized closet. Turn on the switch, shut
, but connect the electric cord to an
utside. If there are yawning cracks
he door, cram them full with news-
Sure it's work, but it's also insurance
damage. Leave the cleaner running;
about two hours
orate a pound of
Then disconnect
d, but leave the
ut a day—three,
n do without the
hat long.

gh not so fast,
on is provided
mall crystals are
to evaporate nat-
The idea here is to
n in an open con-
laced high in the
Then, as fumes
ey seep down through the closet
contents.

it comes to DDT, use the 5 per cent
solution which doesn't stain clothing
. Pick the method that suits you,
the walls and shelves with a brush, or
by hand or machine. Whatever you
nerous; and close the door afterward.
tion: when using DDT, be on the safe
ver your nose with a hanky or cheese-
d wear gloves as you work. Check
ble check. Use the spray for a quick
crystals on a shelf for lasting effect.
ere's a quick trick for the lucky folk
freezers, particularly when a freezer
nough to spare some space from food
and when you're storing small things
l sweaters, mittens, scarfs, hats or
s when these aren't too bulky. Clean
al them in packages or glass jars—
e freezer cartons are fine for such
Keep them 24 to 48 hours at zero
ture. Then they can be put away in
age place.

rugs, these should either be stored in
use with professional precautions or,
he floor, should be vacuum-cleaned
ra care during the summer months,
etting the places under the furniture;
aying doesn't hurt. The same thing
chairs upholstered in wool. And you
our furs should be put into cold

t Carpet Beetles

ens taste yummy to carpet beetles
y gnaw little round holes in them, a
al like moth holes. But when such
pear in your rayons, too, and when
l empty beetle shells lying around,
can depend upon it—the villains are
hs, but carpet beetles. If any of your
hasn't been taken up for a long time,
hen it is taken up, you find the under
hewed, then this is even stronger
or the favorite lurking place of car-
les is—how did you guess it?—under carpets. These are the bugs in the rugs that various things are said to be as snug as. They also like to hide in the deep cracks of upholstered chairs, where you lose your scissors and your small change, and there pursue their unsuspected ravages.

They are harder to kill than moths, although the treatment is the same: thorough vacuum cleaning and spraying with a 5 per cent DDT oil-base solution. Pay special attention to the cracks between the floor boards and along the baseboards. Sprinkle these with DDT powder as a final touch if you haven't any pets or small children. (It has to be left there several days.) Spray the rug on both sides to kill the beetles around at the time, and spray it afterward every three months to keep off any others moving in. And sun and air an infested carpet before you re-lay it, if you can. There is no use in wasting time on methods like these, however, if the beetles have completely taken over the house by the time you discover them. Call in a reliable exterminator. He has professional equipment, and safely uses products we amateurs can't be trusted with.

Against Ants

When you have ants in your sugar, the best thing to do is to follow them home. A Sherlock Holmes hat, a magnifying glass and a kneeling position are recommended, and even then you may not be able to track them to their lair. In case you do succeed, though, the next procedure is to destroy their colony ruthlessly. If they go into a visible nest, pour one to two tablespoonfuls of carbon disulphide down the hole, repeating after twenty-four hours. Carbon disulphide is highly volatile, and the vapor catches fire; so please don't smoke while you're using it, and please don't use a match or a candle or a kerosene lantern to illuminate the job. Boiling water is safer (for you) and just as lethal to the ants if the nest isn't too far down. But if you try this several times without results, then you'd better buy some carbon disulphide at the drugstore. If the nest is outside, DDT powder mixed with the topsoil over the nest is deadly to ants, but dangerous for pets and children.

When you can't find the living quarters of your ants, you can spray the ants with a DDT insecticide. But since the ants you see are only the workers, spraying will leave the larger part of the colony unscathed, and more workers will go on being born. Sometimes, if enough workers are killed, the other ants will leave the neighborhood. But poisoned ant bait (sweets and fats that ants adore) is practically sure-fire. Moistened and set in the path of the workers, it will be carried back to the nest where all the other ants will eat it and die. At this point, you may feel like bursting into tears and turning Hindu. But harden your heart. Stop-gap methods are just as merciless—setting your canisters in pans of water, for instance. The ants, storming a canister, are drowned by dozens, like medieval soldiers in a moat.

Against Roaches

And hardly anybody could wax tenderhearted over a cockroach, whether it's a half-inch "German" roach or one of those flying monsters that may have come from Central America on bananas. A kitchen alive with any of the four varieties found in this country is a horror chamber when you turn on the light and see them scuttle off in shoals. They vanish like bad dreams, only to come back as soon as the light is off. And they are hard to kill, having hard shells and suspicious natures. They are armored against insect sprays. They twiddle their whiskers at most poisons, and let them alone. But since they live in the drains and are carriers of filth and disease, and since they eat leather upholstery, shoes, gloves, fabrics and bookbindings as well as food, it's worth almost any effort to oust them. First, be sure you always leave your kitchen not just clean, but spotless. A few

We are never more discontented with others than when we are discontented with ourselves. The consciousness of wrongdoing makes us irritable, and our heart, in its cunning, quarrels with what is outside it, in order that it may deafen the clamor within.

—H. E. AMIEL.

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The telephone continues to be a great big bargain.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

crumbs lying on the floor, a film of grease on the sink will call the roaches out of hiding. Next, look over your groceries as you put them away, and don't blame the grocer if you find a roach. Third, try sodium fluoride, though only with the greatest caution, for it's a poison. This is a powder you can buy at the drugstore, and it is usually white, although the same thing colored blue is better if you can get it—better because it can't be taken for baking powder, soda, salt or sugar. But keep it away from children and pets. Several nights of gorging on sodium fluoride scattered along the baseboards and over the kitchen work surfaces will usually finish off the roaches. If it is mixed with pyrethrum, it does its business even quicker. And DDT powder has its points.

All these should be carefully cleaned away in the morning—especially, and we repeat, if you have pets or small children. DDT 5 per cent oil-base spray is safest, but less effective. In short, if you have roaches by the swarm, you might as well phone the exterminator first as last.

Against Mosquitoes

We read in our notes: "The draining of swamps and the covering of water areas with oil will suffocate the mosquito wrigglers as they come up for air. This type of treatment must be assumed by the community"—the big brutes. We also take brutal delight in individual aggression against the adult mosquito, and lay in a DDT bomb about the last of June.

Some people would almost as soon be shut up in a cage with a tiger as on a screened porch with a mosquito. For these the 5 per cent DDT oil-base spray, so often urged upon you, applied to the screening and ceiling with a paintbrush or spray, will afford protection. For relief, even though it is temporary, on an unscreened terrace or porch, the water-base DDT solution is kinder to any plants about. Applied to the person, a new product, 612 Insect Repellent, a wartime development, is fine; and one of its best features is that only mosquitoes hate to smell it.

Against Flies

From childhood, most of us have been so indelibly educated to swat the fly that we don't need to be reminded of a fly's disease-bearing talents and sinister fecundity. What we do need to be told is that a fly swatter has become an obsolete weapon, unsanitary and about as useful as a broadsword when compared with blockbusters. The new DDT bomb or the good old 5 per cent DDT oil-base spray, swiped with a paintbrush on window screens, door screens, window sashes, doorjambs and porch ceilings, gives immeasurably better results. But of course the familiar virtues of flypaper and 16-mesh screening should continue to be extolled, provided a warning is included against keeping used flypaper around and against touching the flies stuck to it. Also, spraying with insecticides is ju good as it ever was.

Against Fleas

The trouble with the kind of fleas roost on animals is that they don't c themselves to cats and dogs, but move humans too. Their reluctant human hos hostess—usually feels them first as an irr ible impulse to scratch his ankles. Peeri the floor, he sees them hopping around o rug. But fleas also love the warmth and fort of the family beds. And though they be bothersome in winter, they hatch o full force, of summers.

Every two weeks, flea powder (deri pyrethrum) should be rubbed into the c your pet clear down to the skin, begi with a ring of it around the neck to pen o fleas, and working down toward the t 10 per cent DDT powder is excellent for but should never be used for cats becau their habit of licking themselves. Dog cats both should be washed regularly flea soap, defleaed by hand, and combe brushed. The kennel or the beds shou lavishly treated with flea powder.

As for your flea-infested house, the vac cleaner is again your best ally, picking it does the flea eggs and the fleas. But should also be dusted with flea powd tween cleanings, and floors and baseb should be wiped with a strong disinf solution. If DDT powder is used on th instead of the derris or pyrethrum type, is extra reason for another repetition o warning never to let your pets or smal dren go near it.

These measures may rid you of the and then again they may not. Flea so tiny and so agile, and they propag fast, that we aren't holding out any hopes. All you can do is try—or call i exterminator.

Against Bedbugs

We've been saving the worst for the Here we have the real McCoy and social cast of domesticated insects, the Old himself, loving darkness rather than and seldom seen, but often felt as a dre itching and smelled as a loathsome When seen however, it is reported t semble a tiny turtle, reddish brown in c and redder still after its vampire repa can be picked up in any crowded place. I enter your home like Cleopatra when sh presented to Caesar. And it may get s door delivery between your laundry and house.

Our advice about this menace takes form of what to do till the doctor comes. 5 per cent DDT oil-base spray, shot v ously and long into all crevices of the fl baseboards and bedsteads, plus a sprin of the 10 per cent DDT powder in the places, will hold the bugs at bay. But t your mind at rest, call the exterminator



"H'm-m-m—that's interesting; h'm-m-m, well, what do you know? H'm-m-m-m, h'm-m-m."

Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

May, 1949 25c

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The Magazine
Women Believe In



IT LOVE COME LAST
A Serial by Taylor Caldwell

HOW THE JOURNAL LIVES
The Story of

NEW CAREER FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

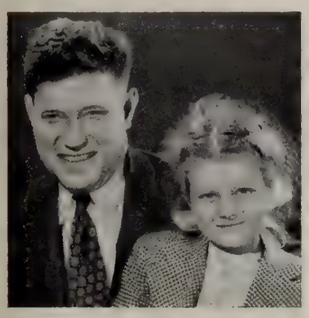
Journal Contents

SCRIBNERS



TAYLOR CALDWELL

A young and energetic grandmother, Taylor Caldwell manages to turn out a best-selling novel every year or so "in her spare time." Her latest, *Let Love Come Last*, beginning on page 34, was written as a kind of warning to parents who pamper their children. She herself was not a spoiled child. "I've earned my own living since I was fifteen," she reports, "and put myself through school. During the war I wrote between midnight and three A. M. and got up at seven to do my housework."



JESSE STUART AND JANE

"I've written two volumes of verse, three collections of short stories, three novels, an autobiography (a term paper I wrote at Vanderbilt University) and the autobiography of a dog. *The Thread That Runs So True* (page 46), about my experiences as a teacher is my eleventh book. I believe teaching is the greatest profession in the world, but the decline of our public schools is alarming. My story is perhaps the story of thousands of other ex-teachers."

JOHN R. KENNEDY



MARY POORE

"I live in a Manhattan brownstone house with husband, two children, a garden, a pair of white mice and twelve goldfish," Mary Poore says. She attended Barnard and Vassar and traveled in the Far East before "settling down." She served in a communications branch of the Navy during the war, which, she says, "changed my opinion of Poe's ability as a cryptographer." The idea for *The Battle of the Bulge* (page 48) came from table conversation of son Spike, and daughter Susan.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **May, 1949**

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Our Readers Write us

Second Marriage Better

Michigan City, Indiana.

Dear Editors: I, for one, have made a very successful second marriage. Maybe the fact that you are older and more mature in your judgment gives this marriage a better chance.

At any rate, I know that a second marriage can be a very happy and beautiful relationship.

The first and most important thing to keep in mind when choosing a husband is that there is no perfect man, but also remember you aren't perfect either. Marry a man for what he is and don't try to make him over to suit your fancy. If the man isn't suitable for you without a remodeling job, he isn't the right one.

Sincerely,
MRS. DON BEIN.

SUSANNE SZASZ



Carrots . . . and



. . . custard!

Regrets Her Divorce

Melrose, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: Here is one divorced wife who remarried and has been sorry ever since, and will be sorry every day the rest of her life.

If I could only have a heart-to-heart chat with a few wives who are contemplating divorce, depriving their children of the normal companionship of their father, it might help to save a few broken homes.

Girls have absolutely no conception of the problems and heartaches that are involved in a second marriage, especially where the first husband, the father of her children, sees them regularly, and the second husband disapproves of his seeing them.

Yes, I am sorry, and I am sure there are thousands of others who are in the same unhappy situation with me and my two lovely young children, whose lives cannot help but be deeply scarred by the foolhardiness of their own mother.

Most sincerely,
(Name Withheld by Request)

Satisfied Husband

Ransomville, New York.

Dear Editors: There are fewer "wolves" than generally supposed, especially among older men. We're not too sold on variety. "Oh, blessed monotony!" is more truth than poetry with us. And when a man has seen his favorite girl ripen from a mere "sweet young thing" into a mature, beautiful (I didn't say "pretty") woman, in his home, in his arms, at least partly because of the love he's given her, and knows she not only still loves him utterly, but says she likes him too—well, you can have your pretty green apples. I'll keep my ripe one.

RICHARD TRAVER.

P.S. We're past forty, have four children and our full share of debts, sicknesses, troubles, etc. There!

Home is Where the Heart Is

Seaside, California.

Dear Editor: Much has been written about inadequate housing, how tragic crowded living quarters are, how hard women are struggling to maintain decent living standards. I would like to give another side of the story, a glimpse of life with three children and a husband in two small rented rooms four miles out of town.

A rambler rose with scarlet blossoms and dark green leaves growing against the dreary wall of an old garage, insufficient living space, and a happy family, an electric coffee pot and a baby bathing in an old washtub beside a glowing wood range: of such contrasts is our life made, and we love it. When I'm getting dinner or trying to put the children to bed in a crowded house I feel that I can't put up with it, but when I see the healthy glowing faces of my family I look back on my day and say, "Thank you, Lord, for all I have."

How can I tie myself to housework on days like these? How can I describe them? I have an impression of foggy mornings that turn into freshly laundered days, spring suns, cool breezes and a wealth of babies. Across the street a snow-white kid plays beside his mother and a newborn calf takes his first steps, gazing curiously at the universe. My four-year-old and I spend long slow minutes watching the antics of a week-old colt. We go to the rabbit pen and see the tiny babies and care for the soon-to-be-mothers. We discover that the blossoms on the fruit trees have turned to hard green apricots, plums and apples. A snake crawls out of the grass and is allowed to find his hole because we do not molest God's harmless creatures. Not enough room in our garage home? Pooh! The world is our home and our hearts almost fill it.

Sincerely yours,

JILL RAMSEY.

Some Women Have It

Riverside, California.

Dear Editors: From what I have seen in other women's homes, economic status, early training, size of family and state of health have very little to do with whether or not a woman is a good housekeeper. I believe there is a factor, which we might call the H-factor, which is present in some women, and totally absent in others, like me. I wish the JOURNAL would launch a study to investigate the H-factor. Then maybe you could set up a clinic which possibly, just possibly, might help people like me.

We may love our husbands, adore our children, and want homes with all our hearts, but without that H-factor, we feel we're making an awful mess of things. Your clinic would be something like a clinic which helps physically handicapped people to get along without the use of one or more faculties. You may think this sounds a little desperate, but if you could

(Continued on Page 6)

Procter & Gamble's amazing new TIDE gives you a real

MIRACLE WASH!

No soap—no other "suds"—no other washing product known—will get your family wash as CLEAN as Tide!



ld's CLEANEST wash!

ma'am! Tide gets your whole ily wash *cleaner* than any r washday product . . . gives a *miracle-clean* wash! Tide, ı its completely NEW suds, only leaves even your heavi- vash free from *dirt*, but actu- removes dingy soap film, too!



Actually BRIGHTENS colors!

Tide gives you a *miracle-bright* wash! No soap made gets your wash prints *brighter* than Tide . . . in *hardest* water! And never worry about *trusting* your colored washables to Tide. With all its terrific cleaning power, Tide is *truly safe* for them all!



World's WHITEST wash!

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TIDE

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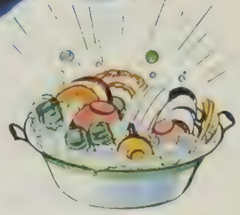
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Tide will do everything claimed for it in this advertisement. If you are not completely satisfied, return the unused portion of your package to dealer and the purchase price will be refunded.





New miracle suds!

More suds in hardest water! Kind-to-hands suds that *look* different, *feel* different! Wonderful in the dishpan, too! Try Tide for dishes . . . see how they *sparkle*, even without wiping!

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Like an Angel of Mercy to your Face and Hands

Millions find NEW BEAUTY IDEA proves fast aid to:

1. Smoother, lovelier, clearer-looking complexions.
2. Softer, whiter-looking hands.
3. Healing unattractive blemishes.*
4. Glorious soothing relief for irritated or itching skin conditions!

You don't need a lot of preparations to help keep your skin looking lovely. Do as so many nurses, models, actresses do. Give your skin *medicated* care.

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Use medicated Noxzema as a dainty, greaseless night cream—as a long-lasting foundation for make-up. Try this *beauty secret* for just 10 days. See how fast it helps your skin improve.

You'll be delighted to discover how quickly *medicated* skin care helps smooth and soften a rough, dry skin and helps heal unattractive skin blemishes *from external causes.

Smoother, Whiter-Looking Hands . . . often in 24 hours

Nurses first discovered Noxzema for hands irritated by constant scrubbing. If your hands get red and rough from housework, from exposure to water or weather . . . see how quickly *medicated care* helps soften and heal them back to natural beauty.

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Lovely Rita Tennant uses Noxzema as her regular night cream. "Noxzema is so dainty to use," says Rita. "And it quickly helps heal any of those little externally-caused skin irritations."

25,000,000 Jars Sold Yearly

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(Continued from Page 4

see my house, I am sure you would know what I mean. Everyone who knows me, friend and enemy alike, knows that I am a horrible housekeeper, and all deplore the fact, some in joy and some in sorrow. I simply have no H-factor in my system—no system, either. Sincerely,

(Name withheld by request.)

Solves Housekeeping Problem

Pine City, Minnesota.

Dear Editors: I have two children—Nancy, twenty-two months, and Johnny, seven months. I have solved my housekeeping problem by considering myself a homemaker. I find that I am feeding all or a part of the family every two hours:

6:00 A. M.	Johnny's bottle
7:30 A. M.	Family breakfast
8:00 A. M.	Children's vitamins and orange juice
10:00 A. M.	Johnny's cereal and bottle
12:00 noon	Family lunch
2:00 P. M.	Johnny's dinner
4:00 P. M.	Light lunch for Nancy
5:30 P. M.	Johnny's supper
6:30 P. M.	Family dinner

In between I try to sandwich laundry twice a week, marketing once a week, dishwashing, ironing, mending, sewing for the children and myself, as much as time and energy will permit, baking and occasional cleaning. It's a full schedule, but in spite of everything, I wouldn't go back to teaching school for anything.

Sincerely,
MRS. LEWIS C. SHEPLEY.

Boy Found in Readers' Mail

New Haven, Connecticut.

Dear Editors: After years of discouraging search, I have just received a child in adoption as a result of a letter published in your Our Readers Write Us department last April! That letter (of which I was *not* the author) pointed out that the perfectionist standards of adoption agencies were blocking many placements which otherwise had very good chances for success.

After the publication of that letter, a woman in another state wrote you saying she had had similar experiences with adoption agencies, but from the other vantage point. She had a child she wished to give in adoption, but the social agencies considered him unadoptable because of a slight physical deformity. She asked to be put in touch with the first writer.

In the meantime, the writer of the first letter had received a child from England and did not feel she could take on a second at this time. Her husband, a minister, read in a publication which goes to Congregational ministers that another minister was looking for a child for a parishioner (me) and passed on the information about the available child.

Arrangements were made by long-distance phone for the child to be brought here for physical examination and mental tests. The best doctors assured us that the deformity is operable and there is no question about the outcome. The results of the mental tests were good and arrangements were made immediately for the adoption.

The child is a magnificent little person—a boy, seven and a half years of age. He is making a fine adjustment to his new family and home and school. The moral of this story is, of course, that it pays to advertise! There are no words to tell you of our gratitude to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

With heartfelt thanks,
A very happy new "mommie."

Heavy Eaters

Albany, Oregon.

Dear Editors: We thought you would be interested in knowing that the owners of 16 most discriminating palates thoroughly enjoyed Ruth Mills Teague's recent Conversation Piece. We should also like to correct Mrs. Teague's measurements. Her recipes supposedly served 25 people, but our 16 gourmet (or should I say gluttonous?) friends completely devoured the entire amount down to the last stuffed pickle! Yours truly,

JEANNE SENDERS.

Dorothy Delivers the Goods

The Duke's Cottage
Rudgwick, England.

My Dear Bruce and Beatrice: Reading an article on childbirth in the JOURNAL led

(Continued on Page 8)

GABRIELEEN

the soft, wide permanen that Fashion favors



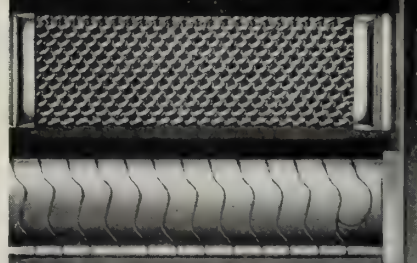
Let your stylist create this hair style for yo

GABRIELEEN with Adepsol is th kind of permanent you'v dreamed about . . . completel versatile and exquisite. It' beautifully lasting too!

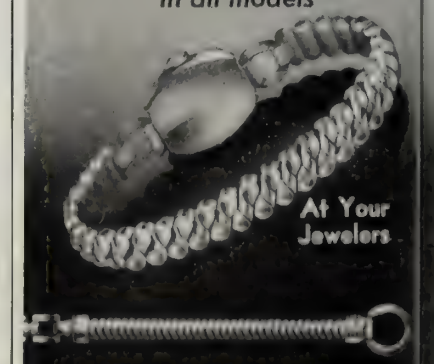
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PRICED TO YOUR PURSE
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Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

Always creamy and smooth . . . lovely to use!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!



"Someone would like to meet you, Mother!"

Dreamily, you listen to the comings and goings in the hospital corridor.

And then your door opens. A smiling nurse bundles in a tiny cart. The white blankets stir. You look down at a pink, puckered face, and your enchanted eyes never saw anything more beautiful. *Your* baby...

As the evidence convinces you you really *are* a mother, you vow you'll be the best ever. And in the care of your baby's precious skin, that means knowing the modern better way: Johnson's Baby Lotion.

Use this velvety snow-white Lotion exactly like baby oil, for all-over skin care. Hospitals find it more effective in preventing prickly heat that may lead to actual skin infections such as impetigo.

In a famous Chicago hospital, various skin-care methods were tested on more than 2,000 newborns. With usual methods, as many as 55% of the infants suffered from prickly heat. But with Johnson's Baby Lotion care, this figure dropped to an amazing low of 3%.

Even more amazing, not one case of impetigo occurred over a two-year period among babies who were given routine smooth-overs with Lotion.

Start your baby off right with this new, better protection. Take him home to Johnson's Baby Lotion care!



New! Hospitals prove it's better!

JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson

(Continued from Page 6)

me to recall other, and sunnier, lyings-in, which might cheer up the beginner at the game, and encourage her not to lose heart. When first I thought I was going to become a mother, I lived in a bungalow on the wrong side of a wide river, outside the station of Bassein, Lower Burma.

The only doctor there was for me to consult—and it seemed necessary to consult someone—was an Indian gentleman. He crept up onto the veranda, though the weather was dry, wearing an immense pair of black goloshes. This made him look exactly like Froggie-would-a-wooing-go. Wishing to take my temperature, he produced a thermometer, minus case, from his trouser pocket. He assured me he had sterilized it at home before he came away, but I simply could not feel enthusiastic about sucking it. Still, there was nothing else to do. Later I learned to keep a thermometer of my own. He did a sum in his pocket book, tore off the page and handed it to me with a polite bow. Like a kind man selling a ticket. On the page was a date. He then departed. I never saw him, or any other doctor, again until the day my baby was born.

It had been planned that the interesting event would take place in Maymyo, the hill station, where there was a small maternity home just opened. Until it was time for me to go there, I was parked in the firm's house. The firm's house was on a lonely hilltop just outside the town. It was a largish house, split up into quarters with a communal dining and sitting room, and anyone who needed a rest or a change would go there.

The only other person in residence when I arrived was an elderly bachelor who probably still believed in storks and gooseberry bushes. It was indeed an odd arrangement by modern standards, for here I was dumped, alone save for Maung Thaik, a Burmese house servant (male). Maung Thaik wore a sort of silk petticoat, which gave him a comfortably sexless air, and he was most thoughtful and kind.

I had nothing to do except consult my little ticket, verifying the date, try to reassure the elderly bachelor, and wait. Most unfortunately, the date on the ticket was not the right one. Monsoon mists gathered, blotting out the plains, and there I still was, and there the elderly bachelor was also. He was chairman of the Burma Chamber of Commerce, and he was, I remember, up there writing some important speech. He practiced it on me: "My lords, ladies and gentlemen ——" But by then I was so desperate I would have stood for anything.

At last there was the happy day when pangs assailed me at four A.M. and I roused (with difficulty) the dark lady who was the only nurse available for maternity work just then. It was during the first war. White nurses were mostly elsewhere. The dark lady was scornful. She said I would be lucky if the baby, being my first, was born this time tomorrow. She went back to bed, and advised me to do the same. She had a very musical snore.

I paced the room. I watched the dawn break. An eastern dawn, and one I have never forgotten. By this time, though I knew little about the business, and had not even read many books with much intelligence, I felt sure the dark lady was wrong. I had some difficulty in rousing her. I was, I remember, very worried that no one seemed to have ready those knives I thought essential, for I thought the only manner in which babies were born was the Caesarean method. By seven A.M. I managed to get the dusky lady to take a little interest in me. I had at least the satisfaction of knowing I was right, before the picture got a bit muddled.

The next child I had, I had at the firm's bungalow, where no doubt I scared off all other prospective tenants for a bit. It was in the rains, and the roof leaked onto my bed quite a bit. The last baby I had, also in the bungalow, arrived ten days early. There was no nurse, and no doctor, and I was alone on the hilltop with the two other children, and the ever-faithful Maung Thaik, who by now had taken on the characteristics of a kind grandmother. One told him positively everything. I sent him off to fetch help, dressed and fed the children and sent them for a walk, saying, "When you come back, there will be such a surprise!" And there was. It was daughter Mary, yellow as an orange.

Love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK.



. . . Launder like a hanky and dry just as fast! Curity Diapers are better for mother and baby. Why—? Because they . . .

Wash Easier—Their open weave permits quick, thorough cleansing in the suds of pure Ivory Flakes, Ivory Soap or Dreft.

Dry Faster—Drying air, indoors or out, acts faster on their open weave.

Resist Wrinkles—When Curity Diapers are machine-washed, a new Curity process reduces after-laundering wrinkling to a minimum.

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Fold Easier—The patented *Curity Foldline,* woven into the fabric, indicates a simple, desirable fold pattern . . . readily adjustable as baby grows. Of course, Curity Diapers are also easily adaptable to any shape fold you prefer.

Reduce Chafing—Smooth, flat, *hemless* pinked edges eliminate irritation usually caused by bulky hems.

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Enclosed is 25c for full-size Curity Diaper and literature on Curity Nursery Products. (Only one diaper to a family.)

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First Aid in Learning

How to be a Knockout



DRESSING up like mother . . . mimicking her manners . . . practicing mother's good-grooming routines! Yes, this youngster has already learned an important secret of feminine charm. This little lady knows what no lady ever forgets . . . that daintiness is the first step to popularity. See that bottle of Listerine Antiseptic in the picture? With this delightful aid to make her breath fresh and sweet, no one will ever whisper . . . "Wall-flower!" . . . behind her back! She'll always have beaux aplenty . . . dates galore!

A quick rinse with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning is a happy, healthy habit to form early in life. Listerine Antiseptic is an extra-careful precaution against simple cases of halitosis (unpleasant breath) of non-systemic origin. Leaves your mouth tingling clean . . . and your breath as fresh and sweet as a May morning.

How nice to know that it will stay that way, too, not for seconds, not for minutes, but usually for hours! Make Listerine Antiseptic "Step One" in your good-grooming routine . . . every morning . . . every night . . . and before every date when you want to be at your best. Don't risk offending at any time!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC FOR ORAL HYGIENE

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Amazing NEW Thrift-Group!

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Suite No. 270-1. An unusual value in modern design, tailored in carved pattern mohair bouclé.

NEWLYWEDS! This stunning upholstered furniture is especially designed for today's living rooms . . . for today's modern-minded couples. It gives you exclusive Kroehler Cushionized* Construction . . . the most amazing comfort development in upholstered furniture. *Yet, the price is almost unbelievably low!* See your Authorized Kroehler Dealer.



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KROEHLER Furniture

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Choice of 9 exquisite colors

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Bruce Gould and
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors

Built-in Opportunity

By G. M. WHITE

THE Spring Savings Bond Campaign, beginning May 16, is a renewal of the Government's invitation and recommendation to start a savings program. Many people already have the habit of buying Savings Bonds regularly. Bond sales reached a record peacetime high in 1948. Relieved of the stress and emergencies caused by war, fewer people are cashing their bonds. They have become a basic part of the family savings program.

Take Mrs. Smith, whose oldest boy graduates from high school next year. She began a $3.75 weekly investment in Government bonds in 1940. In 1950 she will have $2163, which insures her son the opportunity to go to college. The fortunate young couple who have managed to buy an $18.75 bond every week since 1941 can pay cash for a fair-sized dream house with the $10,828 they will have in two years. If they want to, they can continue to reinvest in bonds and assure themselves of a comfortable income in their old age. Not many people can save $18.75 a week, but everyone can save a few dollars before that pay check melts away. A regular savings plan is the key to future independence.

The person who began buying an $18.75 bond every month in 1940 will begin receiving $25 a month in 1950. If he reinvests that in Savings Bonds, plus his regular monthly $18.75, his monthly savings of $43.75 will begin coming back to him as $58.33 monthly in 1960. If he follows the same procedure for another ten years, the bonds will mature at the rate of $102.77 per month in 1970. That may seem a long time away, but the time to begin saving is right now.

Buying Savings Bonds is more than the exercise of the simple, time-honored virtue of thrift. It is the smart thing to do. There isn't a wiser, safer investment, with as high interest, that even the most astute financier can make. The way to family fortune is not through stock tips and rumors, but through common-sense saving. Only the person who can afford to lose can run the risk of speculating in stocks or real estate or anything else—and that eliminates most of us.

U. S. Savings Bonds, purchased through the Payroll Savings Plan (painless deductions from your pay check), or the Bond-a-Month Plan (your bank will buy them regularly for you, if you wish), provide a handy way to save money. The interest rate of 2.9 per cent is higher than you can get almost any other way with comparable lack of risk. Sale of U. S. Savings Bonds has done a great deal toward building economic backbone into this country. It is your opportunity to put more opportunity into your future.

Race Suicide of the Intelligent

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A GREAT many eugenists have been pointing to one phenomenon of American life with great concern. Dr. Lewis M. Terman, professor emeritus of psychology at Stanford University, recently pointed it out in addressing the International Council for Exceptional Children. Doctor Terman apparently thinks that, if matters go on as of the present, there will be fewer and fewer exceptional children in the future. For by and large, intelligence reproduces intelligence, but in our society the most gifted of the present generation are not reproducing themselves.

Doctor Terman illustrated this with the case histories of 1450 especially talented persons whom he had traced to the age of 35. These had altogether only 1500 children, barely more than one per family. He found that these averaged 10 to 12 per cent higher in intelligence than the general population. But there are simply not enough of them.

On the other hand, the greatest numerical acquisition to the population of this country comes from the most backward and impoverished. The population is growing, but it is growing one-sidedly, and in the wrong direction.

The opposition of the intelligent to having children is a quite recent phenomenon. The distinguished men and women of earlier days were not bent on committing race suicide. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, for instance, produced four eminently distinguished sons—Henry, John Quincy, Charles Francis, Jr., and Brooks, all of whom contributed to American statesmanship and three to American letters.

Intelligence usually contributes to prosperity, and the intelligent of the nineteenth century used their relative prosperity to feed, house and educate substantial families, and thereby greatly contribute to the American republic. It is only in the twentieth century that intelligence, education and fertility are walking backward as far as the race is concerned.

And this walking backward is neither personally nor socially intelligent.

The reasons are manifold. One of them undoubtedly has to do with the so-called "emancipation" of women. Every field of life and activity—business, the professions and the arts—is open to women today, and every year thousands of women leave our colleges and universities determined to make careers for themselves. They marry, but find many reasons to postpone having

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children. Often Nature, as well as birth-control measures, assists them in this. Women who lead very active lives, under conditions of nervous stress and strain, often do not conceive, and, when they do, miscarry.

These women are violating their own biological natures, and for this they pay a heavy price. One price they pay is psychoneurosis, which afflicts American women to an alarming extent, as every psychologist in this country can testify.

The second price they pay in postponing childbirth is to lessen the chances of producing a normal, healthy child with the least mortality risk to themselves and the infant. The safest years for a woman to have her first child are between 20 and 24.

The third price they pay is in their relations with that child, especially if it comes by "accident." It appears (even though unconsciously) as an intruder in an otherwise organized life; as a being for whom no proper place has been prepared; as an interferer and invader. The mother may love the child intensely, and yet find it an irritating burden, the clash of interest arousing in her a sense of guilt, which she tries to overcome by pampering and spoiling the little one. Children have an extraordinary unconscious sensibility. They are never emotionally deceived. They sense the difference between quiet, serene, continuous affection and sporadic bursts of it. They notice the absent look which appears so often in the eyes of women concentrated on external cares.

The fourth price they pay is in their relations with their husbands. Most men want children. No matter how much a husband may fall in with the argument for having no children or postponing having them, his emotional reaction is to doubt the seriousness and profundity of his wife's love, and to see in her desire not to be a mother a reflection on his capacity to provide for her. A man's protective and philoprogenitive instincts are strongest in the earlier years of his marriage. It is then that he most wants children, and is most likely to be irked by his wife's concentration on affairs external to the home.

A witty woman once remarked that the course of a man's feelings toward his wife's working is first to protest, then to resign, and finally to expect. The first instinct, to undertake full support of his wife and children, wears off under the recognition that she is perfectly able to support herself; and as he becomes used to this fact, with the attendant lightening of his responsibilities, he is often alarmed when several years of such an arrangement may be terminated by his wife's desire for a child, his own having evaporated meanwhile.

FINALLY, no matter how many infant schools, kindergartens and what not may be organized, the only child has a bad break. Again, unconscious emotional factors operate. There is far too much emotional concentration of parents on an only child. He and he alone has to realize all his parents' ambitions for their progeny. If he is a sensitive child of highly intelligent parents, he fears to disappoint them. In his own home he is a child between two adults and in an inferior position, constantly protected, yet humiliated. There is nothing like the give and take, the shared responsibilities, the healthy natural quarrels, the release of energies that occur among three or four children in the same family, born not more than two years apart.

These seem to me very high prices for women to pay for the privilege of exercising their intelligences. They do not add up to happiness, but to physical and emotional frustration.

AND behind it all, I think, is a not yet r solved rebellion of women against their ow sex and their role in the race. Why, for i stance, do intelligent women so despise th "drudgery" of housework that they hav reduced the position of domestic to th lowest social status—thereby making it in creasingly difficult for them to get domest assistance? Their own attitude is basicall responsible. Girls will work as filing clerks stand behind counters selling hats and rib bon to cranky customers, work as waitress in restaurants—all of which is drudgery—rather than help another woman to care fo a home, purely because the domestic is ac corded a much lower status.

The feminist movement was an attemp to break into "a man's world," and in th process women, through envy, accepted t an alarming extent the values of men, in cluding the values men put upon the wor of women in the home, when women reall did have a servile status. In winning fo women the right to vote, to own property to educate them selves and to earn living, the feminis movement did, in deed, emancipat them, and it was a emancipation lon overdue.

But it did n emancipate wome from their biologic natures, nor does demand of them tha they must choos emotional frustra tion for the sake o educated intelli gence. An educated intelligence is pleasure *in itself*. It does not have to be harnessed to a job nor should it inter-fere with a normal womanly existence. Rather should it enhance that existence.

And, from the viewpoint of the welfare of the race, which is precedent to the individual in any sound society, if intelligence leads to breeding out intelligence, the whole movement will describe a vicious circle.

Gifted parents do not always produce gifted children, but they have a far higher chance to do so than ungifted parents. And they also have a higher chance of producing one exceptional child out of four than they do out of one. Intelligent parents restrict their families to a point where they don't reproduce themselves because they want to give them "privileges." But they can exaggerate the benefit to the child of too many such privileges—and also confound the privileges they want for their children with their own unwillingness to sacrifice. The best and most distinguished citizens come from homes above poverty, but below luxury, where the children have to help their parents and one another; where there is "high thinking and plain living"; where treats are special gifts and not everyday luxuries, taken for granted; where one early learns, among brothers and sisters, both to hold one's own and to co-operate, under the guidance of a most affectionate judge.

From such homes has come most of the leadership of America in every field: our statesmen, scholars, inventors, great soldiers, organizers, divines, teachers, engineers, craftsmen. And democracy can be lifted only by leadership. It is the gifted and energetic who leaven and lift the level of the masses, who never can lift themselves alone.

And though environment accounts for much progress in the race, inheritance accounts for more. Those who refuse to pass on the gifts with which they were born are withholding from society the sources of its continuation and renewal, and whatever their other contributions may be, are failing the coming generations. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mother

By John Holmes

Your face was bone and width your own,
But half of yours is mine
To stare with at a world not wrong,
Not right, but by design
A clearing, a clouding tree of stars
That put down roots and grew.
I live under its shine and shade
And can what I must do.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

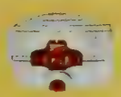
Make no Mistake About It!

CUP AFTER CUP AUTOMATICALLY TO YOUR TASTE



VALUE MAKES IT YOUR BEST BUY!

Universal's superb quality and features make this the finest coffeemaker money can buy... at any price! No wonder it's America's first choice!



Flavor-Selector gives choice of coffee strength.

Redi-Lite goes on when coffee is ready.





Serve right at the table, coffee stays hot . . . full eight-cup capacity.

No breakage, no fragile parts.

$24.95

CHOOSE COFFEEMATIC — ITS FLAVOR-SELECTOR MAKES IT AMERICA'S FAVORITE COFFEEMAKER

You can't go wrong with Coffeematic! Simply set the Flavor-Selector to mild, medium or strong, and this graceful beauty does the rest! Fast action "Cold Water" pump makes coffee without boiling. When coffee's ready, a light goes on, but Coffeematic stays on the job, keeping the coffee hot 'til the last perfect cup is poured—just as delicious as the first!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COFFEEMATIC

THE UNWATCHED "POT" THAT NEVER BOILS



BEAM-O-LITE IRON



AUTOMATIC TOASTER



MIXER AND JUICER



HEATING PAD



COOK-A-MATIC WAFFLE-GRILL

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

"I commend to you our pleasant California custom of the Olive Bowl"—*says*

KATHLEEN NORRIS



Queen of American authors, Kathleen Norris is beloved by millions of readers. In addition to her prodigious output of 73 novels (her latest, *High Holiday*, is just out) and countless heart-warming stories for the top magazines, brilliant, energetic Kathleen Norris has found time for family and national affairs—and is noted for her hospitality.

"It's an easy, well-liked gesture of hospitality when friends drop in...an enjoyable "first course" when just the family comes to table"

"I'M GLAD TO HEAR our good California custom is becoming so popular throughout America today," writes Kathleen Norris. "Do try it at your house soon, if you haven't already: simply fill a generous bowl with your favorite brand of California ripe olives and set them out for all to enjoy. Compliments never fail you."

Ripe olives from California fill an honored place in the diet. Among other food values, California ripe olives offer you nourishing protein...and they're a source of Vitamin A, and iron. *But the reason California ripe olives are famed throughout the world is FLAVOR!*

Bite into one. Here's plump, meaty goodness. Here's good eating. Have another...enjoy all you want! (Yes, even if you're a "calorie-counter." For 8 to 10 California ripe olives just about equal 100 calories.)



This advertisement is published by the growers and processors of California ripe olives, acting together as the Olive Advisory Board. All California ripe olives are held to standards of quality, strictly graded and correctly labelled.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHO



Bali, white Persian with blue eyes, was a hit at the Paris Cat Show.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

THE CATS IN OUR LIVES is a delightful and very personal account of the many cats that have lived, and still live, with the two authors—movie actor *James Mason* and his actress-wife, *Pamela Kellino*.

The Masons have all kinds of cats, but a Siamese always leads the rest. Pamela was given her first Siamese for a wedding present on the night before her wedding.

"He was about ten weeks old, and very loud-mouthed. Instead of taking to me immediately, like every cat I had met in the past, he rushed under the bed and made threatening noises. No amount of coaxing had any effect. I couldn't sit up all night because I wanted to look reasonably fresh for my wedding. So I got into bed and managed to get a little sleep. But at four in the morning I was awakened by fearful yowls. When a Siamese really gives voice it is something. A mixture of a baby's scream, a howling wind, and the death agony of a soprano. (I have learned to love the sound.) Anyhow, my new kitten was lying on his back under my bed with all his claws stuck into the mattress and dragging himself around, letting out these fearful yells. My pleas were quite useless. He struck out at me and hissed and told me to go to hell. When I offered food, he spat and shouted. When I tried to stroke him he scratched. Finally, I told him that I hated him and all Siamese cats. I couldn't understand him at all! This was Gamma, my first Siamese cat. I have never been without one since and I never will be. Let all the praise that has ever been heaped on dogs, horses, cats and children be added together in favor of this wonderful friend."

This department admits to a prejudice for and against certain kinds of cats. We've never liked white cats, and to overcome this narrow-mindedness, went to the Empire Cat Show in New York this year to see the famous Rockridge White Marksman. His is a real "success story." It began with a shivering kitten found under the snow in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., almost dead, who last year walked off with the title of All-American Blue-Eye White Domestic Female Short Hair Champion, under the name Rockridge White Wistaria. All Wistaria needed was the perfect white, short-haired, blue-eyed mate, who was, after much search, located in Joseph Riley's Square Deal Vegetable Emporium in downtown New York near Washington Market. Rockridge White Marksman is the result, the pride of his parents, now fully grown and on exhibition at the cat show.

Well, we saw the champion. We saw the family. And we still prefer a tiger coon cat or a café-au-lait *Siamese to any other cat in the world.*

A visit to the zoo is a bold step after the Cat Show. But we made it, and heard a tiger purr. It was something like a B-29 flying low, but ingratiating nonetheless. In a cage near by were two young creatures, a part-grown lion and a part-grown tiger, both females. They were born about two days apart, and the mother of each refused to nurse her child. As a consequence the little tiger and the little lion were brought up by hand, on a bottle, and together. Now they are great friends and make a terrific fuss if anyone tries to separate them. The lioness is rough and obstreperous, and the tigress calm and satisfied as any well-fed cat would be, but completely in command of the situation and always the dominating force.

Helen Traubel, Wagnerian soprano, received two lion cubs as a Christmas present from Lauritz Melchior, Wag-

(Continued on Page 16)

Mealtime Adventures

by Beatrice Cooke





Here's the surest way I know of to top off a May meal just right. Simplest, too. Delight your brood at dinner's end with mounds of ever-welcome, nourishing ice cream! And—please—MEADOW GOLD. For I think MEADOW GOLD is ice cream at its very finest. You can prove this to yourself just by sampling. In vanilla, notice the golden tint and definite "golden" taste. That tells you there's good, country cream in it.

And in other Meadow Gold flavors you'll find, as I have, that the fruits used are always ripe and delicious . . . the nuts crisp and fresh. Next time you buy ice cream, do try MEADOW GOLD. Packaged with a special color for each flavor — so you can buy the flavor by the color. If you like a touch of the unusual in ice cream desserts, here's an idea I know you'll fancy:

Meadow Gold "Double Decker"

All you need is your favorite loaf cake and a pint of Meadow Gold Vanilla Ice Cream. Slice the loaf cake in ½" slices. Divide the ice cream into 8 equal portions. Make the "double decker" with two slices of cake and two slices of ice cream, alternating the layers. Top with a rich chocolate sauce made in a jiffy by simply adding ¼ cup of boiling water to 1 cup of CHOX Instant Hot Chocolate.



Wonderful, this Chox! I always keep some on hand. Makes fine, rich fudge and chocolate cake topping. And I don't think you can equal it for a good, steaming cup of breakfast or bedtime chocolate! Costs about what you'd pay for the best cocoa. But the difference is that CHOX already contains *whole milk and sugar* as well as cocoa and real chocolate. Actually saves money because no extra milk is needed. You just add hot water. Try some, hm?



MORNING BECOMES ELECTRIC!

I'm not the annoying type that bounces out of bed in the morning a-crackle with instant energy. Are you? If you aren't, you'll probably appreciate my tried and tested recipe for early sparkle. It's a glass of sun-bright, ruby-red VEGAMATO Cocktail. Different from any vegetable juice cocktail you ever tasted! For it's the only cocktail which blends the juices of seven salad vegetables with the sunny tang of real lemon. Just start using it. I promise, a glass of VEGAMATO will spark your appetite—for eating and for *living!*

can't stay in these spring days ?



Neither can I! But I've found a way you can indulge the gypsy in you and still have dinner on time. Just keep a couple of packages of LA CHOY CHINESE DINNER on the shelf! Then you can ramble among shops, or garden overtime, just as you please. For LA CHOY CHINESE DINNER is a complete and tempting Chow Mein meal. There's a can of savory Chop Suey, a can of brown, crunchy Chow Mein Noodles, and a small bottle of Soy Sauce. A delightfully different dinner for 2 to 4 people. Ready to serve in just the time it takes to heat the Chop Suey and Noodles. Get some today at your grocer's — and have more time to enjoy this wonderful weather!

Free—Book of 27 Chinese Recipes! You'll want this booklet. I know! A treasure house of fascinating recipes! Mandarin Salad . . . Golden Pheasant Omelet . . . Egg Foo Yong . . . and other Oriental wonders. Illustrated with color photos. And free—if you write at once to Dept. J-2, LaChoy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Archbold, Ohio. Send today!

You'll make table talk with this!



If you've a hankering to be talked about for delicious and unusual cookery, I give you this with my blessing. Plenty of surprise in it! And for family lunch or party highlight, it's the most delightful dish I've tasted in years!

Eggs Con Fuego

3 tbsp. Meadow Gold Butter	1 medium size onion
½ clove garlic	1¼ cups Vegamato
⅔ cup tomato paste	1 tsp. parsley, minced
1 bay leaf (optional)	½ tsp. salt, dash pepper
6 Meadow Gold Eggs	6 slices hot toast

Melt butter in frying pan, then add onion (minced) and garlic. (Place garlic on toothpick for easy removal later.) Cook slowly until tender but not brown. Add Vegamato, tomato paste, parsley, bay leaf and seasoning. Stir until combined. Cover and cook over low heat for 12 min., stirring occasionally. Remove garlic and bay leaf. Break each egg into a cup and slip it into sauce. Cook, covered, over very low heat 15 min., or less, as preferred. Serve eggs on toast with sauce and a sprinkle of grated Meadow Gold Cheese if desired.



REMINDER:

If you're *very* demanding about butter quality, take a tip from Chicago's famous Pump Room. Please the people at *your* table with

Meadow Gold Butter



I happen to know that MEADOW GOLD is the butter served at the Pump Room in Chicago's exclusive Ambassador East Hotel. And in scores of other world-renowned dining places. Which I think proves that when you ask your grocer for MEADOW GOLD, you'll get as fine butter as money can buy!

© 1949, Beatrice Foods Co.

"Soup to Dessert" Cooking

This Spacious Caloric Cooks Entire Meal At The Same Time



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

RUTH SHELDON, famous Washington, D. C., home economist, gives high marks to the time-saving convenience of this roomy Caloric Range with 6 burners, 2 ovens and 2 broilers.

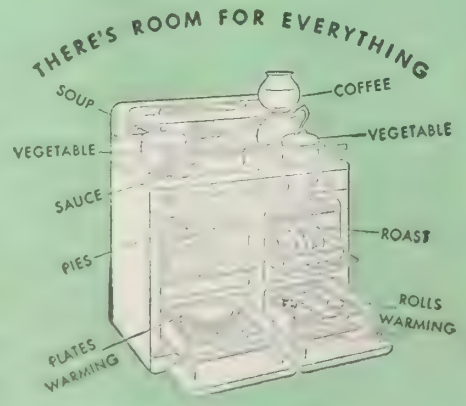
With a roomy Ultramatic Caloric Gas Range, you'll never be handicapped for lack of cooking space. Your entire meal—soup, roast, vegetables, pastry and coffee—can be cooking at the same time—and done at the same instant.

And think of all the other desirable Caloric features. Flavor-Saver Dual Burners give you "Flexible Heat"—exact "measured" temperatures for perfect cooking. Save lots of gas, too.

With Caloric's Automatic Oven Time Control, meals practically cook themselves while you go shopping, or to the movies.

Caloric's Porcelain Enamel Finish, inside and out, Removable Broiler and other easy-cleaning features make the Ultramatic Caloric America's Easiest Range to Clean and Keep Clean.

For list of local dealers see "Caloric" in classified tel. book—or write Caloric Stove Corp., 1232 Widener Bldg., Phila. 7, Pa.



America's Easiest Range to Keep Clean

Ultramatic

Specially engineered models for use with LP-Gas ("bottled" gas). Every model can include "CP" features if desired.

CP

Caloric Automatic Gas Ranges

(Continued from Page 14)

nerian tenor. They are now (the lions) in the St. Louis zoo, and are named Helen and Lauritz.

•

On June 10, 1948, the commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of New York, rapped his gavel for the last time. James Hard, 106 years old, sounded the 82nd and final encampment of the G.A.R. in the state, read a prayer, called the roll and then closed the books for all time.

As the men of the Civil War have died off, so have the K-9 Corps veterans of World War II. In 1947, 278 war dogs were registered; in 1948, only 191. And the U.S. Army Signal Corps has announced with regret the death of Blackie Halligan, outstanding pigeon hero of the Pacific. Blackie was cited and decorated after being wounded by Japanese flak on Guadalcanal while successfully carrying back to headquarters a patrol message that led to the extermination of 300 enemy troops. As far as we know, Kaiser, aged 32, veteran pigeon of World War I, is still living. (Normal life expectancy for a pigeon is 9 years.)

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



Kaiser (left) and descendant.

Kaiser was captured by American troops during the Meuse offensive. Now definitely on the right side, Kaiser has sired many of the homing pigeons used in World War II, though still wearing on his left leg the aluminum identification band he wore when captured, embossed with the German imperial crown.

•

Remember ANIMAL FARM, by *George Orwell*, which described the Soviet system through the medium of barnyard figures? Now there's a similar book for children, THE BEAR FACTS, by *Polly Culbertson*. This is the story of the Big Black Bear who lives in a big black cave behind an iron curtain. He tries craftily to get the smaller animals into the cave with him, and succeeds in luring in the little Chipmunk and the Squirrel. But most of the other animals join hands against him. In the end he is destroyed, with hornets, wasps and bees flying through the air. You get the idea. And whether or not you approve, you can't fail to be sharply interested.

•

Suddenly—and at long last—we are roused on all sides. Conservation books are pouring in telling us how we've misused the good old earth and warning us what to do before it is too late, about saving our dwindling food supply. (OUR PLUNDERED PLANET, by *Fairfield Osborn*, THE ROAD TO SURVIVAL, by *William Vogt*, and ruminations from time to time by *Louis Bromfield*.) There are also a number of excellent books on the positive side, mostly about new Palestine—Israel,

(Continued on Page 18)

NO DUST BAG TO EMPTY

NO ROAR... IT'S QUIET

NO LEAKING DUST

NO CLUTTERED CLOSETS

NO EXTRAS TO BUY



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories

Lewyt

(Rhymes with 'do it')

VACUUM CLEANER

It's actually *two* vacuum cleaners in *one!* Cleans your carpets *better* than an upright ...yet gives you the light, easy-to-handle efficiency of a tank-type cleaner! Brightens draperies and upholstery...suction-sweeps bare floors...dusts furniture... even sprays paint, waxes floors, de-moths closets! *See* it...*try* the new Lewyt yourself!

COMES COMPLETE—NO EXTRAS TO BUY!

LEWYT'S REVOLUTIONARY NO. 80 CARPET NOZZLE

Cleans rugs more thoroughly than ever before! Actually gets more embedded dirt...picks up more lint, thread, and hair...yet with less carpet wear! It will amaze you!

FREE! PICTURE BOOKLET ON MODERN HOME CLEANING. WRITE TODAY!

Lewyt Corporation, Vacuum Cleaner Division
66 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, New York

Here's new freedom from sink drudgery!

Hate scrubbing messy pots and pans? Use S.O.S. *every day*, as thousands of women now do. Saves work! Saves time! S.O.S. cleans, scours, polishes. It works so fast, you work less.



try this easy S.O.S way to clean pots and pans



"PYREX" WARE—easier to clean! S.O.S. quickly scrubs off food that's crusted on, wipes away "boiled-over" streaks. Soap in each S.O.S. pad cuts grease — hustles you through the job — lightens daily sink drudgery!



STOVES—easier to clean! S.O.S. quickly removes crusted grease from grills, stove tops and burners. Cleans broilers, oven racks. Handy oval S.O.S. gets into corners — makes light work of stove-cleaning.



WHITE-WALL TIRES — easier to clean! Amazing S.O.S. removes curb marks and dirt. Car owners, auto dealers, tire dealers agree S.O.S. is best for white-wall tires. Try it!



Use S.O.S every day

It works so fast — you work less!

© The S.O.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois
S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Food today deserves the finest protection!





Extra-Heavy... Cut-Rite is waxed *through and through*, not just surface waxed. Saves expensive meat, keeps leftover chicken, lamb and beef from drying out. Keeps sandwiches for hours..."right from the kitchen" moist and delicious.



No Waste in Handling... Cut-Rite is extra-heavy yet perfectly pliable. Twist it—there's no wasteful breaking, no splitting! Save icebox space by wrapping small things small and tucking in corners. **A Scott Paper Product.**

"CUT-RITE" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Famous cutting edge tears easily



More women choose it ... love to use it!

(Continued from Page 16)

where conservation is No. 1 government policy and deserts are blooming. There is even a book on the subject for children: THE LITTLE TRACTOR WHO TRAVELED TO ISRAEL, by *Evelyn Greenberg*. It is not only for Jewish children, but for all children who will have to grow up and do their bit to save humankind from starvation.

•

National Pickle Week falls in the lovely month of May. At this year's convention Amerigo Vespucci is to be honored, we hear. Only incidentally was Amerigo a traveler with a name to be long remembered. By vocation he was a pickle dealer in Seville.

•

Why, we once asked in this column, did Cary Grant do stilt-walking? "To make a living," writes in Madeline Lee, who signs herself "Old Timer," "and to break into show business. He was the 'rear end' of the comedy horse with the

COLLIER'S



"Like all comedians, I suppose you hope someday to play Hamlet."

Lumas Troupe." And speaking of "old-timers," it is good to realize how they last. For twenty years now we've been seeing, not only Cary Grant, but Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Bette Davis, Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Walter Pidgeon, Barbara Stanwyck, Spencer Tracy. Long may they wave!

•

Katharine Cornell, who has probably the longest theater runs of any actress, was nearing the end of one of her tours when Mrs. Roosevelt asked her, "Now what will you do?" To which Miss Cornell replied, "Enjoy a cold." She is always having colds, and always, during her periods of work, having to subdue them.

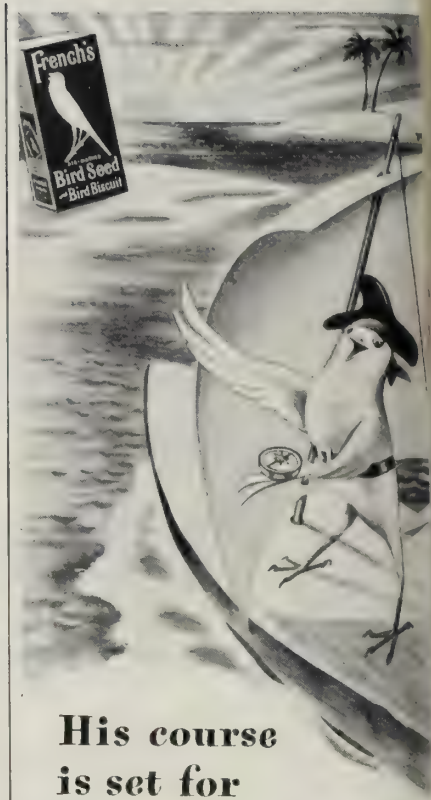
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Here are a few outstanding current books, not destined for enormous sales, but each unique in its field:

DESIGN IN SWEDEN TODAY, edited by *Ake H. Huldt* and *Eva Benedicks*, and published by The Swedish Institute for Cultural Relations, is a breath of fresh air. A small book of photographs of modern art in furniture, textiles, ceramics—the manifestation, one would say, of a calm spirit. It is hard to think the world is going to pieces when you see this pure, clear, simple art.

THE CITY OF THE BEES, by *Frank S. Stuart*, a story of romance and high adventure in a colony of wild bees living in the heart of a forest oak. Badgers attack it, and hordes of robber bees. Diseases decimate its numbers. Ants steal honey from the bees' tongues. Wasps paralyze them. Wars are fought in which the death of a whole population is staked against the death of one queen bee. It is beautifully written and will

(Continued on Page 21)



His course is set for Sweeter Song!

What little feathered pirate wouldn't feel perky with French's on the horizon? Any canary's song depends on his happiness and health—and these depend on his diet. Always feed French's Bird Seed and Biscuit—favored for generations—the *complete* diet of twelve tested ingredients.

A haphazard mixture of a few common seeds isn't what your pet needs. He should have the nourishment and stimulation of French's Bird Seed and Biscuit. So many canary owners realize this, that 7 out of 10 are feeding French's. Try French's—for just ten days—and *listen!*

There's extra song in this tempting Biscuit!

A French's Bird Biscuit, chockful of canary "goodies," comes in every package of French's Bird Seed. Fed together, the Seed and the Biscuit make the *complete* diet your canary craves.



French's

BIRD SEED *and* BISCUIT

THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN AMERICA

The right one to buy today

. . . and a thousand tomorrows will prove it!

THE FIRST CHANCE you have, go and look at this great, new 1949 General Electric Space Maker Refrigerator.

You'll know—instinctively—that it's the one for you to buy!

And every day you use it—week after week, year after year—will prove how right you were!

For everything about this refrigerator . . . from the clean simplicity of its styling to its sealed-in refrigerating system . . . is designed to *be* right in the beginning and *stay* right through years of use.

The *chief* reason, of course, is the famous General Electric sealed-in refrigerating system. Airtight and oiltight, this dependable system has never been excelled for efficient, economical operation . . . year in, year out.

Decide *now* on a new refrigerator. Decide *now* on a General Electric. You'll always be glad you did! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

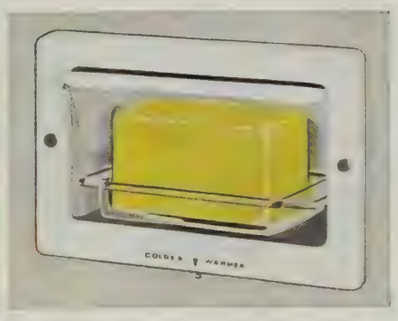


The new 1949 General Electric Space Maker Refrigerator

Practical Advantages . . . Usable Accessories . . . Lifelong Conveniences



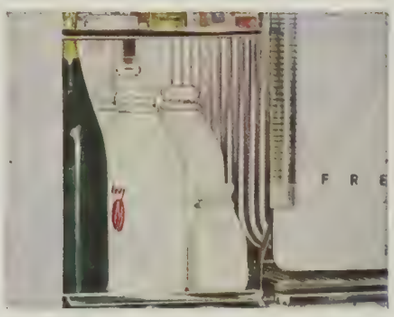
olds more food! The G-E Space Maker ves you up to ⅓ more refrigerated food orage in the same floor space.



Butter conditioner in door! Keeps butter at just the right temperature for easy, wasteless spreading.



Ample frozen-food compartment! Holds 24 packages of frozen foods, plus four ice trays (20 cubes each).



Big bottle storage! Room enough for 12 square quart-size milk bottles. Takes tall bottles with stoppers, too!

More than 2 million G-E Refrigerators in use 10 years or longer

GENERAL ELECTRIC

WOODBURY PRESENTS **NEW MIRACLE DISCOVERY** FOR LOVELIER SKIN

Penaten in Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream Cleanses Skin Cleaner



In Penaten, Woodbury introduces a modern-miracle . . . a *penetrating* ingredient newly developed.

Almost unbelievable! Penaten means Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream penetrates *deeper into pore openings!* Cleanses deeper and cleaner. Seeks out grime and make-up. *Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle.* Your skin looks *clearer* because it's *cleaner!*

Twin miracle! Penaten helps Woodbury's rich skin softeners penetrate deeper. Seep deeper into pore openings. Skin is smoother, softer—glorious as never before!

Today, get this new, new magic—Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream with Penaten. See the difference—*the lovely, lovely difference*—in your skin!

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If your skin's dry . . . *New, Deeper Softening with PENATEN in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream*



A marvel, too! . . . the velvet beauty that comes to dry skin . . . through deeper, richer softening! Penaten, in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream, helps rich, smoothing emollients penetrate into pore openings. Lanolin's softening benefits go deeper, softening tiny lines . . . smoothing flaky roughness to fresher, younger-looking beauty.

(Continued from Page 18)

appeal to readers of fancy as well as to bee tenders.

THE MYSTERY OF "A PUBLIC MAN," by *Frank Maloy Anderson*, unravels a real historical incident. In 1879 a famous magazine carried, in four installments, unsigned, "The Diary of a Public Man." From the "Diary" have come several well-known sayings of Lincoln, and many anecdotes which everyone has been accepting as authentic. But neither in 1879 nor since has anyone been able to discover the identity of the writer. Now Mr. Anderson has done it—or practically done it. But it is his method of detective work that makes the book so fascinating.

•

Two first-class mysteries which we've just caught up with are THE FRANCHISE AFFAIR, by *Josephine Tey*, and HE DIDN'T MIND DANGER, by *Michael Gilbert*. BLUE HARPSICHORD, by *David Keith*, is good, too, on the funny farcical side.

•

Gene Fowler, who has in the past earned astronomical pay checks in the movies, and can do so again any day he chooses to, has deserted it all in favor of writing for his own pleasure—and the public's, one may add. His latest biography, BEAU JAMES: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JIMMY WALKER, is a remarkable book. Remarkable for its research (checked and double-checked) into the smallest crevice of Jimmy Walker's fabulous career, and for its deep nostalgia. Many of us have lived to scorn the '20's, but none of us can forget the fun we had. We get a little teary over *Moanin' Low* and *Hallelujah* and *I'll See You Again*. Those of us in New York approve highly of the children's playground in Central Park where the old Casino restaurant used to stand, but we shall never forget the soft music and the lanterns against the dark trees of the park and the elegance of those evening dresses that stopped short at the knees. Those were the days when Jimmy Walker held forth. He was not a good mayor. But he happened to live in a Lucullan day and made the most of it. He was Mr. New York.

Jimmy Walker's father arrived in New York from Ireland in 1857. That was the day when most of the Irish got off the boat at Boston—because it was six dollars cheaper than continuing on to New York.

•

Fly fishermen might be interested to know that in the early part of the third century A. D., Macedonian fishermen were doing the same thing, come May. In a zoology of that day Claudius Aelianus writes that these fishermen "cover a hook with a purplish wool and fasten to this wool two wings, similar in color to beeswax, from the plumage or wattles of a cock. The fishing rod is six feet long, and the line likewise. This trap they let down into the river."

•

Educated young men get baldheaded sooner than uneducated ones, or so says Dr. E. G. Armattoe, of Londonderry, in his report to the American Association of Physical Anthropologists. According to his findings in Europe, premature baldness is high among male intellectuals in Great Britain, Sweden and Switzerland, but strangely enough, rare in France, reaching a low of 5 per cent in the Paris region.



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FIGHTING CANCER...

Another Call for Volunteers

By Margaret Hickey

THIRTY-five years ago a group of doctors founded the American Cancer Society for the purpose of educating both the lay and the professional groups in the implications of the disease. By 1936, many leaders, feeling they had reached their limits in arousing the public, turned to the General Federation of Women's Clubs for help. This organization then launched an intensified program of education, later extending its activities to include service to cancer patients. In the meantime, much has been accomplished toward breaking down popular prejudice against open discussion of the disease, and responsible volunteers in ever-increasing numbers have found many ways to serve.

What Some States are Doing

In Michigan, volunteers have introduced the American Cancer Society into each of its eighty-three counties. To fairs, along with prize-winning bakery goods and pedigreed stock, go the society's educational exhibits. Mrs. Harold H. Cornelius, state commander of the Michigan Division, believes this to be one of the most valuable features of the state program.

In Grand Rapids is the Kent County Medical Society's new Cancer Detection Center. Clinical aides have joined in the volunteer program at the center, helping to weigh and measure the examinee, take temperature, pulse and respiration; conduct vision, hearing and other tests. Other volunteers perform clerical and secretarial duties.

"The Little Red Door" in Indianapolis is the information center and permanent office of the Marion County, Indiana, Cancer Society. Officials estimate they serve a good cross-section of this half-urban, half-rural area of approximately 500,000 people. Conveniently situated on the campus of the Indianapolis General Hospital and the Indiana University Medical Center, the office is the center of volunteer activities. The latest project is a Mobile Cancer Health Education Unit, which now tours the state.

Volunteers Work in Hospitals

In New York's Sydenham Hospital, 4 of the 20 volunteers do case-aid work under the direction of Miss Frances M. Kline, Medical Social Service director. Bellevue Hospital has 388 volunteers who gave 4952 hours during November, 1948. Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases has 145 volunteers, 6 of them men, ranging from elevator operator to trained Nurse's Aides.

These examples are typical of the work being done by volunteers in divisions of the Field Army of the American Cancer Society throughout the country.

"Our program couldn't get along without volunteers," says Mrs. Harold Milligan, national commander of the American Cancer Society. "The shortage of doctors, nurses and medical social workers has been aggravated by the increasing age of the population and its resulting increase of chronic diseases. This means that if professionals are to spread their trained care farther volunteers must help where they can." **THE END**

in Cowley County, Kansas

"YOU may go back to school Monday, Leila," the white-coated surgeon smiled at the wide-eyed, serious little six-year-old who sat facing him. "You can play hopscotch, and you can jump rope. Just be sure to report to Doctor Hynds in six weeks. I'm going to take you off my 'worry list.'"

That was five years ago at St. Mary's Hospital, one of two hospitals in Winfield, Kansas, having tumor clinics approved by the American College of Surgeons for diagnosis and treatment of cancer in this county-seat town of 10,000 people. The patient, Leila Smith, from another town, had been referred to the clinic by a young physician who realized as a result of his examination that an enlargement in Leila's abdomen might be cancer.

"But why must we take Leila to Winfield?" Leila's father had argued at the time.

Mrs. Smith was adamant. She had carefully read the pamphlet left at her door by a member of the American Cancer Society. She went to the Civic Center in Winfield, headquarters for the Cowley County Chapter of the American Cancer Society, and explained her problem. She found that the child could receive aid as soon as the Cowley County Welfare Department approved her case. X-ray diagnosis showed that Leila Smith had cancer of the kidney. Now, five years after removal of the diseased organ, Leila is as strong and sturdy-looking as her three brothers and sister.

Leila's recovery was no accident. Detection of her malignancy in its early stages, and expert treatment available in her own county, are the result of intelligent planning. Cowley County is unquestionably one of the best informed sections in the entire nation on the subject of cancer.

If any two people can be given credit for the spread of this information, they are Mrs. Leland W. Kesler, pioneer worker in the Field Army, and Dr. Howard E. Snyder, president of the Kansas Division of the American Cancer Society. They are both residents of Winfield. Doctor Snyder has worked untiringly for state-wide establishment of tumor clinics. And there are few homes in the county in which Mrs. Kesler and her *(Continued on Page 251)*



Mrs. J. H. Snell, a volunteer, and Mrs. E. L. Sullivan, president of Cowley County home-demonstration units, check case-history sheet with Mrs. Carl Telford, who has been a cancer patient.

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1695. Sub-Deb Booklet Library.
1660. List of Journal Hat and Bag Patterns.
2333. Children's Patterns List.
2076. Things-to-Wear Patterns. Aprons, blouses, accessories.
1571. Reference List of Knitted and Crocheted Patterns.
1752. Handicraft Pattern List. Things for you to make for your home, your children, gifts or yourself.

We will gladly send any of these booklets and patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes or Savings Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Its distinctive styling goes far beyond just pleasing the eye. Here's design that flows naturally from advanced engineering . . . to fit form to function . . . to offer you a great New Plymouth that, inside and out, is better in every way!

Beauty with Reason

That sweeping, new low silhouette is something to see. And this is beauty with a reason. It helps give you a great new car that's easier to use in all ways. It's easy to start—easy to stop—easy to drive—easy to put in the garage—easy to park—easy to service—easy to see out of—easy to get in and out of.

Beauty for Comfort

The beautiful new interior styling is even better than it looks. The famous chair-height seats are now even wider. There's plenty of room for long legs and high hats. Windows lift and lower easier. Diagonally mounted rear shock absorbers resist side-sway. Famous Air Pillow Ride is smoother than ever!

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There's no starter button or pedal in the New Plymouth. You just turn the ignition key—and the engine starts! The handsome new instrument panel has everything where you want it. Fenders flow into the body but they're separate and detachable—and it doesn't cost a fortune to repair them!

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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

The wife who is willing to go more than halfway to please her husband seldom has to

Husbands are Not Perfect

MUCH of our attention is devoted to ways wives can increase the happiness of their marriages. It's usually the wife who takes the initiative in any change. Nevertheless, husbands are undoubtedly responsible for many difficulties in unhappy marriages and for minor irritations in happy ones.

How can a wife modify her husband's undesirable traits? It's folly to try to "reform" him, but this does not mean passive acceptance. She should actively try to eliminate *any* source of conflict, whether it arises from her fault or his.

Here are ten most commonly mentioned changes wives would like to bring about in their husbands. We asked several hundred representative wives this question: "What changes would you make in your husband if you could?" Replies are reported for all wives, as well as separately for happy and unhappy ones.

Changes Desired	Happy Wives	Unhappy Wives	*All Wives
His temper	8%	27%	18%
Tendency to scold	7	26	16
Strength of sex desire	2	25	16
Lack of talkativeness	6	21	15
Capacity for showing affection	5	19	12
Serious-mindedness	5	18	12
Religious life	4	16	11
Carelessness in dress	4	15	10
Selfishness	1	14	10
Thriftiness	1	10	9

*(Includes those of "average" happiness.)

Bad temper and a *tendency to scold* and nag are similar in origin and effect, and neither is pleasant to live with. Many husbands will control their tempers all day, only to take out their irritation and fatigue on their wives when they come home at night. By adapting the household routine to her husband's comfort—serving meals on time, quieting the children, forgetting her own woes until he is rested and ready to hear about them—a wife may prevent too many and too violent outbursts. But if, despite her best efforts, the husband's behavior continues to hurt and upset her, she should tell him so. The same approach may diminish scolding.

Strength of sex desire is mentioned by 25 per cent of unhappy wives, almost all of whom feel their husbands' desire too strong and demanding. But 43 per cent of unhappy husbands say their wives' desire is not strong enough.

For the very reason that sex is usually more important to men than to women, many husbands demand too much of their wives. The husband who regards sex as his right and his wife's duty, rather than as a mutual privilege, is courting difficulty if not disaster. To be really rewarding for either, the sex relationship must be satisfactory to both, and the responsibility for making it so lies mainly with the husband.

Lack of talkativeness is high on our wives' list of desired changes. Wives really need to "talk things over" at the end of the day. It is their opportunity for companionship. But, before condemning your husband as a poor talker, make sure you are a good listener.

Capacity for showing affection is a desirable trait in both husbands and wives. Even though a wife knows that her husband loves her, she still likes to be reminded.

A husband's *serious-mindedness*, if carried to an extreme, can make life dull and boring for his wife. Concentrating on getting ahead is commendable, but everybody needs a little fun along the way. On the other hand, husbands frequently object to their wives' lack of serious-mindedness. This difficulty usually results from lack of understanding on both sides, rather than from the exclusive fault of either.

Religious life is an important influence in raising a family. An area of agreement on fundamental matters of faith should be established before marriage. In the details of religious observance, the husband usually defers to the wife, since her interest and responsibility are generally greater.

Carelessness in dress, though a superficial trait, is an annoying one, the more so because it can easily be overcome.

Fundamental *selfishness* is contrary to the whole spirit of marriage. True harmony between husband and wife demands self-forgetfulness. But don't magnify your husband's faults; if he is generous in large matters, you can overlook thoughtlessness in little things.

Thriftiness is essential if income is limited. Emotionally as well as financially, it is less of a hardship for either if practiced by both.

Are You Capable of Love?

Love is a very complex process, not easily defined and almost impossible to measure. These questions to be answered "Yes" or "No" may help you see some of its major elements.

1. **Do you know many selfish, inconsiderate people?**
2. **Will you really *sacrifice* to have expensive clothes?**
3. **Do you try to get even when people hurt you?**
4. **Would you dislike being a teacher or nurse?**
5. **Is having a job after marriage very important to you?**
6. **Are you strongly attached to your parents?**
7. **Do your friends bring their troubles to you?**
8. **Are you free from disgust and aversion about sex?**
9. **Can you enjoy staying home as much as going out?**
10. **Are you usually cheerful and happy?**
11. **Did you like most of your schoolteachers?**
12. **Are your parents quite affectionate with you?**
13. **Do music and beautiful things move you deeply?**
14. **Is it easy for you to make and *keep* friends?**
15. **Do you very much want children when you marry?**
16. **Can you usually stay within your allowance?**
17. **Do you like your friends to visit your home?**
18. **Is it easy to discuss personal things with your mother?**
19. **Do you try *not* to hurt others' feelings?**
20. **Are you affectionate with persons you like?**

The first 5 questions should be answered no, *the 15 remaining yes. With a score of 16 or more, you should have few doubts when the right man comes along. If your score is 12 or less, you can hardly be sure of your feelings about any man you have dated less than two years.*

Make sure you're justified in seeking changes in your husband; perhaps the solution lies in changing your own attitude. But if you are doing your best, and he is not, seek his co-operation. Remember that a wife who is willing to go more than halfway seldom has to.

Your Daughter's Marriage

TENS of thousands of girls are now happily preparing to be married in June. Plans for the wedding are uppermost in the minds of many, and in these the whole family is usually involved.

But far more important than preparations for the wedding is the daughter's preparation for marriage. This is primarily the mother's responsibility, and the process should begin long before a girl reaches marriage age. But whether it has or hasn't, there are still opportunities for helpfulness which no mother should overlook.

● *Training in household skills.* The bride who is an accomplished housekeeper starts her marriage with an advantage. If the mother hasn't already taught her daughter to cook, to clean, to market, she can still teach her the rudiments, even in the last weeks before marriage. Shrewd marketing warrants special attention, for the young wife is often accustomed to a higher standard of living than her young husband can afford.

● *Attention to finances.* Many a new husband, wanting to give his bride the best, consents to a scale of living beyond his means. A mother should encourage her daughter to be realistic about budgeting from the start.

● *Importance of physical relationship.* Some mothers neglect altogether their obligation to instruct their daughters in the sex relationship; others create the false and harmful impression that sex is a duty and a cross.

Instead, a mother should help her daughter to understand sex as the physical medium through which husband and wife express their affection for each other. Because men differ from women in physical responsiveness, weeks and even months are often required before a satisfactory adjustment is achieved. The girl who is frightened, uncertain or misinformed is poorly equipped to make this adjustment. The wise mother will do her utmost to inform and encourage her daughter. Sex is a vital part of marriage; sexual maladjustment is almost always a factor in early divorces.

● *Encouraging companionship.* The parents' good example is the most effective way of teaching a girl the importance of companionship. Even so, a mother will do well to urge her daughter to make a deliberate effort to be a good companion for her husband.

Marriage is not a perpetual idyl; it is a working partnership between two dissimilar human beings. A girl should expect to work for the happiness she hopes to find in marriage. The mother who has so taught her daughter has prepared her soundly for the most difficult and the most rewarding role she will ever undertake.

Do You Agree?

Is there any reason why a wife should put more in a marriage than a husband?

Yes—for selfish reasons if no other. She has more to lose. Usually she cannot earn as good a living, her social status declines, the children become her responsibility, she is less marriageable. In short, a divorced wife has far less security than a divorced husband.


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Prom Planning

THE SUB-DEB · EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY

HOP into your blue jeans, tie a big kerchief round your head and let's get started. It's time for the decorating committee to get to work on plans for decking the gym for the school prom. The No. 1 problem for every decorating committee is: *How to cover up the most space with the most color for the least money*. So besides scissors, wire, crepe paper and stepladder, you'll need new ideas, and lots of them! Balloons can be bought at $3.40 for 12 dozen (they even come in white and silver) and crepe paper is $1.10 for 12 rolls; but before you try stretching the budget to include glamour items, get the help of your school's classes on tickets, posters and dance bids, the camera club for photographic blow-ups and pictures for the walls, and the drama-club prop room for scenery from old school plays, such as the white picket fencing and cardboard-rock wishing well from last year's production of Smilin' Through. Pick your theme, line up all the materials your school has on hand, and *then* get to work!

It's in the stars . . . And we predict that a "Futuristic Prom," as a send-off to the seniors, will be a big success. It's a combination of fantasy and sophistication, heavenly predictions and down-to-earth decorations. Make the gym a mystic world hung with crystal balls, signs of the zodiac, shooting stars and half-moons, all cut out of silver paper and used with backdrops and streamers of crepe paper in dark midnight blue. Balloons, in silver and dark blue, bob from the ceiling on long strings, to be broken at midnight and send a shower of "fortunes" to the floor. (Insert a slip of paper with a fortune on it into each balloon before blowing it up.) Keep the lights low and place fortunetellers (underclassmen, the drama club and a few empty fish bowls will help) in dark corners to peer over crystal balls. Invitations reading, "I see you at the Senior Prom with a tall young man on —— at ——," can be printed on heavy, white circles of paper, then covered with clear cellophane to resemble crystal balls. Senior proms need souvenirs, and a small sterling-silver "world," in charm-bracelet or key-ring size, engraved with "1949," can be bought for about $1.50 each—or cheaper by the dozen. (Check with the company from which you ordered class rings on this.) For a comic touch, either around the entrance or in the refreshment room, line the walls with big advertising cutouts on which you have pasted the heads of prominent fellows and girls in your class. Each ad will predict a future, of course. Joe Smith, hot man with the glee club, might find his head on the body of Frankie Laine, mike in hand; or one of the glamour gals might see herself in house dress and apron, vacuuming a rug. The camera club can help you here with blow-ups of photographs, but try to keep the idea a secret from the rest of the class till prom night. Even the music can be *mañana* in theme, with such songs as Always, Tomorrow is Another Day, I'll See You in My Dreams and whatever new songs with a similar theme happen to be popular. In fact, *everything* is in the future except the fun you'll have, and that will be right on hand all evening.

April showers, May flowers . . . This is a colorful, pretty-pretty prom, especially good for a girls' school, where the gals will want the gym to look all fussy 'n' female for the evening. Your problem will be indoor planting—to bring the outside inside, like a big spring garden. Line the sides of the gym with as much white picket fencing and trellis as you can find in the drama-club prop room or can rent from one of the department stores in town. (Many stores use such fencing for decorating display windows.) Arrange a white trellised arch, twined with flowers, through which couples must pass to reach the dance floor, and a terrace of imitation-grass matting for sitting out dances. Use pastel crepe paper, thin wire and your own ingenuity to make dozens and dozens and dozens of flowers to grow up the fences, fill empty corners and hang down from the ceiling on long strings tied to gas-filled balloons. (Check your faculty adviser and then a dental-supply company for a special harmless gas for blowing up balloons.) Clear white cellophane, cut in long fringes and hung the same way, shimmers and rustles like spring rain. Turn the bandstand into a big flower cart by crowding the upper edge with flowers and placing two huge cardboard wheels and handles in just the right positions. As dance favors, give each girl an imitation carnation boutonniere to pin on her beau boy's lapel, and for each girl herself, a tiny bottle of perfume in flower scents to tie on her wrist with a short silver ribbon. For refreshments, serve small white cookies and a fruit-and-ginger-ale punch with tiny fresh flowers, such as violets or sweetheart roses, frozen into the ice block. The whole evening should have a gay, flowers-that-bloom-in-the-spring feeling about it, and the gals will be just as festive and pretty as the gym looks when the last daffodil is wired in place!

Here come the clowns . . . A circus motif is a good idea for a big school prom because the climbing ropes and ladders hanging from the ceiling, the basketball loops and the heaps of tumbling mats piled in the corner of the gym can all be worked in as part of the circus scenery. Turn the gym into a big circus tent by stringing alternate strips of red and white crepe paper, either from the center of the ceiling to the floor in a canopy or down the walls like a tent. Tie bunches of brightly colored balloons everywhere, dress the ticket taker in checked trousers and a bright vest like a carnival barker, and perch him on a high stool just inside the entrance door. Put the art class to work on huge, splashy posters of circus clowns, bright-striped tigers and aerial artists, painted on brown paper and hung along the walls for colorful circus atmosphere. A round bandstand can be draped with crepe paper and painted with gaudy horses to look like a merry-go-round, and a good-natured band leader might be persuaded to dress up in top hat and tails like a circus ringmaster. The Big Parade (grand march, to you!) can be marched to rollicking calliope tunes, and the refreshments for the evening should be served circus-style, with pink lemonade, hot dogs, peanuts and animal cookies for sale in two red-and-white-striped booths. Keep the music loud, the lights bright and the colors in the reds, blues and yellows of circus splendor, and the whole crowd will agree that this year *your* committee has put on "the greatest show on earth."

STAR DUST IN YOUR EYES?

. . . walking on air? Got that "this is it" feeling? Maybe you have found your No. 1 dream man, or maybe you're just too much in love to see the truth. Why not take time out for Sub Deb booklet Know Your Man No. 1552 and Going Steady, No. 1669, before you make up your mind for sure? Each booklet just five cents from the Reference Library, Leaflet Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



Just Imagine!

PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES... LEAVES HAIR RADIANTLY SOFT AND RADIANTLY SMOOTH!



William Bendix, star of Prell's radio show and Universal-International's movie "The Life of Riley," says: "No embarrassing dandruff when you're a regular Prell user! And that Prell tube works great in the shower."



"**My hair** looks so radiant after a Prell shampoo, it simply shines! And after Prell it's so easy to do!" says Meg Randall—"Babs" in the film "The Life of Riley," based on Prell's radio comedy.

Doctors' examinations proved Prell—with its exclusive formula and its amazing patented cleansing ingredient—removes unsightly dandruff in as little as 3 minutes! They proved too, that regular Prell shampoos actually *control* such dandruff! Your hair is *radiantly* clean after Prell—more radiant than with the most expensive soap shampoo known! More radiant—in *hardest* water—than with any known *cream* shampoo! Radiant, and so easy to manage, to comb, to set, and to curl!

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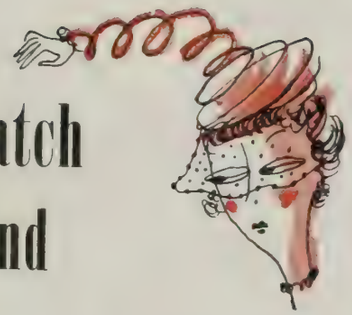
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than all other sanitary napkins—

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How to Catch a Husband



By
G. M. WHITE

UCH has been written about the human male; nevertheless, many girls still want husbands. "How can I get a husband?" is a question single girls n ask themselves and others, but they om get an answer from an authority, as a husband. Even a husband may know how it is done, although the secret been in his family for generations. Those do know may be reluctant to tell. But e cads will tell *everything*.

here are some unmarried girls who pre- l not to be interested in getting a man. se who expect too much say there aren't men worth having. Others claim there aren't any men. They believe all eligi- nen live in faraway uninhabited places. s is hard to understand when there are almost every place you look. (Unless look in outlandish places, of course.) k around you. All men are obviously somewhere else. No, not those million- s with physiques like Greek gods, not se cunning wolves with chiseled profiles. y are mirages. But real men are all ut, undisguised. They are like sheep in ep's clothing.

here is no shortage of marriageable men he United States. And it simply isn't e that all desirable, handsome and in- igent men are married, as this writer pens to be.

ome women never marry because they men exactly as they are rather than as n see themselves. They ask, "What is so nderful about a man? They are no longer ential either for protection or support. men necessary?" (Do not trouble your- with questions of this sort. By consid- ble research the fact that there are two essary sexes has been fairly well estab- ed.)

Now you *do* want a husband, but let's ep it a little secret, shall we? This does mean that you should act as though don't want one. That will only defeat ur purpose. But wearing a sign, either e that says "Hands Off" or "Help Your- f," will defeat it much quicker. One of two gravest mistakes a girl can make is expect *not* to like a man before she even ets him. The other is to expect to fall in e with him immediately after the intro- ction. Men at best are merely likable, ver lovable, at first.

Men don't bite unless you know them ry well indeed. If you have good teeth, , why not be friendly? If you have found an you like, just say "Hello, Mr. Man!" en you meet, in the brightest, most nor- l way possible. Usually he will say Hello" right back unless he is thinking of other girl. If this is the case, it will re- ire the use of an obscure mathematical stem called "Transformation of Invari- ts," which is too complex to go into here, t it consists of substituting yourself for e other girl he has in mind. This system understood perfectly by most women, en by those who are poor at arithmetic.

One school of thought on man trapping has as its motto, "First, bait trap." This was formerly known as "setting her cap for him." Modern hats reveal the desperate trend. With some hats you couldn't catch a cricket. It's what's already under the hat that counts. But the thought behind the old-fashioned expression is worth considering, both for its delicacy and for its practical results. The main thing to remember is the *real you* is the bait. Some girls trap nothing but themselves.

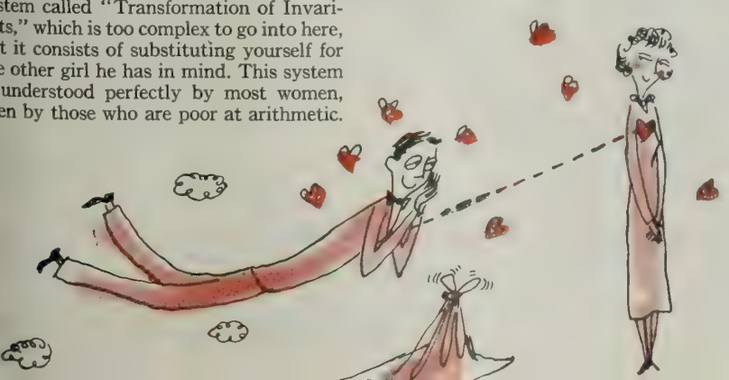
Let's face facts: *you've got all you're going to get to work with.* There is absolutely nothing you can buy that won't wear out, collapse or wash off. A clean-cut young man does not come with every package of bubble bath—not immediately, anyway. Of course you want to wear cosmetics properly, and as many pretty things as you can afford—heavens, yes! But don't confuse these wholly external things with the *real you*. A man marries the essential woman.

Suppose you do set your cap a bit for some fellow you like. Do you begin by chasing him right off? Not on your life, or that's *just* what you will do. Don't try too hard. (Some girls appear not to try at all. Whether it is worth the effort, only they can say.) The first step is to attract his attention without his noticing it. This you cannot fail to do if you are both human beings. If he is not, maybe he isn't the man for you. But do not despair. The best is none too good.

A man is seldom wonderful in mere physical being, but the girl who wants a husband must remember that the high value placed upon the male is easily understandable to him. This value is fixed by women, for rarely does one man think another is as wonderful as he is. A man likes to bask in admiration too strong for words, just as a woman likes to be pampered for herself alone. The ego is fed chiefly by the opposite sex, and empty flattery isn't food. Only genuine appreciation is spiritually fattening. It is doubtful that there are any truly self-made men; there most certainly never was a self-made husband.

You probably think you are reading a lot of platitudes, but there is no greater wisdom than this: know thyself, be thyself, love thy neighbor, if he's single. The surest way to catch and keep a husband is to love him. This takes time, and perhaps effort, but many husbands will testify it's worth it. A man sticks to love as a fly to flypaper. Sweetness attracts him, but love holds him.

This is probably not the only way to catch a husband, but it is a tried-and-true way and it requires neither brazenness, subterfuge nor firearms. It is the only method which assures lasting success. If any man is to belong to you, you must love him wholeheartedly, unselfishly, out of the agony of your soul, from the tips of your toes to the ends of the earth. At this moment he should be running close upon your heels. Just slow down and pretend to let him catch you.



When a *Slip* becomes a social error
... switch to
Mary Barron



* *Based on an embarrassing episode of Mrs. T. Otto of Cincinnati, Ohio, to whom we have sent a check for $50. Sets of 3 slips have gone to five other letter writers.*



Slip in bad behavior! Shy boy grabbed mother's skirt. Slip had crawled up. In-laws' dignity suffers shock and young mother endures blushing embarrassment. "Never again!" she writes. "From now on Mary Barron "Biastrait" slips for me." For they do not crawl up, tug down on straps nor twist maddeningly around the hips. How beautifully they behave under sheer or heavy dresses (with no front or side seams) and give full freedom in action or repose.

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A lavish Alencon lace and Bur-Mil* crepe slip in shell pink and white. Sizes 12, 32 to 44, 31½ to 39½. Buy Mary Barron slips in the same size as your brassiere.
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It was the kind with these
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and what lovely patterns!

★ The new Spring Garden and
Danish Princess and
Lovely Lady and
Youth.....All of them inlaid
with the two blocks
of sterling silver at the backs
of bowls and handles of
most used spoons and forks
to stay lovelier longer!

Such beautiful silverplate!
Such a wonderful dream!
I hope it
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Youth Spring Garden
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SEE Holmes & Edwards at your jewelry or department stores. In this, the finest of silverplate, you'll find the loveliest of patterns. Spring Garden, Danish Princess, Lovely Lady, and Youth. All made in the U. S. A. by The International Silver Co.

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★ **SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—4 FIVE O'CLOCK TEASPOONS FOR ONLY $1.** These lovely spoons in the new Spring Garden design are ideal for desserts, cream and sherbet. At all jewelry and department stores for a limited time on

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Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



IN May, 1899, Chicago opened a women's athletic club, the only club of its kind in the world. The Florodora Girls were the rage of New York, and Queen Victoria celebrated her eightieth birthday. A new long-distance speed record for automobiles was set: 17.6 m.p.h. In The Hague, Queen Wilhelmina opened the Peace Conference.

"No girl in the world dresses more becomingly than the self-supporting girl of America," writes Editor Bok in the May, 1899, JOURNAL. "Give her a straw hat, a shirtwaist and skirt, with tie and belt to match, and she steps forth fresh, comely and charming."

"Too frequent washings will turn the hair gray," believes Mrs. Humphrey, who thinks about once a month is enough. "Brushing the eyebrows and eyelashes with a solution of green tea improves them," she believes.

Food prices: Lamb chops, 5 cents, lobster, 20 cents, a prime rib roast of beef, $1.00.

"Do not hold the baby the whole time he is awake," advises the author of Suggestions to Mothers.

"Personally," states food expert Mrs. Rorer, "I do not believe that liver and kidneys should ever be eaten. They are palatable, but not nutritious."

A piece about nineteen-year-old Helen Keller reveals that the deaf and blind girl had already mastered Greek, German, French and algebra, could use a typewriter and swim, and was about to enter Radcliffe College.

For whitening the hands: "Make a lotion of horse-radish and hot milk."

Bicycling advice: "When the hill is so steep that you cannot ascend without opening the mouth, it is far better and wiser to dismount."



Journal about Town



PHOTO BY DI PIETRO

The Workshop has closed, but Mary Bass and John Morris are still busy.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

FOR a long time now, all of us who have worked on How America Lives, but *Mary Bass* especially, have been asked again and again when we were going to get around to telling how the JOURNAL lives—turnabout being fair play, readers have pointed out. So this month it is all in the magazine, including Mrs. B., who as Executive Editor in charge of the Workshop has handled the story night and day; as you can see by the shot above, in which long after dark she's still making Kodachrome selections with Picture Editor *John Godfrey Morris*. "Like doing a dozen families," she described it, "all at once."

•

Gladys Taber, along with countless readers, was so won over by the bridal quilt in February that she sent for the pattern, and we are now dropping a hint to her fans that she needs scraps of material in plain soft colors (dots and checks will do, too)—blues, pale greens, rose, but nothing in the orange scale. Must be cotton, and must be rather rugged because of an Irish setter and assorted cocker spaniels.

•

We didn't mean to make a mystery of the girl in the Victor hat on the March cover, but so many readers have written to ask who she is, and so many have phoned, that in case you, too, have been wondering—it is ***Gene Tierney.***

•

And in case anyone wants to know who the girl *this* month is, it's ***Miss Karen Stewart,*** of Laguna Beach, California, who became an accomplished model in a single day, posing her best after a bottle and a fifteen-minute nap, and is now just twice as old as she was last November, when her age was five months and she became a cover girl.

JOHN MECHLING



Five-month-old cover girl.

Remember *Betty Conrad,* of How America Lives, back in September, 1944? Thirty-three, seven children, test-pilot husband, and more get-up-and-go than almost anyone else in the series, before or since—remember? Well, we've just had a ten-page letter. She's in Switzerland for a year with all the children (eight now, but still hoping for ten); the trip a long-planned present from her husband, who flew over for Christmas. All the kids old enough are at Swiss country schools, while Mrs. C. just sleeps, eats, reads, walks, knits, collects recipes and enjoys her family. No movies, no phone, no washing machine, no car. If there's a place too far to go on foot, there's always the village taxi you see in the picture she sent us.



High in the Swiss Alps, the Conrads set out for a trip in the village "taxi."

With the whole Workshop coming in for close attention this month, we'd like to give you a glance behind the scenes of this particular page, too, concerning a certain kind of titillating tip we get occasionally from our colleagues around the office. Such as the one about an endowment fund at Harvard for providing free ice cream in the dining halls for students, and at Yale for free strawberry shortcake. Naturally, we check. And in this case the tip, while charming, turned out to be baseless, causing quite a little consternation at both Yale and Harvard. But our time wasn't entirely wasted, because during our research we did discover an endowment fund at Vassar which provides, for the girls there, free logs for their fireplaces.

•

A hat designer *Cynthia McAdoo* knows got tired of hearing women say they couldn't afford, for only one occasion, such a frivolous creation; so now, for that one occasion, she rents them any hat they want, for $3 a day—$15 deposit. If they don't come back for the deposit, she knows they're going to keep the hat. One customer was a girl who spent hours picking out a hat to rent for a blind date, then came back the next day and rented another hat—for her wedding.

•

May turns out to be quite a month for birthdays, beginning on the 2nd with Bing Crosby and ending on the 31st with Fred Allen; Gary Cooper on the 7th, Henry Fonda, Robert Montgomery, Beatrice Lillie, Cornelia Otis Skinner on the 16th, 21st, 29th, and 30th; and to top it off, on the 8th—Harry S. Truman.

•

What kind of laugher are you? A British professor has classified laughers as follows: People whose laugh has an A-A sound are cheerful and kind. An E-E sound means they are egotistic and moody. Children and old people laugh I-I. O-O means melancholy and pessimism. As for U-U—that's the sign of a hypocrite and cheat. . . . According to a recent survey, an abortion is performed almost every minute of the day—and 90 per cent of the women are married. . . . Of people who read books, 57 per cent rent them, 31 per cent buy them. . . .The best section gang on the Alaska Railroad is composed of eight Indian women, says the general manager. . . . More than 16,000,000 American women are now holding pay-roll jobs, 27 per cent of the nation's total labor force.



For the first time she was touched with jealousy. "You have never said you loved me, and yet you have asked me to marry you, William?"

Let love come last

beginning a new serial

What choice can there be, for a woman in love?

"MY dear and beloved children ——" The words had a grave resonance, sonorous and measured. They were an epilogue to a man's life, thought Ursula Prescott, her bent head throwing a shadow upon the paper in her hands. But then, was there ever prologue or epilogue? In the beginning the end was already inherent. The epilogue should begin the story of a man's life, for his end was the beginning, as the overture carries an opera's whole theme. William Prescott had uttered his entire existence in his birth cry.

Ursula's hand touched the paper gently. She was not a woman who cried easily. She felt the cold salt drops on her cheeks, and the sensation was strange and unfamiliar. She folded the paper slowly, but not before she had again read the words: "My wife." She said aloud, as a mother would speak to a tormented child who begs for forgiveness: "Yes, my darling. I understand. It doesn't matter." She was never a religious woman. She had hoped, at one time, for personal immortality. Now, almost with passion, she hoped that William had found complete annihilation, complete darkness and nothingness. Only then would he have merciful peace and rest.

She stood up, went to the casement windows and glanced out. The small private park swept before her, darkening steadily under a dark opal of a winter sky. The naked black trees were daubed with snow; the ground glimmered spectrally. Far off, she could see the low gray wall that surrounded the grounds. How often she had stood at this window, and had seen this exact scene, and felt its desolation! She had always hated this house. But William had loved it, and though she had never spoken of her detestation, he had known with that brooding subtlety of his. It had been another of her crimes against him.

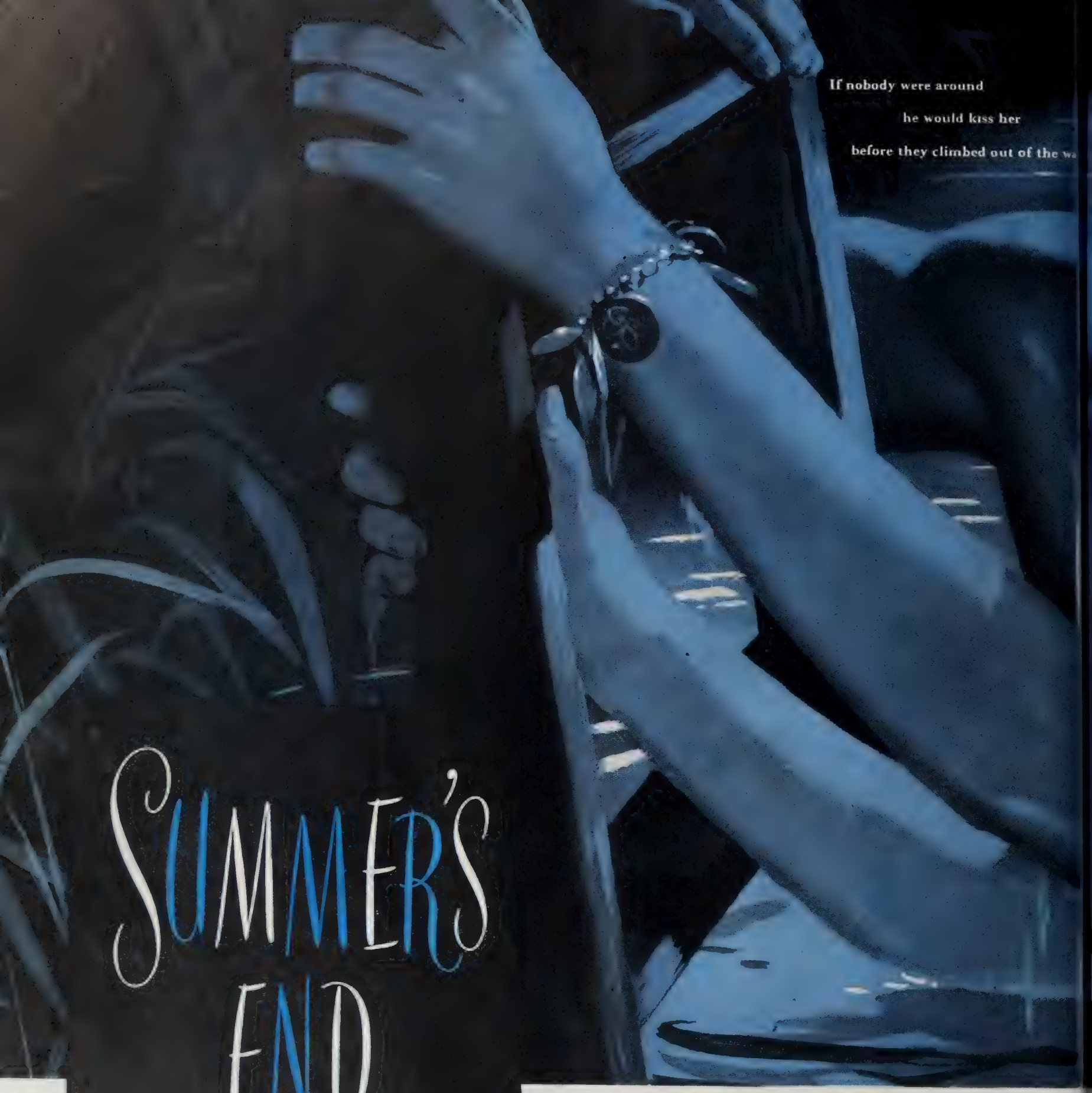
Her thoughts ran on. She thought of Oliver, who would be coming with Barbara soon. It was hard to believe *(Continued on Page 64)*

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ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



by TAYLOR CALDWELL



SUMMER'S END

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

No one can ask for more than one spring.

DAVE BANNON walked the long way around, up the hill from the pond, carrying his wet swimming trunks over his shoulder. By the time he got to the top of the hill they were almost dry, and he sat down in the shadow of the big sugar maple in front of the high school to cool off again.

Tomorrow, he thought, *Lorrie will be sitting here with me. We'll hold hands, and she'll tell me about her summer, and I'll kiss her.*

The thought of Lorrie, which had been with him the whole day, made his heart hammer with a familiar excitement and anticipation. He had not felt this good for a long time, not since graduation in June. He leaned his head against the tree trunk and looked up at the



remember

big gray field-stone school. It would be funny, he thought, never to go in there any more except as a visitor, never to walk through the musty, school-smelling halls to classes, or listen to old Fillmore's yearly joke about the freshmen, or dribble a basketball the length of the gym with everybody cheering, or wait for Lorrie in front of Gaynor's statue and walk home with her.

It hadn't been much of a summer. He had thought it was going to be wonderful, with high school behind him and everything else ahead, but it hadn't turned out that way. There didn't seem to be anything he really wanted to do. His dad said it was the letdown, after being president of the G.O. and making All-County basketball, but Dave didn't know. Everything seemed different, sort of—well, dead. And then the worst of it was that Lorrie had gone away for the summer for the first time in all the years he had known her, to some mountain resort up north, and she had written to him only three times.

Of course she had warned him about that the night before she left, right here under their tree.

"I'm awful at letters," she had told him, "but it won't mean I'm not thinking of you. And before you know it I'll be back."

"You don't really want to go, do you, Lorrie?"

"Well, it's sort of exciting, you know," she said, "when I've never been anyplace but here. But I hate to

(Continued on Page 113)

The little small young thing



ILLUSTRATED BY

Coby Whitmore

"Rest now, darling," he said. "In a little while [illegible] they'll need you."



BACK home again after the war and G. I. schooling, young Bob Eagan, big, blue-eyed, quiet and kind, settled down in his parents' home and worked in Judge Ramsey's office, as the most junior of the three lawyers who, from their offices overlooking the square, looked after the troubles of the community.

Almost at once Bob felt lonely. The girls and boys he had grown up with were married, with babies and prefabricated houses and mortgages all their own. Only Bill Henry, who was a little younger than Bob, was still running around single, and he was going about with a crowd even younger than himself. "Don't worry," Bill said. "I can fix you up with a date. Elizabeth is going to the dance with me Saturday night and she'll get a girl for you. Just leave it to us."

"A blind date!" groaned Bob. "Shades of freshman days! What kind of girl can you dig up around here on a blind date?"

"Take a chance," Bill urged. "The girls you used to know can't date you now!"

Bob laughed and agreed. On Saturday night he went to Elizabeth's with Bill. He remembered Elizabeth. She must be all of twenty, he thought. She had been a kid in junior high when he was on the basketball team. He dreaded what lay before him, but he didn't want to spend another Saturday evening playing contract with his parents and his grandmother. Elizabeth was pretty as a picture. She wore a striped lavender-and-silver frock that was surprisingly smart. Her fair hair was cut quite short.

"Your date's upstairs, Bob," she said. "She's dressing. I had to lend her an evening dress." This didn't sound too promising, but Elizabeth turned to Bill. "It's Jane Smith," she said, and she winked at Bill.

Just then heels came clattering rapidly down the steps and Jane Smith came flying into the room, fairly running. Bob stood up and his heart stopped beating. She was moving right in on them and fast, yet it seemed a long time to him while she took those few last steps. It was almost as though it were all in a slow-motion picture. She looked quite grown-up in the long scarlet dress. A cloud of dark hair hung down on her shoulders. She had the biggest, softest, darkest eyes Bob had ever seen. Her oval face, flawless and beautiful, her soft, young red mouth, her excitement—there was something almost incredible about her. Her small waist gave her a kind of precious look. Her neck was slender, as were her wrists and ankles. She had on some dark flat shoes that looked all right on her but were not really the shoes to wear with the dress. But Bob didn't care about anything like that. He gulped.

"For heaven's sake!" he said. "Where have you been? Don't tell me you live around here. I never saw *you* before!"

She laughed—a chime of sound. She blushed. She ducked her head.

(Continued on Page 171)

She was just the size
to slip through the old crack,
right into his heart.

By MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

MENTAL ILLNESS BEGINS AT HOME

by **JOAN YOUNGER**

Mental illness seldom strikes a member of a family in which love is the old stand-by home remedy and is given daily in large doses.

Just as pasteurization of milk and the nature of contagion have become matters of household knowledge, so the hygiene of the emotions and of the mind should be a matter of current information and use in the home and in the school. Maladjustments are made—no one is born with them. They are symptoms of frictions in the struggle to satisfy human needs. There is no fatality or futility about these problems of growth—nothing to be gloomy about. Help and knowledge are available. This article should be required reading for all adults.

—KENNETH E. APPEL, M. D.
Associate Director, Philadelphia Institute



Emotional strength comes from the capacity to love and be loved. Mental health throughout life is largely determined during childhood, when one is most dependent upon parental love.

PHOTO BY BRADLEY SMITH

FOR days, the boy had been crouched in a corner of his room. He refused to talk; he ate next to nothing. When anyone came near him, he raised his young, thin face from his arms, and the cold hostility of his eyes under his unkempt dark hair stared with a seeming menace.

His family was afraid of him. His father raged at him to get up, to get to work; his mother wept and screamed at him to obey his father. When they sent for help to take him to the hospital, it was in punishment. He stood up when the intern came into his room, his fists clenched threateningly. The intern stopped still before him, but behind him the nurse kept coming. She walked up to the boy and handed him a pocket comb.

"It's for you," she said. "You'll want to look nice if you're going out."

The boy looked at the comb and at the nurse. Slowly he unclenched his fists, took the comb and straightened first his hair, and then himself. The nurse took his hand; together they walked from house to ambulance.

"He'll be all right," the nurse said to the boy's mother. "He's sick now—but he's going to get well."

We have all heard of love's healing power. We have all brushed now and again against the mysteriousness of its working. We have heard of how a sick child rallied at his mother's whispered words of strength—and of the long vigil a wife kept at the bed of her husband when he seemed doomed to die, but whose coma was pierced by her love.

These are great moments, glorified by song and story. But there are also thousands upon thousands of small, everyday incidents like the one related above—incidents in which love and understanding spelled the difference between success and failure in human relationships.

Love is also the key to the growth and strength of mental and emotional health, and thus to the prevention of mental illness. Over and over, in case after case psychiatrists have discovered cruelty, hate, fear and rejection at the roots of mental disease. Over and over, they have seen love and its handmaidens, acceptance, understanding and tolerance, form the foundations of good mental health.

If love could be injected like a vaccine, our rate of mental illness could be brought to a halt. If it could be prescribed like a pill, we could open the doors of our mental hospitals and let the patients wander at will. But love, being a thing of the spirit, cannot be plotted or graphed, nor sold in a slot machine at a penny a pill. Science cannot handle this problem for us; but it can help us to learn to handle it ourselves. *(Continued on Page 102)*

MISS WILLOUGHBY • BY GEORGE ROMNEY

Who will be the Old Masters of the future? If there were only some method of foretelling this, one might commission a portrait today, enjoy it in the present, and enrich one's descendants a thousandfold. In 1784, for example, Miss Willoughby's parents paid Romney less than a thousandth part of the price their daughter's picture brought a century and a half later, when it was acquired for the National Gallery of Art.

But how can we tell what pictures will gain in appreciation? Why has the painting of Miss Willoughby come to be so highly treasured? It is merely the conventional and scarcely individualized portrait of a pretty child. Perhaps Romney was even bored with the commission, for he disliked portraiture, and the only sitter he seems to have taken pleasure in painting was Emma, Lady Hamilton, whose strange, restless magnetism enthralled and maddened him. When he painted other people, his real interest lay less in getting a likeness than in solving certain problems of color and design.

But it is because of Romney's genius as a colorist and as a decorator, irrespective of whether or not this portrait is like its sitter, that we enjoy *Miss Willoughby* today. The harmonious tone of the picture is a lesson in the adroit use of a limited palette, in this case a palette of only three colors, red, yellow and blue. The carmine and white pigments mixed for the flesh, with a little more intensity of color, serve for the sash and the streamers of the hat; the indigo used for the eyes appears again in the sky, where a last faint echo of the rose of the ribbons dies out in the pinkish clouds; and finally the ochreous foliage in the background ties in the cool brown of Miss Willoughby's hair with the warm ivory tones of her dress and hat.

The design is as simple as the color, but no less skillful. The child's gesture seems spontaneous and unposed, but note the tilt of her head to suggest a diagonal movement cross-cutting at right angles the diagonal of the sloping landscape in the background. Imagine the head upright, and the rhythm of the composition vanishes. And how satisfactory in scale is Miss Willoughby in relation to the canvas! These qualities of harmonious color and fine design, so frequently to be found in eighteenth-century English portraiture, are strong indications that a painting will continue to interest posterity and afford to the fortunate sitter a vicarious immortality.

—JOHN WALKER,
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, MELLON COLLECTION



MISS WILLOUGHBY

PAINTED BY GEORGE ROMNEY, 1734-1802

Shut the door after you

By
HAMLEN HU





Afterward she wondered

if a woman ever

"knows" a man she loves . . .

THROUGH the Public Gardens in the autumn dusk, footfalls quiet on the earthen paths; noting favorite trees—the dark copper beech, and the silver-boled beech at the corner of Charles Street; noting the rather mothy-furred squirrels and the leisurely ducks. Noting the other people: the tired ones, resting on benches for a few minutes; the mated ones, waiting, or meeting or reluctantly parting for just a little while. And the lonely ones. The lonely ones walked, with fixed gaze and even pace, not daring to pause, not daring to sit, trying to look as though they must be somewhere soon, where someone waited.

Fiona Duncan, in a dark plaid reefer and skirt, and a dark beret with a quill at the side, walking alone. On the way home from work to a Beacon Hill apartment, where nobody lived but herself, the last leaf on the barren tree in autumn. Where nobody waited.

Should I have married Skid? she thought. *Wouldn't it be better to be married to anyone, than to be alone? At least, I'd be a little useful. What good am I this way?*

It came over her with sickening force, as it did now and then, when something made her remember, that once you had loved, you were never the same again: if things went badly, you could not return to being complete in yourself, but instead you ached, with all your awakened heart, for what you knew you wanted.

What had made her remember today was having lunch with Bill Meyer, who had been one of the old group.

"I suppose you know old Skid's going to be married tomorrow?" he said, kindly not looking at her to see how she took the news.

"I haven't heard from him in almost a year," Fiona said steadily. "Is the girl nice?"

Bill sounded a little relieved. "Very nice, she seems. She's got pots of money. As a matter of fact, I guess she's the boss' daughter, and all that, but she's kind of a shy, scared, homely kid, just the same. She and Skid ought to get along."

She was about to retort, *If there's enough money and security in it for Skid, indeed they ought!* but she was pleased to hear herself say slowly, instead, "Skid would be good for a girl like that."

"Any regrets?" Bill Meyer asked suddenly.

"For Skid?" she said, glancing up at him, and smiling steadily. "No. Not for any of it. I'm glad I knew him, and sorry we broke up, but there's no going back, you know. If I were in Cleveland, I'd dance at his wedding with a light heart, Bill. So don't worry."

Bill said, "That's what I thought, and now let's have the most extravagant lunch on the menu—it's all on the expense account."

Obediently, Fiona ordered lobster, because Bill did. When it came, it had swelled to an enormous size, from the blur of tears in her eyes, and though she poked at it, she could not eat it.

"Just coffee now, thanks," she said.

"Next time I'm in town, let's go to the theater," Bill Meyer said; and she could feel the warmth and kindness in his voice. He liked her. She was a girl men liked now. "I'm leaving at five this afternoon, after this conference, so we can't do it this time. I'm sorry."

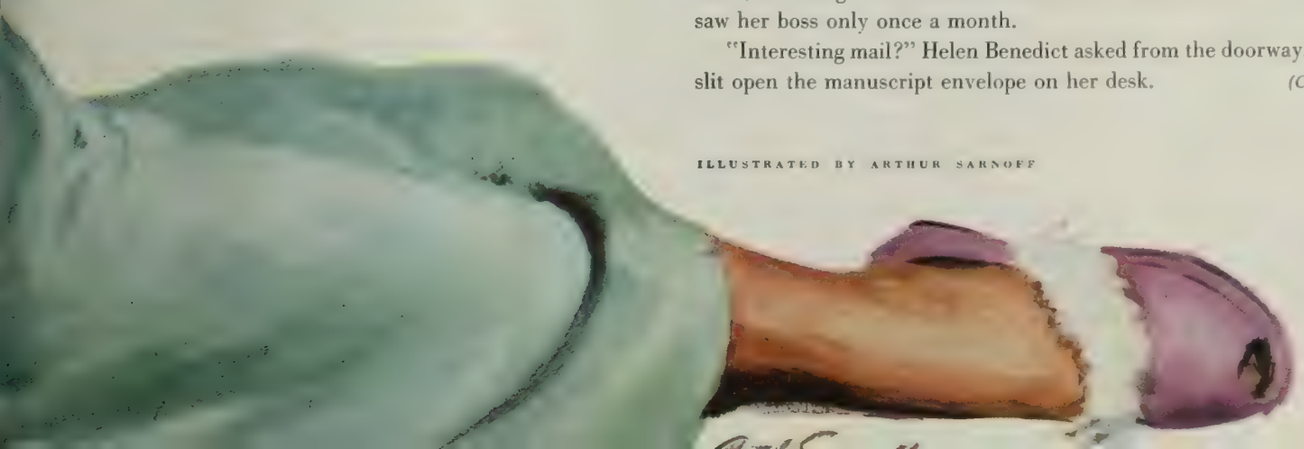
"It's been a wonderful lunch," Fiona said, and when she looked at him she could smile, and her dark eyes were clear. "Give my best wishes to Skid when you see him tomorrow. You're going to the wedding, aren't you?"

"I'm best man," Bill said. "Good-by, Fiona."

She walked back to the office in the Park Square Building where she wrote or rewrote most of what went into a geological magazine with an international, if small, following. Old Professor Martin was the editor, but Fiona did the work, and saw her boss only once a month.

"Interesting mail?" Helen Benedict asked from the doorway, as Fiona began to slit open the manuscript envelope on her desk. *(Continued on Page 216)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF



LOVE

A formula for love? Here are four. Only one is the right one, the maker of happy marriages.

By **ROALD DAHL**

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON



FROM HARPER'S BAZAAR

Publicized as glamorous, desirable, 'love at first sight' is a bad risk.

LET us first be clear about one thing: when I talk about 'love,' I do not refer to the love of parents for children or of brothers for sisters. That is not 'love' in the modern, un-Biblical sense. That is a straightforward, uncomplicated emotion—nothing more, really, than an exceedingly strong affection, usually constant, invariably powerful, easy to understand and easy to accept. But however constant and powerful it may be, it can seldom win a running battle with the other kind of 'love' when the latter is in full flood.

This other kind of love, the love of two comparative strangers of the opposite sex for each other, is neither straightforward, uncomplicated nor especially constant. It is an alarming and uncontrollable state of mind which causes those afflicted to be lifted suddenly to the most astonishing pinnacles of happiness and to be dropped with equal suddenness deep down into the darkest wells of despair and misery. The fact that in the long run—whatever the romantics may say—despair and misery predominate over happiness does not deter the mass of young people all over the world, and especially in the U. S. A., from wishing constantly, fervently, desperately to achieve this state.

And having achieved it, or believing that they have achieved it, what happens then? They marry. And having married, what then do they do?

Some live together happily ever after.

Some live together happily for a while and then relapse into a state of mutual and benign resignation.

Some live together happily for a while and unhappily for the rest of the time.

Some—and this section constitutes a very large proportion of the whole—live together happily for a while and then separate and divorce and try again.

The above is neither a cynical nor an exaggerated summary of the outcome of modern 'marriage by love,' and we can assume therefore that somehow, somewhere, all is not well with this method. It's no good saying that it is, because it isn't. It can't be, not with the divorce rate the way it is today.

Let us, then, try to examine this question of 'love.'

Our object in doing this will be to try to prove that there are, in fact, two kinds of love, that there is a distinguishable difference between the real kind, the rare one, which causes people to marry and live happily ever after, and the other one, the one which causes them to marry and divorce.

There is on the surface no difference between them. They both produce roughly the same symptoms in the sufferer. Those who are afflicted with the wrong kind of love, the one that leads to divorce, cannot usually tell that it *is* the wrong kind until too late.

First, we'll take the real love, the rare one, th maker of fine marriages.

What is that kind of love made of? Obviously is a complex sensation comprising a number different feelings, but I personally believe that i it there are two main ingredients mixed in approximately the following proportions:

60 per cent profound affection and respect.

40 per cent intense sex attraction.

Now this is a rare mixture. It is rare enough t find it in one of the two lovers, and rarer by fa to find it in both; but when that happens, the you can be fairly sure that you'll get the happy fantastic, fairy-tale result.

The important point about this kind of love i that affection and respect (which must be deep) predominate over sex attraction (which must b intense). For as the years go by, the sexual life of the two people passes inevitably through its various phases, beginning with excitement and passion, moving on to pleasurable normalcy and thence to a satisfactory *(Continued on Page 97)*

If You Ask Me

by Eleanor Roosevelt

Why is there so much hysteria against Russia, but seldom any criticism of Fascist Spain or Argentina? Isn't it because whenever a country adopts socialism or communism it is closed to further exploitation by American monopolies?

No, I do not think there is hysteria against Russia. There are perfectly valid criticisms of the U. S. S. R. for certain practices with which we do not agree. There are also valid criticisms of fascism as it appeared in Spain and as it has appeared in the Argentine.

I do not think that today American manufacturers are exploiting any part of the world in the way many interests did two or three decades ago. Exploitation is more difficult for any nation, but it is certainly not because the nation has adopted communism or socialism that this is the case. I would be inclined to say that in the case of communism it is the communist government which does the exploiting, and there is no citizen to do much criticizing. If any of our monopolies, so-called, were to try to do much exploiting in a socialist or democratic state there would be plenty of criticism.

. I am twenty-nine, unmarried, and have a secure but mediocre job in the town where I live with my parents. I want marriage and a home, but there is only one type of man who genuinely appeals to me—a type which is very rare in my locality, but numerous in a different section of the country. I am seriously considering moving to that section in the hope of finding a desirable husband. Would it be foolish of me to take this step?

No one can make the decision which you have presented to me except you yourself. I have never found that one could pick a type as a husband.

As far as leaving your parents goes, hard as that sometimes is, it is justified if one has the opportunity to really accomplish something definite by so doing.

A group of businesswomen in Southern California have been studying the terrible situation of the Indians, and those of us who are registered Democrats and who stood behind your husband ask one another why nothing effective was done during his incumbency for these first Americans. While you were traveling here and there getting aid for backward groups, why did you never do anything for the Navajos?

I have known about the situation of the Indians for a long time. My husband and I were always troubled about them and I am sure that the former Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Harold Ickes, would tell you that both my husband and I were concerned during the whole of my husband's administrations about conditions among all the Indians. It is not just the Navajos. There are many other tribes that are having a bad time and nowhere has the problem been completely solved. This is largely, of course, a question that is in the hands of Congress and of the people of the country, who must be willing to have certain things done by their representatives in Congress and show an interest in pushing them.

It may be that the present campaign of information may help more than anything else, but I have found it very difficult in the past to get anything actually done in Congress for the Indians.

What do you think is the reason that President Truman does not investigate un-American activities in the United States?

I think President Truman feels the proper body to investigate un-American activities is the FBI. He could hardly do it himself and therefore he must count on the branch of the Government which is supposed to do this work, to carry through and report to him.

I am a citizen of Holland. Is it true, as people say here, that colored people in America have a hard life? Is it true that there are special places where they must live just like the Indians? Do the Americans lynch a Negro when he is trying to vote?

The colored people in America have in some ways a hard life because they have been discriminated against in many ways in the United States. They are not treated as some Indians are, who are placed on reservations and treated as wards of the Government. The Negroes are full-fledged citizens, freed by Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, but in large cities there are often sections which become almost entirely occupied by different groups of people—colored people, Italian people, Puerto Ricans, and so on.

Lynchings in the United States occur only very occasionally, and I do not think a lynching would occur in the majority of states because a Negro was trying to vote. It might in a few states be considered as a way to prevent the Negro from using the ballot.

REPRINTED COURTESY COLLIER'S



"This is the greatest plea for racial tolerance I've ever read . . . but I'm afraid it'll offend too many people."

I have a daughter, seventeen, who will graduate from high school in June. She is planning to go to college and is willing to work for her room and board. Her father says we cannot afford to send her and will give no encouragement. I thought I could work part time to help her. Do you think it would be right for me to do this?

If your daughter is really bent on going to college she can earn her way through, and if your husband will consent to your working in order to help her it would, of course, be entirely right for you to do so and make it easier for your daughter in her first year, because colleges are not anxious to have their students work to earn their way during the first year.

Don't you think it's time that genuine American clubwomen do more than they are doing to fight communism?

We are able, all of us in this country, to make our own choices and stand up for what we believe in, and that is the way I think American clubwomen can make their contribution to American democracy. By making sure that democracy progresses, that we wipe out those failings, such as racial and religious discrimination, in our own country, and that we foster an increasing economic justice. Thus we will wipe out fears of communism because we so evidently have better conditions and greater justice here than in any other country in the world.

I read your answer to the question about teaching religion in the public schools. I agree that religion cannot be taught in schools because there are too many religions. My question is, what is your opinion of the Bible being taught in public schools?

I imagine there are few literature classes which do not teach the Bible, since many of our best writers have been influenced in their style by the Bible. Teaching the Bible as it bears on some particular church beliefs, however, would be teaching religion in the public schools.

Why doesn't the United Nations pass a libel law to prevent the poisoning of the minds of the people of one nation against the people of another nation through the use of propaganda in history books, newspapers, radios or movies?

The United Nations does not pass laws. It gets agreement among various nations and they may sign covenants or declarations or treaties.

It would be interference with the freedom of information if you tried to prevent propaganda or tried to prevent the printing of certain books and newspapers or the production of certain movies or radio programs because they gave only certain types of information. The conventions which are designed to insure freedom of information will probably try to bring about some sort of agreement as to what type of information can really be considered warmongering and can therefore, by mutual agreement, be stopped.

This is the final page in a series devoted to answers by Mrs. Roosevelt to questions asked by JOURNAL *readers.*

A boy barely used to long pants brought new wisdom and gaiety to the valley. He was a miracle-maker with a haymaker.

MONDAY morning when I started on my way to school, I had with me Don Conway, a pupil twenty years of age, who had never planned to enter school again. I was the new teacher at Lonesome Valley. He had left school when he was in the fourth grade, but he had two good fists and he would be on my side. All day Sunday while I had worked at the schoolhouse, I was trying to think of a plan so I could stay at Lonesome Valley school. I knew I had to stay. I knew if one had to go it would be Guy Hawkins.

It had taken a lot of persuasion to get Don Conway to return to school. He had planned to get married after his tobacco crop was sold. But I explained the value of an education in dollars and cents. I told him I would teach him how to measure a field and figure the number of acres, how to figure the number of bushels in a wagon bed and cornbin, and how many cubic yards of dirt one would have to remove to dig a cellar or a well. Don Conway was interested in this type of knowledge. I told him no man should be married and live on a farm unless he knew these simple things, for he could easily be cheated the rest of his days.

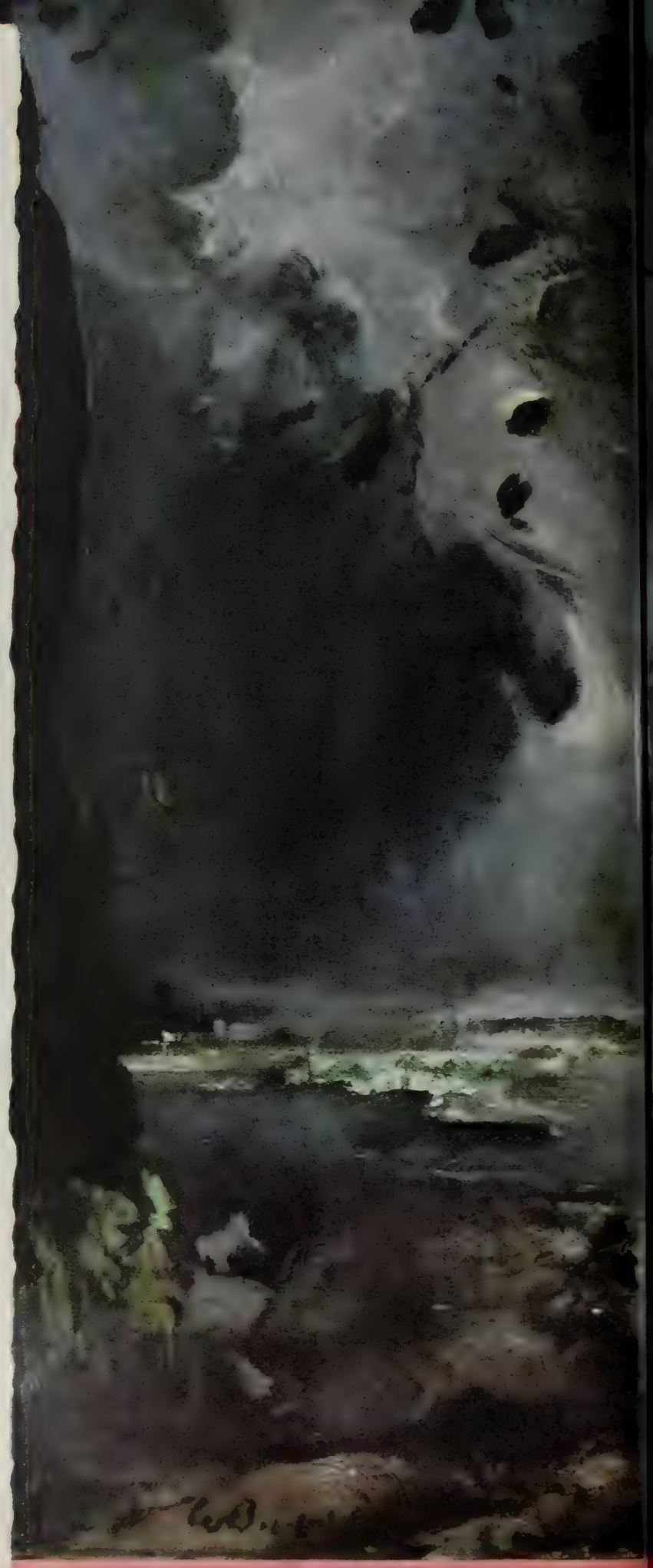
Don, his two small brothers, his sister Vaida and I went to school together. I congratulated John Conway for sending all his children but one. It would have been hard on John to try to worm and sucker his ten acres of tobacco and care for his other crops if Flossie, his older daughter, had not volunteered to help. And Bertha, his wife, assured him she would divide her time between the housework and work in the field. Flossie, eighteen, who had left school six years ago, would gladly have started back to school if I had insisted. But I knew John and Bertha had to have someone left to help them.

I almost begged Don to return to school when he and I were sitting on the porch late on Sunday afternoon and Ova Salyers and Guy Hawkins rode past on their horses. They glanced toward the porch for their first look at the new teacher, never spoke, but rode silently down the road.

Don Conway looked at Guy Hawkins and Ova Salyers and then at me. He didn't ask *(Continued on Page 122)*

★ Copyright, 1949, by Jesse Stuart. This is a condensation of the book shortly to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. ★

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS



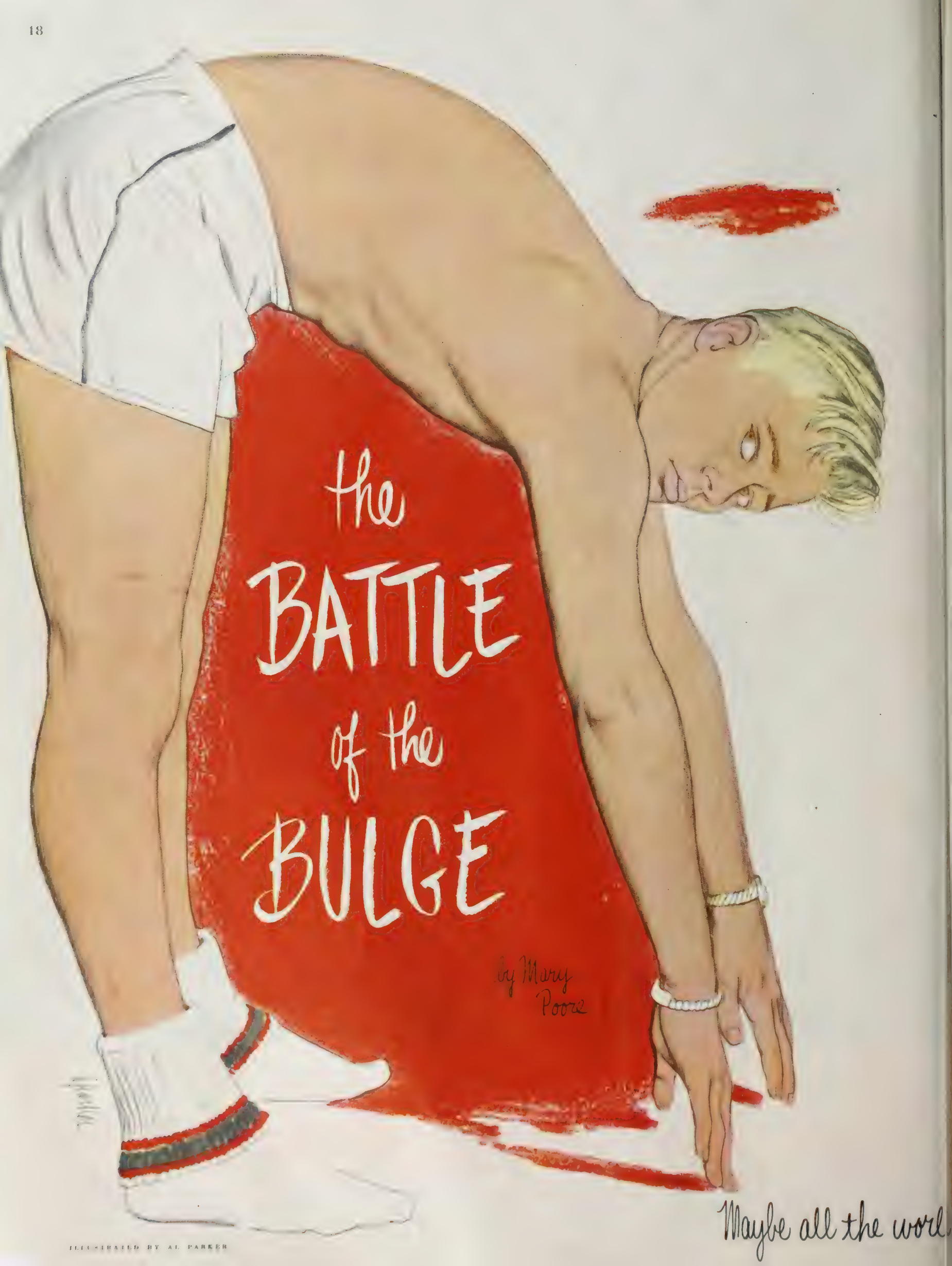
The Thread that



Runs so True

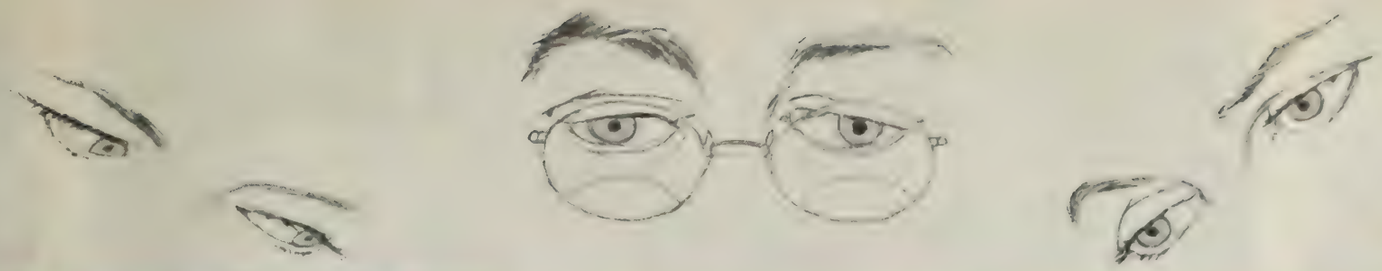
THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE
CONDENSED BOOK

By JESSE STUART



Maybe all the world

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



THE front door closed with the shattering bang which, Mrs. Parks thought, was her son's signature. He liked to do things the hard way—which, in this case, was the noisy way.

"Sam?"

"Hi, mom." He came into the kitchen. There were drops of melted snow on his fair hair and on her linoleum. His eyes were kindled by some inner joy. "Where's everybody?"

"Upstairs." And she wished they would stay there. This was the first time she had seen Sam alone since he had come back that morning for his Christmas vacation. "How was the skating?"

"Fine till it started to snow. What's that you're making?"

"Soup. Hungry?"

"I'm *always* hungry."

Mrs. Parks had anticipated this. "There're some hard-boiled eggs in that red bowl."

Sam sat down and started to eat. "You know, that skating was a lot of fun. I saw several boys from school. . . . Tonight's the Martins' party, isn't it?"

His mother thought a moment. "Yes. Why?"

"Oh, I just wanted to make sure. A girl I met said she was going."

Aware that this was a historic moment, Mrs. Parks stood very still. The soup boiled over.

"She goes to the same school Selina does."

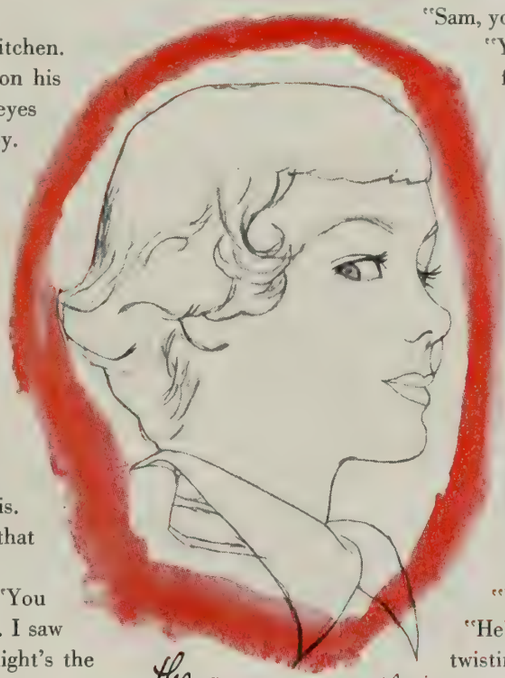
"Who does?" (As if she didn't understand.)

"Betsy Williams. This girl. Of course, she's old. She's a junior."

Williams, Mrs. Parks said to herself. She had a former classmate called Williams. She had been very pretty but not obvious, not the type her brothers admired when they were Sam's age. But you could not expect a subtle taste at sixteen—or could you?

"Betsy must be an attractive sort of girl," Mrs. Parks said at a venture.

"She *is*," he told her. "The trouble is everybody else thinks she is too. It's going to be a battle with all that competition."



the cause of it all—

Sam, meantime, ate four eggs and drank two glasses of milk. Then he went to the icebox and came back to the table with the meat she was saving for the next day.

"Sam, you've really had enough," she protested. "You mustn't eat so much. You're getting fat."

Sam looked at the remains of the ham with regret and then an expression of horror spread over his face. "Who, me? Am I really? Gosh!" He jumped up, knocking over a chair, and rushed out of the room.

Mrs. Parks picked up the chair and put the meat back in the icebox. How, she asked herself, could you tell Sam he was getting fat without telling him he was getting fat? At this point her daughter came running into the kitchen. There was red paint on her chin and the front of her dress. Selina liked to make her own Christmas cards.

"What's wrong with Sam?" she asked. "He's standing in front of your mirror and twisting around and making faces." She acted it out.

Mrs. Parks sighed. "He's worried about his weight," she said in an ill-advised moment.

Selina giggled and made herself a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich of august dimensions. Selina, in spite of a phenomenal appetite, stayed thin. She was eating when Sam came back again. She was a sight to enrage anyone who had just realized the tragic necessity of dieting. Sam glared at Selina, ready to pick a fight.

In spite of the four years' difference between them, she was no mean adversary. She looked him in the eye and said, "Hi, Fatso."

"Sh-h, Selina." Mrs. Parks felt it was like saying sh-h to Vesuvius.

"Oh, mom, she's right." Selina's mouth dropped open in surprise. "I am fat. Look how I stick out here."

Relieved, Mrs. Parks laughed kindly. "Everybody sticks out behind," she told Sam. "You have to have something to sit on."

(Continued on Page 257)

oves a fat boy, but Betsy was out of this world



LEEDS green-glazed earthenware, with leaf-and-weave design in relief. These beautifully modeled forms, reflecting the Chinese influence, were made in the best period (1800–20) of Leeds work.



STAFFORDSHIRE earthenware, a collectors' favorite, with hand-painted polychrome design of birds and flowers, here arranged in luncheon setting with silver-luster teapot. About 1820.

China to Cherish

By ROSSER JOHNSON



PINK LUSTER is one of the rarer types of Staffordshire china, its soft underglaze color creating in this intimate setting an effect of great charm and unusual delicacy. About 1825.

STRAWBERRY LUSTER makes a delightful tea setting, its hand-painted berries refusing to show their 120 years. Teacups are without handles, a characteristic of many early pieces.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

The handsome pieces of china and earthenware in these settings were produced in England over one hundred years ago, at a time when the art of making fine pottery was at its height. The most famous English potteries flourished at Staffordshire and Leeds because of their ample supply of coal and the excellent quality of their clay. Through the skill of such great artisans as Spode and Wedgwood they were able to match the highly ornamental work of the European centers of Sèvres, Meissen and Delft, but their most popular products by far were pieces of useful tableware like those shown here, both beautiful and practical, which for generations have been cherished by families all over the world, especially in England and America. The pieces you see above are but a small part of the fabulous John B. Morris private collection, one of the largest in the world, and destined eventually for museums, where people will be able to enjoy it face to face.

PLANS FOR A SUMMER BRIDE

By Nora O'Leary



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



Each bride is prettier than the one before, or so it seems. A radiant face set off by a lovely dress is an enviable combination. Our white organdy with eyelet insertion has all the charm of a Godey print with its tiny waistline, small puff sleeves and slight train. We suggest bridesmaid dresses in pastel organdy made the same way . . . perhaps with ribbon sashes and parasols. Ivy leaves and blossoms for the wreath and garland. Vogue Design No. S-4993.





Calico or tie silk, tiny waist nipped in. Vogue Design No. 6703, 12 to 18.

Your coat: high shade of butcher linen or flannel . . . an ensemble by adding print cuffs, hat. Vogue Design No. 6641, 12 to 20.



Spectator sport dress, crisp rayon; with bright accessories. Vogue Design No. 6647, 12 to 20.



© VOGUE

Plan your trousseau so that you will look lovely every hour of the day. Something fresh and pretty to wear in the morning . . . a classic dress for sight-seeing . . . a comfortable costume for tennis . . . a feminine afternoon dress . . . and something lovely for under the stars. Your versatile coat in a gay color looks well over everything. Be sure the colors are your most becoming, the fabric packable (always find room for a tiny travel iron), your accessories changeable.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)



Polka-dot cotton softly tailored shirt, Vogue Design No. 6763, 12 to 42. Wear matching tailored shorts, 6579, 24 to 32.

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD



Three-piece play dress: black linen bolero and skirt, with white linen halter. Vogue Design No. 6727, 12 to 20.



Plain and eyelet piqué in the most feminine of afternoon dresses. Make in pastel. Vogue Design No. 6761, 12 to 20.

Your white linen halter with huge printed organdy skirt, No. 6580, 24 to 32.

Other views and prices on page 116

A SUB-DEB'S MEMO . . .

ON SUMMER CLOTHES



Candy-striped chambray, by Salem K. Saba. Linen pumps and piqué turban.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





Morning news: dark green cotton bare-top sun dress, with triangle scarf and straw basket-bag.



Sleek lines are best: coral-color two-piece bathing suit stretches two ways; by Mabs Barnes.

This is the summer that I WILL make a plan, and not let the situation get out of control. Bare-top cottons are sensational, for mornings and the beach—but not for town. I'll watch for good "cut" in shorts—crash cottons with a cuff hem—and I'll match playshoes to the halter. I'll have at least one two-piece cotton suit or dress *complete* with hat, short white cotton gloves and a straw bag . . . one pair of higher-heeled pumps, and the rest flat or with those inch heels and quarter-inch straps. My square-dance skirt can be a big bold plaid, but the prom dress will be *quite* another thing—"fragile" is the word for it, romantic the mood. I'll jot down "cotton" by everything on my list because—(A) I love it and (B) it costs less. ★ By RUTH MARY PACKARD

Square-dance skirt in block-plaid cotton, black top with a boat neckline. By Marjorie Montgomery.



Prom dress in ankle-length, off-the-shoulder cotton voile print, wound with velvet ribbon; by Sol Rappaport

Your well-cut shorts in cotton crash, bosun halter by Edwina Patterson; option sleeveless to make it a Pan Jumper



Bare-tops with new ways: print with pocket; halter dress, crisscross tie. Shoes by Ben Sommers.



Senior-week parties: crinkled organdy, white linen pumps and gloves.



Janet Leigh (star of "Little Women") wears an afternoon cotton: mauve piqué over organdy ruffles.



STAR PERFORMANCE IN COTTON

THE FASHION OF COTTON KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES . . . YOUNG STARS ADORE IT . . . EVERYBODY WEARS IT. PERFORMANCE TIME: MORNING TO MIDNIGHT. ★ BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal



This iridescent blue chambray performs equally well in city or country. Buttons down the back.



Diana Lynn in a popular fashion: cotton jacquard shirting dress, a bare-top with bolero jacket.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



iana Lynn (co-starring in "Bitter Victory") wears a sheer
ummer-night cotton, camisole top, designed by Dorothy Cox.



Mrs. William K. Stewart, of Pasadena, in a fresh blue two-piece cotton, by Valerie Galembert.



Colorful beach dress in rough Mexican-border cotton. Its wide skirt designed in strips, like ribbon, straw bag.

This house was different.

They used their hearts for its door.

The Beckoning Years



By **JESSAMYN WEST**

JESS wakened before daylight and listened to the far-off crowing of a cock. A cock in his own barnyard answered and Jess stretched himself on his good cord bed with pleasure. "Summer's come," he said. He whispered the news to himself, lightly. He would not think of awakening Eliza, sleeping soundly by his side. Still, if she overheard him and awakened of her own will, that would be a different matter.

It was neither day nor night. Someplace in between. The sitting room of the log house, which was also his and Eliza's bedchamber, was like a roiled stream when the mud first begins to settle. There was less and less blackness. Jess could pick out here and there the shape of a piece of furniture. Slats of a chair back against a window. Curve at the top of a secretary. Knobs of brass on the firedogs where the broad mouth of the chimney let down a shaft of morning grayness. White muslin curtains straight-hanging in the motionless air. Air itself scented with hay and ripening fruit and the cinnamon pinks under the window.

"Summer is here," Jess said, a little more loudly, though still privately and to himself.

Eliza opened her black eyes. "How does thee know?" That was one of the things Jess liked about Eliza. She was awake or asleep, one or the other, no in-between states.

"Can tell by the way the cocks are crowing."

"Have they crowed?" asked Eliza.

"Yes," said Jess. "Didn't they waken thee?"

Eliza plumped up her pillow and from the extra height looked across at her husband. "Thee knows what wakened me."

Jess often marveled at the way Eliza, sleeping, was diminished. Rising to speak in meeting, lifting a child in her arms, she was good-sized, commanding even. Asleep, she was near to nothing. One of his legs from hip socket to toe would like as not outweigh her. She lifted the two heavy braids of black hair away from her neck and shoulders as if in the growing warmth she did not like their weight.

"Thee knows well enough what awakened me, Jess Birdwell," she repeated. "Thee whispering to thyself. Can't thee make out to think without whispering?"

"Don't seem so," Jess admitted. "There!" he said. "Hear them?"

Eliza listened: in the distance the broken scratching of roosters' voices; young roosters growing toward a Fourth of July skillet. "Sounds as usual to me."

"Listen," bade Jess. "When roosters wake crowing hoarse, summer is here," he explained.

Eliza marveled at the relish her husband had for the seasons. As another person ticks off the hours of the day, saying, "It's sunup, high noon, lamplighting time," Jess kept track of the year's changes. He would appear suddenly before her as she straightened up from making a bed or buttoning a child's drawers, put a leaf into her hand and say, "Fall's here." He appreciated it if she answered, "What makes thee think so, Jess?" but whether she did or not he told her.

"Seems I recall thee saying summer had come when flies buzz before sunup. Or when there's morning thunderclouds."

"There's more signs than one," Jess admitted. "But cocks crowing hoarse—that's a sure sign."

Eliza liked weather herself; sun and a brisk wind on washday, warm weather when her Plymouth Rocks hatched, snow for the children at Christmas, a mild spell for Yearly Meeting. She liked to hear weather busy doing its duty: sending the windmill round, distributing a leisurely rain once the corn was

(Continued on Page 237)

"When we were first married," Eliza said softly, "I'd walk out at night to this tree just so I could look back at the lights in our house."


ILLUSTRATED BY Alex Ross



Menu

serves six

Tomato Madrulene à la Russe

Rye Wafers

Planked Shad with Roe

Duchess Potatoes

Peas

Wilted Cucumber and Radish Salad



PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

Crusty Finger Rolls

Coffee

Strawberry-Meringue Shortcake



By ANN BATCHELDER

WHEN I was young and in my prime, and first of May came round, the time was ripe to get the line and bait; and oh, I never had to wait to hear the welcome words: "The date is open—let's go fishin'."

You'd be surprised, or maybe not, if you could know the thoughts I thought, a-sittin' on some alder brink, watching the line and sinker sink, the sunlight lacing through the trees, and never blew so sweet a breeze, and never tangled line more fast in those same alders till at last I got a tug and felt a bite, hook just working, worm just right. Sleepy? Well, I came awake when I felt the old rod shake and reeled her in and there a sight that any fisherman calls right. The speckled trout—and then another. *There* was a tale to tell my mother. For I'd been fishin'. And I could prove it too!

It's here, and how! Well, it's May again. It always seems so long in getting here, but one thing I've noticed, and that is that the seasons, minding their own business and not getting pushed and hurried, come around just as regular and easy and sort of insinuate themselves into the picture with no fanfare and no trumpets. They get here, and for the most part pretty much on time. Ever notice it?

Speaking of time. And speaking of time, there's hardly a day goes by that I'm not struck with the way folks dwell on it. Every hour, every minute all allotted to this or that, all set in an inexorable pattern and try to change it. Slaves, I call them, these time eaters. Never a free minute. Nothing extemporaneous in *their* lives. They live and die by the clock and the calendar. Why, even their *meals* have to be "on time," and they make a virtue of *that*. Well, I don't.

Maybe there are others. It's been years since I had a meal on the same hour as the one yesterday. And I know that tomorrow the chances are that something will come up and I may want to read another chapter or go downtown to get a cucumber and meet an old friend and drop in at the drugstore and forget what I went down for in the first place and—oh, *(Continued on Page 233)*

NEWARK MUSEUM



LINE A DAY

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 Dilys Bennett Laing has now essayed a full-length novel, THE GREAT YEAR. It's a saga of a Vermont farm family. Three generations play their homely parts in a story that is cloaked only in the iridescent mantle of the four seasons. This book has charm.

2 Now to go from novels to real life. Making meat pies, chicken pies and fricassees, there's seldom enough gravy. Don't turn on the tap. Open two or more cans of beef broth or strong chicken broth and extend your gravy that way.

3 Here's something as new as baby's first shoes. Deals with peas. Cook them in a very little water till almost done. Then put in a shallow frying pan with a good piece of butter, a seasoning of sugar, salt and pepper, and a few tablespoons of julienne strips of cold boiled ham. Toss and turn until well heated through. These are definitely delicious.

4 Watching the hens gadding about in the spring, being very vocal over their achievements, I naturally have chicken on my mind.

5 Make some rich, thinnish griddlecakes, butter them and keep them hot. Spread with plenty of chicken hash, roll them up. Serve with mushroom or cream sauce.

6 Tomatoes will come to the rescue of many a last-minute crisis. Cut off the tops. Scoop out the insides, add the pulp of the tomatoes to a can of corned-beef hash. Season well. Fill the tomatoes and cover with crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake until tomatoes are tender, the tops brown. This is a top dish.

7 This is something you won't find in a beanery. Prepare a pair of sweetbreads. Cut them into small, even pieces. Sauté half a pound of sliced mushrooms and add sweetbreads. Add a small can of truffles, sliced thin.

8 *Second verse:* Make a very light cream sauce. Add half a can of *pâté de foie*. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. When done, serve very hot on chicken breasts, steamed and sautéed in butter. This is a very special dish for a very special occasion.

9 Cook up a mess of ground hominy. Have it on the stiff side. Pour it into a bread pan and set away overnight. *(There's more to this.)*

10 Slice thin slices from the loaf; put a slice of cheese between slices of hominy, dip in beaten egg and crumbs (cracker, please) and fry in hot fat. Serve with chicken or with any creamed dish.

11 Appetizers know no end. They come up in the most unexpected places. And often ad lib. So—give these a mind.

12 Toast some buttered crackers. Mash up a can of skinless and boneless sardines with enough tartare sauce to make a spread. Spread on the crackers.

13 Being on the subject, let's stick to it. Again it's toasted crackers or fingers of buttered toast. Open a can of crab paste and season it with a little lemon juice. Spread on the crackers.

14 One more, and we'll leave the subject. Take grated tuna fish. Mix with tartare sauce, heap on toasted crackers, garnish with lemon slivers and sliced ripe olives.

15 *From an old cookbook:* "At each course at breakfast—there should be no less than *six*—guests should be asked if they will take tea or coffee warm." After six, who cares!

16 Oh, to be in Georgia now that spring is here! And that reminds me of Aunt Persis' crackle bread. A memory—out of the past.

17 All there is to it is a fine old-fashioned corncake, baked thin, and liberal it is with crisp bacon broken up all through it. Hot, buttered, it's good!

18 Dried beef in cream is one of the dishes I like. Instead of baked potatoes with it, try this: make a rich cream sauce.

19 *Chapter II.* Now "pick" the dried beef into pieces, not too prissy and fine. Put the beef in the sauce. Season to taste. Serve on hot buttered toast with a beautiful poached egg on each slice. This has elegance and good taste—and all stems from dried beef.

20 Next time you roast a duck, try this: stuff it with an orange cut into eighths (rind and all) and two onions, cut into pieces. Gives the duck a nice flavor, and what it does to the gravy is really something special. To my notion, bread stuffing does not go with duck.

21 Floating Island may surprise some sophisticates. Make a smooth soft custard, in the double boiler. Three eggs to a pint of milk. Cook until it coats the spoon. No more, no longer. Strain, flavor and chill.

22 *Canto two:* Beat now, very stiff, the whites of three eggs, with a little salt and three tablespoons of sugar. A meringue—that's all. Take it up by spoonfuls and drop, *one* at a time, into furiously boiling water. When set, take out with care (use a skimmer) and place on your custard.

23 Have I told you, as I passed by with a platter of fritters, about glazing the delicious things? Sprinkle them generously with sugar, put on a rack and under the broiler, not too near, until the sugar makes a glaze.

24 By the way, I've found that fritter batter takes to flavoring as neatly as kittens take to cream.

25 A little lemon juice *with* a few drops of lemon extract to point it up is a safe bet for fruit-fritter batter.

26 For a tea-table treat cut hot toast into fingers, spread with soft maple sugar. Sprinkle with cinnamon, broil a minute and serve. Cinnamon toast to end all cinnamon toast.

27 Another little titbit is done this way. Make up a fine white cake and bake it in one big sheet. Cut out rounds, split them carefully and fill them with jam. Then frost all over and roll in shredded coconut.

28 Here's a new trick with that roll receipt. Add one cup finely shredded blanched almonds to the dough. After shaping the rolls, sprinkle them with more shredded almonds and a little sugar. Bake as usual. Delicious.

29 Serve chocolate and pistachio ice creams together—and you have something as good to eat as it is to look at.

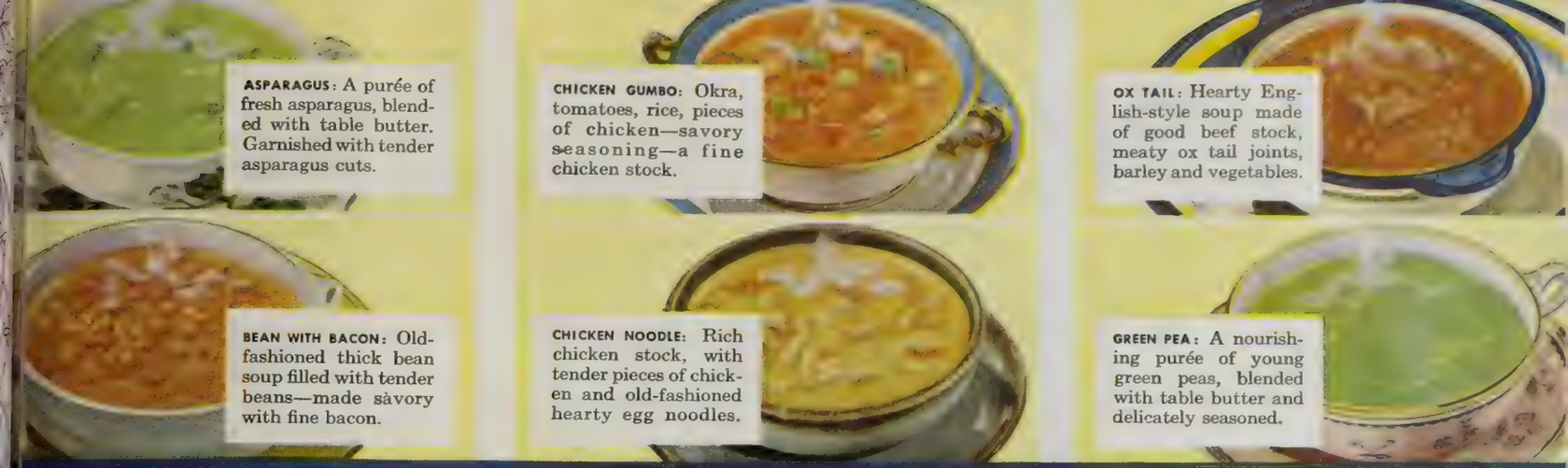
30 Don't forget that few prouder moments come to a husband than the one when he reels in the big trout. So cook them with care and praise his prowess.

31 My garden may not resemble the Garden of Eden—but who can prove it? Looks like it right now. And more so—later. I hope.

SONG FOR SORROW

Oh, think not of tomorrow,
'Tis twelve long hours away.
And they who dwell on sorrow
Mind not the time of day.

Think more of countless others
Whose woes from heartbreak stem.
They are your soul's own brothers:
Let your heart break for them.



ASPARAGUS: A purée of fresh asparagus, blended with table butter. Garnished with tender asparagus cuts.

CHICKEN GUMBO: Okra, tomatoes, rice, pieces of chicken—savory seasoning—a fine chicken stock.

OX TAIL: Hearty English-style soup made of good beef stock, meaty ox tail joints, barley and vegetables.

BEAN WITH BACON: Old-fashioned thick bean soup filled with tender beans—made savory with fine bacon.

CHICKEN NOODLE: Rich chicken stock, with tender pieces of chicken and old-fashioned hearty egg noodles.

GREEN PEA: A nourishing purée of young green peas, blended with table butter and delicately seasoned.

"21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM"

BEEF: Plenty of tender pieces of beef, with nourishing vegetables and barley, in a hearty beef stock.

PEPPER POT: Early American-type soup. Pieces of meat, macaroni, carrots and potatoes in a meat stock.

HOW MANY OF THESE FINE SOUPS DO YOU KNOW?

The next time you visit the grocer's, give an "extra look" at the Campbell's Soup Section. Go adventuring among the 21 Kinds. You will find them all delicious, all nourishing. All good value, too—something you'll specially appreciate these days!



Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

BEEF NOODLE: A deep-flavored stock, slow-simmered from selected beef, with pieces of beef and egg noodles.

SCOTCH BROTH: A thick, nourishing meat-stock *soup*—with fine vegetables, barley, and tender pieces of mutton.

BLACK BEAN: Smooth purée made of fine black beans, seasoned to your taste. Nourishing and delicious.

TOMATO: It's America's favorite soup. World's finest tomatoes, blended with creamery butter, gentle seasoning.

BOUILLON: (Beef Broth) A clear beef broth delightfully flavored with garden vegetables—a grand dinner-beginner.

CLAM CHOWDER: Chopped clams, tomatoes, potatoes, and savory herbs, in deep-flavored tangy clam broth.

VEGETABLE: Fifteen different kinds of garden vegetables in a nourishing beef stock. It's hearty and homey!

CHICKEN with Rice: Fine, plump chickens are simmered to give a chicken-rich broth—rice, pieces of chicken.

CONSOMMÉ: Rich, clear amber beef broth, pointed up with herbs, tomatoes, celery, and carrots.

VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE: Another fine vegetable soup, filled with tender vegetables. Made without beef stock.

New! **CREAM of CHICKEN:** Rich chicken stock, heavy sweet cream—with pieces of chicken and tender celery cuts.

CREAM of MUSHROOM: Cultivated mushrooms blended with extra-heavy whipping cream. Mushroom pieces.

VEGETABLE-BEEF: Garden vegetables, nourishing barley and tender pieces of beef—all in a hearty beef stock.



Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference** . . . and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use . . . Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. **Prove this to yourself** with the free jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.



LET LOVE COME LAST

(Continued from Page 35)

that any of her children had passed the age of thirty.

Ursula pressed her forehead against the cold, leaded window. Behind her lay shrouded rooms, with only a single light burning in the entrance hall. The servants had been dismissed. She was alone in this mansion, where all her children had been born, and where William had died. The room in which she stood, her bedroom, was growing cold; the fire had died down to a heap of ash and sparks.

Dear, dear Oliver. She loved him more than she had loved any of the other children, even Barbara. Restlessly, Ursula walked back and forth before the windows, watching for Oliver. She passed the table where she had laid the paper, put her hand over it, protectingly. "Yes, dear," she said aloud, very gently.

She heard a loud and staccato series of explosions. She turned to the window again. Oliver and Barbara had arrived. They would rescue her and take her away.

It would be a beginning again. Not the beginning of youth, with joy and anticipation. Perhaps for her, however, it would be the beginning of peace.

Ursula often thought that the real beginning of her life had taken place on a cool white twilight in late March, 1879, in the city where she had been born, Andersburg.

Andersburg was never to grow larger than one hundred thousand souls. There had been no impetus for growth, for Pittsburgh was less than one hundred miles away. Foothills covered with forests gave it a natural beauty. But even from the hills, Andersburg had a brawling and untidy character.

Never hurt anyone consciously; you do it too often unconsciously anyway.
—KANT.

Ursula Wende's father had been a teacher in a small private school. When he died he left a small field-stone house to his daughter, a plot of uncultivated land, eight thousand dollars in cash, and his books. There was nothing else, unless one added a capacity for self-understanding, a serenity of mind, pride and a balanced ability to observe the world and its doings without overmuch heat.

Ursula was twenty-seven years old, a "confirmed" spinster. Fortunately, she had no relatives to support. Her mother had died when her child was ten. As Ursula had always made her own clothing, she was a clever seamstress, and milliner. Therefore, she had her choice of three ways of making a living. Teaching had "prestige," but dressmaking and millinery might bring in more money.

In her early twenties, she had considered marriage. But though she had attracted a number of young men, she had never been overly attracted to them. At twenty-seven, she had no suitors who interested her. Men of her own age were already married or contemplating marrying women much younger.

She finally decided that she would accept a teaching post in a small girls' school, with a salary large enough to take care of her very modest requirements. She would not sell her home, though good offers had been made. It was her refuge, with its library of books, its excellent old furniture, its elms and perfect garden. She and her father had both had exquisite taste. There was not an ugly note in the house or on its grounds.

Here, Ursula could entertain her very few friends. She did entertain them, but not too frequently. There were moments when she felt quite warm toward her friends; there was in her a quiet capacity for affection. But she still preferred large doses of her own companionship. *Yes, I am really a spinster*, she thought, without regret. If there was something missing in her life, she did not allow herself to enlarge upon it.

In the autumn, she would take the teaching post. But now it was March, with its wan cold twilights and silences. Often she stood in the wet brown garden, her shawl over her shoulders, drawing the chill air into her lungs. *Nothing*, she thought, *will ever change*. She was not sorry.

But on the twenty-eighth of March that year, with spring definitely established, things changed for her forever.

The jonquils massed themselves in cold and golden pools near the rear wall of the house. Ursula had not as yet lighted a lamp; the house waited for her, dark and silent, with a low red fire in the parlor. She was cutting an armful of the jonquils, and thinking, with tranquil sadness, of her father, who had preferred these flowers above all others. She would put the jonquils into water tonight; tomorrow, she would carry them to his grave.

The curve of the moon brightened, and the wind became colder. Even the jonquils faded in the darkening twilight. It was then that she heard the brass knocker sounding abruptly on her front door. Echoes bounded back to her. The whole street would hear that peremptory summons.

Annoyed, Ursula thought of heads appearing at windows, staring down at the gray cobblestones and at her door. She entered the rear door, laid the jonquils on the table in the kitchen, thrust a spill into the glowing coals in the stove, carried the wavering light into the parlor, and lighted a lamp. Whoever stood outside must have seen the warm flare against her undrawn curtains; again the knocker resounded. Ursula laid down her shawl, passed her hands over her hair, went composedly to the door, and opened it to the rush of dark night air.

The gas lamps along the street outlined the tall broad figure of a man. She could not see his face. He took off his hat, and said, "Mrs. Wende?"

"Miss," corrected Ursula. "What is it you wish?"

"Miss Wende," said the stranger, "you have a plot of land, fifteen acres, to the east of the town. I want to buy it. What is your price?"

Ursula was exasperated. Her first impulse was to say, "The land is not for sale," and shut the door. But that was absurd. She wished to sell the land. She said, "You must see my lawyer, Albert Jenkins, in the Imperial Bank Building."

"Nonsense," said the stranger. "Why should I wait until tomorrow? I don't want to diddle with lawyers. You sound like a sensible woman. Why pay your lawyer the commission?"

"Simply because he is my lawyer."

"If I go to him," said the stranger, "I'll offer him five hundred dollars less than he asks, and you'll pay his commission to boot." He paused. "I suppose I was mistaken. You aren't a sensible woman after all."

"But why does it have to be settled tonight?" asked Ursula, with a sharp edge to her voice. "I can't bargain with you on the doorstep ——"

"Then you can invite me in." His voice softened as if he were smiling. "I'm harmless and I'm in a hurry. You don't need to be afraid of me."

"I'm not in the least afraid," said Ursula. She hesitated. If she admitted this man, the news would be told at breakfast in every house on the street: "Ursula Wende had a male caller last night; she allowed him to enter her house, though she had no female friend with her. Of course, everyone knows that Ursula is the soul of discretion, but still ——"

Suddenly, Ursula was sick of discretion. Besides, she was by nature respectful of money. A thousand dollars extra would not harm her in the slightest. She did not doubt that her caller would do exactly as he threatened: offer, and probably gain, a reduction in the original price. The land was in the least fashionable of the suburbs, and no one wanted it. She resented the taxes she had to

(Continued on Page 67)

The Countess Jean de Caraman

Her lovely face gives out to you the bright Magic of Herself

She is beautiful—and more—you think when you look at the Countess de Caraman's face. For her face gives out to you her delightful *Inner Self*. It sends you eloquent messages of her individuality, her quick responsiveness, her charming femininity.

***Your Face* has something special to say to the world about *you*. Are you helping it to speak for you with originality and beauty? Your face is the You that others see first, remember. Make sure it is showing the real You happily—at your very best. You should. You can.**



The Countess de Caraman's pearl-smooth skin tells you she gives it beautiful care. Her trusted beauty help is Pond's Cold Cream. "I'm *devoted* to it," she says.

THAT HALF-REALIZED SELF WITHIN YOU CAN MAKE YOU OVER

Never think you are cut to just one pattern. You are *not*. You are changing every day. And *you* can direct this change.

Within you is a wonderful force that can help you. It grows out of the close relation of your *Inner Self* to your *Outer Self* and the power of each to change the other.

You have felt it in the happy confidence that glows out from you when you *know* you *look lovely*—you have felt it, too, in the uneasiness that comes when you *miss* looking charming and right. It is the very important reason why those special daily niceties that make you look lovelier can work a magic change in *You*—your whole outlook, your whole appeal to other people.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Your *face* is the first picture others see of you. To keep it a bright, appealing picture needs understanding help. Discover *now* this new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with your Pond's Cold Cream. It can bring your face a *special* cleanness, greater *softness*, brighter color.

Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) *cream* your face this rewarding way. *Do it like this:*

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl your Pond's Cold Cream—lots of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second soft Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, *immaculate*. Tissue off again.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.



The Countess says, "I don't know any face cream of finer quality than Pond's." Get this favorite *big* size of Pond's Cold Cream today!

This special Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment literally works on *both sides* of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt, make-up as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this face treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation. As the charming Countess de Caraman says—"it leaves your face *glowing*."

Remember always—It is *not vanity* to develop the beauty of your face. Every one who cares about you *wants* to see you *looking lovely*. It helps you add to their happiness—it helps you feel happier *yourself*. And this greater happiness brings the real Inner You closer to others.



Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo



NOT A SOAP!
NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S
RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering Glamorous Hair

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN . . . for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE your hair smartly groomed and sparkling with unexpected sheen. Tonight he can FEEL your hair caressably soft and silky. Tonight he can THRILL to your hair's glorious natural beauty . . . if you use LUSTRE-CREME Shampoo today.

Yes, only Lustre-Creme brings you Kay Daumit's magic formula for glamorizing your hair as you wash it. A blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin, Lustre-Creme gives "loveliness-lather" even in the hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean and free of loose dandruff; glistening with sheen; so soft and manageable . . . gives new and shimmering beauty to all "hair-dos" or permanents.

Famous hairdressers use and recommend LUSTRE-CREME Shampoo. Beauty-wise women have made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try it! You'll love the lovely results Lustre-Creme shows in your hair . . . And so will the man in your life.

(Continued from Page 64)

ay on it, small as they were. She thought of
ie grasping Mr. Jenkins. If there was grasp-
g to be done, she could do it herself.
She opened the door wider, and said,
Come in."
The man promptly followed her into her
ny hall. She led the way sedately into the
arlor beyond. The lamp had a heartening
ght. It revealed the walnut paneling of the
alls, the faded Aubusson rug, the well-
olished, ancient furniture.
The stranger looked about him, smiled.
e had a dark saturnine smile, unwilling and
nfriendly. There was about him an atmos-
here of force and ruthlessness.
"A nice room," said the stranger.
Ursula eyed him narrowly. He was well
essed in an excellently cut coat of black
oadcloth and discreetly striped trousers. His
aistcoat was of heavy silk. He carried a
eatcoat on his arm. His clothing advertised
ie gentleman. But Ursula knew he was no
ntleman, for all he wore his splendor with
se. She felt an unfamiliar curiosity, and stud-
d him with more interest. He had a large,
arrow head, with straight, black hair well
mbed and neat. Eyebrows, unruly and
ry black, almost met over deep-set, gray
es. His nose was predatory, thin and
rved. His wide mouth was set tautly; he
d a sound hard chin with a deep dimple.
"Won't you sit down, Mr. ——"
"William Prescott," he said, and sat down,
acing his hat and greatcoat on a sofa. He
anced at the fire, then before she could
eak he was up again, tossing coals on the
nbers, and vigorously stirring them. "I
ate to be cold," he remarked. "I like heat,
lenty of heat. I suppose that is because I
ave been cold so often in my life."
Nonplused, Ursula watched and listened.
le spoke in the phrases of a gentleman, but
ithout a gentleman's accent. She waited
ntil he had seated himself again. All this
ould have made her uneasy. But on the
ontrary, the queerest excitement stirred her.
She saw he was studying her candidly. She
ad no vanity, and knew that she was not
eautiful. Still, friends had commented upon
er long oval face, so smooth and cool and
olorless, except for a rather inflexible mouth
f a pale coral tint. Her hair was very long
nd thick, and of a deep russet color. She had
yes to match. She wore her hair parted in
he middle, over a high white forehead, and
rawn back austerely to a large knot with
ever a curl or coquettish fringe.

William Prescott said, "You think me precipitous, coming like this hardly two hours after seeing your land?"

Ursula answered in a cool, indifferent tone. "It does seem extraordinary. You were not expecting to build on it tonight, were you, Mr. Prescott?"

He laughed suddenly. "Strange to admit, but in a way I am. I never wait. I take plenty of thought, but I do it faster than the average person. When I saw that land, I had not only bought it in my mind, but I had built what I wished upon it."

Ursula was irritated. "You haven't even asked the price. I am not prepared to sell the land cheap."

"How much?" he asked.

She became aware that there was always a demand in his questions. She began to dislike him more and more. She had placed a price of fifteen hundred dollars on the land. She said disinterestedly, "Two thousand dollars."

He objected, "I had expected no more than fifteen hundred. Even that is too much."

"I am not going to argue about prices," Ursula said. "I have given you the price I will take. If you do not wish to pay it—or cannot," she added, with a sudden awareness that this would cut him sharply, "then we need not go on with the discussion."

She saw she was right, for he reddened. "You know nothing of my financial condition," he said rudely. "You know nothing about me."

So, he was vulnerable. "You are correct, Mr. Prescott." She made her voice haughtily insolent. "Are you a stranger to Andersburg?"

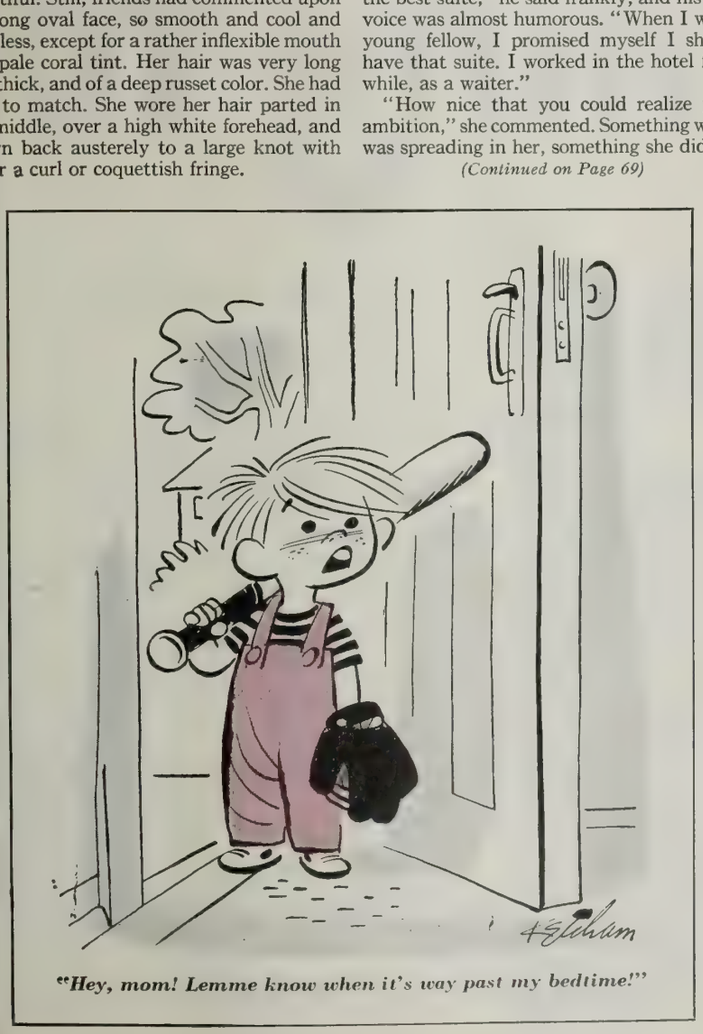
His mouth tightened. "I was born in Andersburg, Miss Wende. I am temporarily living in the Imperial Hotel." He watched her closely, then smiled. "You aren't impressed?"

"Should I be? Should I admit that I know that the Imperial Hotel is very expensive?" Her words were unkind, but her voice had become gentle.

Again she heard his abrupt laugh. "I have the best suite," he said frankly, and his own voice was almost humorous. "When I was a young fellow, I promised myself I should have that suite. I worked in the hotel for a while, as a waiter."

"How nice that you could realize your ambition," she commented. Something warm was spreading in her, something she did not

(Continued on Page 69)



"Hey, mom! Lemme know when it's way past my bedtime!"



Step into it, zip its Talon . . . see how the high elastic top hugs you from waist to ribs, banishing that bulge . . . as only Hi-Top can! Airy leno and satin elastics smooth you, slim your hips . . . yet, you're unaware you have anything on, Hi-Top is just THAT comfortable! Choice of two popular lengths. With it, wear our satin Goss-uP bra . . . with scroll stitched, four-section cups for CONSTANT uplift support . . . in A B C cup styles. Try both in white as well as nude.

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**Swift'ning is the trade-mark for Swift & Company's Shortening.*



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IT'S THE shortening good cooks have hoped for—a *truly* all-purpose shortening that's ideal for *both* cakes and pies!

Thanks to an exclusive *quick-mix* ingredient, Swift'ning is superlative for *all types* of cake. As for pies—tests *prove* it makes pies flakier than any other all purpose shortening.

Here is a shortening white as wedding-dress satin . . . so pure, so delicate, so fluffy, there's pleasure just in spooning it out. It's tasteless, odorless, digestible. It needs no refrigeration.

Just try this finest of all-purpose shortenings. Try it for cakes, for pies, for fried foods. You'll switch to Swift'ning, too!

Highly Digestible! Extra Nutritious!

(Continued from Page 67)

ize as pity. She had never really pitied
e, for she had never cared enough.
y mother kept lodgings on Clifton
, for the men who worked in the Leslie
ge shops," he said. "Of course, this is
interest to you, Miss Wende, and I
know why I am telling you this. I am a
rman now. After I left my job as a
, I went to work for the American Lum-
ompany."
ula knew Mr. Chauncey Arnold, presi-
of the American Lumber Company. The
intanceship was slight, for she had al-
considered Mr. Arnold to be very gross.
ut I won't bore you with such details,"
William Prescott. "Ladies, I know, are
terested in commerce or money. Ex-
when they try to wring the highest price
poor piece of land," he added, smiling.
ula returned the smile. She did not
that her smile was charming. "Mr.
ott, I'll bore you with a few details of
wn. I am a lone female. My father was a
lmaster. He died less than two years
He left me a sum of money, but not
gh to keep me for the rest of my life. I
secured a post as a teacher. The salary
all. I am quite healthy, and may live a
time. I am not married, and do not ex-
to marry. You are obviously a gentle-
of means. You will forgive me for driv-
s excellent a bargain as I can."
e was amazed at her retreat from habit-
serve. This man could certainly not be
ested in the state of her finances. He
d say to himself, *How like an emotional
n, to trade on her necessity.*
r voice was loaded with self-contempt
ride when she said, "I have put a price
teen hundred dollars
e land. You may have
this."
e had braced herself
is contempt, but he
not look contemptu-
"I'll take your origi-
ffer of two thousand,"
id.

Flattery is a ticklish food, but no food in the world satisfies the palate more.
—LEISEWITZ.

sula could not endure this. She stood up.
arently he remembered that gentlemen
when ladies do and he, too, got to his
They faced each other.
Mr. Prescott," said Ursula, "my price is
n hundred dollars. I shall take no more.
us end the matter."
Fifteen hundred then." He put his hand
ne inner pocket of his coat and drew out
rse. "I will give you a deposit now, of
hundred, and take your receipt. Within
v days, you may give me the deed, and re-
e the balance." He looked at her steadily.
shall I call on Mr. Jenkins?"
rsula could not help laughing, for all her
She did not know that her laugh, like her
e, was charming. It had a clear smooth
lity.
Never mind Mr. Jenkins," she said.
hy should I pay him a commission?
y last week he told me that I would never
that property."
miling, William Prescott extended two
l-backed bills to her. She took them. Her
ers brushed his, and she stood there, star-
at him in confusion. All at once, she be-
to tremble. Her knees felt weak.
I'll give you a receipt," she stammered.
turned and went to her rosewood desk
l sat down quickly.

E heard his voice beside her. "Let me
it the lamp for you." He had taken a box
natches from his pocket, taken the chim-
off the desk lamp, lighted it. The little
e trembled as if a breeze had touched it.
here," he said, as if he had accomplished
nething of difficulty and importance.
She wrote the receipt. Involuntarily, her
nd brushed his fingers again. They looked
each other, as he folded the receipt with-
t glancing at it, and put it in his purse.
He said, "You ought to have gas in this
use. It isn't expensive. And quite safe."
"I've heard about the fumes," said Ursula
ntly. "I understand they give you a head-
he. I don't think I should care for gas."
"But you must have gas!" cried William
escott. "One should progress."

Then he fell into silence, staring down at Ursula. The smooth cool pallor of her face was suffused. She was beautiful as she had never been beautiful before. The light brightened her hair to a ring of gold about her head. William Prescott turned abruptly and went back to the hearth, and stood there, looking at the fire.

The delicate ormolu clock chimed a sweet, clear note in the silence. The man started a little. He said, "It is nine. I must be going." He turned to the sofa, picked up his greatcoat and hat.

"Yes," Ursula said, "it is nine o'clock." Something was beating strongly in her throat. "May I ask, Mr. Prescott, what you are going to build on that land?"

"I am going to build a house upon it. The biggest house in Andersburg."

It was surely nothing to her that he was building a house! But when one built a house, one had a wife, or intended to have one very shortly. "Mrs. Prescott will be pleased," she murmured.

William Prescott put on his coat. He said in a hard voice of denial, "There is no Mrs. Prescott. I am not married. I want the house for myself! I am going to have what I've always wanted, and be damned to everybody!"

Ursula was silent. No one had ever sworn in her presence before. She was not aware that William Prescott was swearing.

"If and when I marry, the woman won't matter," said this strange man. He looked at her now, almost as if he hated her. "I will marry only for children. I want to fill my house with children. A woman, for me, has no other reason for existence."

They regarded each other in thick silence.

"I'll pick the best," said William. "Nothing but the best. Because of the children. A lady. But I am not ready yet. I won't be ready until the house is built. Then I'll do my searching."

There was a kind of virulence in him, an alien quality which Ursula had never encountered before. Then she felt a blinding anger against him. "I wish you good luck, though I am sorry for the lady."

Without a word, he turned away and went out of the room. Ursula waited to hear him open and close the vestibule door. Nothing in the world could have dragged her to do this courtesy for him. But the door neither opened nor shut. She felt him there, in the small closed darkness. She was not frightened. She was enraged, with the first real rage of her life.

Then she heard his voice: "You don't need to be sorry for the 'lady.' She will know why I am marrying her. She will know there is no sentiment involved." He stopped. "I expect to marry a sensible woman."

"Good night," said Ursula gently, though the rage was huge in her. Now he did open the door. He slammed it behind him.

Albert Jenkins beamed at his visitor, Ursula Wende. He was a widower. Three years before he had been relieved of a remarkably repulsive wife, and a year later had proposed to his old friend's daughter. He had considered himself a catch of no mean attributes; he was one of the richest men in Andersburg, a former judge, a director in the Imperial Bank, the American Lumber Company and the Leslie Carriage Works. He was not yet fifty—not too old for the twenty-five-year-old Ursula, he thought. Nor was he physically distasteful to other spinsters and widows—a lean, red-faced little man with a reputation for amiability and shrewdness.

Ursula did not consider him a great catch. She had rejected him gently, and with a faint surprise. Mr. Jenkins did not become her enemy because of this. He liked her very much. She was wholesome and mature, sympathetic and sensible, and he admired her self-sufficiency and independence. He had not entirely lost hope that she would marry him one of these days.

Now, as she sat in his office, he thought how superior she was to other ladies of his

BETTER BETTER BETTER RICE



"Uncle Ben's" and "*Converted*" are trade-marks of Converted Rice, Inc.

New Uncle Ben's Rice Recipe

Uncle Ben's Spanish Rice

1 cup diced onions
3 tablespoons fat or bacon drippings
1¾ teaspoons salt
½ cup diced green pepper
2 cups cooked tomatoes
1 bay leaf
2 teaspoons sugar
3 cups hot cooked Uncle Ben's Rice
5 slices diced cooked bacon

Cook onions in fat 3 minutes, but do not brown. Add salt, green pepper, tomatoes, bay leaf and sugar; simmer 15 minutes. Remove bay leaf; add rice and diced bacon; cook 10 minutes. Serves 6.

Better to Cook—Yes, this is the sensational new rice that always comes out white and fluffy, each grain separate, never gummy. No rinsing, steaming. Stays fluffy, even cold or reheated.

Better to Eat—Most people who have tasted it say they'll never use any other rice—its flavor is so good.

Better For You—New scientific process, exclusive in this country with Uncle Ben's Rice, seals *into* long-grain polished rice B vitamins that used to be polished *off*.

Ideal for overseas packages or for *your* pantry shelf—every grain weevilproof.

If your grocer hasn't Uncle Ben's Rice, ask him to order it for you. ©C. R., Inc.

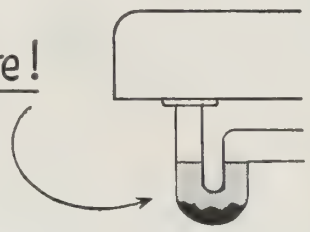
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Please send me your new recipe booklet, "Rice Can Be Wonderful." Enclosed is top from package of Uncle Ben's *Converted* Long Grain Rice.

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CITY_____ STATE_____



You wouldn't leave filth there!

-so don't leave it here!



NOBODY *sees* the dirt that collects under your carpet—but you don't leave it there, just because it's out of sight.

And you can't see the ugly muck that collects in your *sink drain*—but it's there! Only a few inches from the family dishes lies nasty filth that slows drains and breeds sewer germs!

You want your house rid of *this* filth, too! Liquid disinfectants can't do it. It takes Drāno to *boil out* this grease and chase it down your drain!

Make it a weekly habit!

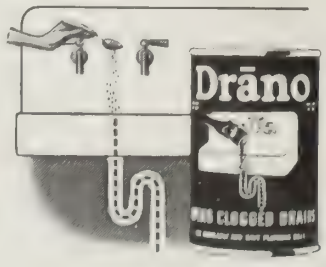
Put a tablespoon of Drāno in your drain once a week—every week!

Drāno's churning, *boiling* action will *keep* your drain clear! Drāno loosens grease, makes drains cleaner and faster-running!

P.S. Remember—Drāno also opens clogged drains in a flash!

Drāno®

removes the muck that slows drains and breeds sewer germs



Harmless to septic tanks; makes them work better—cuts down odors.

TUNE IN: DOROTHY KILGALLEN, Thursdays. See local paper for time and station.

Copr. 1949, by The Drackett Co.

acquaintanceship. She was all in brown: her woolen frock with the white collar, the neat plain cloak, the gloves, the bonnet with its inner ruching of tulle and brown ribbons. He liked to hear her calm, clear voice, which always probed directly to the matter at hand.

This morning, Ursula had been telling him of William Prescott's visit.

"Well, my dear," Albert Jenkins said, leaning back in his chair, "at least you are rid of an unprofitable piece of land. And at a very good price. I always considered you a good businesswoman." He surveyed his visitor admiringly, wondering whether he ought to broach the subject of nuptials again. But Ursula had a composed and practical air, and a lawyer's office was the least romantic of settings. He said, "So Prescott wants to build a house, eh? Well, it is just like him, the scoundrel. I'm glad you sent him to me for the final details."

"Yes, I sent him a note, at the Imperial Hotel," said Ursula. "I thought the final negotiations had best be conducted by you, Albert."

"A very good thought," admitted Mr. Jenkins approvingly. "It is just like him to rush out to see you the very night he had first seen the property, and demand it. None of those who know him will be surprised."

"Oh," said Ursula guilelessly, "then he is known in Andersburg?"

"Do you mean to say, dear Ursula, that you never heard of him? Why, the Clarion has something about him every week! He is notorious!"

"I don't read the Clarion often," admitted Ursula. "And none of my friends have mentioned Mr. Prescott to me."

"His name is not fit to be mentioned in decent company!" exclaimed Jenkins. "A thief and a felon like that! Surely, you must have heard what he did to Chauncey Arnold, of the American Lumber Company? And Arnold was like a father to him. Prescott has ruined Arnold. I don't know all the details, but the Clarion is going to publish the whole nefarious story. Prescott's crookedness will have terrible consequences for the company's stockholders." He paused. "Fortunately, I had some hint of this a few months ago, and sold my holdings."

"How clever of you, Albert," murmured Ursula.

"Just a weather eye, my dear," he said, with self-deprecation. "But there are a number of my friends who will be involved."

Ursula gazed at him ingenuously. "How sad that you could not tell them what you knew, so that they could salvage a little from their investments."

There was a sudden sharp silence in the office. Jenkins stared at Ursula, and his small eyes narrowed. But ladies, he reflected, knew nothing of business.

HE said, "I—I wasn't sure, my dear. It was all done under cover by that scoundrel. A feeling, let us say. You ladies would call it intuition." He smiled at her indulgently. "One does not rush to one's friends without proof, you see."

Ursula still smiled. This man before her was a villain, if only a small and petty one. She became aware that Jenkins had said something. She spoke quickly: "Forgive me, Albert, I am afraid my thoughts strayed for a moment. What did you say?"

"I said that I have already made out the deed for your land. Prescott is to call for it tonight. But I understand that he has actually begun excavation. No one knew what his intention was. But you tell me he wishes to build a house." Jenkins became thoughtful. "I wonder why he wanted that par... lar piece of land? Very strange."

Ursula smoothed her gloves. "Anders... can't move farther west, because that i... industrial section, where all those new... tories and mills are. It can't move north... cause the hills are there, and most of the... is in estates. It can't move south, becau... the river, and the docks, and the f... near by. It seems odd to me that no on... thought that it might move east. I sup... that is because Andersburg hasn't g... much recently. But if it should start to g... the east is the only place, isn't it?"

IF Ursula had been a man, Albert Jen... would have sworn suddenly and violently... course, it was obvious! Just because And... burg had hardly increased since the war... no reason it shouldn't do so now, with... new mills coming in! Of course the far... along the river would eventually be indu... by high offers, to sell their land for subur... or city development. But the prices w... be high! To the east, however, one could... all the land one wished, from the miser... squatters and truck gardeners who l... there.

Jenkins dropped his eyelids, to conceal... sudden sharp gleam in his eyes.

"Did Prescott mention buying any o... land in that vicinity?" he asked.

Ursula knew w... was in Albert... kins' mind. "No. ... our interview ... very short. I f... him most disag... able. We concl... our arrangeme... and he went aw...

Suddenly, he ... membered that ... ment when Willi... Prescott stood bes... the desk. Ursul... shoulders moved ... der her cloak. ... wanted to go. But ... impulse which ... brought her to t... office held her in ... chair. She did not ... know that this i... pulse was connect... with William Pr... cott, and a desire ... know more about hi...

"I suppose you are right, Albert," s... said indifferently. She paused. "A most u... civil man, Mr. Prescott. And apparently d... reputable, from what you have told me."

Jenkins agreed emphatically. "Do y... know what he did a year ago? He adopte... brat left in a slum hallway by someone ... whom the less said the better in the preser... of a lady like yourself. The brat was abou... year old. Now, the wretch has a nursem... for the brat, and has rented the best suite ... the Imperial Hotel."

"It was a kind thing, at least, to adopt t... child."

Mr. Jenkins laughed shortly. He w... about to make an insinuating remark, but r... frained, remembering his visitor's sex. I... said, "Do you know what else he did, a we... ago? Gave the orphanage five thousand d... lars, for a new wing!"

Ursula's eyes became bright and intent, ... they regarded Mr. Jenkins. Without know... ing why, he flushed sullenly.

"I suppose," he said, "there are some wh... would approve of that. But I think he i... tends to try to work his way into Andersbur... society and believes he will ingratiate him... self. He will be sadly undeceived, I am sur... No one of any standing socially will ev... have anything to do with Bill Prescott."

"But why is he held in such low esteem?" ... asked Ursula.

Mr. Jenkins became quite excited. "M... dear Ursula! Who is the man? The son ... a woman who kept lodgings for workers i... the mills. An upstart, a climber from th... slums!"

"He speaks like an educated man," sai... the daughter of a schoolmaster.

(Continued on Page 73)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Promise

By HILDA CONKLING

If you'll weave me a web of bird song,
Spun from the thrush and the linnet,
Then you will hold my heart alone
With all the love there is in it!

If you can bring me a scallop shell,
Purple as violets in May,
I'll belong to you and only you
And never go away!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



SHE'LL WHISTLE WHILE SHE WORKS for here's a happy combination of more beauty and less work for mother! Notice how that easy-to-keep-clean Sloane-Blabon floor gives this Utility Room the decorator's touch. The diagonal effect, which makes any room look larger, is achieved with alternate strips of Marbletone Linoleum, patterns 0107 and 0170. The handsome edging is Koroseal* Cove Base. You'll even find work-saving beauty above the washer! It's Sloane-Blabon Resilient Enamel Wall Tile.

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3 Ways to Brighten Mother's Life

Planned for work-saving beauty with the better design and truer color of Sloane Quality Linoleum Products



You can do it—*easily!* For it's no trick to give old space a new beauty treatment. Just start with the floor, as decorators do—as we did to create the livable charm of these inviting rooms.

Yes, start with your nearest Sloane-Blabon department when you want a room to be useful *and attractive.* You'll get decorating ideas aplenty from the many stunning designs and matchless colors—in Sloane Quality Inlaid and Marbletone Linoleum . . . Koroseal, the miracle plastic, in Tile, Cove Base and Cove Molding that never shows its age, never needs waxing . . . a new and better Asphalt Tile that costs so little and wears so long . . . Resilient Enamel Rugs, Floor and Wall Coverings. All so delightful to live with—for their lovely looks . . . for the ease with which you can keep them clean and sparkling.

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CHILDREN WILL PLAY—and what a grand idea to have their playroom right off the kitchen. Mother can cook and still keep an eye on the kiddies. Another help to mother is that beautiful floor—Sloane-Blabon's Resilient Enamel Rug, pattern 3210. Inexpensive, yes—but how wondrously well it wears! How easily it cleans! The Cove Base is Koroseal—never needs painting or waxing!

MOTHER'S DAY gets off to a pleasant start in this breakfast-room beauty. With that handsome Sloane-Blabon Marbletone linoleum floor it's the brightest, cheeriest spot in the house. That wonderful "roomy look" comes from using alternate strips of patterns 0191 and 0197, laid diagonally. And here's an added attraction for mother . . . this floor is so easy to keep sparkle-bright!

SLOANE
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". . . for better design and truer color."



From experience comes faith . . .

A man who cannot see walks down the street—confident and unafraid.

Here is complete faith—in both the man and the dog. The man relies on the loyalty and intelligence of his companion. The dog has faith in the friendship of the man.

This faith has come to each from knowledge and understanding of the other—through experience.

Faith grows like this—firm and sure. It is one of the truly solid things in an uncertain world. It gives a man something to measure the unseen values, the things that count most.

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Sulfonamides • Endocrines
Nutritional and Medical Specialties

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker

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(Continued from Page 70)

Je ins shrugged. "There is a rumor that l(wlesbury, the doctor who died about rs ago, took an interest in him, let ad his books, and tutored him. But bury was more than a little mad him- ring off there in the woods. He had two thousand dollars when he died, left it to Prescott."

U la vaguely remembered Doctor sbury, who had been a town "charac- r many years. She had never seen him, ad heard his name mentioned. She suddenly that she had known more of Cowlesbury.

S rose, and Mr. Jenkins came to his feet allant alacrity.

"y dear Ursula," he said, "let me send me in my carriage."

U la was about to refuse. Then, all at she was very still. "Thank you, Al- she said. "I intended dropping in at Bassett's tea. But I do feel rather fa- ."

early April afternoon had turned chill. l and relentless wind poured down from ills. Andersburg, never a handsome appeared preternaturally ugly in this light, and the "square," as Ursula past it, had an untidy and disheveled

was no day for an excursion, especially pulsive one, Ursula reflected. She ought sitting by the cozy fire in Mrs. Bassett's ng room, sipping tea and exchanging and gossip.

began to wonder if her friends, prob- now murmuring questioningly about bsence from the tea . might not be scan- d if they knew where as going at this mo- , and why.

t then, she thought, *I do not know myself. sume that if I should wn quietly, and really ntrate, I might come upon a clue. In I know I should. But I prefer not to an- my behavior even to myself.*

r cheeks became suddenly warm, and ushed aside the robe. How absurd, how common, this was! She would call to oachman and ask him to take her to the etts', after all. Her gloved hand lifted; very slowly, it subsided. Her cheeks ined hot, but her mouth set itself firmly.

IS only curiosity," she murmured d. Then, because she was seldom capable otal self-deception, she laughed ironi- . The coachman turned his head in in- y; Ursula pretended to be returning the of a lady in a passing carriage.

'hat a smug dolt I have been all my life! remarked inwardly. *I have placidly com- with all the conventions, and even in- d some in my priggishness, feeling supe- as I did so. These are fine thoughts indeed n incipient schoolmistress*, she told her- as the carriage rolled through streets be- ing less and less respectable. Ursula was ngrossed with her thoughts that she ed up surprised when the carriage halted g the side of the cobbled road. She knew plot of land well. She had seen it last in ruary, broken, uneven, blotched with y snow and puddles of water. Now the w had gone, but the water lay in larger s, partly filled with rubble and trash. At a siderable distance, Ursula could discern kmen with shovels and buckets. Near n loomed heaps of wet earth, which they thrown up. Carts and wagons tilted and ved near by; men were filling them with earth. Ursula, surprised at this activity, ssed that a huge foundation was in the cess of being dug, though the deed to the perty was not yet signed. Then she ed. It was to be expected of the precipi- Mr. Prescott.

itting in the carriage and looking out r what had once been her land, she let her ditations have their way. She started n she heard the rumble of wheels, and ced to her left. A resplendent carriage, ch made Albert Jenkins' comfortable victoria appear commonplace, was drawing up beside her. It was a closed vehicle, and had two black horses beautifully groomed. The coachman wore a smart uniform.

Ursula flushed deeply, and hated herself for being in this place. She had an impulse to tell old Bob to drive on, but this would only add to the humiliation she had brought upon herself. So she waited with every appearance of serenity as the coachman sprang down and walked to the side of the other carriage, and opened the door.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT descended, wearing a fur-collared greatcoat. He stood for a moment, and gave the desolate land he had bought, and the workers, a quick glance.

Of course he knows I am here, thought Ursula, vexed. *How silly of him to pretend to be unaware of me. And how awkward it will be if he carries his pretense a little further, and strolls off for a closer view of his property.*

But Prescott did not carry his pretense that far. He turned and came toward Ursula's carriage. She saw his face in the thin, shadowless light. Again she was excited by the contradictions in that face, the mingled eloquence and brutality, power and wariness. She detected what she had missed before—a sullen uncertainty in his small, hard eyes. But he was smiling amiably.

Ursula was accustomed to the dictum that ladies never explained, and gentlemen never asked them to explain, so she was not prepared when he said, "It is Miss Wende? Come to look your last on your property?"

She was at a loss for a second or two, but replied, "Good evening, Mr. Prescott." She paused to let him meditate on his impoliteness. But he came closer to her carriage, and stared at her with open question; it was a question, inexplicably, full of hostile implications in spite of his fixed smile.

Don't judge anyone harshly until you yourself have been through his experiences.
—GOETHE.

She could have touched him from where she sat, and her heart began to beat thickly. It was not a pleasant thing to feel, but neither was it unpleasant. It made her fingers tremble in their gloves; it made a lump in her throat. The man was certainly a dreadful creature. But she looked at him in silence, and did not know that both her lips and her eyes had opened very wide.

She forced herself to smile again and to speak calmly, but she detected the falseness in her own voice.

"I am out for a drive," she said. "The first dry day, you see."

Her head swirled with confusing thoughts. She knew that all the strange ideas which had come to her in the past days had been because of this uncivil and disagreeable man, that he had, unwittingly, forced her to think honest thoughts for the first time in her life. But the strangest thought of all came to her at this moment: She saw that in spite of the honesty he had aroused in her, she could never be honest with him. She did not know how this was, or why it was, but she understood that it must be so.

She saw that she was quite right in this, for the hostility, or resentment, with which he had recognized her began to fade, and was replaced by a heavy awkwardness. He did not know what to say next, so she graciously helped him, feeling more in command of herself:

"You have not wasted any time, Mr. Prescott, in beginning your house."

"I never waste time." In another man, this might have been boasting. But in Prescott, it was simply a stating of fact. He studied her with hard candor. *What feeble men you must have known before!* he seemed to be saying contemptuously. *Men without force or vitality or knowledge of what they want.* He went on: "I have hopes that it will be finished within six months. I have all the furnishings ordered from New York, and am importing others. Then I shall move in."

He was looking again, over his shoulder, at the dismal tract of land.

Ursula waited. "A very unlikely spot for a fine house, don't you think, Mr. Prescott?"

(Continued on Page 75)

Some Facts About HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

BLOOD PRESSURE rises when a person is active. After the strain has passed, the pressure generally returns to its regular level. If it is persistently and excessively above normal, however, that condition is called hypertension—or high blood pressure. This affects the circulatory system and may lead to serious conditions of the heart, brain, and kidneys.



High blood pressure itself is not a disease, but a symptom of some underlying disorder. Medical science is constantly increasing its knowledge of this condition, and is striving for improved methods of treating it. Special diets have sometimes proved effective. In a limited number of cases, surgery has been used. Additional research is concentrating on mental and emotional factors. There is also hope that newly discovered drugs may prove beneficial.



Periodic physical examinations help reveal hypertension early, when doctors say that chances for control are best. Such check-ups may also discover possible infections which may be causing the condition.

As a result of physical examinations, the doctor may make suggestions for improving your health, such as eating wisely and *keeping weight down*. The latter is especially important, for high blood pressure is more than twice as common among fat people than it is among persons of normal weight.



In many high blood pressure cases, the best "medicine" is often simply *moderation in every physical and mental activity*. The patient may be advised to work and play at a slower pace, to avoid emotional strain, and to get plenty of rest and sleep. This helps to lessen the demands on the circulatory system, and may lower blood pressure.



Today, under good medical guidance, the outlook for people with high blood pressure is better than ever before. By carefully following the doctor's advice, they can often avoid complications and look forward to long, useful lives.

•

Aiding in the development of more effective measures to help combat high blood pressure is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies. This fund is making grants for research in diseases of the heart and blood vessels, including high blood pressure.

For more information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 59-J, entitled, "Your Heart." This contains many facts about high blood pressure and diseases related to the heart.

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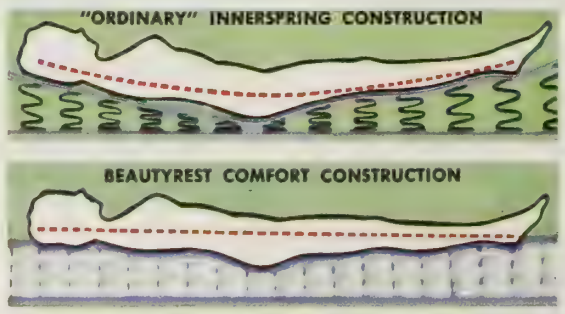
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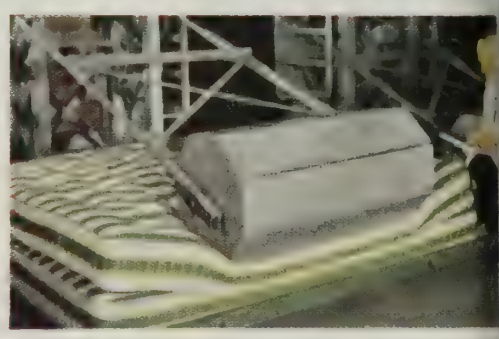
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(Continued from Page 73)

turned to her, smiling disagreeably. t for long, Miss Wende. You see, I have ht up a great deal of land, all around it, ast seventy acres."

ndeed!" cried Ursula. She thought of rt Jenkins, and began to laugh.

r. Prescott stared at her, frowning. "I lad I have amused you," he said. Then miled, with some dark amusement of own. "I suppose you would not tell me ends of yours have become interested e properties around here, since I have ht yours?"

Oh, I should not, really I should not!" imed Ursula with delight.

see," he said, and they smiled at each r. He continued, "What fools they are, ink I'd be such a fool myself. Of course, ow that Andersburg must grow this way, that all property will eventually be val- e in this area. I bought your land first. n I bought the rest. Yours was the key I intend to use only your fifteen acres ny house and grounds. The rest will be only for houses commensurate with ." He shrugged, a coarse and heavy ges- A hand tapped on the window of his car- , and he glanced in that direction. He "Would you like to see my son, Miss de? He is in my carriage." His expres- was almost friendly.

Your son?" asked Ursula. "But I ght you were not married, Mr. Pres- "

Of course I am not married," he answered impatience. "I adopted a child some e ago. A little boy. He is now two years and a very likely little fellow."

I should like to see him, indeed."

Without another word, this peculiar man oned to his coachman and spoke curtly. servant promptly got off his seat, and ned the carriage door. Ursula saw the rl of a cloak, and outlines of a bonnet. sat up straighter and a little thrill of ness went through her. Then she saw t the young woman wore the uniform of ursemaid. She was carrying a child in her ns, a child richly dressed. She came to- rd Ursula's carriage.

She was quite a pretty creature, but it was dent that Prescott did not see her pretti- s or her sex. She had hardly reached him ore he snatched the child from her arms. retreated, then stood meekly waiting. Prescott held up the child for Ursula to . To her bewilderment, he was all gentle- ss and tenderness. There was an air of ost idolatrous absorption about him, a d of exulting pride.

"His name is Oliver," he said. "Look at n, Miss Wende. Is he not a fine lad?"

Ursula was not fond of children. But in spite of herself, she became interested. The little boy was larger than ordinary for his age. He wore a round, fur-trimmed hat, to match the ridiculous furred collar of his coat. But under that hat, entirely too ostentatious for a baby, was a round and rosy face, full of shy but curious intelligence. The child's eyes, dark, fearless and smiling, caught and held Ursula's complete attention. There was a wiseness about them, as if they saw more than such a young child should see.

"What a darling!" she said involuntarily.

Without meaning to, she held out her arms, and took the boy, lifting him into the carriage and settling him on her knee. She gazed at him with unrestrained pleasure. She had never kissed a baby before, but now she impulsively bent and kissed that red cold cheek. The baby looked up at her, no longer smiling, but intent and quiet.

"I see you like children," said Prescott, with such gentleness that Ursula was startled out of her preoccupation with little Oliver.

She had been about to say, "Certainly not. I do not dislike them, but I am a mature woman and so cannot help finding children extremely boring." But with her queer awareness that she could never be honest with a man who had made her honest, she answered evasively, "Who could help loving this darling?" She was still so stirred by the gentleness in his voice that she continued to study him keenly after she had spoken.

Apparently he had not detected her evasion. He came closer to the carriage and rested his elbow on the side. To hide her own emotions, Ursula bent her head over the baby. The child smiled at her gravely and steadfastly, as if he understood her. She did not dandle him, or talk to him foolishly. She merely looked into his great dark eyes, and he looked into hers, and a sympathy flowed between them.

Ursula spoke softly to Prescott, though she did not turn away from the baby: "I heard, only today, of your kindness to our orphan asylum. All of us know it is in a fearful condition, but selfishness, or indifference, has kept us from doing much about it."

"Yes," replied Prescott bitterly. "The children are poorly clad, they have little or no medical attention, they are hired out at an early age at work unsuited to them. It is my intention to put a stop to this."

Ursula was intensely moved. "You must be very fond of children," she said.

To her faint alarm, a look of fanaticism flashed into his eyes. "I am fond of them because they are the only decency in the world!" he exclaimed. "They are what men were intended to be, and are not. There is no



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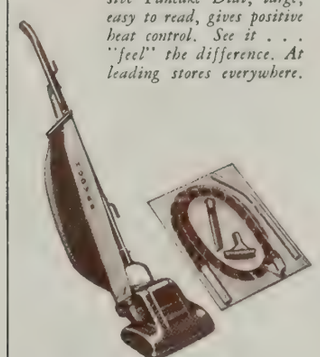
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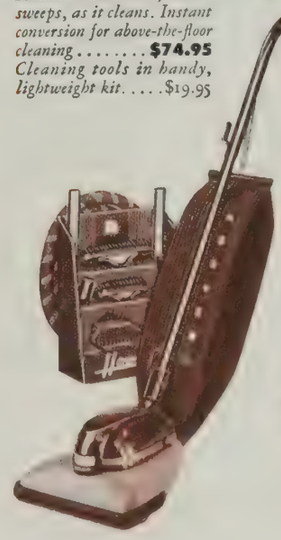


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evil in children, no cruelty, no greed, no heartlessness."

Astounded, Ursula could only keep an incredulous silence.

He took the child and held him almost fiercely in his arms. "I want to do what I can for children, all children," this preposterous man said. "I want to give them everything they want, to make the world a happy place for them, and a clean one."

"And you think that by denying a child nothing, by giving him his way, he will be happy?" asked Ursula.

"A child has a right to everything," replied Prescott, and again he was fanatical. "Nothing should be demanded of him, but everything should be demanded of his parents. He owes nothing to anyone, but everyone owes everything to him. He is the world's responsibility."

Really, thought Ursula, *the man is not only a barbarian, he is a fool. Of course, it is easy to see that he is speaking out of memory of his own childhood, and the deprivations and mortification he must have suffered. He does not love children so much as he loves the memory of his helpless young self, whom he now wishes to avenge.*

"It is kind of you to feel so strongly about children, and to care for them so much," she said with mendacity. But Prescott did not answer. He was fastening a button on little Oliver's coat, and he did this with absorption. Ursula raised her voice. "I really must go home," she said.

He heard this. He gave her a smile so open, so friendly and gentle, that she was more startled than ever. Again her heart began to beat thickly. "Yes, of course. It is getting cold," he said.

He shifted Oliver to his left arm, held out his right hand to Ursula, without bothering to remove his glove. She hesitated. Then she gave him her hand, and she felt the warmth and strength of his fingers. A great weakness flowed over her, and involuntarily her slight fingers clung to his. They looked at each other in an odd and sudden silence.

"Good night," he said, and then again, in a lower voice, mysteriously troubled, "good night." But he did not release her hand. He looked down at it. "Oliver likes you. He is very reserved with strangers. Perhaps I could bring him to call on you soon?"

"By all means," said Ursula faintly. "I am always at home to my friends on Sunday afternoons."

He released her hand now. Ursula murmured a word to Bob, who flicked Mr. Jenkins' horse with his whip, and drove on. Ursula sank back on the leather cushions. The carriage carried her through the streets of Andersburg. As it did so, she felt an overpowering desolation as if, moment by moment, she was leaving something it was not bearable to leave.

The spring that year had been unusually warm, so that it was hardly past the middle of April when the lilacs bloomed. Ursula was extremely fond of gardening, which usually calmed any slight ruffle or anxiety in her mind. She busied herself with planting and transplanting as usual. But now it was not "calming." The very murmur and bursting of the spring heightened the mystifying restlessness from which she had begun to suffer. Mysteriously, however, this very restlessness made her natural awareness of spring more acute. She found herself pausing in the act of digging about a plant to look at the hills, warm purple and intense blue, in the distance behind her house; she would often lift her eyes to the sky. And as she did so, her heart rose on a sudden wing of mingled ecstasy and pain.

She had no words for all this; she had lived too controlled a life to analyze every emotion which came to her. It was only in her dreams that that which she repressed in waking hours could come to haunt her. Always, it was the face of William Prescott. Yet, so forceful was her self-control that she never remembered her dreams. There was only a residue in the morning, veiled and disturbing, a kind of hurried excitement and urge.



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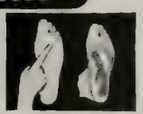
Dr. Scholl's LuPAD, a soft feather-weight cushion; loops over forepart of foot; relieves pains, cramps, callouses, burning, tenderness at ball. Washable. $1.50 pair.

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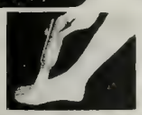
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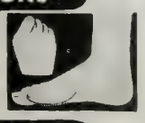
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She thought she had forgotten that cold afternoon when she had met William Prescott near the land he had bought from her. But she remembered that he had promised to visit her some Sunday afternoon with little Oliver. A kind of urgent excitement began to rise in her every Friday. On Saturday her restlessness became almost unendurable. On Sunday she often trembled when she heard a knock on the door at teatime. But Sundays always passed placidly, with an old friend or two dropping in for a chat and a cup of tea. Then the evening would come, and she would be alone before the fire, with the church bells ringing softly and plaintively through the spring twilight.

She thought, *How could I have been so stupid? And why do I not know that I have been even more stupid waiting for that impossible and dangerous man?* She stirred up the fire, then sat down before it, her fingers laced together. She began to cry, as she had not cried even when her father had died. But tears could not wash away this hunger, this loneliness, this passion, now acknowledged, to see William Prescott again.

Once she thought, *I shall go tomorrow, and see if he is there near that land he bought from me!* But her next sensation was of shame and disgust with herself. She rose and began to walk up and down the room. *I am behaving like a schoolgirl,* she told herself with scorn.

She did not want to see him again; she did not want to think of him. And so she forced herself, deliberately, to prepare for her post as schoolmistress in the autumn. She brought out lengths of brown wool and black cloth, and, as she was an expert seamstress, commenced to transform these lengths into garments for the schoolroom.

There could be no better surplus in the world than that of gratitude. —JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

But one day she remembered the rich blue silk which her father had given her only a week before he had died. She brought out the silk, and then, after long contemplation, began to fashion a handsome gown.

Her taste had always been impeccable, and she brought all her natural genius for design to the making of this gown. The bodice was plain and closely fitted; she added buttons of crystal from throat to waist in a close sparkling blaze. The skirt was molded, yet formed of rows of full ruffles. She made the sleeves tight, so that they shimmered, then broke into wide ruffles at the wrist. When the gown had been completed, and she stood before her mirror, she saw how the color brought out the copper in her hair, and made her eyes appear of a deep amber shade. She was a woman, and young, and desirable.

Then she put away the gown, wrapping it in a sheet.

It was the next day that the news about William Prescott burst out in headlines in Andersburg's newspapers. There were editorials, too, which, while they did not cry "robber" and "swindler," implied these things. Ursula read them avidly, learned much of the lumber business. It seemed that William Prescott had started as a clerk in the offices of Chauncey Arnold, "a gentleman well known to most of Andersburg residents, and respected and admired by all." Mr. Arnold had taken much interest in young Prescott and had taught him the lumber business. Prescott had learned to be a lumber surveyor, and frequently had been sent to survey virgin forests and buy options for the American Lumber Company.

A year ago, Mr. Arnold had sent him to Michigan to survey a certain region to discover if the wood was suitable for expanding railroads. Prescott had returned, and reported that the wood was of no consequence, and advised Mr. Arnold not to take options on the forests. But Prescott had taken up options in his own name on ten thousand acres. He had then gone to New York, and persuaded Jay Regan, the great New York financier, to finance him. Mr. Regan had

(Continued on Page 79)

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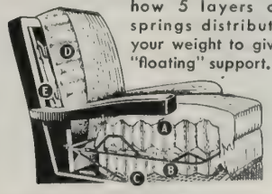
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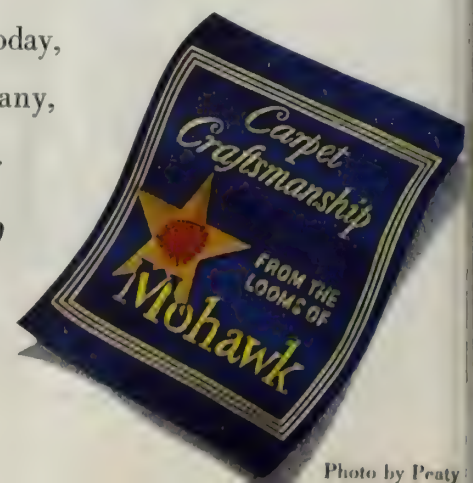


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.....STATE.....

(Continued from Page 77)

packed" Prescott, who, still working under ver, had set himself up as the Prescott umber Company, incorporated only two onths ago.

The snowball of this man's evil had begun enlarge. Mr. Arnold had offered a certain ilroad a tremendous quantity of lumber. he railroad officials had practically prom- ed to buy, but suddenly had rejected the of- r, and placed the order with the Prescott umber Company, of which Prescott was esident and, as yet, sole officer. Moreover, had bought up several sawmills near An- rsburg, had placed large orders for coal and gun to hire men. Machinery was already riving in Andersburg. He also purchased wmills in Michigan and other states.

The American Lumber Company, small ut prosperous, had felt this terrific blow. ther orders fell into the hands of the con- mptible Prescott. The stock of the Amer- an Lumber Company had begun to drop angerously in the market. Dozens of local usinessmen who had invested in that com- any would be almost if not entirely ruined.

Ursula said aloud, "What an unprincipled coundrel!" She sat back in her chair, and ried to summon up moral indignation. Cer- ainly the story was bad enough. The man ad deceived, exploited and betrayed his em- loyer.

The reprehensible part was that Ursula, ry though she did, could feel neither revul- ion nor contempt. She knew Mr. Arnold uite well, knew that his own hands were soiled," to use a delicate xpression to describe that entleman's own chican- ry and avarice. No, she ad no pity for Mr. Ar- old. If he had trusted Mr. Prescott and paid him an excellent salary, then Pres- cott had been worthy of his hire.

But, if I had never met the man I should have been very indignant, thought Ursula. *What has meeting him got to do with it?*

Love at first sight is only realizing an imagination that has always haunted us: of meeting with a face, or figure, or cast of expression in perfection that we have seen and admired in a less degree or in less favorable circumstances a hundred times before. —WILLIAM HAZLITT.

All at once she felt exhausted. She put on the kettle to brew a cup of tea, and then walked to the kitchen window. It was two o'clock in the afternoon; the hills had become a deep and brilliant green under the mild spring sky. The lilac bushes in the garden frothed in white and lavender and purple, and their perfume came to her as she pushed open one side of the casement.

She heard someone strike the knocker on her door. She stood very still near the stove. The caller was undoubtedly a friend, come to discuss the horrid news with her. It was well known that she had sold Mr. Prescott her land, and that he had visited her.

The knocker sounded again. She opened the door and, with a rush of relief, saw that her caller was a young man shabbily dressed, who held a letter in his hand. He pulled off his cap. "A message from Mr. William Prescott at the Imperial Hotel, ma'am. He said I am to wait for an answer." He stared at her curiously.

For a moment Ursula could not take the letter, and when she did, it dropped from her trembling fingers. She bent for it swiftly, before the young man could reach it. Then, caution coming to her again, she said, "Mr. Prescott? Why should he write to me? I think you should have taken this to my lawyer, Mr. Jenkins."

The messenger said awkwardly, "Mr. Prescott wanted an answer personal, ma'am. He didn't say to give this letter to no one else."

Ursula said primly, "Well, I shall read the message, and you may wait for an answer."

She left the door ajar and tore open the envelope. There were only a few lines scrawled in a large, black and arrogant hand. "Oliver and I should like to call upon you at six o'clock this evening, on a matter of importance." There was no salutation; Mr. Prescott had signed his name without any of the accepted and polite conclusions.

Ursula slowly refolded the note and bit her lips. She must really control herself, she thought. The message had been hard and cold enough; why, then, did it assume such significance?

The young man shuffled on the doorstep, and coughed. Ursula said coldly, "Tell Mr. Prescott that I cannot change any of the terms agreed upon between him and Mr. Jenkins, and that if he is not satisfied I shall be glad to tell him so myself."

"Yes, ma'am," said the messenger. He walked away, and Ursula closed the door. Would William Prescott understand? What if he did not come? She remembered his dark and sullen face, and the quickness of his small, cold eyes. He was a subtle man, for all the coarsenesses which could make his features brutal at times. Surely, he would understand!

At four o'clock, Ursula Wende tried to force herself to work in the garden. But a silvery rain had begun to whirl down from the hills. With the rain had come a chill in the spring air, and Ursula made a fresh fire in her charming little parlor. Now the hiatus of the day had arrived, when she was accustomed to eating a small but refreshing tea.

She made tea, cut a slice or two of bread, laid out the preserves, and her cup and saucer. But she found that she could not eat; it was an effort to drink the tea.

She sat motionless, her fingers closed stiffly about the handle of the cup. *He must come,* she thought. *He must understand. If six o'clock arrives, and he does not appear, I shall not be able to stand it.*

Her thoughts no longer shocked or vexed her. She said aloud, slowly, wonderingly, "I love him." She heard her voice in the warm silence of the kitchen, and caught her breath. To no one in all the years she had lived had she spoken of love, not even to her father. She repeated her words.

She did not know she was weeping until she tasted the wet salt on her lips. She rose, washed her cup and saucer. She did not try to deny what she had said. She did not attempt to raise scorn against herself.

Ursula thought, *It is not possible that he might come to love me. Why should he? I have seen him twice, and he looked at me with sharp dislike each time. Each time we ended by quarreling. Yet all the time, I loved him.*

Slowly and wearily, she went upstairs. She lighted the lamps on her dresser, and studied her face with somberness. It was pale and strained, she saw. But it was strange to her; the eyes were too intense and dark, the mouth taut and drawn.

Abstractedly, she removed the pins from her hair, brushed it slowly. She was about to wind it up again, when she paused. Swiftly, she opened her wardrobe door, took out the blue silk gown. Now her hands were trembling again. She coiled up her hair, drew a wing over her forehead. She put on the gown, fastened the crystal buttons. She opened the bottle of French scent which her father had given her on her birthday; it had never been used before. With new artfulness, she touched her ears and her hair with it, and let fall a drop on a lace-bordered handkerchief.

All at once she heard the chiming of the little clock on her mantelpiece. It chimed six times. *He will not come,* thought Ursula. She carefully blew out the lamps, went down the stairs.

She had just reached the bottom of the winding curve of stairs when she heard a carriage stop before her house. Her heart jumped so violently that she pressed her hands to her breast. Then the habit of a lifetime reasserted itself. *Why am I permitting this indiscreet thing? I ought to have had a female friend in the house with me. If he knocks on the door, a dozen heads will be at windows, and I shall be ruined.*

Before the knocker could be sounded she flung the door open. William Prescott's carriage stood outside, its lamps burning in the misty street; the wet cobblestones gleamed

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in the yellow light of the street lamps. Prescott was alighting from the carriage which his coachman had opened. He was carrying the child, Oliver.

Ursula stood on the threshold. The light of the street lamp fell on the dark plane of his cheek, and she drew in her breath with a quick sound. For the first time, he became aware of her. He was smiling, and, as usual, the smile was hardly more than a grimace, reluctant and unfriendly.

"We have come to see you," he said in his flat and toneless voice.

"So I see," she answered.

Prescott entered the little vestibule, and Ursula led the way into her parlor. She stood in the center of the room, her hands clasped before her, and watched him remove his hat and coat, and then Oliver's, revealing the child in an absurd little frock of wine-colored velvet and lace. Oliver stared at Ursula gravely with his large dark eyes, then smiled. Involuntarily she smiled back, and took a step toward the child. It was not possible to feel resentment against such a child. He was really a darling.

Without waiting for her to seat herself, William sat down near the fire, lifted Oliver on his knee and looked at his hostess. He appeared less unfriendly now. "Of course I understood your message," he said. "And the reason for it. It must be dreadful to be a lone woman at the mercy of gossips."

She was surprised at his subtlety. Something tight relaxed in her. She sat down and smiled. "Well, I must preserve my reputation, if I am to teach the young ladies of the best families."

Though she knew him to be unpredictable, she was startled when his face became suddenly malignant. "'The best families!'" he repeated. "Do you really consider them 'the best'? And, if so, on what evidence?"

Why was it not possible to conduct a conversation with him that was pleasant and well bred? That anger which always stirred her when he was near flooded Ursula again. She spoke slowly and clearly: "What is 'the best'? I should say it is in people who are considerate, polite, with a respect for civilized amenities, with a code of honor ——"

He interrupted rudely: "I agree with you. But I have never met such in this town, or anywhere else for that matter."

She was silent, her lips pressed together.

Then he said awkwardly, "Except you, Miss Wende."

She could hardly believe that he had said this. She stammered, all anger foolishly draining away, "I beg your pardon?"

He pretended to be engrossed with straightening Oliver's frock. "I think you heard me." Then abruptly he set Oliver on his feet. "This is Miss Wende, Oliver. A very nice lady. Go to the lady, Oliver."

Ursula's hands were hot and tremulous. She wanted to act the hypocrite in her elation. So she wished that she might cry out softly to Oliver, to woo this man through the child. But she could not. She could only sit in rigid silence, staring at Oliver, who appeared uncertain. She struggled against her iron paralysis. Then she understood that William Prescott was willing her not to move or speak; he was about to judge her through the actions of his child, his response to her.

Oliver was not smiling now. Ursula's fingers tightened over one another convulsively. If the child did not come to her, all was lost. It was ridiculous and nightmarish.

Oliver clung to his father's knee, doubtfully studying Ursula. She saw his eyes, intelligent and searching, as if he were indeed weighing and considering her. That was not possible; he was so very young, this child. Ursula had never considered children vulnerable before, or touching. But all at once, without her volition, her heart opened painfully toward Oliver with a kind of yearning and tenderness. She remembered his origin the misery from which he had been rescued. It was not to be believed that he remembered. Or could he possibly remember, and was it remembrance that made his round face so grave?

Oliver dropped his arm from his father's knee. Slowly, but firmly, the child moved toward her, his eyes fastened eagerly on her face. He reached her, flung his small arms over her knees. She bent and caught him up, pressed him against her and kissed his forehead. The scent of his baby flesh was good and sweet to her, soft and fresh. His arms tightened about her neck; his small moist mouth responded to her own kisses, and he sighed contentedly.

Ursula had completely forgotten William Prescott. She actually started when he said in his loud flat voice, "Oliver!" There was a jealous intonation in the word.

Ursula lifted her head and looked at him. She set the baby down, and said, "Go to papa, darling." Oliver peeped up at her mischievously. Then, as if he comprehended, he shouted gleefully and ran to his father, throwing himself into the man's arms and kissing him. *A subtle child,* thought Ursula, smiling. *Perhaps there is an instinct in children, after all, compounded of pure understanding and awareness.*

Mr. Prescott held the child to him, smoothing the baby's hair tenderly. He said, smiling, "It is plain to see that Oliver likes you, Miss Wende."

Ursula said, with care, "Naturally, I am flattered. I have known many children, and I have never seen one so sweet and intelligent as Oliver. You are to be congratulated, Mr. Prescott."

He smiled disagreeably, shifted Oliver to a sitting position on his knee. He said, still stroking the child's head, "I presume you have seen the newspapers, Miss Wende?"

"Yes."

Again he scrutinized her. He could read nothing in her face. Curious, he leaned toward her. "What did you think about it?" he asked.

The question affronted her with its lack of taste. She did not know what to say.

"Would you prefer that I deny the stories?" he asked.

"I assure you, Mr. Prescott," she said coldly, "that what you do or do not is none of my affair."

"But you are evading my question," he said impatiently. "Would you prefer that I deny the stories?"

"I should like you to deny them, if they are not true."

He was obviously amused, for his browned face wrinkled about the eyes and mouth dryly. "And if they are true?" he suggested.

Ursula shrugged. "Though I am a woman, and have led a quiet life, I am not ignorant of the world. The saga of entrepreneurs is the saga of a rising America. They seem to be a natural phenomenon, and civilization and the building of a nation appear to be dependent on their inventiveness, violence and energy. Though I doubt very much that they care particularly whether or not a nation becomes powerful and rich because of them, so long as they themselves profit. The power and richness of a nation are only the strange by-products of such men's activities. So, in a way, I suppose that they serve a valuable purpose."

He concentrated with thoughtfulness on her reply. "I don't suppose you really mean to flatter me," he said. "At any rate, I can tell you this: On the surface, the newspaper tales are true." He waited. "You are not shocked? After all, what I have done doubtless affects many of your friends."

Ursula ought to have thought of half a dozen of her friends, agreeable, gentle, honest folk, who had been injured by this man.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Paradox

By Esther Wood

A candle or a flower,
It is the same:
Lit for one lovely hour
The slender flame.

A universe of night
Bends o'er the glow.
And yet it is the light
We love and know.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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THE FAMOUS DRY MUSTARD used by fine cooks everywhere

She thought, instead, of Albert Jenkins. Sh
said with constraint, "I think that you
did not particularly have it in mind to in
jure so many people. It was unavoidable.
They were merely in the way of what you
wanted." She paused. "But there was some-
one whom you not only needed to injure, but
whom you wanted to injure, was there not?"

She saw his swift look of surprise. After a
long moment, he carefully set Oliver on the
chair beside him. Then he said quietly,
"Yes. You are quite right. I needed, and
wanted, to injure Chauncey Arnold. Is he
a friend of yours?"

"He tried to be a friend of my father's."

He nodded. "Well, you must know him.
A blustering, conceited idiot. He is a thief on
a small scale, a liar and rascal. Had he been
a big thief, a great scoundrel, one might al-
most admire him. But, of course, you do not
know what I mean."

Ursula could not answer. Prescott re-
garded her with attention, as if challenging
her.

"When I went to work for him ten years
ago, the American Lumber Company was
almost bankrupt. I made it a flourishing con-
cern. I learned all about lumber not from Ar-
nold, but from experience." He stopped for a
moment. "I made some money in small in-
vestments, by surveying forests for other
lumber companies; I also received a legacy
from Doctor Cowlesbury. It was all he had. I
saved the American Lumber Company, and
Arnold finally paid me nine hundred dollars a
year. Nine hundred dollars! For rescuing him
from bankruptcy, and enabling him to buy
the handsomest house in this city. All the
time he thought that I was a fool, suffering
his arrogance and his stupidity, without the
intelligence to know that I was being ex-
ploited."

"If it will help at all, Mr. Prescott," said
Ursula, "I think Mr. Arnold is a crass and
doltish idiot. My father despised him."

"You really think that?" he asked, and
there was a hard suspicion in his voice.

"I should not have said it if I did no
think it."

"Then you do not condemn me?" Hi
words were childish, yet infinitely touching

"No. But why should you care whether
condemn you or not?"

He stood up abruptly. He took a step to
ward her, then turned to the hearth and
looked grimly at the fire. He said, with quie
and bitter wrath, "Why should I care? Be
cause I came here tonight to ask you to marr
me."

Ursula could not move. His expression, th
tone of his voice, terrified her. *You love m*
she said feebly to herself, *you love me, an*
you hate me because you love me. You neve
intended to love any woman.

"Well?" he said harshly. "Can't yo
speak?"

She turned her head toward the fire an
gazed at it blindly. "You have a most singu
lar way of proposing," she said.

He ignored this. "You have not answere
my question. I will understand if you refus
but I want you to consider what I am offerin
you. You are not a rich woman. I am a ric
man, and I shall be richer. There is nothin
you might want that I cannot give you."

Ursula turned and regarded him stead
fastly. "Why do you want to marry me, M
Prescott?"

Now his expression became as she had see
it before—coarse, brutal. "Because Olive
needs a mother. Because I think you will h
a proper mother for my children. Becaus
the house I am building needs a mistress.
He threw the words at her insultingly, bu
she knew he was defending himself agains
the thing he would not admit, because h
had never wished to love her, and hated he
for it. He continued: "I intended to marr
a woman like you, a lady of good family
But I had hoped to marry a woman wit
money. It is unfortunate that you are poo
But I still wish you would marry me."

Ursula turned scarlet with affront and in
dignation. "Mr. Prescott!" she exclaime

He stared at her implacably. "I am bein
honest with you. I am a rich man. I wan
money, a great deal of money. I might hav

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½ tsp. sugar
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¼ tsp. mustard
dash pepper
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¾ cup suet cracklin's*

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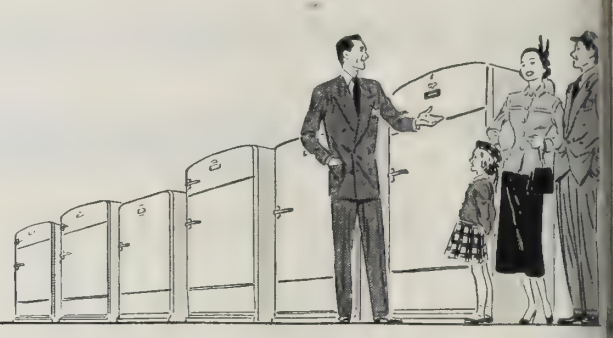


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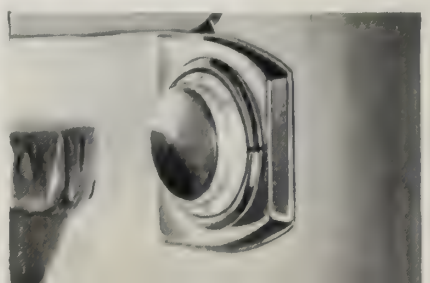
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(Continued from Page 82)

ally denounced Mr. Prescott for not allowing a man as solid and as established as Mr. Bassett to profit by a hint or two. Ursula was about to marry this man. And Ursula was not one to forget her friends. She would have influence with her husband. Mrs. Bassett's voice came, shaken with an attempt at loving severity:

"It was indeed imprudent of you not to have sent the gentleman to your friends before accepting his proposal. But I do not condemn; I understand. What a naughty rogue that Mr. Prescott of yours is, to have stolen so quietly behind our backs, and to have robbed us of our treasure! How precipitous and sudden ——"

"Yes," sighed Ursula humbly. "I can hardly believe it myself. We have met but a few times. But we understood each other at once."

"How could he have failed to be enraptured with you?" said Mrs. Bassett. "One can understand his recklessness in proposing so soon. And, of course, no one really believes the stories about him. It is all envy and jealousy."

It was then that Ursula revealed her ring, the great emerald which she had turned in toward her palm after removing her glove. Mrs. Bassett caught her breath. Never had she seen such a glorious gem before!

She glanced up at Ursula's smiling face then. "A lovely stone, my dear. It is, certainly, a ——"

"An emerald," replied Ursula, with immense indifference. "It is so impetuous of dear William, is it not, to insist upon our being married on Monday!"

There is only one natural communistic group; it consists of husband, wife and child.

—DEAN INGE:
Our Present Discontents
(Putnam & Co., Ltd.).

"Monday!" gasped Mrs. Bassett. "This coming Monday?"

"Indeed," sighed Ursula.

Mrs. Bassett's head went into a spin again. Then out of the chaos came a glorious plan; a plan which would not only be magnificent for Ursula, with her poor little house, but which would immediately fortify Mr. Bassett's position with Mr. Prescott. Mrs. Bassett sprang to her feet, clapped her hands together dramatically.

"My dear, dear child! You cannot be married with such unseemly haste! Mr. Prescott would not wish you to be placed in such embarrassment! You have only to impress this upon him, Ursula. You must insist on being married in the home of your best and most devoted friends, in my home, and Ezra's. But that will take at least two weeks to manage. And there is the matter of your wedding dress, your trousseau—the guests, the dinner ——"

Ursula was about to decline all this at once. Then she paused. She remembered William Prescott's expressions of scorn for Andersburg's "best" citizens. Now, suddenly, she knew that he did not intend to remain the town's pariah, that it was his own plan to establish himself firmly and with conspicuous eminence in the ranks of those who pretended to despise him. She glanced down at her ring. It was not the gift of a man who wished to live in splendid isolation. A man who wanted children did not plot to have them ostracized. William Prescott had known that Ursula had a considerable position in Andersburg society; she was a lady; she had influential friends. Mr. Prescott would not be unaware of all this.

She would write him a note this evening, and send it by messenger. She would write it at once, and Mrs. Bassett would send her gardener with it. William Prescott would not be enraged at the delay in his wedding. He would read the note, and crush it in his hand, and smile.

Mrs. Bassett was embracing her again, and pleading that Ursula consider her plan. Ursula gently put her aside.

"Dear Jemima, it is so kind of you. I accept. Mr. Prescott will agree, I know. If I could send him a note at once ——"

Mrs. Bassett became wildly animated. "At once!" She clapped her hands together. "And, dearest! It would never do for you to remain alone in your house now! A companion must be found for you. I know the very lady—Mrs. Templeton, the widow of our minister. I shall approach her this evening and I know she will be delighted. Oh, Ursula, how marvelous all this is!"

Next day both Andersburg newspapers carried this paragraph: "Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Bassett, of Englewood Street, have announced the betrothal of Miss Ursula Wende to Mr. William Prescott. The marriage will take place on May twentieth at the Bassett residence. Miss Wende is the only daughter of the late Dr. August Wende. Mr. Prescott has recently founded the Prescott Lumber Company. Several receptions will be held in the near future to honor the betrothed pair. The wedding will be one of the most important to be celebrated in this city this year."

Ursula had sent her note to William Prescott. She had mentioned the fact that Mrs. Templeton would be her companion until the day of the wedding. Mr. Prescott replied immediately:

"I consider that you have acted with extreme prudence in all matters. I am leaving for New York day after tomorrow, and shall not return for two weeks. Thereafter, I am at the disposal of your friends."

The answer was accompanied by the most enormous sheaf of red roses, bearing Mr. Prescott's card: "From Oliver and your ever faithful servant, William."

Mrs. Templeton, installed as Ursula's companion and chaperon, exclaimed ecstatically over the roses. But Ursula turned away from them, tearing the card to shreds between her cold fingers.

What did she want? Did she wish him to declare furiously that he would be no party to an extravagant and ostentatious wedding, and insist that they be married quietly on Monday? She did not know. Her emotions and actions were inexplicable even to herself. Once she thought, *He is a hypocrite.* But she could not believe this. Then, he was expedient. Did she believe expediency dishonorable, or contemptible? She was not sure.

If Andersburg had been electrified at the news in the morning newspapers, it had another exciting event to discuss later in the day. For, at noon, William Prescott was observed entering Mr. Bassett's bank, the First National, and it was reported that Mr. Bassett received him with the warmest expressions of regard and conducted him to his private office.

Two hours later, Mr. Prescott emerged, and Mr. Bassett accompanied him to the door of the bank. Mr. Bassett's arm was linked cozily with Mr. Prescott's, though Mr. Prescott walked stiffly and rigidly. If Mr. Bassett felt some lack of response on the part of his visitor, this was not evident; his unctuous banker's voice held that blend of obsequiousness and warmth reserved for only the most important clients.

What had transpired in that office was not to become public property until just before the marriage of Mr. Prescott and Miss Wende. In the meantime, the town simmered.

The afternoon before Mr. Prescott went to New York, Ursula received a note from him. He had not attempted to see her since the announcement of their betrothal, and this had disturbed while it obscurely relieved her. His note read, "It is my wish that you become more accustomed to little Oliver, so that when we are married he will not feel strange with you. So I am sending him, with his nursemaid, Lucy Jones, to remain at your home until I return in a few days." He signed himself, "Your servant, William Prescott."

Ursula was both dismayed and chagrined. She resented this highhanded method of



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Is Wilson's Ideal

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burdening her without consulting her wishes, and Mr. Prescott's assumption that anything he desired would be accepted by her. Indignantly, she read and reread the curt note, then, so deep was her love for this strange and violent man, she detected, or thought that she detected, his innate insecurity and uncertainty under the arrogant words.

I am certainly bewitched, she sighed. She wrote a note in which she tried to express pleasure over Mr. Prescott's arrangement. She sent off the note by messenger. But Mr. Prescott's carriage, containing Lucy and Oliver, arrived before he could possibly have received the note. Ursula did not know whether to be vexed or amused. Being a sensible woman, she decided to be the latter, and received Lucy and Oliver with graciousness, and installed them in her father's bedroom, where there was a couch as well as a bed.

Mrs. Templeton, a tall, spare and meek-faced woman, was delighted at this invasion. She busied herself carrying in linens and blankets to the pretty if sulky Lucy, and once she even dared to embrace little Oliver. Ursula watched these proceedings from the doorway.

"You will be quite comfortable, Lucy, on this couch," prattled Mrs. Templeton, laying the linens and blankets assigned to the nursemaid on the narrow sofa.

Lucy was silent. She had removed her bonnet and shawl, and her pretty yellow ringlets fell on her shoulders. She gave the couch a brief glance, but did not speak. Lucy was a full-sized girl; the couch had not been meant for prolonged sleep. It was quite adequate for a child, but certainly not for an adult.

Ursula moved quietly into the room. "Lucy," she said to Mrs. Templeton, "cannot possibly sleep on that couch. She will occupy my father's bed. The baby will have the couch."

Mrs. Templeton started. "But Ursula," she protested, "the little one ——"

"The little one will be comfortable on the couch. He is very small," said Ursula firmly.

"But—he is Mr. Prescott's child," stammered Mrs. Templeton.

"And Lucy is a young woman whose comfort is very important, if she is to do her tasks competently," replied Ursula. Her mouth drew together in a somewhat thin line. "I am very fond of Oliver. Again I he will be very comfortable on the co and on the couch he will sleep. Lucy will h my father's bed."

Mrs. Templeton was speechless. Her t worn hands fluttered impotently. Lucy h discreet smile behind Oliver's head. L Oliver, sensing something exciting, boun on Lucy's knee, chirped and beamed. spite of her annoyance, Ursula could not l smiling at him. She went across the ro picked up the child, and kissed him. L watched with appreciation. She had been p pared to hate Ursula, as she hated her (ployer, but now she looked at Ursula a surprised. This was a real lady, and pre and distinguished, and no mistake.

"I'll be quite suited on the couch, ma'a she ventured.

"Nonsense, Lucy," said Ursula, gen pinching Oliver's cheek. "Why should you uncomfortable? Why should anyone be comfortable when it isn't necessary?" returned the child to Lucy.

Lucy looked uneasy. But before she co protest again, Mrs. Templeton found voice. "I think you are forgetting, Ursu that the child is—is the son of Mr. Pr cott——"

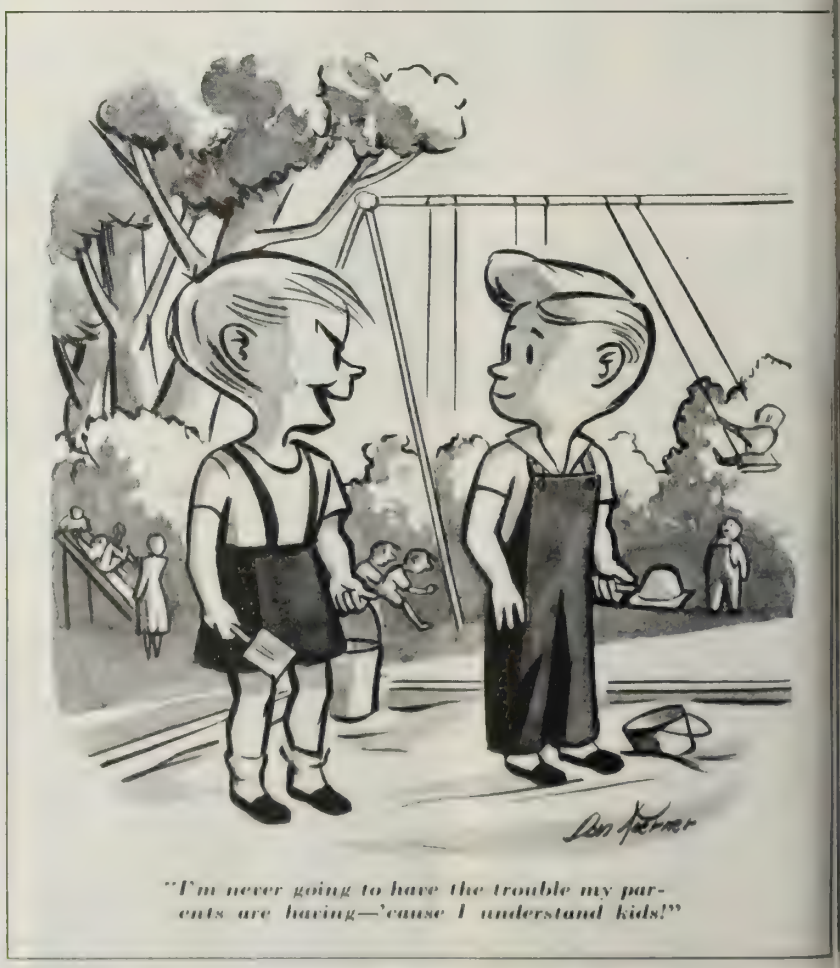
"Mr. Prescott," interposed Ursula tart "does not live in this house. It is mine. mistress here, I insist on making the arran ments I deem most satisfactory to eve one." In spite of her measured calm, heart was beating with angry vigor. "Let discuss it no longer. Lucy, you will broth and stewed chicken and pudding in kitchen. Doubtless you will want to t Oliver downstairs and give him his din and have some refreshment yourself."

Mrs. Templeton, with the dark color high on her cheeks, went out of the ro with a rustle. Ursula sat down in an rocking chair and surveyed Lucy with pleasant expression.

"Oliver seems to flourish in your car she said. "I hope it is your intention, Lu to remain with him after I marry Mr. Pr cott."

Lucy stared at her shyly. All the sulkin had disappeared from her pretty face. "C yes, ma'am!" she said. "I hoped you wo want me!"

Ursula gave her a quizzical smile. "W not? I know nothing about children, an am not overly fond of them. I find th



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quite tiresome, in fact. I have friends who profess to be fascinated by what they call a child's 'mind,' but I suspect they are only being affected."

She waited. Lucy did not comment.

"Have you not discovered that those who are elaborately devoted to children are generally hardhearted and suspicious and without real sensibility?" asked Ursula.

Lucy straightened Oliver's frock. "Well, now, ma'am, I never thought of it before, but it's true. Not that I don't like babies, Miss Wende. I do. In their proper place. And it's cruel to the children, ma'am, to push them out, forward like. It's wrong for the children. They've got to be taught their place, and how to control themselves, so that people won't hate 'em, as they always hate children who've always had their way, and no discipline!" Now she became affrighted at what she had said. She hugged Oliver against her. "But Oliver's not spoiled."

Ursula sat back in her chair. "No, I see he is not," she said. "Lucy, you know I am about to marry Mr. Prescott. You may trust me. Does Mr. Prescott try to spoil Oliver?"

Lucy hesitated. "Well, yes, ma'am, he does. If it was another baby but Oliver, he would be ruined. Toys all over, ma'am, so you can't walk. If he doesn't want to sleep, then he must be sung to, until he sleeps. If Oliver's naughty, he mustn't be punished, because punishment is 'barbaric.' That's what Mr. Prescott calls it. You know what that does to a child, ma'am? A baby wants to feel his father cares if he's naughty. He wants to feel his daddy is a strong man, standin' no nonsense. A baby's got to learn that there's others in the world, too, with rights, some rights more important than his."

Ursula had listened with serious attention. She regarded Lucy with respect. "You've had other charges besides Oliver?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Wende. I've been in service for six years." Her round face darkened a little, and she sighed. "I know children, ma'am. There was eight of us, and I was second eldest, and brought up a whole mess of brothers and sisters. I've been with Oliver ever since Mr. Prescott 'dopted him."

Oliver sat quietly, as if listening. His dark eyes wandered from one woman to the other.

"But Oliver has not been spoiled," Ursula said.

"No, ma'am, and it's a miracle why, everybody bein' ordered not to cross him. Mr. Prescott said, when I came to work for him, 'Nobody is going to cripple this child's mind or break his will.' But in spite of everything, Oliver is so good, and always seems to know what's goin' on around him, and understandin' everythin'. Not that Oliver's an angel. He's a healthy baby, and has his tempers, but you can talk to him, little as he is. You can tell him what's right and wrong. But only behind Mr. Prescott's back. He wouldn't stand for it."

Ursula was moved. "You are such a sensible girl, Lucy! I do hope that you'll never leave us."

Lucy's face darkened. "I shouldn't be talkin' as I've been doin' to you, about to marry Mr. Prescott." She got to her sturdy feet. "If you don't mind, I'll go down and give Oliver his dinner. It's almost time for his bed."

William Prescott returned from New York, and went immediately to the large room at the bank which Mr. Bassett reserved for conferences. He found there, waiting for him, Mr. Bassett, Albert Jenkins, ex-Judge Oscar Muehller, Hazlitt Leslie, of the Leslie Carriage Works, former State Senator Kenneth Whiscomb, Dr. Eli Banks, Chauncey Arnold, and a recording clerk, who showed by his expression that he realized the importance of this event.

Prescott entered the conference room, and stood for a moment on the threshold. He was an impressive figure. Some hidden excitement made his lean dark face eloquent; his thin, brutal mouth was compressed tightly. He gave out an emanation of vitality and power.

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"Gentlemen," said Ezra Bassett with a wave of his hand in a manner suspiciously histrionic, "Mr. Prescott. Mr. Prescott, I believe you know Mr. Arnold, Senator Whiscomb, Mr. Leslie, Judge Muehller, Mr. Jenkins, Doctor Banks."

William bowed, with just a suggestion of irony. He advanced into the room, and took the seat at the banker's right.

The others seated themselves. Then a heavy and oppressive silence fell on the company. Mr. Bassett cleared his throat. "I have told you why we are here, gentlemen. Suppose we allow Mr. Prescott to outline his plans."

Prescott spoke at once in his harsh and emotionless voice: "Let me make a brief resumé." (Several of the men were surprised by his ease and fluency, for they had previously been told of his uncouthness, his lack of formal education, his boorish unawareness of manners.) He let his eyes wander quickly from face to face. "Mr. Bassett held notes in the amount of over forty thousand dollars borrowed from this bank by Mr. Arnold, to expand the American Lumber Company. Unfortunately, Mr. Arnold's plans did not mature. Mr. Bassett held, as collateral, the controlling stock in the American Lumber Company. The stock, as it stands, is practically worthless. I have offered to take over this stock so that the bank will not suffer an irreparable blow. Of course, you understand what such a loss would mean to the bank! And to the community. I will pay the par value of the stock and a premium to compensate for interest due on the loan."

The air became charged with uncertainty and perplexity. No one spoke. Mr. Bassett coughed unctuously, then said, "I had no choice. Moreover, I thought it a generous offer. I have agreed to sell the stock, but first, Mr. Prescott asked that we hold this meeting of stockholders for a new election of officers." He turned majestically to William. "Mr. Prescott, I accept your offer at the terms you have stated and you now hold the majority of stock. I congratulate you. Also, I congratulate these gentlemen, whose personal investments are now secure."

Chauncey Arnold was a huge man whose clothing always seemed about to burst under the pressure of his bulk. His face had turned a pasty color; his black eyes fixed themselves upon William with a look of hatred and despair. But he did not speak. The others were leaning toward William Prescott, every eye intent.

Prescott began to speak, quietly but clearly. "You have heard that I have organized the Prescott Lumber Company. As I now also have controlling interest in the American Lumber Company, it is my plan, with your approval, to merge the American Lumber Company and the Prescott Lumber Company, to issue additional shares to the amount formerly held by the American Lumber Company, and exchange share for share. I am sure you will see the advantages of becoming shareholders in a strong and progressive company, instead of one"—he paused for an instant—"practically defunct."

A few faces changed and darkened. It was bitter to look at this "outsider," and feel so impotent. It was worse to try to avoid looking at Chauncey Arnold.

As for Prescott, he sat there quietly enough, but his brown hands had suddenly tightened into fists on the polished wood of the table. "Gentlemen, you have no choice." He waited. No one spoke. He went on: "I do not intend that the Prescott Lumber Company shall remain a picayune local concern. America is expanding enormously. Lumber will be needed for industry and for construction. I have already bought up options on forests, not only in the Western states, but in the territories. There is no limit to my plans. There is no limit to what the Prescott Lumber Company can do. Gentlemen, you have the opportunity to join me in an enterprise which will make all of us wealthy, or you may continue to hold your stock in the American Lumber Company and suffer tremendous loss."

No one spoke even then. The air was with excitement.

But suddenly Chauncey Arnold strug to his feet. He was leaning his clenched on the table; slowly he swung the mi bulk of his head from one of his erst friends to another. "You will let this destroy me, your friend and neighbo fifty years?" he shouted. "You will d me in my extremity? You will connive him?" His black eyes both glared pleaded. "Judge Muehller! Senator W comb! Leslie! Jenkins! You, Ezra Bas who married my second cousin! How can do this to me?"

No one answered. The sunlit room bec full of shameful silence. But William I cott looked directly at his former empl and smiled. "Well, gentlemen," he "Mr. Arnold is waiting for your answ

Still no one spoke.

"My God!" cried Arnold, and sat d suddenly, shielding his face with his clenc fists.

"Now, now, Chauncey," said Mr. Bas uneasily. "One must accept facts. You making matters very hard for us. If you let Mr. Prescott continue you'll see everything isn't lost." He looked at Willi "Go on, Prescott. We are waiting."

William said, "Gentlemen, Mr. Bas has told you that the purpose of this mee is the election of officers of the new Pres Lumber Company. I intend to be presid For vice-president, I gest Mr. Leslie; for se tary, Judge Muehller; treasurer, Senator W comb. For members of board of directors, Bassett, Mr. Jenkins, S ator Whiscomb, Doc Banks, Mr. Leslie."

> **To be on the right track is not enough. You must keep moving or you will get run over.** —ANON.

paused. Every man listened, suddenly a and electrified. William went on: "A Chauncey Arnold, for executive vice-pre dent at a salary of three thousand dollar year."

Again there was a tense silence. Then, at once, each man found his voice and claimed approvingly. Everyone stood u full of excitement, except Chauncey Arno who sat regarding William with profou hatred and misery.

He watched them surround his form employee, shake William's hand. He s them forgetting him, ignoring him. He h lost more than his company, his prestige a his money. He had lost what had made h whole existence worth while.

He stood up, trembling violently. T scraping of his chair, the shuffle of his f finally drew attention. He stared at Willia Prescott, and William stared at him. Arno said, "Three thousand dollars! You dare offer me —— You liar and blackguard! I w give you the only answer possible—no. N not if I starve."

"Now, Chauncey ——" said Bassett.

But Chauncey Arnold did not look at t banker. He turned away, shuffled slowl ponderously from the room.

That night, while Mr. Bassett entertain the new officers and directors of the Prescot Lumber Company at his home, Chaunce Arnold suffered a heart attack.

Mrs. Templeton had gone to bed with headache. She had been very dignified, thes last few days, with Ursula, because of Lucy and Oliver. She had pointedly refrained from giving any orders to the nursemaid.

Lucy, in the meantime, had become Ur sula's devoted admirer. The two young women found much pleasure in each other company. Lucy had such common sense such a blunt awareness of reality. She was i love with the coachman, John Shaeffer. Each day he brought the carriage around to giv the three women and Oliver their airing. He and Lucy intended to be married in the late summer, and Lucy had gathered together, from her wages, a supply of household linens. Ursula, investigating her own ample store

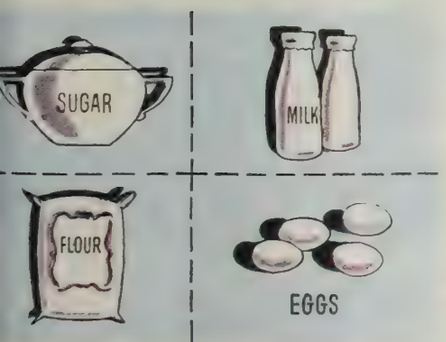
(Continued on Page 90)



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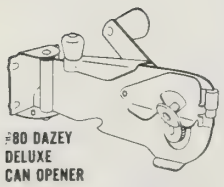


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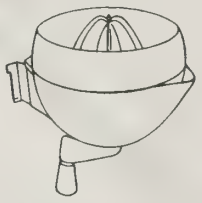


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(Continued from Page 88)

of sheets, towels, pillowcases and tablecloths, found many which could be spared for Lucy. Lucy, almost overcome with gratitude, exclaimed that she was Ursula's slave forever.

Half past nine struck, and the whole house slept, except Ursula. The gracious little sitting room was filled with the scent of lilacs, freshly cut. The paneled walls gleamed in the lamplight; the portraits smiled down in a friendly fashion at the young woman busy with her needlework.

There was a loud knock on the door, and Ursula started. She listened for the stirring of Mrs. Templeton at this summons, but the house remained silent. It could be no one but William. Ursula went to the door.

It was indeed William, sparkling with moisture from the top of his hard black hat to his handsome black broadcloth coat. And smiling. He said, "Good evening. Is it very late? I arrived home this morning."

"So I heard," replied Ursula, a little tartly. She opened the door wider and let him in. She noticed that there was an air of exhilaration and excitement about him.

He marched ahead of her into the parlor, then abruptly swung about to face her. He said, a little absently, "I had much business to do. That is why I didn't come before."

He did not kiss me, thought Ursula. *He has not even called me by my name.* She stood before him without speaking.

"It was important business," he said, as if she had challenged him.

"Of course," she murmured.

"I meant to bring you flowers, but I did bring you a present from New York." He glanced at her ring finger, and smiled again to see his extravagant emerald there. "My wedding gift. You shall have it on the day we are married."

"Thank you," she said.

He stared at her again. "You look tired. Has Oliver been too much for you?" Not waiting for her reply, he said, "I must see Oliver."

Ursula drew a deep breath. "He has been asleep since six o'clock."

"What does that matter? I want to see him. I'll go upstairs."

Ursula said clearly, "That would hardly be proper. This is a small house, and Lucy is sleeping in the same room."

He stopped on the threshold, swung upon her and scowled. "That is wrong! I won't have a servant sleeping in the same room! How could you have allowed that? It is unhealthy for the child."

Ursula colored faintly. "I am sorry," she said coldly. "The house is small. I have three bedrooms. I occupy one, Mrs. Templeton another, and my father's room is big enough for Lucy and Oliver." Her heart was beating angrily. She felt deprived.

But he was excited. "Lucy could have slept in a cot in the kitchen, or somewhere," he told her.

"No one shall sleep in the kitchen in my house," said Ursula, and her anger increased. He had not kissed her, had not asked after her health. He was glaring at her with the dull thick look she detested heartily.

She had once believed him subtle. She now that she had not been wrong. He such a capacity for intuition. He was denly smiling again, and very slowly can her. Then he laid his hands on her shoul but he did not bend his head to kiss her. an odd little laugh, she raised her hands, his face in them, and kissed him full upo lips.

"William," she said softly.

The hands on her shoulders tightened. lips had been hard and quiet under her but now they suddenly became eager. pulled her to him, then thrust her a rudely. He went to a chair and sat down said, "You look very pale." His voice indifferent, but his face was heavily flus

"Wedding preparations are very tedio she said. But she felt curiously lighthea She sat down near him. Out of the co of his eyes he looked at her, and in a les igent man she would have thought the shyness. Perhap was.

"Wedding pr rations," he repe disdainfully. But knew he had not h his own words. want to see Oliv he said surlily. " can't keep him me."

"I don't intend She kept her calm, though it t bled percepti "But I think the ought not to be turbed tonight would be very u ting for him, to a him. He would b excited that he m not sleep again, become ill." looked at him st fastly. "William, you remember name?"

"Eh?" He regar her with astoni ment.

"My name," repeated. "I hav name. Have you gotten it? You h not mentioned it.

He still regar her with astoni ment. Then he be to laugh. "Ursul he said. He stop laughing. "Ursula," he repeated more gen Then he stood up, frowning again. "W foolishness."

She stood up also. Her slight figure mo toward him. She put her hand on his a "William, did it ever occur to you wh consented to marry you?"

He did not answer, though his small g eyes began to flicker as if a thousand answ moved behind them.

"It was because I love you." Her v was soft and low and pleading.

He still did not answer. But now he loo away from her.

"Do you understand what I have s William?"

"I heard you." But his words were alm inaudible.

"Don't you believe it?"

He flung off her hand, went a few st away from her. "Love," he said. "Th isn't any love anywhere."

"That is not true," she said clearly. "Y love Oliver."

"Children are different."

For the first time, she was filled wit fierce jealousy. "No, they are not! I l you. You have never said you loved me. W do you want to marry me, William? I m know."

He turned to her. His face was very ti and haggard. "I can't believe in love tween men and women," he said, with hea ness.

(Continued on Page 92)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Return

By Kathleen O'Neill-Bailey

We have been happy where the lark songs rise
Above the cool green fields, where smoke-blue hills
Lie fold on fold beneath these kindly skies,
And orchard grass is gay with daffodils:
In this brief sunlit hour that cannot die
We have been happy here, my love and I.

Within the woodland ways the palest gleam
Of primrose clusters star the mossy banks
Where silver birches sway beyond the stream
That, speaking for all silent things, gives thanks:
And when, some distant spring, the windflowers sigh,
It may be where we pass, my love and I.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Easy trick for Bridge luncheon —this quick, can't-fail coffee!

You play your trump card in the kitchen—when you zip out to make coffee for the crowd. This slick-trick way. With every cup just right.

Yes, magically convenient! Just *measure* Nescafé* to suit each taste—add piping hot water and stir. Coffee's ready—and *right* every time! No guesswork for strength preferred. As easy to make for a crowd as to make a single cup.

Yes, magically fresh! With all the flavor, all the "lift" of freshly brewed coffee. Because Nescafé's choice, selected coffees *are* freshly brewed by experts. Then all the goodness is *sealed in* by added carbohydrates until you release it in the cup, *fresh every time.*

Why not serve wonderful, work-saving Nescafé for breakfast, lunch, dinner, or any time between? Always so handy to have in the house. Get Nescafé today—in the regular-size or big economy-size jar.

Time-Saver Luncheon Tips

CHICKEN-A-LA-KING WITH FRENCH PEAS
Use prepared chicken-a-la-king —just heat peas and serve

HOT SPOON BISCUITS
Use biscuit mix

NESCAFÉ
No pot, no grounds— just add piping hot water

If you like good coffee, you'll love Nescafé! Try it—see why more people drink Nescafé than any other instant coffee!



NESCAFÉ makes coffee right— every morning, noon or night!



Nescafé cuts coffee bills, too!

Serve Nescafé as your *regular* coffee—and save! Even a small jar makes about as many cups as a pound of ordinary ground coffee —*yet costs less in actual cash.*

BIG ECONOMY SIZE JAR SAVES EVEN MORE!

afé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is posed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

A SPIFFY JIFFY DESSERT!

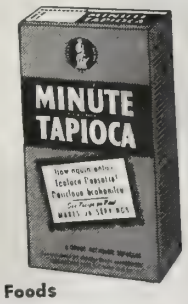
(IT'S REAL MINUTE TAPIOCA—FULL OF COUNTRY-KITCHEN GOODNESS)



CHOCOLATE DREAM CREAM

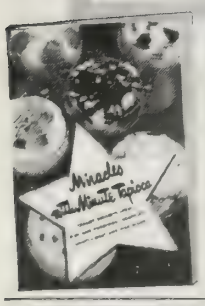
1 egg yolk
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
⅓ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix egg yolk with a small amount of the milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, Minute Tapioca, ⅓ cup sugar, salt, and chocolate. Place over medium heat. Cook until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly—this takes 5 to 8 minutes. (Do not overcook . . . mixture thickens as it cools.) Remove from heat. Beat egg white until foamy throughout. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and continue beating with rotary egg beater until mixture will stand in very soft peaks. Add hot tapioca mixture, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Cool, stirring after 15 to 20 minutes. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with whipped cream and pecan halves. Makes 4 or 5 servings of the dreamiest dessert this side of heaven. Looks so party-pretty, tastes so wonderfully good, no one would dare guess it's so quick and easy to fix. Economical, too!



Special for Brides! If you're a brand-new cook—you may never have used real, genuine Minute Tapioca! (It was not available during the war years.) So buy a box today! 'Cause whether you want to be famous for your dazzling desserts—your high, wide, and handsome omelets and soufflés—or your easy-slicing, tender meat loaves—Minute Tapioca is the answer!

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Please send me a FREE copy of "Miracles with Minute Tapioca," containing over 50 recipes for creamy desserts—fruit pies that don't run—fluffy omelets and soufflés—tender meat loaves that slice without crumbling—rich soups, stews, etc.

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WRITEWELL CO. 305 Transit Bldg. Boston 15, Mass.

(Continued from Page 90)

"You don't love me?"

He flung out his hands in exasperation. "Why do you keep harping on 'love'? I've asked you to marry me. I want to marry you. Isn't that enough?"

Her first impulse was to say, "No." Then she smiled. "Yes, I suppose it is." She wanted to laugh, to kiss him again, to hold him protectingly in her arms. She only said, "Will you have some tea?"

He was relieved at her change of mood. "No. I had dinner at the home of our friends, the Bassetts." Now he was smiling but the smile was harsh and unpleasant. "There were other 'friends' there also. Muehller, Banks, Leslie, Whiscomb. You know them?"

"Yes." Ursula felt cold. She sat down, but at some distance.

Now he was excited again. He hardly seemed to see her. "I must tell you about it. About everything that happened today. You are a woman and you will not understand all of it. But there is much that you will understand, for you are intelligent."

"Thank you," said Ursula dryly.

He did not appear to grasp this small sarcasm. His whole face became alive, thinner, darker, vital with power. He began to describe the scene in the bank, at the Bassett dinner table. His voice, rising and falling, vivid, strident, but always triumphant, held her like mesmerism. She made no comment, though he sometimes paused for one. She could not look away from him. She was very pale. Her hands lay quietly in her lap.

He hates them, she thought, though she was appalled at such malignance, such vindictiveness. *He hates them because they fawned upon him.*

Her eyes studied him with sorrow, and with understanding. He would give no one his confidence, except one whom he loved and one against whom he was not on guard. He loved her; there was no longer the faintest reason to doubt.

There are two men, one of whom is very happy and one of whom is very miserable. The essential difference between them is that one loves the beauty of the world, and the other hates its ugliness. —THOMAS DREIER.

"Why are you smiling?" he asked, halting in the midst of a sentence.

"Smiling?" She had not been conscious of this. "Was I smiling? Ought I not to be smiling?" She paused. "Should I be glowering?"

A curious expression glinted in his eyes. "But these people are your friends, are they not?"

"If you had thought them such friends of mine, would you be telling me this story?"

He gave a sudden shout of laughter. "Then you hate them too?"

She said honestly, "No, I don't believe I hate anyone."

Again his expression changed. "I have wondered whether you had the—the power to hate anyone. Or whether you were so egotistic that you did not consider anyone important enough for you to hate."

Within the space of a moment he had the ability to arouse more ire in her than she usually felt in a year. Now she was enraged at him, and her face turned bright with color.

"You certainly have no flattering opinion of me, have you?"

He smiled derisively. "I think I ought to have remembered that genteel females are not supposed to have strong opinions about anything."

"You express yourself engagingly, but please go on with your interesting story."

He scrutinized her in silence. Then he said in that dull tone which could follow so quickly on violence, "That is all, I think." He stood up and began to walk up and down the room restlessly. "You know so little about me," he said, looking down at her watchfully. "You know only what others have told you, and what I have seen fit to tell you. Have you never wanted to know more?"

But I know all about you, my darling, she thought, her rage gone. She said, "It is true that I have not known you long."

He sat down once more, and he leaned toward her, speaking rapidly. "You might as well hear it all. My father worked in a sawmill down the river. He was badly inju and died when I was very young. We ha old house, but a fairly large one, in a poor section. My mother had always t lodgers. She continued to do so. She wo hard, worked herself to death. She w harsh woman, and she considered me a g responsibility. I don't think she ever thou of me in any way but as a burden."

Ursula said, "I imagine keeping lod would have left her little time for anyth else."

William ignored this. "I helped, as soo I was able. Then I met Doctor Cowlesb He was the only friend I have ever had.

His eyes, so ruthless and penetrating, d ened with grief. They met Ursula's, an made an awkward but compelling gesture if denying a plea from her to hear more as if repudiating her sympathy. He said really ought to see Oliver. Does he like y still? He has not fretted?"

"It is almost eleven, William. So, it w be most unwise to disturb the baby. Yes likes me, I think. After all, he is so yo and I am not exactly a brute. No, he has fretted. He is too amiable and sensible."

"I hope you have not taught him to for you more than for me!" The words childish, and he smiled. But it was a jea and suspicious smile.

The clock tinkled eleven, and Ursula "You will ruin my reputation if you re a moment longer, even though I hav chaperon." Then she went on, "I thought that if you have not planne honeymoon, we might spend the time your house is finishe this one." She colored. open comment upon a eymoon suddenly em rassed her.

But William appare did not find her words the least indelicate. looked about him slo and consideringly. At he said, "It is a beaut little house, I admit. it is not so ——"

"So magnificent as the Imperial Hote she finished.

He did not apologize. "I don't like sm houses," he told her. "This is a woma house also."

"My father lived here; my father f nished this house," said Ursula, provok

William studied the room. "No, I th not. I should imagine myself poor ag Smallness reminds me of poverty. I sho stifle here."

"At least, you are frank," said Ursula.

Did he truly not know when he had b rude? Had he never learned that apol is a social grace? Apparently not, thou Ursula, and was amused in spite of her ve tion.

He was taking up his coat and hat gloves now. "You are right. It is very l and I must go. I'll send for Oliver tomorr The carriage will call for him in the mo ing." He put on his coat, went toward vestibule. Then he turned about and loo at her.

She went to him serenely and waited. did not move. She smiled.

"You'll have to remember to kiss me casionally," she said, and felt no shame this bold remark.

To her surprise, he reddened. He brush her cheek unwillingly with his lips.

Then he said, almost inaudibly, "Ursu I have thought of you often, while I w away. You kept coming into my mind wh I least expected it." He spoke accusingly.

"I am glad," she said.

"Good night."

He opened the door and closed it quick behind him, and she heard his footsteps the stone steps outside.

Ursula came slowly back into the par and sat down. It was wrong. Everything w wrong. The man was extraordinary, and was frightening. But she loved him. She su posed, fervently, that this was all that m tered.

(To be Continued)



Designed for hospitality

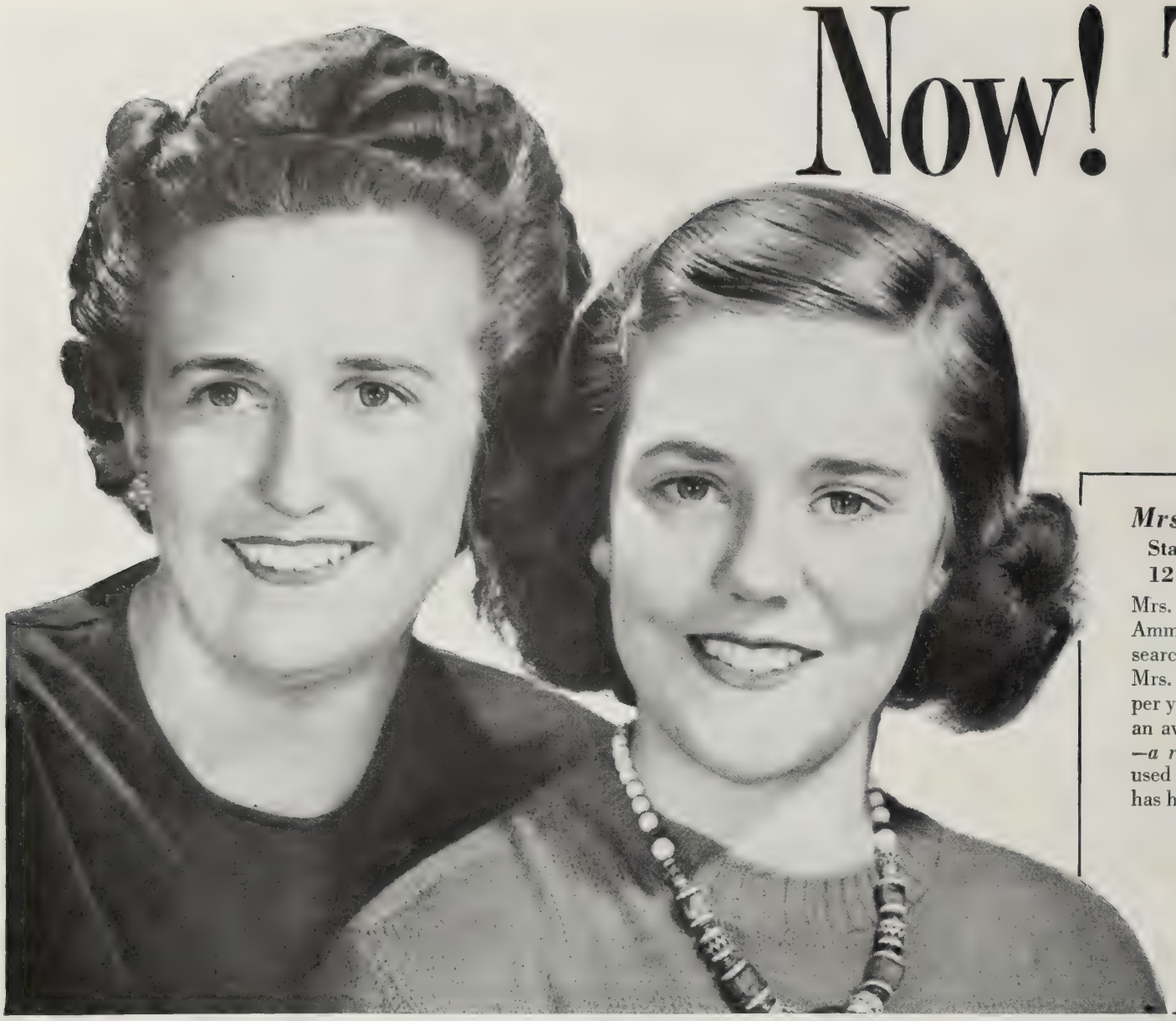
Good hospitality is the knack of putting everyone at ease—including the hostess. With ice-cold Coca-Cola you have that knack. It's so easy to slip your finger tips into the handle of a six-bottle carton . . . thus it's so easy to keep your refrigerator supplied at all times.



Ask for it either way . . . both trade-marks mean the same thing.

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Now! Tooth



Mrs. Margaret Mallen,
Staten Island, N. Y. and her 12 year old daughter, Pam.

Mrs. Mallen and Pam were early Amm-i-dent users, during test research. Before using Amm-i-dent, Mrs. Mallen averaged 4.2 cavities per year. With Amm-i-dent, she had an average of 1.6 cavities per year —*a reduction of 61.9%*. Pam has used Amm-i-dent for nearly 4 years, has had only 3 cavities in that time.

Notary Public's Statement:
"I have seen the actual dentist's records of the Mallen family and their dentist's sworn statement that the above is an exact and accurate description."

Evelyn A Roman
Notary Public, State of New York

FIRST AMMONIATED TOOTH POWDE



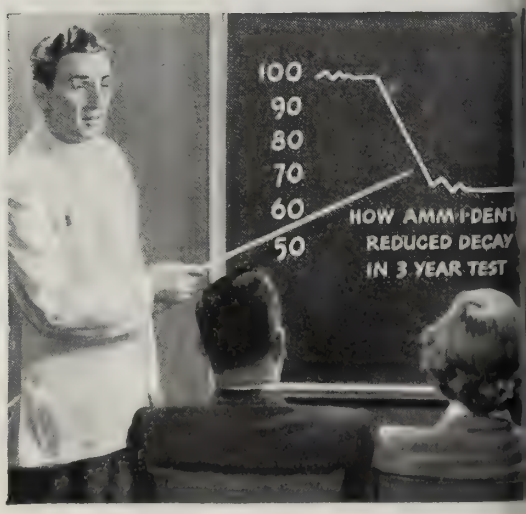
"Promises To Make History"—Reader's Digest

Ammoniated tooth powder has hit the headlines from coast to coast! Reader's Digest article praised it as "a revolutionary way to help prevent tooth decay." Time Magazine (Medicine, Feb. 14th) told how Amm-i-dent was developed by a non-profit research group. Newsweek cited Amm-i-dent's use by New York high school students. ("Preventive Tooth Powder," Feb. 14th.) It's thrilling news!



"Only Dentifrice I Recommend," Says Dentist

Long before national magazines and newspapers told the great news about Amm-i-dent, thousands of dentists, who were following the research, recommended it to patients. Before Amm-i-dent, toothpastes and powders could brighten teeth but had no specific ingredients to fight decay. Now with Amm-i-dent, your daily brushing helps give active protection against new cavities.



Science Explains How Amm-i-dent Reduces Dec

There are two ingredients in Amm-i-dent not fou in any leading toothpaste or powder: Dibasic A monium Phosphate and Carbamide (Synthe urea). These ingredients eliminate from the mou large numbers of the bacteria (Lactobacillus A dophilus) which can cause decay. (Teachers! F classroom literature, write Amm-i-dent, Inc., Jers City 6, N. J.)

Decay Reduced by Amazing New Discovery

New Hope for Children and Adults!

ou've heard about ammoniated tooth powder from dentists or friends! ou've read about it in Reader's Digest, Time, Newsweek and other magaines and newspapers! Now, it's here, ready for use in your own home, after ree years of clinical testing—a tooth powder that actually helps prevent rmation of new cavities in human teeth.

Amm-i-dent, the first of the ammoniated tooth powders, holds promise of wer cavities, less tooth decay. That's the thrilling news that comes with e announcement of this entirely new and revolutionary dentifrice.

First Anti-Decay* Dentifrice

o to now, dentifrices could help clean and brighten your teeth, but contained effective anti-decay* ingredient. Now, for the first time, with Amm-i-dent, u and your children can help protect your teeth against decay, as you give em their regular daily cleaning. For Amm-i-dent contains two anti-decay* gredients, *not used in any leading toothpaste or powder!*

Look at your teeth in the mirror. Count the fillings. How much pain and ouble could you have been saved, if Amm-i-dent had been discovered when you were a child? How much can you save your children, by starting them on Amm-i-dent today?

Yes, for adults and children alike, regular *daily* use of Amm-i-dent works to reduce the rate of new cavities, promote healthier teeth. Everyone will love its clean, minty taste. Amm-i-dent cleans your teeth to gleaming brightness and sweetens breath instantly.

Amm-i-dent No "Cure-All"

No claims are made that Amm-i-dent is a "cure-all." It cannot help cavities that are already formed. Nor in using it are you guaranteed never to have any cavities again. But from all the evidence, the proper use of Amm-i-dent is a simple and effective way to reduce occurrence of new cavities.

The makers of Amm-i-dent also wish to stress that no dentifrice can take the place of the dentist. Consult him twice a year. He is your best safeguard in preserving your mouth health.

Important! Get Amm-i-dent Now!

Amm-i-dent may be bought without prescription at all drug counters. Start today to fight decay the Amm-i-dent way.

AMM-I-DENT HELPS PREVENT CAVITIES!



wer Cavities With Amm-i-dent" Says Dental Nurse

n Hughes, Little Neck, N. Y., worked for a den- who was among the first to know of the Amm-i- t formula. "I've used Amm-i-dent myself for e years," she said. "Before I used Amm-i-dent ad a great many cavities. In the first year with m-i-dent, cavities were far less frequent and for last two years I've had none at all. It's my idea he perfect tooth powder."

Amm-i-dent

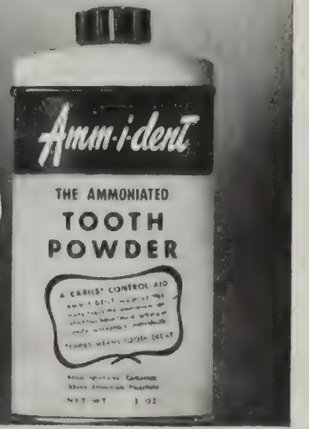
TRADE MARK

AMMONIATED TOOTH POWDER

*Amm-i-dent contains two ingredients, Carbamide and Dibasic Ammonium Phosphate, which inhibit growth of the acid-forming bacteria, (Lactobacillus acidophilus) considered a major cause of decay.

At all drug counters. No prescription necessary.

TESTED AND COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE



Amm-i-dent is the Trade Mark of Amm-i-dent, Inc., 12 High St., Jersey City 6, N. J.

Match-mates by the sea in Avondale

Companion Colors

Because Avondale fabrics are dyed-in-the-yarn, you get the exact same colors in solid shades and stripes

Vary your play clothes this attractive way with Avondale chambrays in Companion Colors. Because the colors are dyed to match perfectly, you can have two complete changes with the same sand-and-sun suit. And with Avondale chambray, so easy to drape and sew, you can make striped-and-solid schemes specifically your own. Colors stay bright through washings and wear — Sanforized★, in a range of qualities and prices in ready-to-wear and piece-goods.

Look for the yellow label that identifies these Avondale Carol chambrays in Companion Colors.

AVONDALE

dyed-in-the-yarn fabrics—the stay-fast colors are woven-in
58 Worth Street, New York 13

★Residual shrinkage less than 1%



Choose Avondale Carol chambray for the midriff play suit. . . . Too much sun? . . . Cover up with a Carol awning-stripe coat . . . and for a second outfit, pretty-up with another color-bright Carol stripe in a button-on skirt and knapsack.

McCall patterns — Play suit and skirt 7590, Beach coat 7169, Bag 1470

LOVE

(Continued from Page 44)

ever-decreasing routine activity; and
s something which was an important in-
lient of their original love for each other
ly begins to disappear. But the marriage
ls fast because this diminishing and dis-
earing thing was *not* the most important
t of their love, but of secondary impor-
ce only.

he most important ingredient was affec-
, deep affection. It cannot diminish with
e—nor can it stand still. It can only in-
ase. And thus,
ly but smoothly,
original ingredi-
s of this love begin
lter their propor-
s. Affection in-
ses. Sex attrac-
decreases. As the
er disappears, the
ner takes its place.
re is no gap. The
centage is still 100.
e love remains
ire.

nd now the other
d of love, the
ng one, the bringer
divorces. What is
t one made of?

he formula here
ies a good deal. It
ld be any of the
owing:

0 per cent intense
attraction, 30 per
t genuine affection
respect; or

00 per cent deep
ction and respect,
attraction negli-
le; or

00 per cent intense
attraction, affec-
n and respect negli-
le.

The first of these
ee is the most com-
n. If our moral and
lesiastical codes
mitted two people
o were in love to
e temporarily to-
her for their own
easure and satis-
tion without con-
acting marriage,
en this kind of love
uld form an excel-
t basis for such ac-
ity. It is sincere and
ense and causes
ch mutual happi-
ss. But it is tempo-
y. It is bound to be
because in it sex
traction, which be-
mes less intense
th time, predomi-
tes too strongly
er affection which,
ough genuine, is not
cessarily strong
ough to increase.
ven if it did, it
uldn't catch up
st enough. It was left behind at the start.
us there would be a gap. The percentage
uld not be 100. The love would not remain
tire. A marriage contracted on this basis
almost certain to fail, although many man-
e to survive purely through the determina-
on, self-sacrifice, give and take, hard work
d the consideration for the children. But
isn't much fun.

HE second of the three, where love is
ade up of 100 per cent deep affection and
spect, is bound equally to fail—except, of
urse, in the unusual event of both persons'
eling the same way. Where one partner
periences no strong sex attraction while
e other does, then failure is inevitable and
e reasons are obvious.

But what of the third type, where love is wholly sex attraction and nothing else? The romantics will argue that this is not love—not true love, anyway. But on the contrary, it *is*. Those who fall in love in this manner are just as strangely and strongly afflicted as the others, just as irrational and lovelorn, just as vigorous and persistent. Usually more so. Many of them, believing that this is the real thing, proceed in all good faith to get married, only to discover, when it is too late, that their love was built of too flimsy stuff.

THIS kind of love is the most dangerous of them all. It is the quickest coming, the most powerful, the most natural, the most exciting and the quickest going. It is a trap for the young ones, the gentle ones, the virtuous ones, and also for the fools. It is, amongst other things, an exact definition of the phrase 'love at first sight,' which really means nothing more than 'instantaneous powerful sex attraction.' What else could it mean? One cannot, after all, experience a profound affection and respect for someone 'at first sight.' That is impossible. On the other hand, one can experience an instantaneous and powerful sex attraction for that person the moment one sets eyes on him (or her); for sex attraction is dependent primarily upon outward appearances.

'Love at first sight' is a sensation which the average teen-ager, perilously ignorant of its implications, longs fervently to experience. This longing is carefully nurtured by the movies and pandered to by many popular magazines. The average movie story is usually based upon 'total sex-attraction love,' often dished up in the form of 'love at first sight'; and the story ends with happiness and marriage and seldom goes on to reveal the inevitable crash which must result from this type of union. Thus the millions of young boys and girls who gaze in rapture at this curious procedure become convinced that what is good enough for Gable or Power or Hayworth in their celluloid lives is certainly good enough for themselves in their own lives. Their most cherished ambition thereafter is a swift, exciting falling-in-love, a rapid courtship, a sackful of sentimental sloppery and then, then marriage. And so it happens; and in a short while, when the novelty of sexual relations has worn off, both young man and young wife suddenly discover that they are living with someone whom they do not know very well and do not care very much about. I blame the movies first and foremost. And of course the situation is not improved by the fact that the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Knothole

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Sometimes the most beautiful
comes small;
An inch-wide knothole in an old
barn's wall,
Which was an unintentional
oversight,
Lets not only weather in, but light.

A man would never guess so much
of day
Could get into the dark so narrow
a way;
The sun slides through here by the
skin of his teeth
And turns dark straw to topazes
beneath.

Even plain dust for once takes to
bright wings,
Ten thousand tiny planets swim in
rings
Along the long and leaning golden
bar,
And every speck of dirt becomes a
star.

It is as good as lying looking up
When an August night upsets the
cup
Of light down over the tallest of
the trees
And nebulae are swarming thick
as bees.

A very small but lively boy can
slide,
For all his arching ears and arched
backside,
Through a narrow opening in a bin
Of apples where scarce squirrel
could get in.

It all just goes to show it is a thin
Door that will not let hot life
come in;
The sun and boys will always bring
in light,
Even through holes left by an
oversight.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



people who make these movies—who are hero-worshiped by the young from one end of the land to the other—do not themselves set an especially fine example in their own much publicized private lives.

The popular magazines are not so bad as the movies, but they too must take some of the blame. Week after week their pages are filled with the same sugary stories based upon the theme of 'love at first sight,' or upon some other form of 'total sex-attraction love.' And like the movie stories, they nearly always end happily and thereby succeed in conveying to the impressionable young reader the thought that he or she will be just as happy as the people in the story.

There isn't much that can be done about that. But young people hoping for love and contemplating matrimony can at any rate arm themselves with the knowledge that the most publicized and glamorized form of 'love' is the very one of which they should beware.

So far, then, I have tried to analyze the different types of 'love' and the results which they bring. I have committed the cynical and unromantic crime of carving up that most tender of all human emotions into a series of formulae, and unless I can show how these formulae can be usefully employed then I shall have achieved little more than to prove that I am an unromantic cynic myself.

The problem resolves itself into this: is a person who is deeply in love capable of making an accurate and impartial analysis of the type of love with which she (or he) is afflicted? Is she capable of giving a true answer to the question, "How much profound affection and how much sex attraction does my love contain?" Personally I doubt it. She could try; and if she were an exceedingly intelligent person, then I think she might even answer herself correctly. Unfortunately, it is a fact that those who suffer from 'total sex-attraction love' are the very ones who will swear that their love is based upon nothing of the sort. They, through no real fault of their own, are the lost ones, the unhappy ones, the bringers of divorces.

If, on the other hand, she is one of those rare girls who still value the advice of their parents, and if the parents have the sense and sensitivity to understand the problem, then they too may be able to help her to find the answer. I know of one remarkable case in which a shrewd father saved his daughter from making a crazy choice, and it is worth telling despite the fact that the father broke all the rules and lied and cheated and bluffed in a manner that neither you nor I would wish to emulate. His daughter was fiercely in love with a handsome young man. The father had no objection to the boy, but at the same time he was convinced that his daughter's love was based upon 100 per cent sex attraction and that otherwise her feelings were not particularly deep. It happened that the young man was called away for a while; and when he had been absent for about a month, the father, coming home one evening and finding his daughter in the living room, sat down, pretended for a while to be reading the evening paper, then suddenly looked up and spoke.

Father: I saw old Archie Swanson today. He said he'd just spent a week up in Manchester and he'd seen your Johnny. Said the boy wasn't any too well at the moment.

Daughter: Why, daddy, what's wrong? He isn't ill, is he?

Father: Apparently he's got a rather bad attack of boils, on his face and neck and down his back.

Daughter: Daddy, it isn't true!

Father: I'm afraid it is. The doctors don't seem to be able to find the reason for it. First they thought it was his teeth and they sent him to a dentist. They extracted about a dozen, including three front ones, but even that hasn't helped the boils. Archie told me he felt very sorry for the lad, he looked such a sight.

Daughter *(horrified)*: His teeth—you mean they took them out?

Father: Oh, yes. He's got false ones now. You'll see them when you get married. He'll





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*simulated

put them in a glass on the washstand every night before he goes to bed—at least he will if he wants to keep them properly clean.

It is a fact that the daughter cried a lot that evening, and it is also a fact that her love for Johnny began to cool from then on. The father, seeing this, and knowing that Johnny would soon be coming back with a spotless complexion and with his own good teeth, confessed all to his daughter and finally managed with great difficulty to convince her that although he was a liar and a cheat, he had nevertheless demonstrated a most important truth; namely, that his daughter's love was of the wrong type. Had it been the kind of love that makes good marriages then it would have taken a great deal more than boils and artificial teeth to shake it.

I personally think that the father's treatment was somewhat dangerous and drastic and not to be recommended, but it *does* prove a point.

Of course, as everybody knows, there is another way in which two young people can test their love for each other and check their chances of a successful partnership: that is for them to live together for a period before finally deciding to marry. But this is dangerous ground. The method itself, though seemingly sensible and reliable, is not nearly so simple in practice as it looks. Many factors, particularly those of morality and responsibility, are involved. But the question merits serious discussion.

Already, I can almost see the millions of readers of this magazine throwing up their hands in righteous horror at the very mention of the idea; but do not be too quick to denounce it altogether. You, who nowadays hardly raise an eyebrow at the mention of divorce; you, who accept twice-married men

You may drive out human nature with a pitchfork; she will always come back. —LATIN PROVERB.

and women into your society without a murmur; you, who would have a fit if your daughter were casually to announce that she intended to live for six months with her fiancé to see how it worked out—do you realize that from a strictly moral standpoint there is no difference between this last proposal and that of divorce and remarriage? The difference is a legal and an ethical one. In the case of divorce and remarriage, the person, having obtained legal permission to live with someone, finds it doesn't work out, obtains legal permission to break it up, then obtains legal permission to try again a second time—and a third and a fourth if necessary. In the case of 'trial before marriage,' the person lives with someone else without a legal contract (though it is not necessarily illegal) for a while and then either finds that it works and gets married or finds that it doesn't work and so goes away.

In marriage, and in marriage only, one is expected to be guided almost entirely by that most mercurial, unreliable, deceptive and powerful thing called love, and by little else, not even by one's parents these days, not even by one's own common sense, for one hasn't got any of that when one's properly and violently in love.

Hence the divorce rate.

Hence the millions of struggling, just surviving, terribly unhappy couples.

Hence, also, the cynicism of some people who know that love exists, who are glad that it exists, but who have learned that it is a wayward and a devilish thing which is not always to be trusted.

Don't be guided by it too much. Don't let it take hold of you completely and carry you away in a rosy swirl of sugary vapor. Don't admire the film stars, either in their public or their private lives. And remember always that it is the quiet little people, the calm ones, the cool ones, the gentle ones, the thoughtful ones, the slow-moving ones, it is they who always seem somehow to succeed in choosing right. THE END



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Mrs. Anderson in her favorite grays and yellows: flannel skirt, velveteen vest, cashmere sweater

Patio supper: a baby-blue angora sweater with her orange piqué skirt, two-color kid sandals.



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER . . .

she makes a fashion of simplicity

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

She's Mrs. Robert W. Anderson, of Bel-Air, California, native in every way to the friendly West Coast state. She was born there, married and had her three blond, blue-eyed children there, lives the enviable outdoor kind of life indigenous to that part of the country. Her name is Gloria, her mother is Gloria Swanson, but she has never had a thought of screen or stage for herself.

Her clothes are effortless, uncomplicated, keyed to the climate and her life. She loves flannel skirts and sweaters, cottons that are simple and easy to care for, suits in shantung or light tweeds because there is so much suit weather in California. She markets twice a week in her jerseys or cottons, spends hours with the children, plays tennis and golf, vacations a week or two at a time with her husband in Carmel. She almost never wears a long evening dress, slips into a cotton or an organdy skirt with a blouse or an angora sweater for terrace parties at home or supper at the club.

Her colors are gray and yellow, worn together, and soft blues. A yellow tweed suit was an all-time favorite, put away now only because it is too short. Gloria Anderson has never been a gadget collector, never "tricks up" her clothes, likes a good dress or suit for its simplicity, makes her changes with blouses, now and then a fresh camellia "out of the yard," pinned to a bag or at her neckline. She has taken a course in millinery, wants to make her own hats when she "can find the time."

Coats are casual, tossed in the car, needed the year around. Mrs. Anderson's is usually wrist length, bright red, because it goes with everything. Her wardrobe follows a consistent pattern: skirts, a two-piece jersey, a silk suit and a wool one, a shantung or crepe dress often in a small print, shorts, tennis dresses, cottons for every hour.



Mrs. Anderson and baby, Gloria Brooke (third generation Gloria), called "Brooke."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



Chris, 6½, and Larry, 4, wear navy shorts and white sweaters to a party. Mrs. Anderson's print is beige silk shantung.



White piqué for tennis, with striped wool blazer, and her husband's monogrammed handkerchief.

The short red coat that goes with everything, the indispensable two-piece wool-jersey dress.



Shopping or marketing in Westwood: blue button-front chambray, cotton gloves, straw bag.



Her town suit is oyster-white shantung, worn with a cherry-trimmed straw cloche, straw bag.





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MENTAL ILLNESS BEGINS AT HOME

(Continued from Page 40)

On woman, by heritage and by her very nature, falls big responsibility for the emotional climate of the home. Many of the onetime roles of women have been lost to her; society has taken over much of the responsibility for the education, the health, the nutrition, even the entertainment of the family. But the job of making the home a place of warmth and encouragement, of love and understanding, is still hers—and because of its far-reaching effects, it remains one of the most important jobs in the world. The tributes to successful mothers and wives are so often repeated as to be trite-sounding in our ears, or are so sweetly coined as to verge on the saccharine. But even as we wince at their repetitive, sugary sentimentality (or sometimes their cynicism), we should not forget that their basic revelation—the importance of woman's influence for better or for worse—remains unchanged.

This does not mean that either marriage or family building is a job women can work at alone. The best equipment for good mental health which a family can get is still two loving partners. A home deprived of the companionship, the interest or the warmth of either of them is only half a home.

Students of human nature vary in their estimate of whether the pattern of behavior is set at five years of age or fifteen, but they all agree that scratch an adult, and you'll find the child. Knowledge, self-control, scope of mind and perspective may come with increasing age, but the ability to acquire them, the attitude toward them, and the acceptance of such growth are formed in the nursery and the living room.

Here, then, is the main arena for the prevention of mental illness—the chief problem facing all of us today. All the laws and treaties we can think of will do us no good if we cannot guide aggressiveness and ambition into constructive channels instead of destructive ones. Peace and civilization must begin at home, with the individual—and the capacity for love begins in the cradle.

The circle between love and mental health, however, is an unbreakable one. The strong and emotionally healthy person loves freely, gives of himself generously, is not possessive—or, in the words of the world's best seller: "Love suffereth long, and is kind." Unsuccessful parents do not purposefully rear their children to unhappiness and frustration; they themselves are the result of confused upbringing with its stresses and strains. It will do little good to lay down rules for any mother to apply to her children, unless she also is helped to conquer her own problems. Children, as is often noted, are inclined to do as we do—not as we say.

MOREOVER, so many rules have been laid down already as musts for mothers that they defeat themselves. A mother today must perforce be a cross between St. Francis of Assisi and Emily Post—or suffer from guilt at her own limitations. Since guilt is hardly a handy thing to have around a houseful of children, it would be far better if mothers whose talents lie in being their own healthy, happy selves would relax and enjoy their children their own way. If this seems continually beyond reach, if the children continually irritate and harass her, she'd better act—but not on her children. She would not willingly expose them to measles—why expose them to neurotic emotions? She must take action to "bring up" herself. Engaged in a civil war with her own emotions, she can be of small service to a child, for anyone who is fighting a battle with himself has little energy left for the happier pursuits of living and loving. If there is a psychiatric or child-guidance or family clinic in her neighborhood, she w do better to take her problems to it r than to involve her children in them there isn't, the nearest psychiatrist, progressive family doctor, may be of

A certain amount of annoyance with children is no matter for alarm, howeve would be unrealistic to suggest that chil are nothing but pure blessings. They i fere with a mother's and a father's pr sional life, as well as with some of their a pleasures, and each additional child adds more strain to the budget. A love which i equal to a degree of annoyance when S goes on a rampage or Johnny picks your night out in weeks to run a tempera would not only be asking too much—it w be unreal and thus, in its own way, unheal

HONEST annoyance, simply and directly pressed and easily gotten over, is one th however; persistent irritation, hostility rejection are another. The emotionally adjusted are made, not born. We enter world dependent on the kindness and lo others, not only physically but emotion From our parents we receive our first kn edge of what people are like, how they how they get along with others, how to pl them, how to get attention from them. even when we are not capable of tying own shoelaces we are already reaching ward and out tow strength and indep ence. It is the pare problem to find middle way betw these two conflict pulls of dependence independence.

The parents wh own needs have n been met, howev will have a troubleso time finding this m dle ground. If a mot takes out on her ch her own need to loved, to be depende her child will be prived, insecure and possibly abnormal. I love-starved widow holds her daughters t close to herself, their ability to branch o and form normal relationships will be stunt Similarly, many sons are encouraged to velop such a close attachment to their mot ers that they are incapable of being husban or of leaving their mothers' sides until one the other of them dies.

Sometimes it seems as if some pare "spoil" their children with coddling and pr ents and dare not thwart them in anythi Such emotion is more likely to be mixed-u uncertain feelings, and even fear, than to love, however. For instance, a mother w stuffed her child with sweets and cook was found to be covering up a basic la of interest by giving food instead of love.

Such extremes in child rearing are the e ceptions rather than the rule, however. F most of us, loving our children swings b tween give and take—and the beast lurkin in the bushes is not complete failure, b rather incomplete success. Here is where knowledge of the way the mind and emotio function can be helpful; here is where pr ventive psychiatry enters the home. Wome have made great strides in bringing up th health standards of the country through be ter physical care of children, better nutr tion, regular medical and dental checkup and through demanding the best there is doctors, hospitals and medicine. This inte est and thought must be extended to emo tional and mental hygiene if we can hope t lower the mental-illness rate.

The greatest single cause of adult emo tional illness is rejection in childhood. Th reasons why parents reject their children consciously or unconsciously, are usuall quite understandable. Sometimes the parent do not love each other enough to accept the ti that a child makes between them; sometime

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One day President Lincoln was driving in a carriage with a gentleman when they passed an old colored man who bowed low and doffed his ragged hat. Lincoln smiled in acknowledgment of the greeting and tipped his own hat in return. "Why," asked his companion, "should *you* tip your hat to a nigger?" "Because," answered Lincoln quietly, "I prefer not to be outdone in courtesy by anyone."

—PAUL W. KEARNEY: Toasts and Anecdotes.



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(Continued from Page 102)

they are so dependent on each other that a child separates them. Sometimes the child brings too great a financial burden, and the confidence of the parents in their marriage, their home and their family life is undermined. Sometimes there are already so many children that one more seems like too much of a good thing; sometimes a new baby comes along and receives more attention. Sometimes the parents are too immature emotionally to accept the responsibility of children.

Regardless of rhyme or reason, however, when a child feels rejected, the first foundations of anxiety, depression, insecurity and inferiority feelings are laid. Mary K. was a girl whose father left home while she was still an infant; in adult life, she was incapable of trusting any man's love or loyalty. In her anxiety, she gravitated toward the thing she dreaded most—like a beginning cyclist steering in fearful fascination toward a rock. She sought out men who would reject her, or, when she met a man who might truly care for her, she picked fights and provoked him into leaving her. She broke down after she had driven away her second husband; it took two years of psychotherapy to cure her neurosis sufficiently so that she could handle the normal life she desired.

The case histories of most schizophrenic patients in mental institutions today show they never learned to love, which means they never got loved. This type of mental illness is characterized by retreat.

Sexually maladjusted patients also tell a story of lack of love. It is normal for boys to identify themselves with their fathers, and girls with their mothers, as they grow. When they are deprived of the companionship of one parent or the other, their natural tendency is deflected. Sometimes a child loses a parent through death or divorce; many more children, however, lose one parent or the other through his or her lack of interest.

Other examples of inferiority feelings which grow out of rejection may be found among unmarried mothers, whose desire for mother love may take the form of imitation; in promiscuous girls, who may seek attention they never had; or in boy criminals who may crave revenge for the hostility of fathers or mothers who didn't want them.

The need for accepting, outgoing love and respect is believed to be born with us. Even during the first year, children are likely to suffer from frustration and insecurity if their needs for food, sleep and attention are not met. A few hospitals have even gone so far now as to experiment with placing children with their mothers from the day they are born, to see if it builds up a feeling of be ingness even during the first few days o As children grow, the ability they sh meeting new situations, new people an responsibilities will reflect the amount ceptance that they have had at home. is why child psychiatrists look at ch failures in adjustment—temper tant lying, thievery, daydreaming, shyness, ing and fighting—as symptoms of poor tional health, rather than moral defect

Sometimes rejection appears to a ch exist where actually a rather fearful an sessive love holds sway. This is true in where parents are strict and demandi their children in a belief that only by disciplining can they do their best for t One man who ran his office staff like a chine attempted to run his family the way. He laid down rigid rules of beh and punished those who did not obey t As the eldest son grew older, he began a revolt which culminated finally in his ning away. For years he was steadily cessful, but when an important business failed, he was demoted. His desire for p and independence was so deep-seate couldn't take it, however, and he flew i rage. A breakdown followed.

Persistent harshness, rigidity, con whippings and other physical punishm serve as emotional outlets for parents rarely achieve anything but immedia pression and future revolt in the child. of us who revolt against authority a volting against the first authority we kn and the degree of irrationality in our will be in direct proportion to the unre ableness of that first authority.

We have sketched briefly the three st est causes of emotional instability as it out of childhood experience: overprote ness, rejection, and domination. Basi this evidence comes, not from the file o psychiatrist but from many: from Dr. neth Appel, at the Philadelphia Insti and Dr. Leon Saul, at Temple Univer from Dr. Dallas Pratt, of the National M Health Foundation; from Dr. Willia Menninger, of the Menninger Founda But finding precise rules of thumb for a ing such attitudes is a much more dif task. The difficulties of parents in han their own children go back to their childhoods, and the difficulties their pa had in rearing them. Each situation is i idual; each problem worthy of deep st

Moreover, parenthood is particularly ficult today because of the complexity o general strata of life. Once children we

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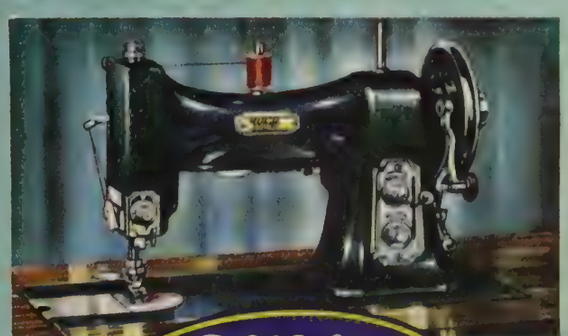


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welcome as money in the bank; they were free extra hands on the farm, an apprentice in the shop, a man Friday in the business. During recent centuries, slowly the individual, in groups and alone, has broken the bonds of tradition which said women should be chattels; negroes, slaves; and children should be seen and not heard. While this sweeping sociological change has its difficulties in adjustment, it also has its rewards. A free individual is a more creative being, a more eager companion, a friendlier person and a more joyous being. Parents, as thinking people, know when they look around them that they cannot raise their children in the old patterns; that they must find new knowledge and new skills to meet new needs.

But there are few places to turn to find such knowledge and skill. For the most part even a woman's education is planned to make a good business success or cultured scholar of her—with little preparation for parenthood. In earlier times, this was not so important: we learned as we grew to care for our brothers and sisters, to look out for the children next door, to help with the drudgery of housework as a matter of course. Today the big family is passing. The easy give and take of a community swarming with kids is on the wane. Most mothers today are shut up with their only child or their two children with no adult around to lend a hand, or an ear, or to give aid and comfort suited to the strictures of family life as we live it today.

One ancient rule, however, holds good. It is the Golden Rule slightly paraphrased: "Do unto others, including your own children, as you would have them do unto you." Honestly adhered to by healthy parents, it is the only infallible guide to bringing up children. It is also a good guide to helping your own health when it is paraphrased to say, "Do unto yourself as you would have others do unto you." Keep up your own mental health by being kind to yourself, by planning for some relaxation, some new interests, some satisfying outlets for your emotional steam, by enough sleep, and finding time to do the things—like loving your children—that you really want to do.

At every step, the child needs understanding. In infancy, this usually means physical care, given generously when the child wants and needs it. As he grows, protection must be tempered with encouragement toward independence: life must be presented to him in real terms—fables like that of the birds and the bees may help you out, but they'll be of little help to him in his learning to adjust his animal needs with the social mores of the time and place he lives in. In adolescence, he still needs understanding, but not so much protection; the greater his independence at this period, the greater his strength.

And when in trouble do not be afraid to seek help, either for yourself or for others. If Junior breaks a bone, you'll take him speedily to a doctor without any guilty feelings that you ought to be able to set it yourself, or that his accident reflects on you. If he flunks out of his group, lies, steals, turns hoodlum, mopes continually, can't make friends, or shows other signs of maladjustment, try to get help for him. Go to a psychiatrist yourself first to find out what *you* can do, but don't neglect *his* small problems now, or they may be big ones before you know it.

There are two other spheres in which a woman plays an important role in the mental health of others. One is with her husband, whose emotional health must be considered in part a responsibility of a wife. It is she who forms the focal point of his personal life—or fails to. It is she who sends him forth into the world each day cheerful or disgruntled, as the case may be—and brings him back in the evenings with willing or lagging steps. It is she who, more often than not, determines how he will spend his leisure hours; she who decides the amount of beauty, of comfort, of pleasure and relaxation in his life. A wife today, in our free society, has immense control over the home, and it is part of the burden of such privilege that she should

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learn to use this power wisely for her family's total good. It is also to her advantage. Even those who rail against the disadvantages of marriage do not look forward to widowhood—yet at sixty every other wife is a widow.

Sleeplessness, digestive difficulties, hives and jumpiness are a few of the physical symptoms of emotional strain. If it's temporary or mild, a listening ear or a change of pace may be helpful. Nightmares, deep depression or continued periods of anxiety may demand more expert help. To get a husband to go to a psychiatrist, however, requires some finesse; usually the only way to manage it, if he does not suggest it himself, is for the wife to go first, and then appeal to the husband to go simply to aid in giving the doctor some information.

The other emotional responsibility which often falls upon women is the mental hygiene of older members of the family. The errors in this field usually are the result of the extremes of neglect and too much coddling—just as they are with children. Both extremes, of course, stem from a lack of understanding. Old people do have certain frailties which must be taken into consideration: their reactions are slower; their bones break more easily; they may acquire a certain tightening of the muscles and skin which

When Thoreau, the naturalist, was close to death, he was visited by a very pious aunt who asked, "Henry, have you made your peace with God?"

"I didn't know," was Thoreau's reply, "that we had ever quarreled."

makes them look withdrawn and often ill-tempered. But far more lose their grip on the world because they are pushed in a corner, than do simply because of old age. They retreat to the past because no future is considered possible for them; they fuss about their own comforts because no one seems to need them. Yet there are countless ways in which their experience can be of help, their gentle, patient hands of use. To encourage them to look to a tomorrow, to find friends, to be of help, to take care of their health, to fortify themselves spiritually—these will make for better mental health for both of you.

We have spoken of the obligation to others, of the need for knowledge and work, but we have spoken only a little about the rewards which lie in broadened understanding and an expanding capacity for love. The goal of all mental hygiene is emotional maturity. It can be sought; it is not a gift bestowed at birth, but is the end product of good living. We all recognize its characteristics when we meet them in others, yet too few of us seek them consciously for ourselves. They include that quality of serene vitality that comes out to us now and again from the people whom we think of as being great, or wonderful, or wise. It is hard to capture in words, but we know emotional security comes not from a life of careless pleasure, or painless contentment, but from the successful harmonizing of the mind, the heart and the body with reality—and the growth of a steady faith in intrinsic life values.

It is finding greater satisfaction in giving than in receiving; it is creating and contributing one's best; it is freedom from fear, and true serenity—and the accepting, adjusting to, and finding some enjoyment in things as they are, not things as they might be. It is peace of mind, *joie de vivre*—and the true fountain of youth.

And for women there are particular rewards in the steady pursuit of these goals. While men must work with cold, mechanical things, women's greatest challenge is with the stuff of life itself. And as a woman grows, she will find that the things that really count for both her and her husband . . . are the things they can't count.

This is the third in a series of articles on mental health. The fourth and last on what *you* can do to help the mentally and emotionally ill, will appear in the June JOURNAL.

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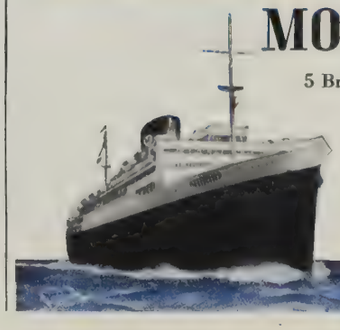
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New Career for College Girls

"I would advise my daughter to choose paid housework as a career," says the writer.

Housework is becoming one of the highest-paid, most-privileged occupations for girls with intelligence and taste.

By DOROTHY ENTWISTLE SWENSON

IF I HAD A DAUGHTER with a college degree and no intellectual talents, I would advise her to go into domestic work today. Why? Because two-and-a-half-million students will soon get degrees from American universities and colleges and I, for one, feel concerned about how they are all going to make a living unless they strike out in new paths. The pay for resident housekeepers compares favorably today with what college graduates expect. I can see a new generation of domestic assistants eventually replacing the present servant order; one with a good *esprit de corps.*

There are not enough openings for teachers, executives, radio and television personalities, journalists, doctors, lawyers and scientists to absorb all the new college graduates. But there are in American homes countless thousands of well-paid jobs for sleep-in domestic workers who have a professional attitude. There are actually 433,000 fewer servants in America today than in 1940, a drop of 19.3 per cent, in the face of an increase in population of 8.9 per cent. Over eight-and-a-half-million families have yearly incomes of $5000 and up, or 21 per cent of all American families, as against 1.6 per cent in 1938. A very large number of these families can afford full-time domestic help, and want and need it.

Best Room is Hers

Discouraged about getting domestic assistance, they are buying new laborsaving household machinery and taking all steps possible to reduce household labor, even eliminating many of the accustomed niceties. They use place mats instead of tablecloths, and often use paper towels and paper napkins. Sometimes they have no curtains at the windows. They sleep on unironed sheets, and put the silver hollow ware into storage. They take their guests and family parties out to restaurants and hotels for dinner, even at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Well-to-do couples are building $40,000 ranch-type houses with only two bedrooms, to keep the housework within the capacity of the lady of the house, who isn't getting any younger. The acquisition of more laborsaving devices and the resulting enormous decrease in heavy, dirty, disagreeable work are all to the good. People are in a mood to simplify and civilize housework.

Times have changed for the servant girl, and changed with a bang. Long years ago her room was cold in winter, stifling in summer. Her work was once really hard and dirty, with brass and copper to be polished by the salt-and-vinegar method, kerosene lamps to be cleaned and filled daily, coal and ashes to lug, fires to make; clumsy ice chests, sinks and washtubs to clean the hard way; no gas stoves, no electricity, no telephone, no year-round hot water, no automobiles, no radio, no thermostats, no frozen foods or packaged mixes partially prepared.

Year after year the tradition of the down-trodden servant girl was building up. Helpless women were exploited because housework was the only work available to them. They were driven beyond their strength, underpaid and pushed around—those Irish, German and Swedish immigrants, colored girls, penniless elderly women, widows with no business experience, and, as farm machinery began to appear, farmers' daughters.

But the job changed for the better some time ago. To keep a good domestic worker nowadays means walking on eggs. The missus isn't half as careful how she talks to her husband as to the girl in the kitchen (the best room in the house). Madam is usually more thoughtful of her than of salespeople or secretaries. She has to be and she knows it.

The maid has discovered that employers of household help are catching on to what makes good labor relations. Employers have learned a household worker likes many things more than money or luxury, such as kindnesses when she is ill. The worker likes to know where she stands; likes to receive an unsolicited pay increase once in a while so she can feel she is getting somewhere, or a bonus if there has been extra responsibility, or a present if there has been extra prosperity around the place to which she may have indirectly contributed. She wants some sort of system in the household, and respect for her time off and paydays. She likes to create. She does well under genuine authority, like students under a "hard" teacher who insists on getting good work out of them. She likes to be trusted, and not immediately suspected if somebody mislays something and thinks it has been stolen. She doesn't like to be driven. She wants to plan in advance and have time to think, even to "sleep on" things, just like the rest of us. Women in the home are becoming more professional as employers and will be able to meet the expectations of the new professional generation of domestic workers.

In case it horrifies the reader to think of a lovely, cherished college girl going of her own choice into domestic work as a financially good and eminently sound career, it is well to note that the transition from campus belle to paid domestic worker has already come about with the emergence of the student baby sitter. Even when she was in high school the college girl probably made as much as $10 a week baby sitting during the summer, from one neighboring family alone. And a fair sum during the school year, for she found she could do her homework while the baby slept. Sometimes, when she suddenly received an invitation to the Princeton game or something equally compelling and glamorous, her own mother substituted for her. And mother enjoyed the television or radio program and nobody lost caste, even though baby-sitting is certainly a form of paid domestic service.

She Can Pick Her Boss

Since the myth persists that domestic work is not desirable, let me give the reasons why I say I would advise even a near and dear college graduate without marked intellectual talents to go into it. The first purpose of a job is to make an honorable living. Domestic work is a very good living today. The high cost of living means little to the sleep-in housekeeper. Food costs may rise higher than a kite, but the missus worries, not the maid. Household wages, which have increased without organized pressure, are completely over and above ordinary living costs. Somebody else has been paying for the maid's milk, bread, meat and eggs, for her soap and sheets, as these have doubled in price. It has meant nothing to the maid that the cost of fuel oil, too, has doubled in the past few years, and that its price jumped so suddenly in the cold early months of 1948 that the employer's budget received a severe and terrible jolt. For another thing, the housing shortage is so acute that many people would be glad to pay an extortionate sum for the paid housekeeper's furnished room and bath, with kitchen privileges, which she gets free.

Because everybody wants her, a maid is in the fortunate position of being able to choose her employer and the type or condition of her work. Does she want a childless business couple, an older couple? Dogs—yes or no? Dachshunds or boxers? The country or the city? The North Side or the South Side,

(Continued on Page 111)

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(Continued from Page 109)

Island or Westchester, Park Avenue or illage, or their equivalents throughout ountry? The choice is hers. What is , she can usually confine herself to her specialties. If she is unhandy as a laun-, the laundry may be sent out. If she is to dirt which isn't disturbed by pushing rpet sweeper, a cleaning woman is ght in or the missus gets after the dirt lf.

"he first step in engaging an employee," America's Housekeeping Book, "is to nize that even the best will not do all equally well in the beginning and to de- which jobs you feel are the most impor- in your home. . . . Perhaps clean corners more to you than skillful cooking. . . . aps you need above all other considera- intelligent supervision of your children. u can afford only one helper, select her ding to her ability or training in things matter most to you. You can take over of the responsibilities yourself."

ch is the philosophy of domestic service nerica as we approach the latter half of wentieth century.

is interesting to compare the career of lomestic worker and that of the shop- because the girl who worked in a depart- store a generation ago used to be con- ed a sort of slavey also. Only heaven expected to "protect the working girl." till college girls began to go into depart- -store work, to the great annoyance and liation of their parents, did the social a disappear from jobs in the retail busi-

And though beginner's pay was small a week to the first college contin- in stores), the hours were long, and the got sore, an alert, ed- d girl found so many to make herself valu- as a go-getter that she given more and more nsibility and pay.

ne maid's job is as , or better. It simply 't been "sold" so well as retail and other The maids have been sitting pretty e others have struggled with high costs bad housing. The maid eats the same as the family, and they respect her gies. Often she plans the meals and eat what she likes. If she'd rather not uniforms, her employer doesn't insist; if she wears them, they are usually sup- l free of charge. Sometimes, when the she meets ask her what she does for a g, she tells them she scrubs floors and don't believe her. She is well dressed, ingernails are long and polished, she has nanents in good beauty salons, and has air styled often. She looks carefree. She n't show her age. Her main expense is lothes to wear on dates. If she is handy, as time to alter, mend, clean and even e many of these herself. Sleeping in, she n't spend hours and energy in commut- She doesn't have to do her marketing linner eaten at home after a long day at office, and do her personal laundry and housework at night or on Sunday.

money earnings of the domestic ker have changed miraculously for the er, the same as her living and working litions. A hired girl got only $1 or $2 a the year the sewing machine was in- ed, in 1846. In the memory of middle- l people today her pay was once only $3 ek. As recently as 1935 and 1936 a fam- n New York City or its suburbs could loy experienced help, male or female, for a week, although $75 a month was con- red standard. During the war years, in petition with high wages in war-produc- plants, any family lucky enough to keep r domestic helper had to give her an in- se, and $25 to $30 a week became cus- ary pay in or near cities. It is since the that the wages of household help have ly soared. For a sleep-in houseworker in v York City and the fashionable suburbs, money earnings now vary from $25 or a week, which is rare, to $40, which is mon, and keep on climbing to $50 a k, depending on the demands of the job and the desperation of the employer. And this money is over and above living expenses, which are included in the job.

How does pay for domestic work compare with that for other jobs—secretaries' jobs, for instance? Secretaries for important people are sometimes not paid as much nowadays as their bosses pay their housemaids. This is true particularly when the executive is a woman, as so often happens these days; a woman with children, who has no choice, if her home is to run smoothly, but to pay whatever she is asked for maids, nurses and governesses. Baby nurses? Ah, there's a job! This field is so far from crowded that a good baby nurse is courted, pampered, cherished and remunerated accordingly. There has been an increase of 28 per cent since 1940 in the number of families in which both husband and wife work for a living.

WHAT about factory pay? In December, 1948, factory pay set a new high of $55.10 a week. This was the average for a 40-hour work week. But the amount which could be saved by the industrial worker, in view of high prices, may very well have been nothing at all. What about teachers? The minimum salary for teachers in the state of New York, for instance, is $2000 a year, which for purposes of bill paying is $38.46 a week. And in New York City, where teachers enjoy one of their highest pay scales, the starting salary is $2500 a year, or $2700 if the teacher has a Master's degree, usually representing five years of college preparation.

No wonder so many educated people are advertising for domestic work these days. In Canada it is common practice for schoolteachers to take household jobs during their summer vacations. In the "Household Situations Wanted—Female" columns of the New York Times, Sunday, September 26, 1948, an "ex-kindergartner" advertised for a job as a baby-sitter, a "college student" for room and board and a small salary for after-school care of children, a "college-trained, experienced cook and housekeeper" to do the marketing and get the dinners. On October 22, a young woman of 28, with a daughter 8, advertised for a job as housekeeper in a motherless home. She offered a "college education" and was "cultured and competent." Another ad read: "Widow, aged 31, daughter 3; can't combat inflation; seeks secretarial, nursemaid or housekeeper position anywhere with family. Offer full benefit of my experience and intelligence." Such applications are doing much right now to raise the social status of paid domestic work. And since the percentage of older people in this country is on the increase, a number of ads like the following mean hope for a woman as she grows older: "Wanted, a young woman under 40, care 6-year old boy attending school 9 to 3. Other help kept." A woman is "young" for a long time when it comes to housekeeping. And 40 is by no means the limit. As women grow older and become widowed, as their children set up their own homes, housekeeping for pay may offer a real opportunity for a well-paid late career.

The new generation of college-trained domestic assistants would not have to go it alone in maintaining and improving today's standards. Household-employment committees working on standards in 19 cities throughout the country recommend all or most of such modern labor benefits for the maid as paid vacations, pay according to skill and responsibility, ample and definite time off scrupulously observed, and definite hours of work limited by agreement. Also a private room attractively furnished more as a sitting room than as sleeping quarters, with adequate heat, light, ventilation and bathroom facilities. Some provision is to be made for the entertainment of her friends in a dignified way. There is to be access to a well-lighted entrance. On four nights a week, including those nights which go with her afternoons off, she is to be free to go out. Time off is recommended, too, for four of the eight main holidays—Thanksgiving,

A modest man is usually admired—if people ever hear of him.
—ED HOWE.



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Some employers may still find it difficult to adjust their thinking to the shorter, easier work week for household helpers. Such ideas may shock some of them. Reading the Department of Labor Bulletin N. 221, however, would restore their composure and possibly save them a worse shock when they find themselves looking for another maid.

For this is the lay of the land today. The head of a household must now accept the fact that even a well-paid, skilled worker should not be expected to do all the work the family can think up, if this means unduly long hours. The employer's employer—the man the man of the house works for—found out long ago that tomorrow is another day.

The reasons in favor of domestic work may be summed up as *excellent pay, good housing, good food, opportunity to save a lot of money*, and intangible but real satisfactions which come from doing useful work in pleasant surroundings under good working conditions, and learning valuable skills.

These advantages can apply to the part-time, live-out domestic worker too. Provided with a crisp, pastel uniform as trim and pretty as those worn by the waitresses in the town's leading restaurant or drug-store, she can set her own pace as to earnings and working hours.

> A diehard is a man who worships the ground his head's in. —BILL STERM.

Of course there are disadvantages to domestic work. Before a college graduate makes this choice of a profession, these should be weighed against the disadvantages of other kinds of work. The first thing that comes to mind is that a social stigma has somehow become attached to the housekeeper's job. It is certainly disappearing. During the war paid houseworkers, formerly regarded from a point somewhere down the nose, were received in the best shops like duchesses. Loss of prestige has already been found to be an illusion as college girls have gone into other jobs which were considered to have this taint.

Can a girl be as independent as she likes when she lives in another woman's house? Perhaps not entirely. But she will probably find she has more freedom than if she lived in a rooming house, and much more than she had in her college dormitory. As a self-supporting person in work which has no adequate supply of applicants, she can make her own terms if they are reasonable. In many homes the paid housekeeper has a feeling of complete independence fully comparable to that of the business girl. If she comes home now and then at five in the morning, no questions are asked.

Are the hours too long? This is a matter on which she can and should have a complete understanding. There is a lot of hopeful talk about the 40-hour week for sleep-in domestic workers, talk seldom accompanied by set schedules with a realistic approach, though in a few cases 40-hour jobs are already available. It is well the subject of the work week is being thoroughly explored, because housework is never finished, any more than most work, and it is a good thing for an employer to know when it is time to call it a day. Certainly a longer-than-40-hour work week is a fair return for the high rate of pay.

Many of the popular ideas of the disadvantages of domestic work are simply myths. It is largely an exaggeration to assert that domestic work means intolerably long hours, financial insecurity and disagreeable chores; to say that servants "live in" for the convenience of employers; and to claim that industrial jobs offer without question higher status, shorter hours, better pay and better opportunities for advancement. It is that employment in industry is some better regulated and duties more de than in household employment. But industrial jobs do not whiz along like gr pigs. It is true that domestic work i covered by Social Security or by the workmen's-compensation laws as indu employment. Pressure on Congress an state legislatures can fix this.

A complaint often made about don work is the lonesomeness. A girl may the companionable lunch hours of the crowd. The office crowd, on the other may yearn for the warm, generous hu relationship which can be developed bet the housekeeper and the family she work

There is one bad catch in the m setup. She has no place for entertainin friends. The house in which she works i home, and at the same time it isn't. Her comfortable, attractive, completely pri bedroom and bath still do not constitu private apartment. Most houses have one living room, and when the daughte the house have their beaus and parties, the family have to make themselves sc Perhaps the answer to the paid housek er's entertaining problems lies outside home. If pioneering college girls eve go in numbers into domestic work, they probably join clubs or organize new as they did when they first went into partment-store work. The Women's Club of Boston, for example, had mar that first crop as charter members, girls enjoyed extending the hospitality of beautiful old Bulfinch house on Beacon at luncheon and dinner to their men fri

The complaints about loneliness of dome service could be reme if a houseworker were limited in her social tacts to other housekee and the boy friend alon college girl would not

Are women good bosses? Not all. Nei are all men in business. Being a good bo something that has to be learned. But tod danger is that household help may be m spoiled and overindulged than scolded criticized, or treated to displays of ne and temper. As paid housework improve social status—as it is bound to do—and attracts more independent and socially people, the job will be defined more more clearly and there will be little tende for the boss to try to get away with anyth An unpleasant, selfish woman can't kee household worker right now. In fact, lady of the house is the only one left o seven-day work week with no limits to hours or her responsibility. As the housekeeper nears the desirable 40- or hour week it is the "lady" who gets u 6:30 and fixes breakfast.

Talented, beautiful girls will tell you right man would make them forget any reer; meaning, of course, that for him t would do housework without wages for rest of their lives. Given the motivation, ple love housework. When their hearts ar it, they have it well under control, ne seem pressed for time, and exude cheer ness. And nowhere is cheerfulness more portant.

If I had a daughter whom I was advis to go into domestic work as a career, I sho encourage her to do postgraduate work domestic science. I'd feel as proud of as though she had become a teacher o reporter. I should want her to feel glad her job, grateful for its opportunities to le and to give back to society something return for all she had received. She wo find she had acquired in college the men discipline necessary to make for herself a b ter life under all conditions, and to deve her inner resources. Her college educat would be something which never could taken away from her. She would not need feel she was wasting it, for she would fi she needs brains and managerial ability be a good housekeeper, and she would able to develop many of her latent abiliti

SUMMER'S END

(Continued from Page 37)

leave you, Davey—I wish you could come too."

She had been his girl almost as long as he could remember, all through high school. People sometimes took them for brother and sister, because they were both tall and dark and lanky, but they did not really look alike at all. Lorrie had soft brown eyes and dimples and a turn-up nose; she was cute, tall as she was.

There was nothing cute about Dave. He had grown too fast, almost to six feet before he was fourteen, and more since, and his features were still too big for his face. On the basketball court he was fast and graceful and beautiful to watch, but away from it he had an unrelated look, as though he had picked the wrong arms and legs out of a grab bag. Only when he smiled you forgot all that. He had the same smile he'd had when he was seven, or before—warm, shy, sweet, the kind of smile that could twist a woman's heart, or a girl's, if she was that perceptive.

He assembled himself now and got up and walked home, down the other side of the hill. Lorrie would be back in a couple of hours. He would know when, because he could see her window from his when her light was on, though their houses were several blocks apart. She would signal to him in the code they had made up a long time ago, and he would signal back, and everything would be all right again; everything would be fun again, the way it had been before this summer.

His mother and dad and Bill, his brother, were sitting on the porch drinking Boston coolers. He looked at them enviously and got himself a glass of water. Sweets made his face break out, and with Lorrie coming home he couldn't take any chances.

"How was the swim?" his father asked him.

"Swell. Only by the time you climb the hill you're all hot again."

"I don't like the pond at this hour," his mother said. "It's treacherous."

Nobody said anything. There was a time when Dave would have argued with her, told her that he'd been going to the pond at all hours since he was ten, the same as all the other boys, and that nothing had ever happened to any of them. But he knew better now. He knew she wasn't really worried about the pond, that she was just using that to let him see she still watched over him and he couldn't do anything he pleased, even if he was six feet two and graduated from high school.

He smiled at her, and she bent briskly to her drink, and his dad winked over her head. Sometimes Dave wished his parents were younger. He was the baby of the family, with a married sister twenty-seven, and his mother and father were gray-haired and settled, so terribly far removed from youth that it was hard for him to think that they could ever have been his age, ever have felt the things he felt. But tonight, at this moment, he thought they were just right. Lorrie was coming home, and everything was fine.

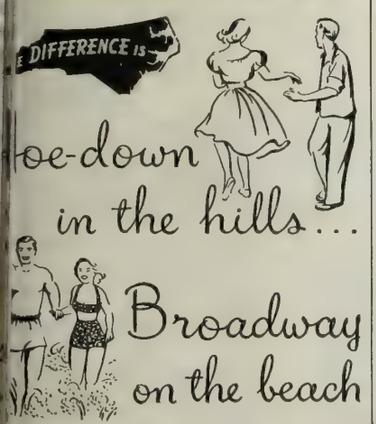
He watched Bill add more ice cream to his ginger ale, and his mouth began to water, but he swallowed hard and looked resolutely away. Bill could eat anything and it didn't matter. He could wear anything, any sloppy old clothes, and girls would turn around and look at him. He was four years older than Dave and three inches shorter, with everything about him in proportion, everything balanced. Dave thought he was wonderful, and would have died rather than let him know it.

"What's the matter, big shot?" he asked him. "How come you're sitting on the family hearth? Don't tell me all the girls got wise to you at once."

Bill grinned. He had one of those deep, even tans that never completely faded, and his teeth were very white in contrast, so his grin was almost spectacular, but it had nothing like Dave's in it any more, nothing from back when he was seven. Four years made a big difference.

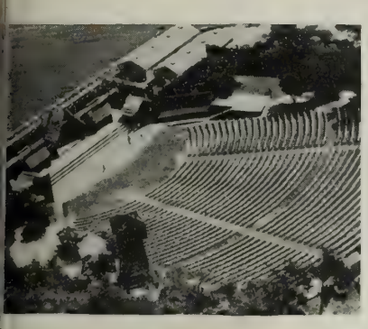


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2 egg whites, unbeaten
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Prepare according to frosting directions on your Baker's Coconut package (either style) and tint it cherry-blossom pink with vegetable coloring. Spread on cake and drift with tender-fresh, blossom-white Baker's Coconut. Arrange spring blossoms on top of cake.



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COCONUT BANANA PIE. Prepare your favorite coconut cream pie filling. Cool. Cover bottom of baked pie shell with banana slices; add filling. Top with whipped cream. Sprinkle with Baker's Coconut and garnish with banana.

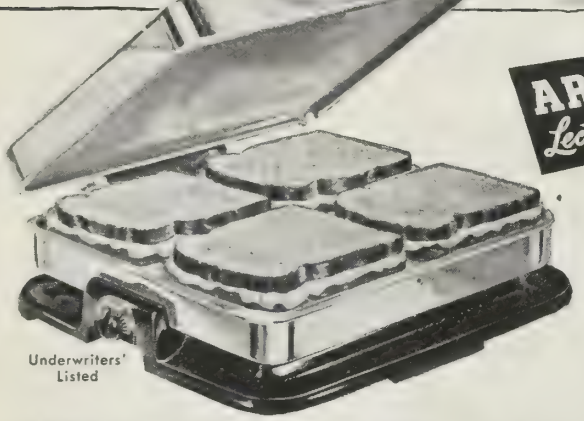
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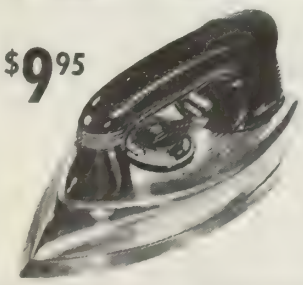
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"I'll bet you won't believe it, shrimp," he said, "but when you've been around as long as I have, you'll appreciate a nice quiet evening at home with the folks now and then." He looked at his mother and father in the way of the older son laughing with them a little at the younger. "You'd be surprised at the things they know."

Dave rearranged his long legs and stared at the tips of his outsize shoes. The dullness, the heaviness of the summer was settling down on him again—the feeling of nothing to do and no place to go. Even here on his own porch, among his own folks, he did not really fit. There were the three of them together, understanding one another, and he was the other one, the young one. Once that had given him the benefit of special consideration and tenderness, but he was too big now.

"Well," he said. "Well, I got things to do."

He wanted to be alone, to think of Lorrie and try to regain the sense of eagerness and excitement that had felt so good to him after the long time without it. Bill would just have gone, quickly and yet with ease and grace, but Dave always talked to people longer than he meant to, and stayed places longer than he wanted to, because he hadn't the knack of breaking away.

By the time he got up to his room, he was in a panic for fear she was already home and he had missed her signal, but all the windows of her house were still dark. He sat down to watch without turning on his light, and almost at once his heart began to pound again.

Tomorrow he and Lorrie would go for a swim in the pond, and it would be the way it used to be. She would splash water in his face and he would duck her and they would race to the dock, with him holding back a little so as not to beat her by too much, and if nobody were around he would kiss her before they climbed out of the water.

He could close his eyes and know just how it was to kiss Lorrie in the pond, her lips cold and wet for a second and then warm, her shoulders cool and slippery and firm as a boy's under his hands, and the clean smell of her hair with the hot sun on it. He had kissed a few other girls, usually at times when he and Lorrie had quarreled about something and weren't speaking, but it had never been the same. Other girls got silly, or angry, or too mushy, but Lorrie was just right.

He watched her house, and he saw all the lights blaze at once, in her room and in all the other rooms. He waited a long time, but she did not signal. Then he blinked his own light on and off, saying "Hello," and waited again, and presently her light went off and stayed off.

She was too busy, of course, just coming home from all summer away, having to get settled and everything. She couldn't rush up to her room and start sending him messages right away. He was a dope not to have realized that. He would wait a little while and then he'd drop over for a minute, say hello and make a date for swimming tomorrow, and leave. He wouldn't intrude, her first evening home. They'd have all day tomorrow.

He was crazy to see her, and yet he didn't go for some time. He sat there in the dark, listening to the steady, monotonous humming of the crickets. That meant it was going to be hot again tomorrow, but there wouldn't be many more hot days.

The summer was almost over. In another week, school would open. And all the dumb freshmen at Gaynor High, gleefully misdirected by the upper classmen, would be turning up in all the wrong classrooms. And in Latin V there would be some guy who'd had that phony interlinear of Cicero palmed off on him, and when he got up to recite some very free and flowery translation, everybody in the back of the room would yell, "Ride him, cowboy!" And after a while the basketball season would start, with practice every afternoon, the shouting voices sounding strange and hollow in the big gym, and the rhythmic ping of the ball dribbled down the floor, the crack of it against the backboard and the swish through the net, and the smell of the locker room, the damp cement under the showers and the sweat.

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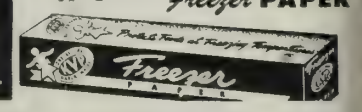
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FEDERAL TOOL CORP.
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ot up, finally, and turned on the light nbed his hair. He'd had a crew cut for nmer, but now he was letting the top because Lorrie didn't like it short—d it made him look like a tough guy. mined his skin for pimples, and rubbed after-shaving talc over a couple of ed spots, and then scowled briefly into rror at the jutting bones of cheek and d nose in the narrow face.

on the street, he walked slowly, not g why he did not run. When his r Bill overtook him, a short distance he house, he was somehow relieved. ing anyplace special, shrimp?"

ah. Over Lorrie's. Come on along." laughed. "What's the matter? Can't ndle your own women?"

re, but she just got home and I only o stay a minute. If you're along it will etter, like I just stopped in on my way lace with you."

rimp, you have an intricate mind," id. "No matter how long I try, I can't to it."

e could see what he meant, because imes he couldn't get on to it himself. dn't know why, for instance, he wanted ith him now when he was going to see for the first time in two months. He know why he felt the way he did, un-rtable, almost afraid, though it was orrie, his girl from way back, and he'd looking forward like anything to her g home. It didn't make sense.

kay, come on," Bill said. "I want to o you anyway."

hat about?"

y walked together, the sound of brisk eps punctuated by the shuffle of loafers y slapping the pavement.

out what you're going to do this year," aid. "Go to college or to work or what. olks are wondering."

don't know," Dave said.

ell, you've got to know, kid. It's Sep-er. You've had all summer to think t it."

don't know," Dave said again. "Leave lone, can't you?"

I kept quiet and walked along, and after nute or two Dave said in a less sullen . "There just doesn't seem to be any-: I want to do." He kicked at a pebble ent it skittering into the gutter. "I wish s last fall and I was just going into senior at Gaynor."

Don't talk like a baby," Bill said. "You're guy now. You have to make up your about the future, not moon around it last year. Heck, I thought you were ed to get out of that place."

ell, he had been. "Gaynor Galleys," 'd called it, and graduation night they'd all gone back after the last party and yelled things at the empty building about being free at last, and sung a parody of the school song, something about, "four long years of slavery within thy nauseous walls." It wasn't that. He didn't really want to go back.

"I'll be okay," he muttered. "You don't need to crowd me. I'll be okay."

"Sure you will," Bill said.

"Aw, stop sounding like grandpa, humoring the little kid. You're only four years older, you know, not forty."

"That's right," Bill said. "Well, I guess I'll shove off."

Dave grabbed for his arm. "No, wait, Bill, I'm sorry. I just get like this sometimes, you know." He gave his gentle, appealing smile. "Don't walk out on me now. We're almost there."

Bill shook his head a little, but he went along. He couldn't figure out why Dave wanted him. Dave couldn't figure it out himself, except that now that it was so nearly time to see Lorrie he felt strange and shy. Maybe if she had signaled to him when she got home it would have made a difference—it would have been more like old times. He knew she must be terribly busy. Still, he wished she had signaled.

Her mother opened the door. She shook hands with both of them and smiled and asked them in. Usually she just said, "Oh, hello," and called to Lorrie, "It's Dave," and went about her business, leaving him to get inside and close the door behind himself. Of course this formality was because Bill was along, but it added to his sense of strangeness.

They went in and sat down on the sofa, and Lorrie's mother left to tell her they were there.

"This is crazy," Bill whispered. "Why don't I get out of here?"

Before Dave could answer, Lorrie's heels clicked on the stairs and she came into the room, holding out a hand to each of them. "Dave—Bill—how good to see you again!"

Most summers she got almost black, because she had dark skin to begin with, and her hair got wild and curly from all the sun and water. In the faded jeans that were her usual costume, she looked like a boy, her arms full of bramble scratches and her shins bruised. When she dressed up for a party or something, she seemed a little unnatural and self-conscious, and Dave had always liked her better in jeans or shorts or a bathing suit.

But she was dressed up now, and it suited her. She had on something white and soft and her skin was not too dark against it, just a deep, glowing tan, and her hair was smooth and shining and close to her head, with reddish lights in it that he had never noticed before. He had always thought of her



". . . beat up a half dozen eggs and now—oh! I'm sorry, my time's up."

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as lanky, but the term did not fit any more. She was tall and slender, and when she moved toward them and held out her hands like that she looked . . . beautiful.

"It's good to see *you*," Bill said, giving her his brilliant smile, "and I can't say again, because I've never seen you before in my life."

She laughed, not a breathless, shrieking giggle, but softly. "What are you talking about, Bill? Is it a riddle? You saw me last in June, when Dave and I graduated."

"Not you. Some long-legged little girl with your name, but not you."

She laughed again and turned to Dave, tilting her head at him in a way he remembered, and yet differently. "You haven't said a word, Dave. What's the matter?"

He answered, "Nothing," and though his voice had changed a long time ago, it cracked now exactly as it had when it was changing. He wanted to say something smooth and clever, like Bill, and all he could say was "Nothing," in a cracking voice.

He felt Bill squeeze his arm. "I have to run along now, Lorrie—I was just walking by with Dave and I thought I'd drop in and say hello. Be seeing you!" And he was gone with a little salute, easily, the way he knew how.

Dave stood in the middle of the room, looking at Lorrie. "Well," he said. "Well——"

"Don't you want to sit down, Dave?" she asked him, smiling a little.

He sat, arranging his long legs neatly, only to have them slide away from him, sprawling across the floor. She took the chair opposite, and the folds of her dress fell gracefully as she sat, and her hands were quiet in her lap.

"You've changed," he said.

"Oh, Dave, it's only been two months."

"But you're different. You heard what Bill said."

"Bill doesn't know. He's hardly ever looked at me. I'm just wearing my hair a new way, that's all."

"Maybe," Dave said. "Maybe that's it." He shifted his legs and flexed his arms, looking down at his big-jointed fingers. "I waited in my room for your signal. I saw when you came home, but you never ——"

She made a soft little sound of distress. "Oh, Dave, I forgot—I never thought—with the excitement of coming home and everything; I just never realized you'd be waiting, expecting—well, you know, it was something we did when we were kids and I didn't think you'd still ——"

"That's all right," he said. "You don't have to get upset about it. I just had an idea you might think of it—sort of as a joke, the way people do sometimes with kid stuff." He sat forward now, letting his arms dangle between his knees, staring at the floor. "Want to go swimming in the pond tomorro asked. "The water's better now t been all summer."

"I'd love to," she said.

All at once he felt better, easier. T Lorrie, just Lorrie, his girl, and to they were going swimming togethe pond the way they'd been doing eve mer since the year they started high Nothing was changed. It was only th hadn't seen each other for two mont she was wearing her hair a new w looked prettier. There certainly wasn thing wrong in having your girl look p

"Gosh, I've missed you, Lorrie," h "Nothing's been the same around h summer."

"It looks just the same to me," sh "It looks wonderful." Her brown eye large and bright. "That's a good thing going away. When you come back, seems so swell."

He wanted to ask her about the pe home, whether they seemed swell, to looked wonderful. He wanted to as she'd know he meant himself. But he c get it out. Bill would have known just say it, making it sound natural and r mushy, but he didn't know how. The that were so fine in his head, almo poetry sometimes, would sound silly said them. Even that about missing h sounded silly.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'd bett

He didn't go, though. He got up an there. He walked across the room and out the window and muttered som about how quiet the street was, and t came back and said he hoped it would b day for swimming tomorrow, and he t ten in the morning was about the best before too many kids came. He wante gone—he wanted to go home and sl that tomorrow morning would come soo but he couldn't go. Other people did simply, just saying good-by and leavin for him the business of breaking away a seemed to become tremendously compli

But Lorrie finally released him. "I glad you dropped by," she said, "and looking forward to tomorrow."

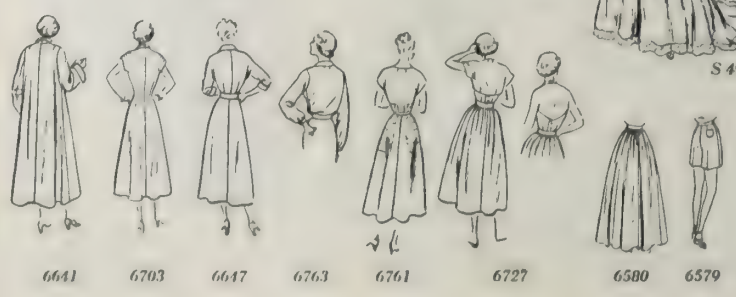
He walked home without elation, f dissatisfied with the visit, dissatisfied himself. He had not thought that a se tion of only two months could make h strange with Lorrie, so awkward. But i morning, down at the pond, everything w be all right again. He had improved his a lot this summer, with nothing to d work on it, and he would be at his best way he always was in the water or o basketball court. He would be strong swiftly moving and at ease, and Lorrie w

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Back and Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 52 and 53.

Vogue Design No. 6641. "Easy-to-Make" coat; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6703. One-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 6647. One-piece dress and scarf; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6763. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 42. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6761. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6727. Halter, skirt and bolero; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 6580. "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6579. "Easy-to-Make" shorts; 24 to 32 waist. 40c.
Vogue Design No. S-4993. Bride's or bridesmaid's dress (poke brim included in the pattern); 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.00.


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let him kiss her, and it would be the same as ever.

Bill was up reading in the room they shared, and when Dave came in he put the book down and asked, "Well, how did you make out?"

"All right," Dave said. He had no inclination to discuss it with Bill, the way he had once discussed almost everything with him. "What are you reading?"

Bill ignored the question. "She's turned out mighty nicely," he said. "How old is she now, anyway?"

"Who, Lorrie?" Dave was a little startled at Bill's interest, and rather pleased. Bill had always made fun of Lorrie and him before, called Lorrie "that kid with all the legs," and asked him why he didn't pick something that looked more like a girl. "She's eighteen," Dave said, "the same as me."

Bill smiled. "Oh, no, shrimp, not the same as you," he said, and yawned. "Well, let's turn in."

The day was one of those terribly hot ones you can get in September, the last fierce blast of a dying summer. Dave's shirt was sticking to him before he got halfway down the hill, and he thought with pleasure of how good the water would feel, and that the heat would be an excuse for staying a long time. Maybe Lorrie would even bring lunch, the way she sometimes did, and they would go back into the grove in their wet suits and eat in the shade—peanut-butter-and-catchup sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, chocolate-marshmallow cookies and bottles of pop that had been cooling in the pond.

We may not be always rewarded for our deeds, but we are usually sure to be judged by our misdeeds.
—MAURICE SWITZER:
Meditations of Marcus O'Ralius
(Kelly-Springfield).

All at once he felt so good that he let out a yip and began running down the hill, hot as it was. Everything was perfect. There wasn't anybody in their part of the pond, just a few small boys swimming without suits in the cove—he could hear their shrill voices and get a glimpse of a pair of skinny legs now and then when one of them dove from the big rock. It didn't seem so long ago that he had been swimming there himself, dog-paddling breathlessly and belly-whacking from the rock—and yet in another way it seemed forever since then, like a dream that had never really happened.

He got undressed in the bushes, and had just emerged in his trunks when Lorrie came down the path. She was already in her suit, a suit he had never seen before, just two brief pieces, bright red, with a short white terry-cloth coat over it, and he saw that she was swinging a white bathing cap in her hand, though he had never known her to wear a cap before. Her hair was as smooth, as perfectly groomed as it had been the night before when she was dressed up, and she was the same even golden tan all over, without a scratch or a bruise.

"Hello," Dave said, and then turned away and yelled over his shoulder, "I'll race you into the water!"

He ran and plunged in, without waiting for her to catch up to him the way he usually did, and when he came up, gasping and shaking the water out of his ears, she was in too. She had the cap on, imprisoning her hair, and she was swimming almost lazily, without her customary strenuous pulling and kicking.

He swam in front of her, showing off his crawl, and when he had finished she clapped her hands a little and said, "That's good, Dave—that's fine—much better than last summer."

He came back toward her slowly, the happiness draining out of him. What more could she have said? He hadn't expected that much. He had thought she would kid him. "Well, aren't you something, Johnny Weismuller? Keep on practicing and one of these days

(Continued on Page 119)

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½ cup drained canned fruit salad or fruit cocktail

Just dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add lemon juice. Chill 1¼ cups of the mixture until slightly thickened. Place in bowl of cracked ice and water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Pile in serving bowl and place in refrigerator.

Chill remaining Jell-O mixture in the bowl of ice and water, stirring occasionally. When slightly thickened, add fruit. Pile lightly on top of whipped Jell-O. Chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.



TANGY SUMMER SALAD . . . Excite lazy appetites on a warm day with this cool, green dream of a jellied salad. Lime Jell-O's "locked-in" flavor assures a tart and tantalizing tang!

2 packages Lime Jell-O
3¾ cups hot water
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 teaspoons grated onion
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
½ cup sliced scored cucumber
1 cup cottage cheese
¼ cup finely diced green pepper
¼ cup finely diced carrot
¼ cup finely diced cucumber

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add vinegar, grated onion, salt, and pepper. Turn 1 cup of mixture into 10 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pan and chill until slightly thickened. Arrange cucumber slices in mixture. Chill until firm.

Chill remaining Jell-O mixture until slightly thickened. To 1½ cups, add cottage cheese and diced vegetables. Turn onto firm Jell-O in mold. Chill until firm. Then pour remaining 1¼ cups of Jell-O over cheese and vegetable layer. Chill until firm. Slice and serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise. Makes 8 to 10 servings.



TOT'S PARTY TREAT . . . High spot of a youngster's party: shimmering, ruby-red Jell-O, each serving topped with a cooky . . . each cooky topped with a young guest's name!

1 package Raspberry, Strawberry, or Cherry Jell-O
2 cups hot liquid (fruit juice and water, or all water)
Decorated cookies

Just dissolve Jell-O in hot liquid. Turn into sherbet glasses and chill until firm.

Make icing by creaming 1½ teaspoons butter with ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 tablespoon cream, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, and dash of salt. To spell out children's names on cookies, force icing through a paper cornucopia. Place a cooky on each serving of Jell-O. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 117)

really be able to do that crawl." In- she had applauded him and told him it ne, and he wasn't satisfied. What was atter with him, anyway?

hen he got up to her he reached out ly, before he could think about it, and d her head under. She hated to be d. She would come up spluttering mad plash water at him furiously, and he l grab her wrists and kiss her.

t she only rubbed the water out of her and shook her head a little and said y, "You know I don't like to be ducked, ," and there was nothing to do but tell e was sorry, feeling dumb and clumsy wful.

ey swam around a little more, and then climbed up on the dock and lay in the She hadn't brought lunch, so he knew ould be going home before very long, hey still hadn't really said anything to other at all. He tried to think of the s they had talked about before she went , but he couldn't remember.

hool starts next week. Won't it seem not to be going back to Gaynor?"

r eyes were l and her thick smade long shad- on her cheeks. anted to kiss her than he ever had ore, but he n't, and he didn't why.

couldn't imag- ing back now," said. "It's like thing that hap- l ages ago, in an- life."

at was the way ad felt about ming in the cove, t had been years e then. High ol had been only past year, a le of months ago. 'd like to go ," he said, and ed, because it 't anything to and besides, he ght strangely his voice was go- to shake. "It d be fun," he added after a minute, "to what the old place looks like when you you don't have to go any more."

e sat up and clasped her arms around egs and looked off across the pond. "I t want to go back," she said. "I don't to go back to anything. There's too ahead."

ere was the sound of footsteps on the behind them, and Bill appeared on the in his bathing trunks. Dave had for- n that his brother had been stopping here for a quick swim on these hot , when he came home for lunch from . He couldn't have known Dave and ie were here—yet Dave felt an unreason- nger at sight of him.

Well, hello, you two!" Bill said. "How's water?"

RIE smiled up at him, pushing the hair from her forehead. "Wonderful," she "It will make a new man of you."

don't know," Bill said. "That might ppoint some people who like the old one."

e grinned and gave that little salute of and dove into the water, without any icular skill yet easily and cleanly. He n a few strokes and then climbed out stood with the water glistening on his n, compact, well-knit body, letting the dry him. And Dave hated him. It was final touch of awfulness, that he should his own brother.

How's the advertising business, Bill?" ie asked him.

Well, it's very broadening. Yesterday I a piece on neckties, and today I'm ex- ng the virtues of a stacker hood for ers."

"What on earth is a stacker hood?"

Bill looked at her. "You wouldn't really want to know, would you?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I would. I want to know all sorts of things."

Dave closed his eyes. He pretended to go to sleep, and after a couple of minutes they lowered their voices. He could not hear what they were saying, but he could hear that they talked on and on, and laughed, and that there seemed to be no end to it.

FINALLY he could stand it no longer, and it was as though a wound-up spring inside of him uncoiled and propelled him away from there, sent him, hastily dressed again, running along the path. When Bill caught up with him, Dave's breath was coming in long sobs, as though he had been running for hours, though it was only a minute or two.

"What's the matter?" Bill asked him, and then used his name for the first time in years. "What's the matter, Dave?"

"You!" Dave gasped. "Haven't you got enough girls of your own?"

Bill stared at him. He put out his hand to touch Dave's shoulder, but Dave jerked away. "Listen," Bill said softly. "Listen, what's the matter with you? Do you think I'd—— I'm your brother, Dave." He frowned and shook his head, as though trying to clear it. "I was just talking to her, that's all—just talking to her."

Dave stood there, and the anger and the hatred faded and all he felt was loneliness.

"Sure," he said. "I know. I was only kidding."

"Well then," Bill said, grinning, "go on back there and talk to her yourself."

Dave shook his head. "No," he said. "You go. I haven't anything to say to her."

He went on up the hill without looking back. He stood at the top, in front of the high school, for a long time, until two girls came from the back of the building and began pointing to the windows and arguing about something. After a minute one of them called out to him.

"Isn't that the library, where those two tall windows are?" He said it was, and the girl said, "See?" to her friend, and then turned and looked at him.

She was a redhead, with bright blue eyes and a button nose and legs that were too long for her.

"We're freshmen," she said. "At least we will be when school starts next week. Do you go here?"

"No, not any more," he said, and then added, before he knew the words were in his mind, "I'm starting at State College the end of the month."

"Oh!" the girl breathed. "You're a college man!" She turned to hear something her friend was whispering, and then looked at him again, harder, and said, "Aren't you Dave Bannon?"

When he smiled and said he was, she said, "Oh!" again, in that same awed voice, and then her face flamed as red as her hair and she and her friend ran giggling across the lawn to the path.

Dave looked after her for a minute. She was a funny little kid, but when she grew out of the gawky stage she'd probably be all right. In about four years, when she was eighteen or so, she'd probably be quite a dish.

Oh, he thought, *you're a college man!*

He settled his shoulders back a little and went briskly toward home, not shuffling his feet, whistling softly to himself. **THE END**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Garments

By Laura E. Detwiler

Music and moonlight and flowers;
these three
Were robes that you wore with
such fluid grace
That their lovely witchery dazzled
me
And lent a radiance to your face,

Till I watched you stand one day in
the rain,
From music and moonlight and
flowers apart;
Then I saw at last you were thin and
plain,
And I knew that I loved you with
all my heart.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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STAR-KIST SCALLOPED TUNA

4 cups thinly sliced potatoes
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup flour
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups milk
1 7-oz. can Star-Kist Fancy Solid Pack (or New Chunk Style Grated) Tuna
1 cup thinly sliced onions

Boil potatoes in salted water for ten minutes. Drain. Meanwhile, melt butter in saucepan, blend in flour and seasonings, add milk gradually and cook over low heat, stirring until smooth and thickened. Arrange potatoes, tuna and onions in alternate layers in greased 2-quart casserole or individual casseroles. Pour sauce over all and bake in 375° F. oven 45 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

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Quick & Easys For Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

HATS off to those of you doing double duty and doing it well—career girls by day, kitchen Jills after six. It isn't easy, but it's fun. Producing for very little money in very little time a dinner that your partner rates good, if not a minor miracle, is as thrilling as a compliment from your boss at the office. Tie on your apron! Here are more meals as crisp as piqué.

Keepers of the House

Chipped-Beef Casserole
Cucumber Coleslaw
Butterscotch Rice Pudding

A homemaker is a housekeeper plus. Though the plus is most important, every woman knows she has to be a housekeeper before she can call herself a homemaker. An intelligently stocked cupboard shelf is one of the prerequisites. If you're just beginning to learn to make a home, don't leave this very important aid to a meal in a hurry out of your general plan. Always have some "keepers" in the house. You never know when you're going to be called upon to produce a good meal *quickly*.

CHIPPED-BEEF CASSEROLE

Shred ¼ pound chipped beef, pulling it apart with your fingers. Sauté with 1 onion, chopped, and 1 cup diced, cooked potatoes in 3 tablespoons bacon fat. When potatoes are brown and beef is well frizzled, add 1 can condensed mushroom soup and ½ can water. Simmer until sauce smooths and blends well with beef and potatoes. Pour into casserole. Top with buttered crumbs and bake 15–20 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F.

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

Prepare rice pudding made from 1 package rice pudding and milk, following directions on package. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in small skillet. Blend in 2 tablespoons brown sugar and cook over low heat until thick and sirupy. Pour into the rice pudding while hot. Mix and cool. Add chopped nuts or dates if you happen to have them.

Alfresco

Avocado Chiliburgers
Tomato Salad—
Blue Cheese Dressing
Fresh Pineapple

It isn't too early to have a meal on the porch—the portable type you can toss off in a hurry in the kitchen and eat leisurely from trays. You're both fond of hamburgers. You do like to experiment with new ways to fix them. Here's one I can guarantee you'll like if you are at all fond of chile con carne.

AVOCADO CHILIBURGERS

Half pound ground beef will make 2 fat hamburgers. If you can eat two apiece, of course, buy a pound. To ½ pound ground beef, add ¼ teaspoon chili powder, 1 small onion, chopped, ¼ teaspoon salt and a little freshly ground pepper. Mix well and shape and flatten into patties. Whether you broil or pan-broil the patties is up to you, but if you broil them, do try this. Cut a square of aluminum foil large enough to hold the two patties. Ground meat has a way of sticking to the broiler rack, making it hard to turn. Broil it on foil—no muss, no fuss—and you won't have to wash the broiler or a pan.

When hamburgers are about ready for the buns, peel half an avocado. Cut into thin slices, cut slices in half. Split and toast buns. Arrange sliced avocado on one half of each bun. Salt and top with the ground-beef patty and the other half bun. Avocado takes place of butter or margarine. Add a dollop of chili sauce, if that's the way you like it.

Bound by the Budget

Quick Boiled Dinner
Sour-Cream Mustard Dressing
Gingerbread
Apple Topping

You *do* want some new spring clothes. The sofa really does need a new slip cover badly. You make up your mind to cut corners wherever you can. You start on the grocery bills. Though prices are lower than last year at this time, you could still set your table more economically than you do. You think of

the things your mother used to cook when she was in an economy mood. You remember her good boiled dinner, the fragrant hot gingerbread and green-apple sauce. These good things took time that you do not have. But with today's mixes, canned foods and ingenuity, you can have a similar meal and much more quickly.

QUICK BOILED DINNER

Scrub 2–3 small new potatoes. Leave whole. Clean and remove root ends of ½ dozen scallions, scrape and quarter 2–3 carrots and cut ½ head young green cabbage into quarters. Open and slice one 12-ounce can corned beef. Cook carrots and potatoes in boiling salted water until half tender. This will take about 10 minutes. Next, lay the cabbage quarters over potatoes and carrots; next, the green onions; and last, the sliced corned beef. Cover and steam until cabbage is tender. The corned beef, onions and cabbage shouldn't be down in vegetable liquid, but should steam on top of the other vegetables. Serve on a platter, dressed with salt, pepper and a little melted butter or margarine.

Combine 2 parts thick sour cream with 1 part prepared mustard. Serve as a spread for corned beef and the vegetables—wonderful with either.

GINGERBREAD WITH APPLE TOPPING

Bake gingerbread from a mix, following directions on package. Serve warm or cold with apple topping:

Beat 1 egg white till stiff. Add 2 tablespoons sugar gradually—beating well after each addition. Add ½ cup canned or thawed frozen applesauce, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, a little grated lemon rind. Serve on squares of gingerbread.

Southern Custom

Louisiana Chicken With Rice
Green Salad
Banana Fingers
With Strawberry Sauce

Broilers are more your meal-for-two size than fryers. You needn't consistently broil a broiler or fry a fryer. Here's a way a Southern friend treats either one. It's good, and you can count on this dish as a dinner special all summer long. It's like smothered chicken with a creole accent.

LOUISIANA CHICKEN

Have a broiler or small fryer cut into 4 sections. Wash, and remove tail. Drain. Fry in 3 tablespoons bacon fat until golden brown. Remove from fat and make a *roux* by blending in 2 tablespoons flour and cooking until dark brown but not burned—stir constantly. Add ¼ green pepper, diced, a little chopped parsley, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 green onion tops, chopped. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Add 1½ cups water, a dash of cayenne, a dash of Tabasco sauce and a pinch of thyme. A little more salt may be needed, so taste. Cover and simmer until chicken is tender, about 25 minutes. Broilers won't take long, as they are just about done when you finish frying them. Serve with fluffy rice.

BANANA FINGERS WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE

Peel 1 banana. Cut in half lengthwise and in half again crosswise. Cream ½ package cream cheese with 1 tablespoon cream until soft and smooth. Put banana pieces together with cheese, sandwich-fashion. Roll in crushed corn flakes or chopped nuts. Serve with sugared, sliced, fresh or frozen strawberries poured over them. Omit the cheese, if you like, just rolling the banana strips in nuts or crushed corn flakes.

Second Appearance

Fish Puff
Asparagus — Browned Butter
Fruit Salad

A saucer of cold leftover fish is never very inspiring. You could cream it—but no, you've done that so many times before. You haven't any mushrooms, or any other elegancies to transform it into a fancy dish. But you do have potatoes and seasonings—the old standbys. You evolve a fish puff—a dish to be remembered when there's cold fish in the refrigerator or a can of tuna on the shelf.

FISH PUFF

Flake enough cooked, drained or canned tuna fish to make 1 cupful. Add 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced parsley and a little pepper. Combine with 2 cups mashed potatoes. For speed, use the new potato powder for making mashed potatoes quickly by adding ½ teaspoon salt and ½ cup milk to 1½ cups boiling water. Stir in ½ cup quick mashed-potato powder and beat with a fork or wooden spoon like mad until smooth. To the fish-and-potato mixture add 1 egg beaten light. Reseason to taste. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Pour into 2 individual or 1 larger greased casserole and bake in a hot oven, 450° F., 15 minutes or until brown.

Since baking-powder biscuits take same time and temperature, you could stir up a batch from a mix and bake along with the fish. The dropped-biscuit recipe on the package is the quickest and easiest.

Broiler Business

Barbecued Ham and Beans
Green Salad
Strawberries in Orange Juice

The next time you're going to have broiled ham and green beans on the menu at the same time, try this:

BARBECUED HAM AND BEANS

Precook 1 package frozen green beans in small amount of salted water until just tender. Drain. Do not add butter or margarine. Slash the fat of a thick slice of raw ham. Place on broiler rack. Brush with 1 tablespoon barbecue sauce (you can buy this ready prepared). Broil until golden brown. Drain off fat in broiler pan. Put green beans underneath ham in broiler pan. Turn over ham slice. Brush with barbecue sauce again and broil on second side. The juices of ham will flavor the beans deliciously.





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THE THREAD THAT RUNS SO TRUE

(Continued from Page 46)

how old I was. I didn't tell him in eighteen more days I would be seventeen. One had to be eighteen before he was old enough to teach school. Don Conway knew the fate of my sister when she was employed to teach the Lonesome Valley school. He knew how Guy Hawkins had blacked her eyes with his fists, had whipped her before the Lonesome Valley pupils. She was a fair-haired, beautiful girl of nineteen when she had come to Lonesome Valley. She went home, a nervous wreck, long before her school year was finished. After I'd seen the way my sister was beaten up, I begged to go to Lonesome Valley. My parents would have none of it. They thought if I went hunting trouble I would get more than my share.

But I made the mistake at Landsburgh High School of going to the wrong room. I'd forgotten the Greenwood County rural teachers were having "teachers' examination" in our American Literature room. And when Superintendent Harley Staggers mistook me for a rural teacher, an idea came to me. I knew the school I wanted if I passed the examination. I made a Second Class certificate. Then I had John Hampton, a rural teacher and friend, contact John Conway and get the school for me. Superintendent Staggers didn't want me to go to Lonesome Valley. But there wasn't anything he could do about it, after John Conway, Lonesome Valley district-school trustee, recommended me. That was why I was here to teach school.

When Don and I reached the schoolhouse, at least thirty-five pupils were waiting outside. Guy Hawkins and Ova Salyers were standing together near the coalhouse with their torn-and-tattered first-grade books. They were larger than either Don or I. They were older than I. They looked at me when I said "Good morning" to them. Many of the pupils turned shyly away and did not speak. They were waiting for the schoolhouse to be unlocked so they could rush in and select their seats. Each had his dinner basket or bucket in his hand. The majority carried tattered-edged and backless books.

The girls wore pigtails down their backs, tied with all colors of ribbons. They wore clean print dresses and they were barefooted. Not one pupil in my school, large or small, boy or girl, wore a pair of shoes. Wearing gloves on their hands in summer was the same to them as wearing shoes on their feet. They just didn't do it.

"Well, I'm opening the door," I said, to break the silence of my pupils.

When I opened the door, they laughed, screamed and raced for the schoolhouse. Their shyness was gone now. There was a mad scramble to get inside the schoolhouse for seats. Often two pupils wanted to sit by the same person. No trouble with Guy and Ova. They walked inside reluctantly and sat down on the boys' side farthest from my desk.

"Let me make an announcement to you," I said, after walking up to my desk. "There will no longer be a girls' side and a boys' side. Sit anyplace you want to."

They looked strangely at one another. Not one boy would cross to the girls' side. Not one girl would cross to the boys' side. In Lonesome Valley it was hard to break a teaching tradition more than a century old. But after I had been to high school, where there were no such things as a girls' side and a boys' side in a schoolroom, I didn't see why it wouldn't work in Lonesome Valley. Little did I dream that what I had said would make news in Lonesome Valley, that it would be talked about by everybody and that many would criticize me and call my school "a courting school." Boys and girls sitting together? Who had ever heard tell of it?

The schedules were not made out for the teachers at the superintendent's office. No one had ever heard of such routine. Each teacher had to make his own schedule. And that was what I had done long before I left home. I knew what I had to teach and I went to work, dividing my time as accurately as possible for my six hours of actual work. I had to conduct fifty-four classes in this time for I had pupils from the chart class to and including the eighth grade.

When I walked down the broad center aisle and pulled on the bell rope, the soft tones sounded over the tobacco, corn and cane fields and the lush green valley; with the ringing of this bell, school had begun. I knew that not half the pupils in the school census were here. There were 104 in the school census, of school age, for whom the state sent per-capita money to pay for their schooling. I had thirty-five pupils. I thought the soft tones of this school bell through the rising mists and over warm cultivated fields where parents and their children were trying to eke out a bare subsistence from the soil might bring back warm memories of happy school days. For I remembered the tones of the Plum Grove school bell, and how I had longed to be back in school, after I had quit at the age of nine to work for twenty-five cents a day to help support my family. If I could have, I would have returned to school when I heard the Plum Grove bell. So I rang the bell and called the Lonesome Valley pupils back to school, back to books and play.

During my first day, all I did was enroll pupils in their classes, call them up front to the recitation seat and give them assignments in the few textbooks they possessed.

(Continued on Page 124)



"Gee, men are all alike . . . each one is different."





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RESTONIC Triple Cushion Mattress

Also see Restonic Decorator-Styled Sofa Beds and Restonic Flexiform Mattress

(Continued from Page 122)

At that time the textbooks were not furnished by the state. I knew that many would buy books after the tobacco crops had been sold or the cane had been made into sorghum and sold. These were the money crops in Lonesome Valley.

While enrolling my pupils, I made some temporary changes in seating. I often put a pupil without books beside a pupil with books, if they were in the same grade. As I enrolled the pupils, I tried to remember each name. I tried to get acquainted with my pupils. I found them very shy. I was a stranger among them, though I had grown up under similar circumstances with equivalent opportunities. There were approximately thirty miles separating their Lonesome Valley from my W-Hollow. But I was a stranger here.

When I dismissed my pupils for recess, a fifteen-minute period between the beginning of the school day and the noon hour, I was amazed to see them all jump up from their seats at the same time and try to be the first out of the house. Big pupils pushed past the little ones, and there was so much confusion and disorder I knew they would never leave the room like this again. Why were they running? I had a few minutes' work to do before I could join them on the playground. Before I had finished this work, I heard their uneven voices singing these familiar words:

The needle's eye that does supply
The thread that runs so true,
Many a beau have I let go,
Because I wanted you.

Many a dark and stormy night
When I went home with you,
I stumped my toe and down I go,
Because I wanted you.

I walked to the door and watched them. They had formed a circle, hand in hand, and around and around they walked and sang while two pupils held their locked hands high for the circle to pass under. Suddenly the two standing, one inside the circle and one outside, let their arms drop down to take a pupil from the line. Then the circle continued to march and sing while the two took the pupil aside and asked whether he would rather be a train or an automobile. If the pupil said he'd rather be an automobile, he stood on one side; if a train, he stood on the other of the two who held hands. When they had finished taking everybody from the circle, the two groups faced each other, lined up behind their captains. Each put his arms around the pupil in front and locked his hands. The lines began to tug; the first to break apart or to be pulled forward lost the game.

Fifteen minutes were all too short for them to play The Needle's Eye. I let recess extend five minutes so they could finish their second game. It had been a long time since I had played this game at Plum Grove. The words brought back pleasant memories. They fascinated me. And my Lonesome Valley pupils played this game with all the enthusiasm and spirit they had! Not one stood by to watch. Because they were having the time of their lives, I hated to ring the bell for "books." I lined them up, smaller pupils in front and larger ones behind, and had them march back into the schoolroom.

GUY HAWKINS and Ova Salyers were the last on the line. When they came inside the door, Guy asked permission to go with Ova after a bucket of water. We didn't have a well or a cistern at the schoolhouse. We had to get water from some home in the district. I told them they could go, but not to be gone too long, for the pupils, after running and playing, were thirsty. The July sun beat down on the galvanized-tin roof. This made the pine boards so hot inside they oozed rosin. We raised all the windows, but still the place was hot.

I knew the reason that all the rural schools had to begin in July, though the farmers had objected, because they needed their chil at home to help with farm work. R schools began early because coal was added expense for winter months. The co schools all over the state had barely en funds to keep going, and if they could school during the hot months it sheared a great expense from their budgets. B was hard on the children and the teacher

The first bucket of water Guy and brought didn't last five minutes. The ma ity of the pupils were still thirsty. I sent and Ova back for more, telling them to row another bucket. I sent them in a hu And I knew I had to do something about dipper problem. At Plum Grove, too, we all drunk from the same dipper, but wh went to Landsburgh High School I was tau something different.

So I made "an important announceme to my pupils. I told them each had to b his own drinking cup the next day. It co be a glass, teacup, gourd, dipper, just s was his own and no one else drank fro My pupils looked at one another and laug as if my announcement were funny.

On Tuesday they brought their dipp tin cups and glasses. Only a few had for ten and I stopped classwork long enoug teach them how to make paper drinking c I showed them how to take a clean shee paper from a tablet and fold it to hold wa I had my pupils use the dipper to dip w from the bucket into their cups. I also rowed another water bucket from Be Conway and brought it to school.

Tuesday when I stood beside Guy H kins and showed him how to hold his b when he read, my pupils laughed until I to stop them. I was trying to teach Guy read as he stumbled over the simple word the first-grade reader. pupils laughed beca Guy was taller by inches than I was, heavier. He had a b neck, almost as large as head, and a promin jaw. His beard was so hea he had to shave every da

Friendship consists in forgetting what one gives and remembering what one receives. —DUMAS THE YOUNGER.

Guy had big hands. His right hand c ered the back of his first reader. And he h powerful arms. The muscles rippled under clean faded blue shirt. I measured him a stood beside him. I knew that I wasn't goi to fight him unless he forced me to fight. was more powerful physically than I was. A the outcome of our fight might depend who successfully landed the first haymak to the other's jaw.

Then I looked down at Ova Salyers sitti on the recitation seat. If it were not for the two young men, I wouldn't have had a trouble disciplining my school. All the oth pupils were obedient. They would have be good in their classwork if they had had t proper training. I had ten-year-old pup just starting to school. Nineteen-year-olds the first grade. Fourteen-year-olds in t second grade. I had one twelve-year-old g in the eighth grade. They had not been p moted because they had never attended full school term.

"Guy, how long have you been in the fir grade?" I asked.

"Oh, about eight years," he laughed.

"You're not going to be in it any longer

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to promote you. T morrow you start in the second grade."

Then I had Ova Salyers read. He had al been in the first grade eight years. I pr moted him.

When these young men sat down again saw them look at each other and laugh a they thought my promoting them was funny I knew they accepted school as a joke. An I knew there wasn't much chance of reason ing with either one. But I had a feeling tha time would come. I didn't believe they wer coming to school for any good.

The following Monday I stayed at th schoolhouse to do some work on my schoo records after Don Conway had gone hom with his sister and brothers. This was th

(Continued on Page 128)



Most popular curtain styles, top to bottom: Cottage Set, Criss Cross, Priscilla; right, Tailored.









Two kinds of decorative and practical curtain fabrics. ABOVE: tailored curtains made from luxuriously sheer Hathaway Nylon Marquisette. AT LEFT: three of the many styles of lovely curtains made from famous Hathaway Dots.

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thanks to Alexander Smit



Mary Jean Barnett of Indianapolis tells how the Barnetts dressed up a drab room ...with an Alexander Smith Rug and a decoratin plan from Clara Dudley, your color-scheme consultant at Alexander Smith.



©1949, Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet

See how shabby our room looked! Faded walls. Beaten furniture. No rug. Because we danced our old rug into holes, Mother threw it out. I was desperate then. My new decorating studies at Broad Ripple High made me itch all the more to take away the room's grim look. When Mother and I tackled Dad, he agreed the room needed fixing.

Mother suggested that we begin with our rug. "Jean has learned that all re-decorating should start with your rug," she explained to Dad. The next Saturday we all visited Simpson & Miller's store here in Indianapolis. They had a fascinating selection.



We fell hard for a Floor-Plan Rug from Alexander Smith. One of those marvelous broadloom rugs, ready-made in room sizes so you get the right fit. Our 9′ x 18′ cost $164.50. $32 down and the balance monthly if we wanted terms. The salesman suggested we fill out Clara Dudley's Workshop Questionnaire.



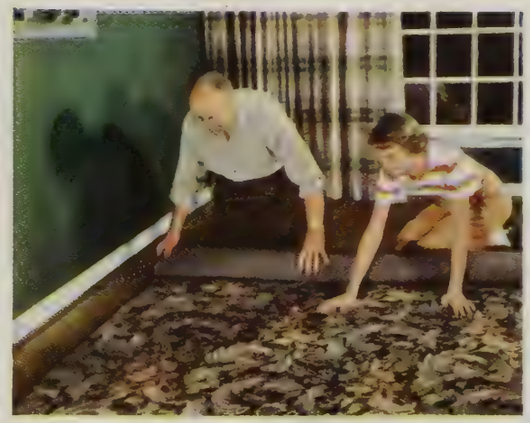
That Workshop Questionnaire brought this personal portfolio. It contained a plan worked out just for us, with actual samples.



We're a team. I helped Dad paint the walls a dreamy dark green, a perfect match for the shade found in the new rug pattern.



…ther sewed like fury. That wonderful … of drapery, Miss Dudley suggested had …humming. We could hardly wait for it!



What a "five-star final" when we rolled the new rug out! Mother agreed with Clara Dudley: a new rug gives your room new life.



Dad figured the cost of our fixings and admitted it was less than he anticipated. That inspiring Workshop Portfolio helped plenty!



…uldn't you be proud of this room? …lore it all. But most of all, I love the …utiful new Alexander Smith Rug which …ted us off. It's so beautiful, so luxurious …ing. Dad says it's a good investment. …h its all-wool pile, it will last for years. … doesn't it dress up the whole room!

Let Clara Dudley help you! Could you dream the Barnetts could do so much for so little? Why not see what *you* can do with Clara Dudley's help. Go to your favorite store. Buy your Alexander Smith Rug or Carpet. Ask for Clara Dudley's Workshop Questionnaire. Or mail this coupon…today!

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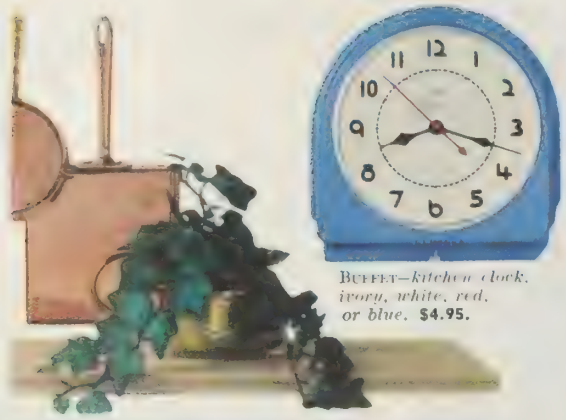
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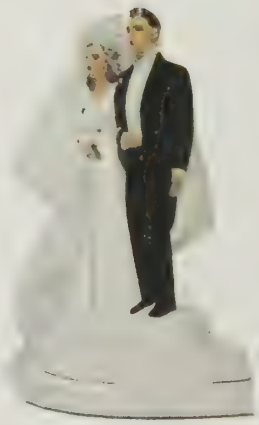
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ARIEL—*alarm, clear Plexiglas case, gold-colored metal trim.* **$25.00.**

(Continued from Page 124)

first afternoon I had stayed at school after all my pupils had gone. The room was silent and I was busy working when I heard soft footsteps walking around the building. Through the window I saw Guy Hawkins' head.

I wondered why he was coming back. Then I realized this was the first time he had been able to catch me by myself. And I remembered a few other incidents in Greenwood County's rural schools where a pupil had come back to the school when the teacher was there alone. But I didn't have time to think about them. Not now. Guy came in the door with his cap in his hand. He walked up to my desk and stood silently before me.

"Did you forget something, Guy?" I asked.

"Naw, I've never forgot nothin'."

"Then what do you want?"

"Whip you."

"Why do you want to whip me?"

"I didn't like your sister. You know what I done to her."

"Yes, I know what you did to her."

"I'm a-goin' to do the same thing to you."

"Why do you want to fight me?"

"I don't like you. I don't like teachers. I said never another person with your name would teach this school. Not as long as I'm here."

"It's too bad you don't like me or my name," I said, my temper rising. "I've come to teach this school and I'm going to teach it!"

"Maybe you will," he snarled. "I have you penned in this schoolhouse. You can't get away. I aim to whip you right where you stand. It's the same place where I whipped your sister!"

I looked at his face. It was red as a sliced beet. Fire danced in his pale-blue elongated eyes. I knew Guy Hawkins meant every word he said.

"Will you let me take my necktie off?" I said, remembering I'd been choked by a fellow pulling my necktie once in a fight.

"Yep, take off that purty tie. You might get it dirty by the time I'm through with you."

I slowly took off my tie.

"Roll up the sleeves of your white shirt too," he said. "They'll be dirty by the time I sweep this floor up with you."

"Sweep the floor up with me," I said.

He shot out his long arm, but I ducked. I felt the wind from his thrust against my ear. *I mustn't let him clinch me,* I thought. Then he came back with another right and I ducked his second lick. I came around with my first lick, a right, and planted it on his jaw, not a good lick, but just enough to jar him and make him madder. When he rushed at me, I side-stepped. He missed. By the time he had turned around, I caught him a haymaker on the chin that reeled him. Then I followed up with another lick as hard as I had ever hit a man. Yet I didn't bring him down. He came back for more. But he didn't reach me this time.

HE was right. I did get my shirt dirty. I dove through the air with a flying tackle. I hit him beneath the knees. I'd tackled like this in football. And I never tackled anybody harder than I tackled Guy then. His feet went from under him and I scooted past on the pine floor. I'd tackled him so quickly, when he had expected me to come back at him with my fists, that he went down so fast he couldn't catch with his hands. His face hit flat against the floor and his nose was flattened. The blood spurted as he started to get up.

I let him get to his feet. When he did, I waded into him. I hit fast and I hit hard. He swung wild. His fingernail took a streak of hide from my neck and left a red mark that smarted, and the blood oozed through. I pounded his chin. I caught him on the beardy jaw. I reeled him back and followed up. I gave him a left to the short ribs while my right in a split second caught his mouth.

"Had enough?" I panted.

He didn't answer. I didn't ask a s time. I hit him hard enough to knoc men down. I reeled him back against a I followed up. I caught him with a maker under the chin and laid him acro desk. Then he rolled to the floor. H there with blood running from his no mouth. His eyes were rolled back. I nearly out of breath. My hands ached heart pounded. *If this is teaching school* I thought. Then I remembered vagu had asked for it. I'd asked for this sch

GUY HAWKINS lay there sprawled or unswept floor. I went back and got the bucket. With a clean handkerchief, I wa the blood from his mouth and no couldn't wash it from his shirt. I put water to his forehead. He was really kno out for the count.

When Guy Hawkins came to his sens helped him to his feet.

"Mr. Stuart, I really got it poure me," he admitted. "You're some fighte

This was the first time he had ever c me "Mr. Stuart." I had heard, but had tended not to hear, him call me "Old J every time my back was turned. He never before, when he had spoken dir to me, called me anything.

"I'm not much of a fighter until I ha fight, Guy," I said. "You asked for it. I to fight you."

"I know it. I've had in mind to whip ever since I heard you's a-goin' to teac school. But you win. You winned fair I didn't think you could hit like that."

"Think you can make it home all rig

"I think so."

I stood by the wi and watched him across the schoolyard, across the foot log down the Lonesome C road until he went aro the bend and was ou sight. Something told to watch for Ova Saly

The essential charm of good talking rests upon sincerity, spontaneity and the willing revelation of character. —JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

He might return to attack me. I wa several minutes and Ova didn't come. had come to do the job alone.

I felt better now that the fight was o and I got the broom and swept the floo had quickly learned that the rural tea was janitor as well. The floor was eas sweep. But it was difficult to clean bl from the floor. I carried a coal bucket of s and poured it on the blood and then shov up the sand and carried it out. The scrubbed the place, but the stain was th I could not get it from the oily soft-p wood. I knew this was one day in my tea ing career I should never forget.

News traveled fast in Lonesome Val When I reached Conways' they had gathe in the living room to see me after the fi

"Ova started to go back with Guy," I said, "but I wouldn't let him. I told him fight him all over the road. We waited Guy to come back. He was in a bad sha

Everybody knew Guy was going to f me. And no one had ever seen him beate before. No one had ever seen his nose f tened, his lips bruised and his eyes black This made news.

Before sundown the news of our fight reached The Valley. Not any of the rule cleanliness I had suggested for my pupils, any knowledge I was trying to give th not anything I could do at Lonesome Val would give me the reputation this fight d

Never was any teacher more respect than I was now. Men I had met before the Lonesome Creek road, men who h shyly spoken or had not spoken at stopped and introduced themselves. And fore we stopped talking, nearly everyone s the same thing: that he needed his child at home to help strip cane and cut cane wo and cut tobacco, but he was going to try do the work himself so he could send his c dren to school to me. These words, comi from tall, lean, beardy-faced men who wh they liked and respected you would die you, men who when they hated and despi you would kill you, made me feel good.

(Continued on Page 131)

so right, so bright for upstairs downstairs ...everywhere

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(Continued from Page 128)

I didn't expect Guy Hawkins to return to Lonesome Valley school. I thought his schooling was ended. But when he left the schoolhouse he didn't take his books. I wondered if he would come back to get them and, if he came, would he bring his father or one of his married brothers with him? Would he start another fight? The same thoughts must have troubled John Conway. When I went to school Tuesday morning John went with me.

When we got there Guy Hawkins, with his black eyes and swollen lips, was in a circle with the other pupils going around and singing The Needle's Eye. Guy greeted me: "Good morning, Mr. Stuart."

Then John Conway smiled and turned to go. I watched him cross the foot log and I joined in the game, The Needle's Eye, with my pupils. Guy Hawkins and I were captains. I was the hard-boiled egg and he was the soft-boiled egg. When we took pupils from the line and asked whether they would rather be a soft-boiled or a hard-boiled egg, the majority chose the soft-boiled egg. Guy Hawkins got three fourths of the pupils. And when we formed our tug of war to pull against each other, his side toppled my side. They pulled us all over the yard and everybody laughed. It was great fun. And never did Guy Hawkins or a pupil ask me about the fight. If they talked about it, I didn't know. I did notice them observing the bloodstain on the floor. If Guy Hawkins ever said anything against me to a fellow pupil again, I never heard of it.

That day another thing happened. During the noon hour a big, ruddy-complexioned man of perhaps fifty drove down Lonesome Valley with a mule team hitched to a wagonload of coal. He stopped his team in the shade of a giant sycamore and climbed down from his wagon. He walked over to where I was standing.

"Are you Mr. Stuart? My name is Burt Eastham," he introduced himself.

"Yes, I am," I said, shaking his coal-dusty hand. "I'm glad to know you."

"You wouldn't have any drinking water, would you? I'm a bit thirsty."

"Yes, we have water in the schoolhouse," I said. "It might be a little warm."

"Warm water will wet the throat."

"Then let's go get it," I suggested.

He followed me into the school. I looked into the water bucket. It was half full. He started to lift the dipper to drink.

"Don't drink from that dipper," I snapped. "No one drinks from a dipper here."

He looked curiously at me. "What do you use it for then?"

"To dip water from the bucket into drinking cups," I said. "Wait a minute and I'll make you a cup."

I TORE a sheet of paper from a tablet and made him a paper cup. He dipped the water from the bucket and poured it into the cup.

"I wasn't exactly thirsty," he said, after he had finished drinking. "But I wanted to see the man that whipped Guy Hawkins! That boy came to Upper Lonesome Church one night, and nearly beat my boy to death without any reason. He wanted a fight. He started it with my boy and beat him up. Whipped Les Brown's boy and Booten Tolliver's boy the same night. I wanted to see the first man to whip him. Say," he continued, as he looked me over from head to foot, "you're not such a big man. I'd 'a' thought that you had to be a giant to whip 'im."

We walked out of the schoolhouse, back toward his wagon. He stood for a minute and looked at Guy Hawkins, who was now enjoying himself playing games. I looked at his wagonload of coal.

"How many bushels do you have on this wagon?" I asked.

"Twenty-five bushels."

"You weigh your coal?"

"Nope."

"THEN how do you know how many bushels you have?"

In the meantime, Don Conway walked over to where we were standing.

"Guess at it," Burt said.

"I believe you've got more than twenty-five bushels on your wagon."

"You got any way finding out?"

"Do you know the length, width and depth of your wagon bed?" I asked.

"Nope." he replied.

"Don, run in and fetch the yardstick from my desk," I said.

Don brought the yardstick and did the measuring and I put the figures on paper.

"According to my figures you have thirty-nine and a fraction bushels," I said. "Since your coal is stacked a little higher than the bed, I wouldn't be surprised if you have over forty bushels!"

"What?" he exclaimed. "I've been selling this wagon bed of coal for twenty-five bushels for the past seven years! How can I really find out how much coal I have?"

"Have it weighed down at The Valley. They have scales there."

Burt Eastham, greatly excited, climbed onto his coal wagon and drove down the road. That afternoon, a few minutes before it was time to dismiss school, there was a knock on the wall beside our open schoolhouse door. I went to the door. There stood Burt, his face beaming.

"Thank you a hundred times, young man," were his first words. "I don't know how I can ever repay you. I had forty-three bushels of coal on my wagon. Here," he exclaimed, showing me the waybill.

I called Don Conway from the schoolroom and let him see it.

"Something told me to stop here and take a look at you," Burt Eastham said. "I'm glad I stopped. I've been swindled for seven years. Gee, I wished I'd gone to school."

"You can come here if you want to."

"Too late to start at fifty," he admitted sadly. "Too late when a man is married and has nine children."

His words were worth more to Don than my words, or any other teacher's.

"I've just been thinking, Mr. Stuart, whether you were married or not," Burt Eastham said. "I know you're old enough to teach school or you wouldn't be here. And when you're old enough to teach school you're old enough to be married."

"No, I'm not married," I laughed. "Haven't any prospects!"

"Then I have a prospect for you," he said. "See, I want to do something for you. May Woods, the teacher at Upper Lonesome, is pretty as a speckled pup. She's the right gal for you. If I's a young single man, I'd go for her myself!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Song for the First Day in May

By Elizabeth McFarland

She is oh, so small and slight
As a rose is white,
My lady.

Barefoot and meek her ways;
Lord, send us *gentle* days,
I pray thee.

She walks with a country air;
No princess could seem more fair
Nor so mild.

Her scarf of embroidered lawn,
Gaily she dances on—
Like a child.

Here are topazes for her wrists,
Opals and amethysts,
And emeralds green;

Baskets of ribbons and lace,
Flowers to match the face
Of May's queen.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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Before he left he assured me he "would fix up everything with May Woods for me."

Mr. Eastham worked fast. The very next day he stopped and told me he had everything "fixed" for me to date May Woods. He said, "You know, I told her last night about you. I went over to Oscar Pennix's place, where she boards, and told her you'd straightened that school out where they's run off every schoolteacher. And I told her about what you did for me. I told her that she needed to go with a man like you and you needed a woman like her. I'm not a matchmaker, but I think you'd make the best married pair that ever lived in these parts. I've made the date for you to go see her at Oscar Pennix's place tomorrow evening at eight o'clock. It's not more than two miles and you won't have any trouble finding the house. It's the first house on your right after you pass the schoolhouse."

"I'll be there," I said.

I had never had a blind date before. I had not had many dates in my life. I didn't know May Woods. *But if she's a schoolteacher,* I thought, *and is as beautiful as he says, she must be all right.*

At about seven that evening I was on my way to Upper Lonesome. I had waited for the dew to settle the dust before I started, because I wore white shoes and I didn't want to get them brown with dust. And I didn't want to get any dust on my white suit. I wanted to show May Woods that I was everything Burt Eastham had told her I was, and more. I wanted to give her a surprise. This was a blind date, but I knew as I walked along that blind dates had developed into serious love affairs and often marriage. These thoughts raced through my mind as I walked along the brown winding road, always careful not to step hard enough to stir the dust beneath the thin gossamer of dew dampness.

To be happy, make yourself necessary to somebody.
—EMERSON.

I passed the Faith Healing Holiness Church. Little crowds of men, women and children had already begun to gather. The men carried unlit lanterns and the mothers carried babies. They would need their lanterns, for they would stay until the moon was down.

The jolt-wagon wheel of yellow moon was rolling not too high above the green hills. It was soft and mellow, with the man still in it, put there for burning brush on Sunday, for I could see his shape as it had been shown to me when I was a child. This devil moon, even if he did hold as prisoner this poor man, was soft and bright and beautiful. And his mellow shafts of light flooded Lonesome Valley with tainted moonlight gold. This was the kind of night to have a date. It was the kind of night for a young man to go see a beautiful girl. He'd feel love in his heart and brain and the air he breathed. The whippoorwills, nightingales and insects were inspired to sing. I couldn't blame them for singing. I sang too. And the distance seemed shorter.

The road crossed Lonesome Creek. And when I leaped the stream to keep from soiling my white shoes, I leaped a golden stream. The moonlight had changed it to the color of the moon. What a night! I was beginning to wonder if May Woods was as beautiful as Burt Eastham had said, for I was in the mood on a night like this to fall in love.

Such thoughts raced through my mind as I came into shadows that cut away the moonlight. Lonesome Creek and the Lonesome Creek road parted here. Lonesome Creek went into the dark forest, heavy with aromatic leaf and blossom. At this point the forest closed in on both sides of the road. I followed, feeling my way with my feet, a road that was as dark and strange as time. I looked to my left and to my right for an opening of light, of moonlight upon the open fields, upon patches of ripening wheat and oats, broadleafed, lusty, green-growing tobacco and the dark clouds of stalwart corn.

I was thinking that just a few yards beyond I would reach the light, when a barrage of something came through the trees like a flushed covey of birds flying for their lives. One of the objects caught me square on the jaw and the juice spattered my lips. I knew by the taste and smell it was a rotten tomato.

I stopped in the road. I couldn't think fast enough. My white suit was the same kind of target as a white chicken roosting in a winter leafless tree at night is to a hoot owl. They could see me, but I couldn't see them. And how many there were, throwing at me, I could only guess by the way the tomatoes, rotten eggs (I knew by their smell), good eggs, apples, squashes, pumpkins and melons were hurled at me in an avalanche like hailstones. A rotten egg yellowed my hair. A good egg caught me on the same spot the rotten tomato had hit. A squash, melon or pumpkin caught me on the leg above the knee, and broke into fragments. I put my hands over my eyes and ran forward, thinking I could brave the avalanche. I couldn't push through it. Then I heard laughter and screams back in the darkness under the trees. There must have been fifty boys and men!

In the middle of the road, I did an about-face in a hurry and started back. For I was covered from head to foot with oozy, dripping stuff that didn't smell good or taste good. I was hit on the mouth several times. Now I was laying my feet down on the dusty road like a running horse. The missiles kept coming and the crowd, laughing and giving war whoops, came from the dark shadows in hot pursuit. When I came back into the light, Lonesome Creek that had been golden was lead-colored to me. I sailed over it like a bird. Dust on my shoes meant nothing now. I was running as I had never run before, with the pack on my trail.

When I passed the Faith Healing Holiness Church, I was wet with egg goo, mixed with rotten tomato, melon, squash, pumpkin and sweat. My white suit stuck to my body and encased it like long underwear. The front door of the church was wide open on this hot night and the house was packed with people.

I didn't linger long before the church. When I reached Conways' I couldn't go inside. I found a bar of soap in the soapbox on the back porch. I found a hole of water in Lonesome Creek surrounded by willows. I pulled off my clothes and shoes. Even my underwear and socks were soaked with rotten eggs. I soaped and washed my body from head to toe. I washed my clothes and spread them on the brush for tomorrow's sun. Then I hurried to the house to beat the Conways home.

The news of my going to see May Woods spread like wildfire the entire length and breadth of Lonesome Valley. Everybody was laughing. When I ate my breakfast next morning, everybody at Conways' breakfast table wanted to laugh. John Conway tried to make me think he was laughing at something else. But I knew he wasn't. Bertha Conway smiled as she poured my coffee. Don would look across the table and grin like a possum. Everybody wanted to laugh and they puffed like frogs trying to hold their laughter. But not one mentioned what had happened. I didn't mention it either.

When I went to school my pupils smiled. All but one. Guy Hawkins didn't smile. But not one mentioned the affair where I could hear him.

Noon hour was over and we were back in the schoolroom when Burt Eastham drove his mule team under the sycamore shade and stopped. I met him at the door and we walked out to the coal wagon together.

"I'm sorry about what happened last night," he apologized. "It looks like I am the goat."

"Plenty happened all right," I said. "And I'm the goat."

"Let me tell you what happened," he explained. "This fellow, Bill Coffee, Miss Woods has been a-sparkin' rounded back unexpectedly from the Auckland Steel Mills. He found out she had a date with you and went wild when she wouldn't break the date. He said he'd break it in a nice way!"

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"He broke it all right," I said. "You didn't tell me she dated anybody else."

"Yep, she's sparked Bill for a couple of years now, but I thought you had a good chance a-beatin' his time! He went around there among the Upper Lonesome boys and you know they don't have much use for the Lower Lonesome boys, let alone a stranger, and they got ready for you. See, Bill Coffee is an Upper Lonesome boy hisself and he knows just about everybody up there."

"Bill can have May as far as I'm concerned," I said. "I've never seen her or him and I don't care to see them."

"I'm sorry it happened the way it did. Did they hurt you?"

"Not exactly."

"Did they run you a fur piece?"

"Just to the Faith Healing Holiness Church."

"'Pon my word," he said, "ain't it awful!"

He got on his coal wagon and I went back into the schoolhouse. Right then I learned, for the first time, a joke at the other fellow's expense was funny to everybody.

MAN is often reminded of his past actions in the most conspicuous surroundings. I had returned from school that day and sat on the porch where the Conway family was sitting, fanning themselves with long fronds of a creek willow, shooing the flies and stirring the stuffy air, when it happened. I looked across the yard at the Lonesome Creek road and saw an automobile coming, larger than any car I'd ever seen in Landsburgh. It was a green convertible and the top was down. The young man behind the steering wheel was wearing a striped silk shirt and a high collar and flashy tie. He had a long cigar in his mouth. He was driving the car with one hand and had his right arm around a beautiful girl. She looked, from where I sat on the porch, like a beautiful girl. Her black hair was blown back by the wind.

"Who in the world is that?" I asked.

Everybody on Conways' porch started laughing. "That's Bill Coffee and May Woods," Don said.

I felt a warm glow spread over my face. "He must own the Auckland Steel Mills."

"No, he just works there," Don replied. "He's a welder."

"You know Bill Coffee has done better than anybody ever expected he'd do," John admitted. "People around here never thought Bill would amount to a hill o' beans. He never would go to school. Got to the first reader. Then he quit and tried to farm. He couldn't do that. Then he went to the Auckland Steel Mills. Makes over three hundred dollars a month, so I've heard."

"He's not been at the Auckland Mills but a couple of years," Don continued. "First year he worked there he came back with a new car and ten-dollar shirts and fifteen-dollar shoes. Every girl on Lonesome was a-tryin' to go with 'im, but May Woods beat all their times. She makes him awful jealous by having a date with somebody else now and then."

"May Woods holds a First Class certificate too," John bragged.

What a fool I've been, I thought. I knew this event would be history for the people in Lonesome Valley. I would never be able to live it down.

Friday of my third week, at noon, I dismissed the school to go home. I had to fetch supplies for my school from Landsburgh. So many things needed to be done. And I had to do them. The looks of my schoolhouse satisfied my trustee, but didn't satisfy me. And to get to Landsburgh, I had to walk five miles to The Valley and catch the afternoon Old Line Special. When the train reached Landsburgh, I hurried home.

Next morning, bright and early, I went to see John Hampton. He promised to take me back to Lonesome Valley on Sunday. Since he had to get supplies for his school, we went together to Landsburgh in his car. Then we went to Mr. Staggers' office.

"Well, how are you getting along, Mr. Stuart?" my superintendent asked.

"All right, sir," I said. "Have you heard any reports?"

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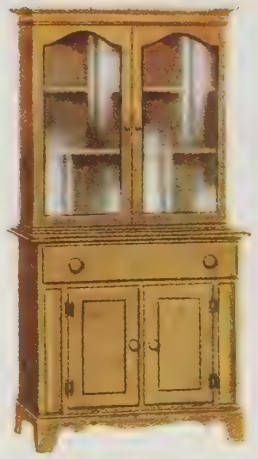


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"No. You haven't come in to give the school up, have you?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I've come for supplies."

"What do you want in the way of supplies? Coal bucket, erasers, chalk, windowpanes?"

"All of that and more. I want two bags of lime, a water cooler with a faucet, enough paint to paint my schoolhouse, paintbrushes, hatchet, hammer, nails, hoe, rake, ax and shovel."

"Just a minute," Mr. Staggers broke in. "Who's goin' to paint the house?"

"I'm going to paint it. I'm going to clean that place up!"

"What are you goin' to do with lime? First call I've ever had for lime."

"Use it as an antiseptic in the vaults of the outdoor privies. Flies won't mess around lime."

He let me have all the supplies, although I was getting far beyond my allowance, because I agreed to paint the house free of cost. Mr. Staggers wrote an order for my supplies at the Lawson Hardware.

Sunday, at noon, John Hampton and I started for Lonesome Valley. By six o'clock we were at Conways'.

Monday I told my pupils that we planned to paint the house. I told them that this building was our home. Then I explained that we wouldn't need another dipper, and the only need we had for a water bucket was to carry water. For now we had a water cooler. I showed them this new gadget, the first they had ever seen, and they were pleased.

That afternoon they knew we were serious about painting the house. John Conway made ladders for us. He brought our supplies to the schoolhouse. When school was over, Don and I started painting. Many of the pupils stayed to watch us work.

"Mr. Stuart, I can paint," Guy Hawkins said. "I'll help if you want."

"And I can paint, too," Ova said.

Guy Hawkins and I scraped off the old paint, while Ova and Don started putting on the first coat.

The summer days were long, and we worked until it was late. While Guy and I removed the old paint, we found a brown stain on the paint-scaled walls up about four feet from the ground. It was in blotches, big and brown as autumn oak leaves. Guy Hawkins laughed while I took my knife and scraped on one of these spots.

"Don't you know what that is?" Guy asked.

"I'm not sure."

"It's ambeer spittle. Somebody has been spittin' on the walls!"

We found ambeer spittle all around the back of the schoolhouse. I knew this was something that had to stop before we got the house painted with our new white paint.

THE spitting of ambeer on the schoolhouse walls worried me, but I had another problem that worried me more. I had from the beginners to the eighth grade, all in one room. Their ages ran from five to twenty. This was so in every rural school in Greenwood County. I had never thought about this until I started teaching.

The beginners were the most difficult to teach. I would bring my beginners up and teach them ABC's on the old dilapidated chart, used years and years before I came to Lonesome Valley. After I had gone over their ABC's with them, they went back to their seats and had nothing to do. They needed more attention than I could give them. Many of them fell asleep in the hot schoolroom. I wondered what to do about this.

I knew how beginners had been taught in the Greenwood County rural schools in the past. I knew, because I had been a beginner in this same type of school. I had been taught to read on this kind of chart and I still knew everything on it from memory.

When one of these little fellows went to sleep, I let him sleep. What else could I do, when I was trying to hear fifty-four classes recite in six hours, give them new assignments, grade their papers? What else could I do, when I had to do janitorial work, paint my house, keep the toilets sanitary, the yard cleaned of splintered glass and rubbish, and try to make our school home more attractive than the homes the pupils lived in?

One afternoon, after we had been painting on the house, we got to Conways' late. John Conway sat by the table while Don and I ate. The rest of the family had eaten. I told John Conway about my problem with beginners, but he didn't know about schools and he didn't understand. I told John that if Upper Lonesome, Lonesome Valley, Unknown and Chicken Creek rural schools were moved to The Valley, the approximate center of all these surrounding school districts, it could be worked out as it was in Landsburgh Graded School. It would take fewer teachers and the teachers would have pupils on an age level. One teacher could handle the beginners.

HIS face reddened when he asked me how the pupils could get to school as far away as The Valley. Haul them by bus or by jolt wagon, I told him. He laughed and told me I didn't know about the Lonesome Creek road in winter. I told him the time would come when we would get gravel on the roads and then we could have this type of school. He said he hoped when this time came, when they took Lonesome Valley school from the people, where his children, himself, his father and his grandfather had gone to school, he would be dead. He went into as much of a tirade against this idea as if someone had walked into a field of his green-growing tobacco and started chopping it down with a hoe. He said my thought was dangerous, and if I wanted to be a good teacher and stay healthy, I better stop having such crazy talk.

The first step to virtue is to love it in another.

—SCOTCH PROVERB.

I was in his house. I taught his children. I couldn't tell him what I thought. But I thought if I ever got to a position high enough in education, if I was ever elected any kind of legislator, so help me, I would abolish the trustee system if I could. Why should John Conway have more power than the superintendent, elected by members of the Greenwood County board of education and they, in turn, elected by the people? Why should he have more power than the five members of the Greenwood County board of education, when they were elected by the people to serve the interests of education for the people?

John Conway hadn't gone any farther than the third grade. In all the years he had been elected trustee of his district he had never persuaded the Greenwood County school board to have a well dug for his school. He hadn't been able to get the house painted. He hadn't offered to dig the well or paint the house himself.

I finished my supper, left the table and sat on the porch to enjoy the evening breeze and think about what I would do with my beginners.

Next morning, when I got up, I was still trying to think of something to do with my beginners. I ate breakfast and got ready for school. I went early and walked slowly along by myself and tried to think of a way.

Then I started whistling. I walked along beneath the willows in the morning sun, whistling The Needle's Eye. It was a beautiful morning, the kind of morning that made me want to breathe deeply of the cool fresh wind. Why should I worry about the school problem that had troubled me all night? Maybe it would come to me sometime.

The needle's eye that does supply
The thread that runs so true ——

What was the needle's eye? What was the thread that ran so true? The needle's eye, I finally came to the conclusion, was the schoolteacher. And the thread that ran so true could only be play. Play. *The needle's eye that does supply the thread that runs so true.* The teacher that supplied the play that ran so true? Play, that ran so true. Play. Play. Play that ran so true among little children, little foxes,

(Continued on Page 137)

there is always one . . .



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(Continued from Page 134)

lambs! Yes, play, among big children rownups! My beginners should play. work should be play. I should make think they were playing while they d to read, while they learned to count! was it! I had it. Play.

en time came for my first beginners' I tore the big sheet from the Lawson ware calendar. I took the scissors from rawer and sat in a semicircle with the I cut the numbers apart, told or asked they were and handed them to the chil- Then I cut the stiff backs of tablets into es of approximate size. Taking a jar of I pasted one number to one cardboard. I told the class to sit four in a seat (I ight) and paste all the numbers and oard squares together.

hile I went on with other classes these en were busy. When recess came they d more to do, rather than go out to Some numbers were pasted sideways, hat did that matter? They had done with no more supervision than I had them.

earched my brain for an idea to tie this reading and drawing. I drew objects on oard with which they were familiar— s, cups, balls, stick figures of and girls—in s of one, two, e and four. time came for ext beginners' I asked the ren to identify bjects first by , which I wrote e the object, by number, h I wrote be- it. They were cited they sat he edge of the ation bench, bare feet tap- nervously on floor. Then I ed for the stack number cards held them up, g the class to e the number. as surprised recognized so y.

ne room was so quiet you could hear a fall. Every pupil in the room was inter- d. This was something they had never , but they recognized it as an interesting to learn. This was play. Realizing this enough for one time, I asked my begin- if they would like to return to their seats try to draw the pictures as they were vn on the board.

ne idea led to another. There were dozens ays to use the number cards. As days ed, the children learned to draw objects epresent a number on a card chosen by eone. They learned to add and subtract bers and objects. They recognized the ber when written. They learned the names ictures drawn. We varied this by erasing picture and number and reading the word. placed a row of number cards along the rd in the chalk ledge and let the children w pictures to represent the number on the d. There were no more little sleepy heads desks.

TH the problem of my beginners solved, ething happened to mar my happiness. at morning I had let Don, Guy and Ova their free periods to paint the house. er I had finished my lunch, I walked be- d the house to see how the paint was dry- . My face must have flushed red as a key's snout. There were twelve brown tches of ambeer spittle on the last coat of snow-white paint.

When the noon hour was over, I talked to pupils. I told them that if I caught any- dy chewing tobacco on the school ground, would punish that pupil. If I caught one tting on the paint, I would spank, and nk hard. I knew it was one of my pupils. There hadn't been anybody else in the schoolyard.

That afternoon, after school was dismissed, we took a bucket of soapy water and a broom and scrubbed off this ambeer spittle. Then we went ahead with our painting.

Friday I took my lunch, and walked outside and back of the schoolhouse. My pupils were sitting under the shade of the tall sycamores, eating their lunch. All but one. She was making the ambeer spittle fly against the newly painted boards. A girl! And Vaida Conway, the fourteen-year-old daughter of my trustee.

"Vaida," I said before she saw me, "what do you have in your mouth? What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Don't you spit it out," I warned her. "Let me see what it is."

She didn't spit the quid from her mouth. She took it out and showed it to me. Then she looked down at her bare feet.

"Why did you do this?" I asked.

"Mr. Stuart, I worked in the green tobacco," she said. "It was hot and smelly and after I quit working in it I craved a chaw."

"You mean you got the tobacco habit by working in green tobacco and smelling it?"

"Yes."

"I've worked in it all my life and I never got the habit by smelling green-growing tobacco," I told her.

If she had ever chewed tobacco at her home I had never seen her do so.

"Vaida, why did you spit on this white wall?" I asked.

"Because I liked to spit on it," she admitted. "I like to see brown against white."

"When I dismiss school this afternoon, I want you to remain," I told her.

None of the pupils had heard or seen me talking to Vaida. I don't believe any of my pupils knew who was spitting on the wall. But that afternoon when I dismissed school, Vaida Conway remained. I waited until the schoolyard was cleared of pupils. Don Conway must have known. And I think a few others suspected what was going to take place. I had to back up what I had said. I laid Vaida Conway across my lap and applied the geography book in stinging spanks. Not enough to make her whimper, though. It only wounded her pride.

After I had spanked Vaida, she stood for a minute before she went out the door and glared at me. "I'll tell my daddy on you," she said. "He'll fix you. He doesn't like you nohow. Not after you talked about moving our school down to The Valley." Then she ran out the door, across the schoolyard and foot log.

I finished making my monthly report. When I got to Conways' a cold silence greeted me. John Conway had little to say. Bertha didn't bother to speak to me. I knew they regarded Vaida as a woman grown. In two more years she would be eligible to marry. I sat down and ate my supper. Then I walked to The Valley and mailed my attendance report.

Saturday morning I got up late and ate my breakfast after John Conway and all his children had gone to work. Bertha was the only one there and she was silent. She fixed my breakfast and I ate. Then I took a volume of Kentucky School Laws and went to the Lonesome Valley school and sat down on the brace root of a sycamore in the shade.

(Continued on Page 139)

NEXT MONTH

"Nobody's so special he can't be touched," Toby said accusingly. "Someday you'll come and ask me to kiss you!"

THERE *was* something special about Eliza. She was beautiful and smart; people said you could love Eliza, but you couldn't ever get really close to her. It took a man like Toby—"a hellion with the ladies" but a man with a heart—to make her wonder whether an ivory tower could shut out life and love forever. To teach her that

Nobody's That Special

by Nella Gardner White

complete in the June JOURNAL

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(Continued from Page 137)

discovered that the use of tobacco was ibited not only to pupils, but to patrons, that visitors were not allowed to use this rant weed on school property at any time ny school in the state. This was the law. I also trying to find out whether a teacher to board in the school district where he teaching. I read the entire document ugh and failed to find such a provision.

Monday I got my check for my first th's teaching, exactly $68. I knew then as better that my going to see May ds had turned out the way it had. If I had a date with her and had fallen in , I could never have shown her a "good ," and could not have driven her around n automobile.

ill Coffee, welder at the Auckland Steel ls, even if he did have only a third-grade cation, was four times as successful as I , if success was measured in dollars and s. And, believe me, success was measured way among the young people I knew in esome Valley.

was young, too, and wanted to date girls show them a good time. I was also fasci- ed by schoolteaching. I loved my profes- . I was willing to learn it from the ground I knew there was much for me to learn. why should I follow this profession?

here had been months, when I followed trap lines and lived at home and went to dsburgh High School, when I had more n $50 a month. There had been months in spring, when I dug roots and sold them, I had made over $30 a month. After I paid my board, how much would I have ? How much more uld I make t—hing ol than I would make porting myself by ting and trapping in autumn and digging roots in the spring? didn't have long to wait now how much I would e left. Bertha Conway rged me $25 for a month's room and rd, and I knew this was reasonable com- ed with "the times" in our country. But as not reasonable compared with my sal- . I had only, not counting the little things ad bought for my pupils and my school, left.

My having to pay $25 a month for room board was not the reason I was leaving nways'. There were other reasons.

"Remember I'm not tryin' to keep you e," John Conway said when I was packed ready to go, "but you do have to stay in s district."

"Who said?" I asked. "Mr. Conway, I'm ving here a copy of the Kentucky School ws. I've marked one place for you to read."

Then I was off down Lonesome Creek d to The Valley. I was going to stay with cle Amos Batson, who ran the store and st office at The Valley. I would be five es from my school and have to walk ten es each day. But I would be away from two factions that composed the people of school district. The score was evened in minds of both groups, for I had disciplined y Hawkins, whose father belonged to one tion, and Vaida Conway, whose father be- ged to the other.

ACH group knew now I didn't show par- lity. I was there to teach the school. I was termined to stay until my school year was ished. If I continued to live in the Lone- me Valley school district I would have to e in a home where the people belonged to e faction. There was no middle ground. y sister had told me this, and she was right. ad learned that a schoolteacher must keep nself above the petty bickerings of preju- ed groups in his school community.

There were twelve rooms in Uncle Amos tson's two-story white frame house. Uncle nos and Aunt Effie had the downstairs and ad all of the upstairs I wanted. The place as roomy and comfortable. And the food as delicious. I had never eaten better hot scuits, three-year-old hickory-smoked ham d wild honey in my life.

Uncle Amos Batson, though sixty-seven years old, could draw a fiddle bow the smoothest I'd ever heard. He could make his fiddle talk, laugh or cry. He could play music that made Aunt Effie put her long-stemmed pipe aside and dance. The first evening I spent in their home, she danced to her husband's magic fiddle. Though she was sixty-seven, the mother of eleven children, all married and moved away, she was as agile as a sparrow. She danced the old reels, her small feet nimbly tapping the tune that Uncle Amos played on his fiddle, fast as snow-melted water poured over the cliffs in an early mountain spring.

The first week I lived at Batsons', Uncle Amos' hired man, Bill Strickland, didn't show up to milk Uncle Amos' seven cows. Bill Strickland had followed Bill Coffee to the Auckland Steel Mills. Uncle Amos didn't have anybody to milk his cows. Though he could play the fiddle, he couldn't milk a cow. I volunteered to go after the cows and to milk them.

Uncle Amos knew I would have to hurry if I did all this and got to school on time. He saddled and bridled Sundance, his large white pony, and I climbed into the saddle. I was off to get the cows up a twisting cowpath that curved right and left until it reached the mountaintop. There were hundreds of acres of grassy slope, gentle and rugged, dotted here and there in the deep hollows and ravines with tracts of giant trees. There were four hundred acres in this pasture. Below this mountain pasture lay The Valley. I could see the winding stream, like a silver ribbon in the early-morning sun, flowing gently past the farmhouses, through the fertile level land where grew corn, cane and tobacco.

I sat for a moment in the saddle, looking at this miracle of beauty, while Sundance pranced. He knew what his mission was. He had been after the cows before. I gave him the rein and he found the cows. When the cows saw Sundance, they were ready to start home to be milked.

It didn't take me too long to milk the seven cows. Then I strained the milk and separated the cream for Aunt Effie to put in cans to ship on the Old Line Special. When I was through with my work, I didn't have time to walk five miles to school.

"Ride Sundance," Uncle Amos said. "Put him in Abraham's barn durin' the day."

And that is what I did. Uncle Amos didn't try to get another man to do the milking. I loved Sundance. I loved to ride him up the Lonesome Valley road in the morning when the dew had laid the dust and when the morning-glories vining up the corn were so alive with pink, blue, purple and white horn-shaped blossoms. They were good to smell and beautiful to see. In the afternoon, when I mounted the saddle for home, Sundance was anxious to return to his barn in The Valley and wanted to run like a fox.

My second month at the Lonesome Valley school, I enjoyed the co-operation of the two factions. Don Conway held no malice toward me. And even Vaida soon forgot what I had done to her. She didn't chew any more tobacco, not after her father had read the section of Kentucky School Law I had marked for him. And he didn't say anything about my leaving Lonesome Valley school district.

Burt Eastham had told almost every man in Lonesome Valley about my figuring up the bushels of coal on his wagon bed. Now they came for me to figure wagonloads of coal, bushels of corn in the bins, sizes of coalhouses. And I never refused a request. If it was a small job, we did it after school; if it was a large one, we did it on Saturday. I took with me as many boys and girls as wanted to go along. Don Conway was always with me. Guy Hawkins became very much interested in figures. When he got interested, his bosom friend, Ova Salyers, did.

One of my pupils, a twelve-year-old boy, Denver Lykins, who was in the first grade

(Continued on Page 141)

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.
—MONTAIGNE.

The ONLY sure POSITIVE MOTHPROOF

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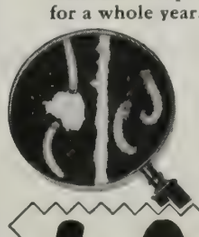
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THE LADY BRIDGETT POULET

"I never have that self-conscious 'made-up' feeling with Angel Face—it feels so soft on my skin, and looks so fresh and *real!* Ideal to carry—it never spills over handbag or clothes!"
FREDERICA VANDERBILT GAMBLE

(Continued from Page 139)

could count in his head with figures fast could, always went along. He couldn't figures because he hadn't gone to school than three months in his life. I gave him ial attention because he was so inter- I held his hand at the blackboard and ed him make figures, starting him with es from one to ten. Yet he went with us, gure land, cornbins, coalhouses, every- e that we were called to figure and cal- te for the patrons of our district. We ed applying arithmetic and the people d it.

ne Saturday we figured the number of s in Tim Conley's farm. Denver carried od pole, while Don Conway kept tally of number of rods. We figured the small to have 48.6 acres. When the county eyor, Don Shackleford, two weeks later a survey, he figured the farm to have acres. We had come that close.

ut one of the funniest things to happen in early September, when a small man he name of Silas Higgins came to Lone- e Valley school to ask me to figure a pas- field where he had cut the sprouts. He he was to receive $6 per acre. The fellow cut the sprouts for, Willis Hager, had sured the land and he had measured it. said that he had measured it for twelve one half acres and Willis had measured or six. We told him we'd be there that rnoon at four o'clock.

When we got there—Don, Guy, Ova, Den- and I—the two men were waiting and ar- g. Willis Hager must have been seven tall. Silas was not much over five feet. ey had stepped the distances around the l, counting each step for three feet, five a half steps for a rod. pupils began laughing. lis was so tall he could six feet at a step and s so short he couldn't three. We measured land and Don Conway red it, while Ova, Guy Denver looked on. He red the field for 9.6 acres. Willis wouldn't e their figures. He wasn't satisfied at all. as was better satisfied. These men even eatened each other physically and with law. Then I went over the figures. Don figured it correctly.

"You see, Mr. Higgins, your legs are short," a Salyers said, "and your steps are not g enough. Mr. Hager, your steps are too g. That's why you measured this field for y six acres."

Willis Hager was going to hit me with a ssafras stick when I told him that if he nt to law he would lose and our measure- ent was approximately what a surveyor's easurement would be. But he didn't get ry far with the stick. Four of my pupils pped forward and little Silas Higgins picked a rock. Willis knew the odds were against n and he settled down and listened to rea- n. Before we left, we had the dispute tled and both parties were satisfied.

My pupils were seeing the practical appli- ce of simple learning to everyday prob- ns. Don Conway became so interested in hool that he decided not to get married but go through the Lonesome Valley school, en to high school and beyond high school college.

HE third week of my second school month mething happened that made the pupils ke more interest in schoolwork than ever. nce Burt Eastham ran a coal wagon be- ween Upper Lonesome and The Valley, and nce he was interested in a curious way in her people's affairs, he had again contacted Iay Woods and told her that our school was etter than hers. She challenged me to bring y pupils to her school for an arithmetic atch. That Friday we all left Lonesome alley at noon, on foot, for Upper Lonesome. And for the first time, I came face to face ith one of the most beautiful teachers I had er seen. I could understand why Bill Coffee ad bought a convertible too big for the rns in the Lonesome Creek road. Maybe he uld win her with an automobile. She was eautiful, with crow-wing-black hair, brown eyes shaded with heavy lashes, white teeth and lovely lips.

Her schoolhouse was immaculately clean. Her pupils were well disciplined. There wasn't anything wrong with her school that I could see. The two long recitation seats were moved to the back of the schoolroom for visitors. They were filled and people were standing. There were probably over one hundred visitors to watch the match.

Before we began, Miss Woods and I agreed that she, Burt Eastham and I would be the judges. We agreed that if a pupil could work the problem in his head and call out the correct answer, he didn't have to write the figures on the blackboard. And we agreed that the pupil called from his seat to the board, to work against the one still standing, had his choice of addition, multiplication, subtraction, common or decimal fractions, long or short division.

WE started with the beginners. She called one and I called one. We matched them at the blackboard in front so all could see. They were about evenly matched for speed and accuracy. But when my beginners were gone, she had half of hers left, for she had twice as many in the beginning. Each of my pupils had to turn down two of hers before we had an even break.

Then I called to the blackboard Denver Lykins, my big first-grader. He stood there calling out answers until he had eliminated all her beginners. Someone shouted "Eighth-grader." But I showed Miss Woods my record book. Denver Lykins stood there until one of Miss Woods' pupils asked for a problem in addition. She asked for four columns of figures to add. Denver couldn't add four columns in his head, though he could add three. This girl knew his strength and his weakness. She turned down this boy who couldn't make figures on the blackboard, but this match left him with a determination to learn how.

All the blessings of a household come through the wife, therefore should her husband honor her. —TALMUD.

Denver Lykins had turned down seven pupils. Then Guy Hawkins turned down five. Ova Salyers turned down three. We turned down and they turned down until we got to the fourth grade. Then I called Don Conway and showed in my record book that he was a fourth-grade pupil. He turned down ten, all of Miss Woods' fourth-grade pupils and six of her fifth-grade. Don was pleased with himself, for many of them were as large as Don.

In the upper grades Miss Woods had three pupils to my one. But I had one girl, Margaret Prater, who was excellent in decimal and common fractions. She was the best pupil in my school. I held her for the last pupil. The match went on, with shouts from our side if we turned down one of theirs. Shouts came from the other side when they turned down one of ours.

I had only Margaret Prater left when Miss Woods had seven eighth-graders. Miss Woods used one of her best pupils to try to eliminate Margaret immediately and end the match, which had taken nearly two hours. But Margaret turned her down.

Then Miss Woods sent another star pupil to work against Margaret. He chose addition. Margaret was right and he was wrong, though he finished first. The third person she sent chose subtraction and Margaret beat her by a second. Both were right. The fourth pupil chose short division. Margaret worked the problem and checked it while her contestant stood beside her shaking and couldn't do a thing. The fifth pupil chose long division. They were trying to find one part of arithmetic that was Margaret's weakness. She turned this pupil down by a split second. Both problems were right. Their sixth pupil said, "Let Margaret choose the problem." Margaret chose multiplication of common fractions. She won easily. Only one was left now, a taller girl, older-looking than Miss Woods and much larger. She chose decimal fractions and put the problem down so fast that she mistook a seven for a three. She worked what she had on the board correctly, but Margaret had beaten her by a split second. Margaret was right again.



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You'll enjoy your beautiful, soft Toni wave for months! Because Toni is long-lasting and is guaranteed to look as lovely as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or you get back every penny you paid.

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The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only $2. You can use the curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1 . . . yet *there is no finer wave at any price!*

Which twin has the TONI?
Talented, teen-age Kathlene and Helene Crescente won the Beauty Contest for Twins in New York City. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I never knew a permanent could look so natural right from the start!" And Helene says "Next time it'll be Toni for two!"



The wave that gives that natural look . . . Toni



We had won the match against odds. Then we had to hurry home. Everybody had his evening chores to do. I had to ride to The Valley, fetch my cows from the pasture and milk them.

This match created a school spirit at Lonesome Valley. The last week in August my pupils met pupils of the Chicken Creek school and defeated them. The first week in September we met the Unknown school and defeated them. We had only The Valley, largest of all the rural schools, left. When this match came off we had visitors who had to stand in the yard and look through the windows. People could hardly believe that we defeated The Valley and that we never used Margaret Prater, our best pupil. Guy Hawkins turned down fifteen. This was a new kind of fighting for Guy and a kind of fighting he liked much better. We had spelling matches against these same schools and we lost two and won two.

Play for my pupils! Play for myself! I was the needle's eye! Play was the thread that ran so true! Teaching was not work as it had been. Teaching was play! I had never in my life, much as I loved to go to school, enjoyed myself more.

When I drew my second check and started to pay Uncle Amos and Aunt Effie, they would take only $12, because I had milked their cows. By a little work, I had cut my living expenses to less than half. This left me $56 clear money from teaching. In addition to getting my expenses cut to less than half for this excellent place to live, I got the use of the most intelligent and one of the prettiest ponies that ever carried a saddle. I rode Sundance when and where I wanted to. One week end I rode him thirty miles home on Friday evening, and on Sunday rode him back.

In September the tobacco ripened and many of my pupils had to stay home and help with tobacco cutting and hauling to the barn. The cane ripened, too, in September and it had to be stripped, topped, cut, hauled to the mill and the juice pressed from it and boiled into sorghum molasses. It was better to do this just before frost so the sorghum would keep its delicious flavor and its golden color. Potatoes had to be dug. Corn had to be cut. September was a busy time in Lonesome Valley.

Attendance was down considerably in September. There wasn't an attendance officer to see why they didn't come to school. If the pupil went, it was all right. If he didn't, it was all right too. But we had made our school so attractive in appearance that the pupils loved the place. It was the liveliest spot in our community. It was the only place they could go and many would never go beyond this school. Their education ended when they finished at Lonesome Valley. Beyond these days it was eternal work, work, work, and the sameness of life. It was marriage, children, death and burial in Lonesome Valley.

I thought of these things when I taught my pupils all the practical things I could. How to write letters, measure land, be clean with drinking water, about personal sanitation, screens for their windows. When I gave them assignments to write themes, I never gave them the topics listed in their books. I told them to write about the things they knew about: people, places, things and adventures in Lonesome Valley.

The sea of multicolored leaves was whipped from the Lonesome Valley trees by the raw and biting November winds. The two great furrow edges, turned in opposite directions by some great mythical plow in the beginning of time to make narrow-gauge Lonesome Valley, were naked, grotesque and ugly now. Autumn had passed. Winter was on us. And if there was ever a cold, icy funnel anywhere on the earth's surface, it was Lonesome Valley.

We crowded close to the pot-bellied stove. We fired it until it was red-hot. The corners of our schoolroom were cold even when our stove was dangerously overheated. But my thinly clad pupils braved the smiting winter wind. Attendance grew in this weather because the farm work was done, and the pupils were free of home labors for the first time.

December came. We had a Christmas tree and my pupils drew numbers from a hat and exchanged gifts. We had a Christmas program and I bought candy, apples, oranges and bananas. We lost only one day for Christmas holiday. My pupils hardly knew the meaning of letting out school a week for Christmas. Our six-months school couldn't go too far into the late winter. For they had to start burning tobacco beds and getting ready for another crop year.

Our school year ended February fourth. This was the time for pupils to get their promotions. Guy Hawkins received the highest number. He had gone from the first to the fifth grade. Ova Salyers was promoted to the fourth. Don Conway leaped to the seventh. Not one had failed. Six eighth-graders had finished school. They would not go any more.

The last day of school we had a program. Members of the community were invited. They came until the house was packed. We had readings and then Guy Hawkins and Don Conway "chose up" and we had an arithmetic match. Finally I shook hands with my pupils, their mothers and fathers, and thanked them for their co-operation. I made them laugh when I told them I had learned more in six months of teaching than I had in my three years of high school. And that I would return to school a much smarter pupil. And I would.

At one P.M. I was in the saddle for the last time. My pupils watched me ride away, around the bend and out of sight. I looked to my right and to my left, for the last time, at Lonesome Valley. I put Sundance in the barn and patted his nose. My clothes were packed and I said good-by to Aunt Effie and Uncle Amos.

"I won't say good-by to you," Uncle Amos said. "You know, Stuart, Effie and I have thought of taking out adoption papers for you! We always wanted a dozen and we just got eleven. You'd make the dozen."

"Jesse, we're so proud of you," mom said, that Sunday in August I arrived home, hitchhiking from Lincoln Memorial University. "We're proud to have a college graduate in our family. Larry Anderson is new superintendent of Greenwood County rural scho... He's holding a good job for you!"

It had been five years since I had tau... school in Lonesome Valley. During th... five years, I had finished my senior year ... Landsburgh High School. I had worked ... year at the Auckland Steel Mills. And I ... finished college in three years. But I had ... taken any courses to prepare myself ... teaching. I had taken an academic cours... wanted to be the first of my people to fin... college. I hadn't planned to teach sch... again.

I had hitchhiked to a small university ... never heard of before, with $29.30 in ... pocket, after I had been turned down by t... colleges.

I had helped dig and lay water lines; I h... cleaned manholes and unstopped sewers; h... mown grass over every foot of the spacio... campus many times; had worked on t... farm and at the dairy barn. I had washed a... dried dishes, delivered mail. I had my class ... arranged so I could work half of each day ... had left Lincoln Memorial, hitchhiki... home, with $10 in my pocket. I owed t... school $100. I had made better than B ave... age.

Now I was home, surrounded by my pe... ple. They were proud of me. At this tin... Greenwood County, with an approxima... population of 23,000, had fewer than a ha... dozen native-born college graduates. Supe... intendent Larry Anderson had done so... college work, but he didn't have his degr...

"Mom, I've made up my mind to go ba... to the Auckland Steel Mills," I said. "I lo... to teach school. But remember my salary ... Lonesome Valley?"

"Son, with all your education," my fath... said, "you can get in on the ground floor f... something good in Greenwood Count... You'll make more money now, since you're ... college graduate. Go see Larry."

Monday morning when Larry Anderso... came to unlock his office door I was waiting ... "You're Jesse Stuart, aren't you?" he said ... gripping my hand.

"Yes, sir."

"Come into the office," he invited m... "I've been talking to your father about you ... I'm trying to do something for the Green... wood County schools. I have school buses t...

(Continued on Page 144)

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

A BACHELOR is a man who can take a nap on top of a bedspread.

A woman's tears, like a sprinkler in dry weather, may only harden the surface.

There comes a time in the life of every young couple when a choice must be made between celebrating Saturday evening and observing Sunday morning.

"My trouble," complained a small daughter, "is that I always lose by an overwhelming majority."

Sign on back of automobile: "Drive as if this car had a fool in it!"

When I was young, the flavors in candy were strong enough to hold a child up for a while.

Contrite mother reads following item on little girl's list of things to make home life happier: "I wish mother would like my cat more."

Any woman who says she has never seen a cockroach in her kitchen is either a prevaricator, awfully lucky, or needs glasses.

Any parent who has absolute government over his child must feel a little like Simon Legree.

Some families might consider in their hom... life more of "whatsoever things are lovely."

Love and whipping cream are smoothe... when mature.

Somehow the woman I admire most is th... one who hangs her clothes outdoors in the... wintertime.

One of the most expensive stages a daugh... ter goes into is the one when her friends begi... to get married.

There's always that moment of anticipation, when we sit down to dinner, wondering which of the children, like clocks in a jewelry shop, will strike first.

I have never—no, never—seen lack of beauty given as a cause for divorce.

Once a fire is really low, a man has about as much success coaxing it back as a cat does in coaxing a mouse out of its hole.

The only thing harder to raise than a boy is a rice plant on the desert.

I'm discovering that if you have daughters you don't need to make a better mousetrap.

Life begins when a person first realizes how soon it ends.



Smoke a LUCKY to feel your LEVEL best!

Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low . . . calms you down when you're tense—puts you on the Lucky level! That's why it's so important to remember that LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO —mild, ripe, light tobacco. No wonder more independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen —smoke Luckies regularly than the next two leading brands combined! Get a carton of Luckies today!

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(Continued from Page 112)

haul pupils to Landsburgh High School in the east end of this county and school busses to haul them to Maxwell High School in the west end. But we have approximately thirty-two miles of hard road over which our busses run. The rest is dirt road. Beyond where our busses can go are great spaces where the rural pupils haven't a chance to pass beyond the eighth grade. I have established three rural high schools in this county. I plan to send you to Winston High School."

"Who'll be on the faculty at the Winston High School?" I asked.

"You'll be all the faculty," he smiled. "You'll have fourteen pupils. Your salary will be one hundred dollars a month."

For a moment I sat thinking. "What subjects will I have to teach?"

"Algebra, Latin, plane geometry, history and English."

"I'm afraid I can't teach algebra."

"You've got mighty good college marks in algebra. I have a transcript of your credits here. That's one reason I'm holding this school for you."

I couldn't tell Superintendent Anderson I had for my roommate at Lincoln Memorial Mason Dorsey Gardner, who had won the award for being the best math student. I couldn't tell him Gardner had worked my algebra and I had written his themes.

"I'll take Winston H'gh School," I said. "I'll be the faculty."

Saturday afternoon in early September I caught the Reo Speedwagon that carried mail and passengers. I was on my way to Winston High School. I had a suitcase with my belongings. I had with me school supplies allotted a rural school.

We followed the Sandy River and then went up Raccoon and over a mountain and down into Hinton Valley. Then we climbed another mountain and, when we reached the top, I saw before me, deep down, one of the prettiest valleys I had ever seen. The Tiber River wound slowly through the fertile farm lands like a silver ribbon in the sunlight. We went down this east wall of the valley, around the curves and up until we came to a store and post office. This was Winston. This was where I got off the Speedwagon. I was going to Baylors', the big white house overlooking the Tiber River. This was where I would room and board.

THAT afternoon, after Lucretia Baylor had shown me to my room, Snookie and Robin Baylor, two pupils whom I would have in Winston High School, went with me to show me the high-school building. This squat, ugly little structure had once been used as a lodge hall. The lodge had been dissolved twenty years ago. When I walked inside a bat barely missed my head in its flight to escape. There were wasp nests, mud daubers' nests and birds' nests above the window. A mavis flew from the nest through a broken window-pane in her escape to freedom.

I walked outside. Of all the thousands of acres of land there were in this spacious valley, I had less than one sixteenth of an acre for my high-school pupils. There was an outdoor privy in each rear corner of this tiny lot. Horseweeds grew as tall as the lodge-house roof. The community's obscene artists had found these privies. I sent Snookie back to the Baylors' to get water, broom, scrub brush, soap and a scythe.

That afternoon I went to work with two good helpers. We scrubbed ceiling, walls and floor. I scythed the small yard and raked the horseweeds from the lot. Then I hacked down the sharp stubble with a hoe. Snookie, Robin and I put the schoolhouse, the privies and the yard in order. We were ready for school Monday morning.

While we were working, a tall boy swaggered up the road and stopped, silently watching us. His face was pimpled. He had elongated blue eyes that squinted brightly when he looked at us. His loose-fitting clothes looked as if they would fall from his body.

"Hiya, Budge," Snookie spoke as soon as he saw him. "Comin' to school Monday?"

"Yep."



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"Here's your teacher." Snookie introduced us. "Mr. Stuart, this is Budge Waters."

"Glad to know you, Budge," I said.

I'd never seen a youth in my life who looked anything like him. I'd never seen one with his peculiar actions when he walked. He used his hands to pull against the wind. This strange youth stood silently watching us work a few minutes. Then he walked away, swaggering as he walked and pulling the air with his hands.

"Are you kidding me about this fellow?" I asked. "Is he really a high-school pupil?"

"I'm telling you the truth," Snookie said. "He'll be the first one here Monday morning. He'll be here by daylight."

"How far away does he live?"

"About seven miles."

"Doesn't he have any work to do at home?"

"Plenty of work. They grow about ten acres of tobacco every year. They raise corn and cane too. Old Budge is a good worker."

"He might be a good worker," I agreed, "but he's going to find it hard to get through high school!"

"Don't you worry, Mr. Stuart. If you're not awfully smart, he'll be teaching you!"

Monday morning when Snookie, Robin and I got to school an hour before time to start, twelve pupils were waiting. Not one was barefooted. They were well dressed too. All but Budge Waters. His clothes were new and clean, but they didn't fit his angular body. There was one new automobile parked near the school. There were two handsome saddle horses tied in the shade of an elm tree. And there was one pony almost as pretty as Sundance tied to the schoolyard fence. The pupils introduced themselves before we started school. There were six girls and eight boys.

About one fourth of the world's work is in repairing mistakes.

—WILLIAM FEATHER:
Haystacks and Smokestacks
(William Feather Co.).

Their schedule was already written on the blackboard. I gave them assignments, and we discussed the beginning lessons. With fourteen pupils and five classes, each forty-five minutes long, I had a little time on my hands. It was not like teaching at Lonesome Valley, where I had fifty-four classes each day.

When I started teaching ancient history, I found one pupil who knew more facts about this subject than I did. He was Budge Waters. I asked Budge if he had taken this subject before. He told me he hadn't, but he had read all his textbooks except algebra that summer. He said algebra was hard for him; the other subjects were easy. Then I asked him to read two paragraphs in his history book, and when he had finished I asked to hold his book. Then I asked him to tell me what he had read. He quoted the book almost verbatim. I asked Budge to read three more pages of history aloud to the class and then tell how much he had got from three pages. Again, he almost quoted three pages. I had heard of photographic memories. This was it. This boy didn't forget, either.

During my first week at Winston High School, I knew my problem was to keep ahead of these pupils, teaching them the subjects that had been hard for me in high school. I had to go home and work long hours in the evenings. I had to know my lessons. I had to study ahead in algebra, Latin and plane geometry. I had to review my history and English too. I had to prepare five subjects.

I had accepted Winston High School, thinking it was a little place among the hills where my pupils would be the products of rural districts like Lonesome Valley. I had brought along a number of books to read so I wouldn't get lonesome. I wanted to have something to do. I found I had plenty to do.

(Continued on Page 147)

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(Continued from Page 145)

the end of my first two weeks I knew I earning algebra, Latin and plane geom- I didn't worry about my pupils. All I ed about was keeping ahead of them. I ght I might ease the situation and not to work so hard myself if I brought more books to read. We didn't have a y. We had only a dictionary and an en- pedia.

at was the reason on the Saturday ing of my second week I caught the lwagon for Landsburgh. From Lands- , I walked five miles home. I didn't any way to get back to Winston on Sun- The Speedwagon didn't carry mail on ay. I might be lucky enough to catch a after I walked from W-Hollow to the y River turnpike. I would have a heavy f books to carry a long distance. But I t mind carrying books to pupils as eager d as my Winston High School pupils. illed my suitcase with books I loved. s, I thought, that would keep them ng for some time. I chose books by Tol- Melville, Chekhov, Victor Hugo, de assant, Balzac, Thomas Hardy, Sin- Lewis, Emerson, Whittier, Hamlin Gar- Dreiser, Whitman, Poe, Edgar Lee ers, Bret Harte and Jack London. With itcase full, I followed a fox path across n Ridge to the Sandy River turnpike, was three miles closer than if I had by Landsburgh. I walked up the dusty ike along the river, then up Raccoon y and over the mountain. I walked into the Hinton Valley and up to the f the east wall overlooking the Tiber y. I put my suitcase down and was resting r the shade of a road- tree. I had walked t eleven miles with a -pound load. Then a ger with an Ohio li- on his car drove up asked me to ride. He me all the rest of ay to Winston.

onday I introduced my pupils to these authors. I told them to take the books, them, and exchange them until every- had read them. I told them they were ooks. All I wanted them to do was to care of them and return them when they through.

y getting novels, books of poetry, essays short stories didn't keep my pupils from ding me. How I wished that I had ed harder in high school and college! was the first time in my life I had ever d of high-school pupils crowding their er. It had always been the other way nd.

EN I had first come to Winston I won- d what my pupils did for recreation. One ing in September I was invited to Bill den's home. He was one of my pupils. ather had invited six or seven of the lo- nusicians to play for us. We sat in the , where the grass was dying and the h-tree leaves had turned golden and the n was high in the sky above us. We lis- d to this local band play their banjos, es, guitar, mandolin and accordion from n until eleven. They never played the tune twice, and often when they played t breakdown, one of the listeners would e. I had never heard old-time music so tiful as this.

here was hardly a family in this big vi- y who didn't have a musician. This was of their recreation. People had learned to ish their own music just as they had ed to plant, cultivate and harvest crops heir food supply. They depended upon nselves for practically everything.

went with my pupils, their parents and hbors to corn huskings, apple peelings, stringings, square dances and to the ng of the bride when there was a wedding. n we rode mules many miles through kness or moonlight to these community ts. I never missed a party at the mill n they made sorghum molasses in this t cane country. We went to the sorghum , shoved one another into the skimmings- and ate the soft sweet foam from the boiling cane juice with long paddles whittled from willow wood. I went to all the churches. I went to parties where we played Post Office and danced Skip to My Lou.

I didn't worry about recreation. I found plenty of recreation. It was the kind of recreation in which the old, middle-aged and young took part.

Not one of my pupils had ever seen a stage play. If one had ever seen a movie, I'd never heard of it. They didn't have to leave land-locked Winston to find recreation. They had it at home. As the autumn days wore on, they popped corn over blazing wood fires and made molasses-and-popcorn balls. Each pupil invited me to his home to spend the night. This was an old custom, for in past years the teacher had boarded with his pupils, since his salary wasn't enough to enable him to pay his board and have anything left.

When the hunting season came, I hunted quail with my pupils. I hunted rabbits with them in the Tiber weed fields. My pupils were good marksmen. They, as I had once done, hunted for animal pelts, shipped them, and bought books and clothes with the money.

NOBODY could keep me from starting home. I was determined to go. I needed more novels, poems and essays for my pupils to read. I wanted to see Superintendent Larry Anderson. Lucretia Baylor prepared a quick hot lunch for me while I packed my clothes and got ready. For my teaching day ended at 3:30 P.M. and I had walked the three fourths of a mile to Baylors' in a hurry. It was early in the afternoon, but the dark December skies hung low over the valley, and there was six inches of snow on the ground. I had seventeen miles ahead of me. The only way I could get to my destination was to walk.

"If you were a boy of mine," Ottis Baylor said, "I wouldn't let you go. I know the road to Landsburgh better than you do. It's treacherous when you leave the Tiber Valley road and try the short cut around Laurel Ridge."

I wasn't listening to Ottis Baylor. I knew that I was fast on foot. I had walked thirty-five miles in a day. I was positive I could cover a mile every twelve minutes. I thought, if I had luck, I could make the journey in three and a half hours. I allowed myself four hours and that was plenty of time. I said good-by to the Baylors and was on my way.

The December wind whistled in the barren shoe-make tops, where the redbirds hopped from limb to limb and chirruped plaintive notes. They were searching for a scanty supper of frozen seeds. Darkness would come early on this short winter day. Going up the mountain, I made excellent time. I followed the path all right. I had to break the snow, for no one had traveled this path. I knew how to follow the path by the clumps of trees, rock cliffs and fences.

When I reached the big opening, a cleared cove where tobacco had been farmed, I knew I was halfway to Laurel Ridge. And from Baylors' to Laurel Ridge was approximately three miles. I looked at my watch and it had taken me thirty minutes. This was slower than I had expected. The snow was deeper high on the mountain. The path was harder to break.

Before I reached the second small opening near Laurel Ridge, I lost my path. I walked into a forest of tough-butted white oaks. They grew close together, shutting out the diminishing winter light. I had never seen these trees before. I turned quickly, retracing my steps until I found the path. I knew I'd have to be more careful. I'd not walked more than a hundred yards when a red fox, almost as big as a collie, crossed my path. When he saw me, he took off with full speed and disappeared in the wintry dusk that was getting thicker.

I had reached Laurel Ridge, for there was a five-strand rusty barbed-wire fence nailed to the trees. I knew this fence. It followed Laurel Ridge some distance before it turned back down the mountain. When I held my arm up to look at my watch, I couldn't see the figures

(Continued on Page 149)

The new is what has been forgotten.
—AUSTIN O'MALLEY: Keystones of Thought (Devin-Adair Company).

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Modess ... *because*

(Continued from Page 147)

he dial. I didn't know what time it was, I knew it was early. I knew I was in the cloud, for the big snowflakes were fall- around me.

l I had to do was turn to my left after I hed Laurel Ridge. I could follow the fence if I had to follow it with my hand as I ed. I carried my suitcase with my right d. My left hand was free. But I didn't h the fence. Not yet. I was following el Ridge road. I had hunted much at t in my lifetime. Darkness had never ered me too much. But now I couldn't he woods and I knew it couldn't possibly x o'clock. I was in a snowstorm.

hen I heard voices, and the sound was t to hear. I had barely time to side-step a mule team. I almost walked into a e before I saw him. Yet there was a ed lantern on the jolt wagon the mules pulling. When I recognized Eif Potters, topped his mule team in great surprise. asked where I was going on a night like

told Eif Potters and his son, Zeke, who sitting on the wagon beside him, I was on way home. That v wasn't falling n in Tiber Valley n I left, not more n two hours ago. told me they n't been in the vstorm until they hed the top of coon Hill. Then nvited me to get he wagon and go ıe with them, but fused.

n this lonely e, high up in a w cloud, I said d night to Eif and e and was on my , for I had lost ut five minutes ing to them. I nged on alone. I ted for the fence n an outstretched d in the darkness, I couldn't find it. Eif had warned me ut one place. He d me if I bore too to my left I would into a vast tract timber on the last l of Tiber Valley. d for this reason I e to my right, feeling with my feet, while snow came down as I had never felt it fall ore. One thing I had forgotten to ask Eif was matches. He was a pipe smoker too. had smoked his pipe all the time he sat his wagon. If only I had a match!

was stumbling over the road. Once I went water to my knee. Then I knew I must be the Laurel Ridge road. This was a deep gon-wheel rut, and Eif had driven over nd had broken the thin ice down to the ter. My foot was wet. Water squashed in shoe. One of my galoshes was filled with ter.

IEN I stepped into a hole of water with dry foot. I went in to my knee. Both nts legs were wet to my knees. Again and ain I stepped into water, but my feet were eady wet and it didn't make any difference did get them wet again. I kept moving. I lowed the road the best I could. I knew I s on the Laurel Ridge road. I would soon ach the turnpike at the top of Raccoon Hill. at was where the Laurel Ridge road ended. d this distance was approximately three les from where my path from Baylors' had ne through the barbed-wire fence onto the urel Ridge. If I could only see my watch! ad surely walked three more miles!

Time in the night, I thought, when one was lking alone, might seem longer than it ac- ally was. I kept on going. I waded water d I waded snow. Then I knew I'd gone far ough to reach the turnpike on Raccoon ill—the turnpike that would take me straight to Landsburgh. While I thought about the fast time I would be able to make on the turnpike when I reached it, I suddenly walked into a cornfield. I thought it was a cornfield. I thought I was standing beside a fodder shock. It stood like a white wigwam before me. I pushed my hand through the snow and felt the dry fodder stalks. I knew now that I was lost.

I COULDN'T even retrace my steps. I couldn't see them. I was lost. That was all. I was in this cornfield and I would have to make the best of it. I stood beside the fodder shock, while I screamed at the top of my voice. I knew that in this part of Greenwood County there were miles and miles where there wasn't a house. But I screamed anyway. I thought somebody might hear me and come to my rescue. The only answer I got was the faraway barking of a fox. When I screamed he mocked me with his barking.

When I had reached this fodder shock, my feet were still warm and my face was wet with perspiration. But in this open space where corn had grown on the mountaintop there was an incessant sweep of wind. I had to walk to keep warm. I had to do something in a hurry.

Then a thought came to me. If there was one fodder shock here, there were others. I walked a few paces and found another fodder shock. I put my arm around the top of the shock and dragged it back to the first one. I carried eight fodder shocks to one place. The fodder shocks were not large. The shocks were not so tall as I was. I used one hand to carry them, I held to my suitcase with the other. I was afraid I'd lose it.

After I'd pulled these fodder shocks together, I laid the heavy ends to the windward side of the mountain. I bedded three shocks down on the snow. Then I put a shock on each side of the floor I'd made. I stood two shocks up on the windward side, to pull down on me as soon as I was ready to lie down. The last shock I stood up, to use where the fodder would be thinnest above me. Then I stood on the fodder and pulled off my shoes. The wind-driven snow was cold to my wet feet and legs. I pulled off my overcoat and wet pants. I took a dry soiled shirt from my suitcase and dried the water from my feet and legs. I tied dry dirty shirts around my feet. I put on a pair of soiled trousers I was taking to have dry-cleaned. I bundled myself with all the clothes I had in my suitcase. I lay down and spread my overcoat over me. Now I reached up and pulled the fodder shocks down upon me. The fodder quilt was thick but not too heavy. I lay there and listened to the mice in the fodder around me and the ticking of my watch, while over me the wind moaned and the snow fell.

I knew that I should not go to sleep. For if I did the wind might blow the fodder from over me. I would freeze to death and I would not be found in this cornfield until the farmer came to haul his fodder home.

I must have been half asleep when I heard the hoot owls start calling to one another from the timber all around this cornfield. I no longer heard the wind, nor felt it seeping through the fodder. I parted the fodder stalks to see what had happened. There were a million bright stars high in the clear blue sky and I could see the dark outlines of trees. Among these trees were the hoot owls.

I pulled the fodder quilt back over me and lay there listening to the hoots of the owls,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Image

By Naomi Gilpatrick

"The caper tree shall be destroyed: because man shall go into the house of his eternity"—Eccles. 12:5

We made a treaty with the flesh
That this shall be our happiness!
Your eyes on my eyes,
All of that and nothing less.

From that mating came a child
Who with our breath ran up a hill
And picked the caper berries wild
And ate them of his own free will!

The lilt of his head, the tone
Of his song confessed him lepre-
chaun,
But he played like a child of May
And all the devils stayed away.

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to the mice and to the ticking of my watch. I thought that I could stay awake until morning. Since the skies had cleared, I knew the weather before morning would be sub-zero on this mountaintop. I went to sleep dreaming that I would not go to sleep.

When I awoke, there were fewer stars in the sky. Daylight didn't come on these short December days until nearly eight. I tried to see what time it was, but I couldn't see the hands of my watch. The owls had flown away and all was silent save for the ticking of my watch and the mice that had never slept the whole night through. I had slept warm on this cold night. I had warmed the fodder for the mice. The place was comfortable for all of us. But now I sat up and placed the fodder around me like a wigwam. I wanted the day to break so I could put on my clothes and be on my way. I had never been so hungry in my life.

As soon as it was light enough to see what I was doing, I started dressing. The legs of the pants I'd pulled off were frozen stiff and hard. My shoes had frozen so that I couldn't get them on. I didn't have a match to build a fire to thaw them. It was impossible to put them on. I wrapped a soiled shirt around each foot. I put my feet into my frozen galoshes. I put my frozen shoes and pants into my suitcase. It was light enough for me to see dim footprints on the snow. I could retrace myself. I wanted to see where I had made my mistake.

I followed my tracks, dim little prints in the crusted snow, for more than a mile. Then I came to Laurel Ridge. Far, far down below I could see Hinton Valley, now a great white silence except for the dark leafless trees. If I had gone just fifty feet to my left I would have found the turnpike on Raccoon Hill. I had borne too far to my right, after Eif Potters had warned me about turning left.

Does any thoughtful man suppose that the present experiment in civilization is the last the world will see?
—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

Though it was Saturday morning, when farmers would be on their way to Landsburgh, I was the first person on the turnpike. I walked down Raccoon Hill, and in the distance, far down the road, I heard voices. They were coming toward me. I saw three teams hitched to a snow plow, and the county road workers were breaking the road. I walked past them and they looked at me. I hadn't noticed the fodder blades still hanging to my overcoat, and I brushed them off before I stopped at Gullet's grist mill.

I knew Ephriam Gullet. When I went inside the grist mill he asked if I wasn't traveling early. I told him I had been lost and had slept on the mountain. He put more coal in the pot-bellied stove. He made a pot of coffee. I thawed my shoes and my pants legs while I drank hot coffee and warmed myself in front of the red-hot stove. Ephriam told me that his thermometer was twelve below at six that morning.

When Superintendent Larry Anderson unlocked his office door at nine, I was there waiting for him. I had caught a ride on a coal truck from Gullet's grist mill to Landsburgh.

"Well, how did you get here so early?" Superintendent Anderson asked. "You didn't come all the way from Winston this morning?"

"Just part of the way," I said.

"How are you getting along with your school out there?"

"Superintendent Anderson," I said, "I'm up against teaching those fourteen pupils. I've not got a slow one among them. I've got a couple of average pupils, and they can do every bit of work I give them. And I've got one that's a genius. He's only a freshman in high school. I tell you, Budge Waters is a genius! I've got six or seven A pupils and he is above them!"

Superintendent Anderson sat looking at me for a minute. Then he spoke thoughtfully: "Well, what is your problem?"

"I haven't any," I said. "But there is one thing I'd like to do. That's why I've called on you this morning. I'd like to test my own judgment to see if I am wrong or right in my opinion of my pupils. I'd like to know how to go about entering them in the State Scholastic Contest. The contest is held e spring, isn't it?"

"Yes, but there is an elimination proc Your pupils will have to take an exam tion against the pupils in Landsburgh H School. Then, if you are successful th they'll go to Auckland to enter the dist contest. If they are successful there, the go on to the state contest."

I knew that to get past Landsburgh, w have to compete with the best from ne four hundred pupils. To get past the regio we'd have to compete with the best sele from thousands. Yet it took only one b to win a contest. I knew Budge Waters that brain if it was properly trained.

"If it's all right with you, superintende I said, "you make arrangements and s date for us to meet Landsburgh High Sch in algebra, Latin, English, plane geome and history."

"I'll do it." He smiled. "Would someti in January suit you?"

"Any time's all right with me," I said

That day in early January we dismi school. It was too bad that another blizz had swept our rugged land and that a sti ing wind was smiting the valleys and hills. But this didn't stop the boys and from going. Leona Maddox, my best L pupil, couldn't go along. Her father woul let her ride a mule seventeen miles to Lan burgh to compete in a contest on a day this.

At eleven o'clock we rode across the Lan burgh High School yard and hitched mules to the fence. Then we walked in the high school, wh Principal Ernest Chart met and welcomed us.

In the principal's of my pupils and I hudd around the gas stove. T Landsburgh High Sch principal didn't feel ab the contest the way we f To him, this was just "setup" to test his pupils for the distr contest. He told me this when he went af the sealed envelopes that held the questio

"These questions were made out by t State Department of Education," he sa "I don't know how hard they are."

We were asked to go to one of the large classrooms. A Landsburgh High Sch teacher had charge of giving the tests. Wh the Landsburgh pupils came through t door to compete against my pupils, we kn why Principal Charters had selected t large classroom.

I entered redheaded Jesse Jarvis to co pete with ten of their plane-geometry pup I entered Billie Leonard against twenty-o of their selected algebra pupils.

"Budge, you'll have to represent us grammar, English literature and history," said. "And I believe I'll put you in civil g ernment. Is that all right?"

"Yes." Budge had never had a course civil government. All he knew about it w what he had read in connection with histor

"Robert Batson, you enter in history a grammar. . . . Robin Baylor, you enter algebra. . . . Snookie Baylor, you enter algebra and plane geometry. . . . Sorry, M Charters," I said, "we don't have anyone enter in Latin. My best Latin pupil couldn make this trip."

After the contest had begun, I left t room. I took our mules to Walter Scott barn on the east end of Landsburgh, where fed and watered them.

With the exception of an interval when t contestants ate a quick lunch, the conte lasted until 2:30 P.M. Just as soon as Bud had finished with civil government, w started grading the papers. All the pupi were requested to leave the room.

We graded the papers with keys. M Charters, Miss Madden and two other teach ers and I did the grading. When we wer through, Mr. Charters called the contestant into the classroom.

"I want to read you the scores of this co test," Principal Charters said. His voice wa

(Continued on Page 152)



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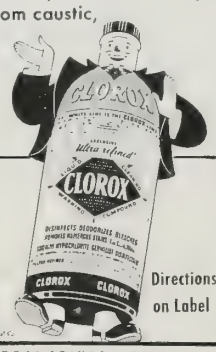
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(Continued from Page 150)

nervous. "Budge Waters, winner in English literature. Budge Waters, winner in grammar. Budge Waters, winner in history with almost a perfect score. Budge Waters, winner in civil government. . . . Why didn't you bring just this one boy?" Principal Charters asked me.

"Because I've got other good pupils," I retorted.

"Billie Leonard, winner in algebra. Jesse Jarvis, second in plane geometry, lost by one point. Snookie Baylor and Robin Baylor, tied for second place in algebra. . . . Congratulations," said Principal Charters, "to your pupils and to you. It looks as though Winston High will represent this county in the District Scholastic Contest. I've never heard of such a remarkable thing."

Soon we gave Superintendent Anderson, his rural teachers and the people of Greenwood additional pleasant news. Billie Leonard and Budge Waters entered the District Scholastic Contest. Budge Waters won three contests—grammar, history and civil government. Billie Leonard won first place in algebra. Then Billie Leonard took pneumonia fever and couldn't go to the State Contest. Budge Waters went alone and captured two first places, history and grammar. I knew my judgment of my pupils wasn't wrong.

OUR school year was coming to a close. One day, after school, while I sat on the bank of the Tiber, fishing, I heard the sycamore leaves swish behind me. I was getting a bite on my hook when it happened, but the fish suddenly stopped biting. He must have heard the noise too. A big man wearing a gray suit, cap, white shirt and bow tie came through the brush.

"I'm Larry Kenwood," he introduced himself. "I'm chairman of the Landsburgh City school board."

"I'm glad to know you," I said.

"The Landsburgh City board members have decided to hire you for principal of Landsburgh High School for this coming school year. It's a big school and your main problem will be discipline, but you have a good reputation and we've decided you're the man. Will you be interested?"

"Of course."

"Then meet with us the second Tuesday of next month in the Landsburgh High School office."

"I'll be there," I said.

When I reached Landsburgh High School, three big buses were unloading county pupils. Many of these pupils had come from farms fifteen miles away. The majority had their morning chores to do on farms before they could start to school. Many had to rise as early as four in the morning. To my surprise, eight of my fourteen Winston High School pupils were there. Budge Waters had walked to Landsburgh to follow me. I asked Budge where he was staying. He didn't have a place to stay or money to pay for board and lodging. I told him to go home with me. Others had secured boardinghouses in Landsburgh.

There were three times as many pupils in Landsburgh High School now as there were when I was a pupil here. The schoolhouse was the same size as when I had graduated. When all the pupils were inside, we didn't have room to seat them. We had to use my office for a classroom. We had to borrow chairs and tables from a local church to give our pupils a place to sit and work.

My first half day at Landsburgh High School was interrupted by pupils who had been expelled the year before. They asked in good faith to be reinstated. They were intelligent-looking youths with good steady eyes. My brother, James Stuart, was one of these. One of the first things I had done was to reinstate him; now I reinstated them. I didn't even ask why they had been expelled.

There was a feud among the players of our football team. Jack Alexander came to my office one day after school. He said he had starred three years for the Landsburgh Wildcats and Rodger Sutherland was jealous of

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him. He had always played in the backfield while Rodger had always played on the line. This was their fourth year on the same football team and for the past three years Rodger had failed to block for him when he carried the ball. He said Rodger would block for any other ball carrier from the backfield. So he said that he was going to hurt Rodger.

I asked him if they had ever had any trouble before they played football. He told me this story: Each family had kept cows in the same pasture on the steep rim of hills on the south side of the town. He and Rodger used to fight every time they met in the pasture. Their families had fought each other politically down through the years. He said they went to different churches. They didn't have but one thing in common: that the children from each clan went to the public school.

When he had finished I told him no generation should inherit the quarrels of an older generation. I talked with Jack long after the school busses had reached their destinations and the Landsburgh students had reached home. This was important to him, for he was keeping away from football practice since he thought Coach Watson was siding with Rodger Sutherland.

Next day I talked to Coach Watson. He told me this feud had divided his football team into two camps. Jack Alexander had his following and Rodger Sutherland had his. Each had about the same number and every man on the squad took sides with one or the other.

Jack and Rodger quarreled and threatened each other in my office. When I suggested that I might suspend both of them, they said that wouldn't solve their differences. Each confessed that he hated the other. They would have fought in my office if the coach and I hadn't preserved order.

> **Always do right. It will gratify some people and astonish the rest.**
> —MARK TWAIN.

"You fellows come with me," I said.

Rodger, Jack, Coach Watson and I walked out behind the schoolhouse. I took a stick and drew a big circle on the athletic field.

"Since there is no other way to solve your differences," I said, "I want you to get in this circle and fight it out. After the fight, don't either of you ever come and tell me what you're going to do to the other. If you do, you'll leave this school forever."

"This suits me fine, Mr. Stuart," Jack said.

"It suits me too," Rodger said.

They went into the ring. Each man was a good boxer, but gloves would have made the fight too easy for them. The football players came around to watch the fight.

Jack Alexander was nineteen years old. He was six feet four and weighed 190 pounds. Rodger Sutherland was five ten and weighed 195 pounds. He was nineteen years old. He was the best-muscled man I had ever seen. When these men struck each other it was like mules kicking. They followed up short and fast.

The fight lasted approximately five minutes. Blood spurted. Faces and shoulders were red with blood. Suddenly Rodger Sutherland reached for a stick that lay outside the ring. We knew the fight was finished, and we stepped in. We took hold of Rodger and wouldn't let him have the stick. He was glad to stop fighting. Jack was glad too.

"If any more football players have any grievances," I said, "this is the way you will settle them."

It was a strange thing for us to see. Jack Alexander walked over to Rodger Sutherland and laid around his shoulders. Rodger and Jack went to the showers together as if they had finished a hard football game.

From this time on Rodger blocked for Jack when he carried the ball. And Jack carried the ball for many touchdowns. The feuding Alexander and Sutherland clans of our Landsburgh Wildcats were solidified into one unit.

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Strawberry Chiffon Pie



1 envelope gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
2 egg yolks
¾ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label
†1 cup crushed strawberries
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup heavy cream, whipped
1 9-in. baked pastry shell

Soften gelatin in cold water. Beat egg yolks slightly in top of double boiler; add KARO Syrup. Cook over boiling water, about 5 minutes, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly. Add gelatin; stir until dissolved. Cool slightly. Combine strawberries and lemon juice; add to gelatin mixture. Chill until slightly thickened. Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in sugar. Fold in strawberry mixture; then lightly fold in whipped cream. Pile into baked pastry shell. Chill thoroughly before serving. Garnish with whipped cream and strawberries, if desired.

†Note: Raspberries or peaches may be used in place of strawberries.

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My room in the Landsburgh Hotel was directly above Main Street. From my window I could see almost every street and intersection except along the river front toward the north. This was the quiet residential section of Landsburgh.

Perhaps I was lucky to get this room in the Landsburgh Hotel. I could not have got any other place where I could learn more about the town. I had selected it because it was a nicely furnished room and was empty. I didn't know that it was a key to the night activities of the town. My first night in this room I shall never forget.

After dinner at the hotel, I had taken a walk from one end of town to the other. People greeted me and I greeted them. Many were parents of the pupils I had in school, and I greeted many of my pupils. After my walk I went back to my room and made preparations for my next day's work. Then I switched off my lights to go to bed.

After I got in bed I couldn't sleep for the noise. It was not that I had come from the quietness of a farmhouse in W-Hollow, for I had spent my summer in Nashville, Tennessee, not far from the Peabody College campus where the streetcars screeched and automobiles zoomed by at all hours of the night. This was a different noise. Landsburgh didn't have streetcars and the cars didn't speed down Main Street. The noise I was hearing was loud voices and hilarious laughter. Many of the voices were familiar to me. The laughter was familiar too. I got up and sat by the window. It was midnight now and the town was just coming to life under the bright moons of dry electric lights up and down Main Street and out into shadowy bystreets, where the small street lights were few and far between.

At this late hour I saw my Landsburgh pupils walking the streets. I saw a few girls and many boys. My guess was there were 30 per cent of the Landsburgh High School pupils. These were the pupils who were tardy in the mornings, who made low grades. And these were the pupils whose parents criticized the teachers for giving their sons and daughters low marks.

The Landsburgh High School principal and faculty had received much criticism about the high-school teen-agers' drinking at night and over the week ends, in this section of Kentucky that had long been dry. I wondered about the parents of these boys. I thought they must know, or have pretty good ideas, where they got their liquor. For where did the judge get his? Where did many of the businessmen in the town get theirs? body in the town, I was quite sure where they got it. I was now finding

I had heard about Landsburgh's fi bootlegger who sold a good brand of whisky. He had bootlegged for a living time he had lived in Landsburgh. Nev had the officers of the law, no matter political faction was in power, arrest man. From my window I saw him street, talking to this one and tha Though the weather was mild, he w topcoat. In this topcoat, I was later t had pockets in the lining where he his half pints and pints, each on separate pocket so the bottles w clank together when he walked. I sa going on night after night.

I couldn't go meddling in the town' ness. Yet the town's business was m ness as long as it affected Landsburgh School pupils. And these things were ing our school. How would I get these lems over to the people without everybody mad at me? I didn't want young crusader. But I knew the spirit and progress of Landsburgh School depended upon everybody in th munity. I had to have co-operation.

The Parent-Teachers organizatio been more or less a social function parents and teachers got together and tea and ate cakes at the end of each m I thought it time to do something drink and eat. It was time we did som constructive for the high school an munity. But I didn't know how to go presenting my problem to these moth seldom did a father attend one of the P meetings.

Then something happened that ga the chance. We had arranged a sc whereby two teachers remained at th school during noon hour while the went downtown for their lunches. We r this schedule. My turn came to be high school during the noon hour.

heard gambling had been going on b the high board fence that surround athletic field. I made it a point to wa surely around this fence. Autumn was air and the sycamores, birches and w between the schoolhouse and the rive flaunting their bright-colored leaves autumn wind. The air was crisp and breathe. It was a beautiful day.

When I walked around the corner high board fence, I came upon the youn



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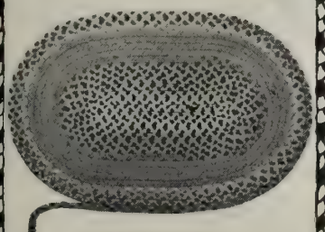
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players. A topcoat was spread on the ground. Cards, silver and folding money were lying on the coat. Four young men were sitting on the ground around the coat with cards in their hands. Fifteen or twenty were standing around watching this poker game. I had walked around the fence corner and was standing in their midst unnoticed, for everybody was watching the cards and money.

"Who's winning and who's losing, fellows?" I asked.

One of the young men playing poker was the son of a minister. One was the son of a rural schoolteacher. Two were sons of a Landsburgh merchant. When they saw me, their faces turned sliced-beet red. They couldn't speak. The young men who had gathered to watch the game began to scatter. I didn't bother the cards or the money or tell them to quit playing poker. I walked on. I left this problem in the pupils' hands, for them to worry about. When I reached the far corner of the fence, I looked back and the gamblers, money and coat had disappeared.

That afternoon these young men expected me to have them in my office. But I was going farther than just to reprimand them. We had to have the ounce of prevention to effect the pound of cure. I knew my catching these young men playing poker would be news in Landsburgh. I knew that everybody would know it, for there were too many young men standing around not to tell it, and I knew it was not good publicity for our school.

The first person to ask me about her son's gambling was the wife of the minister. She asked what punishment I was going to inflict. I replied I hadn't made up my mind. I told her, on second thought, I probably wouldn't punish any of them.

"Do you believe in letting your pupils gamble?" she asked, staring at me wildly.

"No, I don't believe in letting pupils gamble."

"Then why don't you do something about it?"

I didn't say anything more. I wanted her to talk. I wanted her to tell other women, and I knew she would.

THE mother of each son caught in this act came to ask me what I was going to do about the gambling at Landsburgh High School. I didn't give one of them a satisfactory answer.

Finally, these women must have decided I approved of gambling, for the members of the P. T. A. took upon themselves the responsibility of bringing it up at our next meeting. I had not punished any offender. Each of these young men was worried, too, for he had come to me and apologized and wanted to know what his punishment was going to be. He was getting his punishment, but he didn't know it. Suspense is a great punishment.

At our first P. T. A. meeting after the gambling incident, I noticed that the members were very somber. They didn't laugh and talk as they had done at former meetings. Several fathers had come. After the meeting had come to order, Mrs. Albert Davis, president of the P. T. A., soon finished with the organization's business. Then she said:

"Something has been going on at the high school I would like to bring up. It is the gambling that has been going on. Pupils were caught in the act and have never been punished. We would like to hear from Mr. Stuart if he has anything to say regarding this situation."

"I have a lot to say," I said, rising to my feet. "First, I want to tell you why I haven't punished these young men. I don't see any use in punishing them until a few temptations are removed. I happen to know about these temptations."

Then I told them that in my room in the Landsburgh Hotel, I could see over the town. I told them I had the room the town's police ought to have. I said to the mothers and fathers that I had seen their sons and daughters walking the streets until midnight. I told them their sons were able to buy illegal whisky and there was not one among them who didn't know where they could get it. That to stop the sale of whisky to their sons was their business. It was the town's business and not the teachers'. Yet it did concern

(Continued on Page 157)

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CROWN ROAST-ETTES OF LAMB

4 strips ribs from breast of lamb	2 tbsps. butter or margarine
½ cup finely sliced celery	¼ cup hot water
¼ cup finely chopped onion	1 egg, beaten
2 tbsps. minced parsley	3 cups soft rye bread crumbs
4 tbsps. mint jelly	2 cups DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas

Have lamb cut so ribs are in strips about 1½" wide; 11" or more long. Remove excess fat. With toothpicks, fasten each strip into a ring, rib side out. Place in shallow baking pan; salt and pepper. Mix celery, onion, jelly, butter, hot water; simmer till jelly is melted. Mix with parsley, egg, crumbs. Fill rings with mixture; cover with circles of brown paper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hr.; remove paper; bake till *tender*, about ½ hr. more. Serve on hot platter with hot, seasoned DEL MONTE Peas. Garnish with pimiento and parsley if desired. Make gravy from drippings in pan. Serves 4.

Del Monte BRAND *Early Garden* TRADE MARK **Peas**

(Continued from Page 155)

igh school, for our young men had got on river-boat excursions and the l had been blamed for it. Now it was duty to eliminate the temptations.

nd another thing," I said. "Gambling ried on in many of the homes in this . Poker for money is played before your and daughters. You know who these e are. Fathers of the young men on our all team walk up and down the side lines et as much as fifty dollars on one of our all games! You know this is true! It is hat the men in this town will gamble who can spit the closest to a knothole e wall or a crack in the floor. The par- in this town must have a change of if we are to break up gambling in this l. I'm certainly glad, Mrs. Davis, you ht this up.

nd another thing," I continued. "Some- had better pass the word to the town's ite bootlegger to be careful to whom he his whisky. He has five pupils in this l! If you want to watch him sell some ng, come up to my room. If you want ow his customers, be sure to come to om.

me thing more, and this is all I have to I concluded. "Landsburgh High School a separate unit from you. Your ways of your homes are reflected here in the l. I used to think when I first started ing school that it was all up to the er and the pupils. I have changed my . The little island of humanity that is one of you must unite with other islands become a mainland if we are to have a ssful school."

e results of this P. T. A. meeting solved roblems in Landsburgh. I never again ny parents betting on all games. Something enly happened to the race-horse slot ma- . The juke-box danc- ended gracefully at o'clock, for the city's d of aldermen im- l a curfew to ring ne and every pupil enrolled in school o be in off the streets. Drinking sud- ended among our young men. Not erson was arrested. Gambling never oc- d again at our high school. And the only shment I gave the four young men ht in the act was suspense. They waited waited for something to happen, but it r did.

six weeks we showed members of our A. what their co-operation had done in sons' and daughters' grades. Many of sons and daughters who had been failing now making passing grades. Many pu- who had been passing with low marks lifted their average higher. The unex- l tardy and absence marks had dimin- approximately 70 per cent.

his P. T. A. has taught us something," Hadden remarked later at a teachers' ing. "All you have to do to solve a town lem that hurts your school is to get the en on your side. Show 'em what's wrong they'll clean it up."

Y DAY was the great holiday for our ols. The meeting was held at Lands- h High School, since we were almost in center of Greenwood County. Teachers pupils from every rural school in the ty were invited. School buses hauled ers and pupils. They came by auto- ile. And those from the rural schools to Landsburgh walked to this great ration, for it was something they didn't to miss.

he schoolhouse was filled. We had May- dances, athletic events, and school dis- s in the high-school auditorium. We had Club displays. The food was prepared by bers of Landsburgh P.T.A. Classroom was forgotten, for this was a great day verybody's getting together, for recrea- play and fun.

hen I was walking from the athletic field he schoolhouse, I met face to face a per- who looked familiar. She was going ugh the gate to the athletic field and I was coming out. In each hand she held the hand of a small girl.

"You're Jesse Stuart, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "and you . . . I ought to know you. I've seen you someplace."

"You've grown a lot since I knew you," she laughed.

"You're not Nancy Cochran, are you?" I asked.

"That's who I used to be," she said. "I'm Mrs. Ova Salyers now. Remember Ova, don't you?"

"I certainly do. Are these your daughters?"

"We have three girls and two boys. These are the oldest. Bertha is six and Laomie is five. Bertha is goin' to Lonesome Valley school."

"Didn't Ova come with you?"

"No, I left him home paintin' the house and takin' care of the babies. Ova bought the old Willis Hager farm on Lonesome Creek. You know that farm, don't you?"

"Don Conway, Guy Hawkins, Denver Lykins, Ova and I measured that farm once."

"Yes, Ova told me you did."

"Tell me, what's happened to Guy Hawkins?"

"Oh, he's away at school. He and Don Conway are over at Morehead. Don is in Morehead College and Guy is in the Morehead Training School. Don plans to make a teacher of himself. Guy does too."

"Come, mamma," Bertha said, pulling at her mother's hand. "Let's go see the races!"

"Wait a minute," Nancy said. "Then I'll take you."

"Someday I'm going out there for a visit," I said. "I'd like to see Lonesome Valley again. I'd like to spend a night with Uncle Amos and Aunt Effie Batson. I'd love to hear him play his fiddle and watch her dance."

"He won't play his fiddle any more unless he does it in another world," Nancy told me. "He died in his sleep. Aunt Effie went to stay with one of her sons. Their big house and farm were sold to Alec Prater."

Let us be kind to one another, for most of us are fighting a hard battle.

—IAN McLAREN.

In middle May, I sat beside Big River and threw round gravel into the moonlit water while I waited for a decision of the Landsburgh City school board and my superintendent, Larry Anderson. Our school year was over. I had reapplied for my position, but in the letter with my application I stated that unless my salary was upped to $1500 I didn't want to be rehired for principal.

I waited until the board meeting adjourned. When they came outside, I asked Larry Anderson the board's decision.

"We didn't hire you," he said. "You asked too much."

"That's all I want to know," I said.

I knew that schoolteaching was a great profession and that I loved it. But I would not teach again. I went back to the hotel, packed my clothes and walked home in the moonlight.

After the Landsburgh board of education refused to rehire me, I spent the summer working on my father's farm. My brother James and I raised a crop of tobacco. He planned for his part of the tobacco crop to pay his expenses his first year in Berea. I planned my part of the crop to pay my expenses for a year of graduate work at Vanderbilt University.

In July the heavy rains came. Our tobacco, with too much rain and not enough sun, rotted away. We knew the money crop on which we had fastened our hopes to finance us for a year in college was no longer a reality.

I borrowed $250 at the Landsburgh National Bank. I gave James $50 to enter Berea. I gave mom $50, for she was in need of money since dad wasn't getting steady work on the railroad section. With $150 I went to Vanderbilt University to do a year of graduate work. A conservative estimate of my expenses there for one year would have been $900. I went to Vanderbilt because I had

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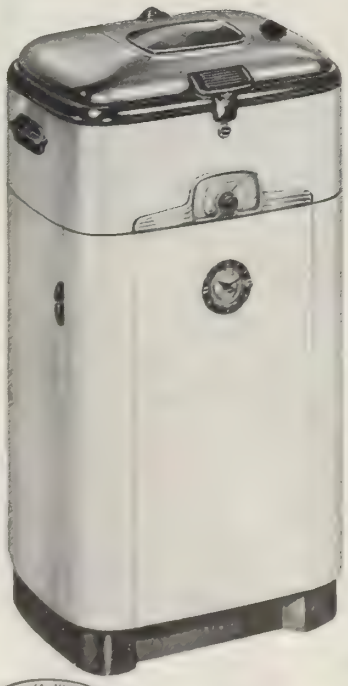


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heard of the Fugitives. I wanted to take graduate courses under these men, whose poems, stories, articles and nonfiction books I had read.

I believed that I could combine farming and writing. Since I had been six, old enough to thin corn, I had worked on the farm. There wasn't any kind of work I couldn't do. And since I could remember, I had wanted to write. I thought one year of graduate work in Vanderbilt University, with classes under these well-known Southern authors, was all I needed.

When my first term papers were returned to me I wondered if I could write. They were slashed to pieces with red marks. But I didn't have time enough to do research for my term papers. I worked in Wesley Hall cafeteria approximately four hours each day washing and drying silver and waiting tables. Shortly after the first semester ended, Wesley Hall burned to the ground. The cafeteria where I worked and where I ate my eleven meals each week was destroyed.

During the second semester I lived on a meal a day. I had lost all my clothes in the fire but those I had on my back. I lost all the poems I had brought to Vanderbilt and the thesis I was attempting to write for my M. A. degree. But somebody gave me a suit of clothes, and when the old suit of clothes gave out, Lonnie Maxwell, teaching in Landsburgh High School, loaned me a suit of his so I would have a change.

During my second semester Doctor Mims gave us an assignment in his English class to write a brief autobiography. He asked us not to write more than eighteen pages. This was the first time I had been given a writing assignment at Vanderbilt University that wasn't about a dead man. I couldn't tell Dr. Edwin Mims what I wanted to tell in eighteen pages. In the eleven days before our assignments were due, I had written 322 pages. Three days later he told me I had written a book. Doctor Mims took my term paper to Donald Davidson to let him read it. Then they wrote a publisher and advised me to send Beyond Dark Hills there. It was published six years later.

Every husband trembles when his wife looks at him closely and says, "I want to talk to you about something."
—ANON.

In the meantime I finished my year of graduate work at Vanderbilt. I didn't rewrite my thesis. I borrowed $2 and left Vanderbilt, hitchhiking home without my M.A. degree.

ON a Saturday afternoon in July, I was lying on the parched yard grass under the shade of a bushy-topped poplar whose broad leaves were now wilted pods drooping in the sun. Pencil-size shafts of light from the midsummer sun filtered between these clusters of wilted leaves to make shadows on the grass. I was observing light and shadow crisscross and intermingle on the brown parched grass.

"Is this where Stuarts live?"

"It is," I said, rising from the grass.

"Could you tell me where I could find Jesse Stuart?" said the short, red-faced man standing by our gate. Two larger men were behind him.

"You're talking to him," I answered. "Come in."

"My name is Mooner Bentworth," he introduced himself. "I'm chairman of the Greenwood County board of education. This is William Dawson and this is Tobias Claxton, members of the Greenwood County school board."

"I'm glad to meet you," I said. "But if you've come to see me about teaching school, I'm not available. I left the teaching profession last year."

"This is something bigger than teaching," Mooner Bentworth explained. "We need a new superintendent for Greenwood County schools."

"What's happened to Larry Anderson?"

"Landsburgh City schools have pulled out of the county system," Mooner explained. "Larry Anderson is the new superintendent of Landsburgh City schools. You have a college degree, haven't you, Mr. Stuart?"

"Yes, I have my degree. But the Kentucky school laws have changed. One has to have four years of teaching experience before can get a superintendent's certificate. I h only three unless they will accept my sut tute and practice teaching in college."

"Are you old enough?" Tobias Clax asked.

"I'm twenty-four."

"That's the age limit," Tobias said. "can't be any younger."

"Can you qualify, get your certificate take over next month?" Mooner Bentwo asked.

"I don't know."

Superintendent of Greenwood County sch raced through my mind. Not teaching, n high-school principal, but superintende Greenwood County schools. This was h for me to believe. They were awaiting answer. Would I take it if I could quali

"Gentlemen, will you hold the position me until I see whether I can get a supe tendent's certificate or not?" I said, beca I couldn't turn this offer down. "If I'm a to qualify I'll be your superintendent."

"How long will it take you to find whether you can qualify or not?"

"Not more than two weeks," I s "Maybe not that long."

"That's good enough," Mooner Be worth said.

"Say, where are your two other bo members?" I asked. It suddenly dawned me that only three board members had c to ask me to be superintendent.

"Don't even ask about them," Moo Bentworth answered quickly. "Two men were elected last year, Benton Dan field and Manley Warburton. The against everything we d

"Mr. Stuart, we d consider them," Will Dawson said. "We run school board. We have majority and we are y friends. We want y Dangerfield and Warb ton are against you cause we are for you."

Dad was surprised at the number of peo who stopped us in the street and congra lated me. They congratulated dad, too, having a son who would be superintendent Greenwood County schools. These peo knew that my father couldn't read, could write and had such scanty knowledge of ari metic that he had to depend on the m chants with whom he traded to do his fig ing. He had to take their word for everyth unless one of his children was with him.

"Young man, I'm proud of you," Un Walt Weston said. "You've amounted something."

Uncle Walt Weston had operated a clo ing store in Landsburgh for sixty years. was in his store that I had bought my clot when I was a pupil in Landsburgh H School. Often I would get clothes on cre and he would wait until I got returns o batch of animal pelts. He had always gi me credit for anything I wanted. My fat had traded with him for forty years.

Dad and I planned to be in the cou superintendent's office an hour before Greenwood County school board met. so many of our friends had stopped us, arrived just in time for the meeting.

"I'm one of the school-board memb you don't know," said a big pink-cheek man. "I'm Benton Dangerfield."

I did know Benton Dangerfield. He h killed two chicken thieves in his chick roost and his trial had been one of the m sensational in our county. He had co clear in his trial. But because Sherman A derson—brother to Larry Anderson—w was prosecuting attorney, had prosecut him (he thought unmercifully), he ran fo member of the Greenwood County board education against Albert Hix, who w Larry Anderson's board member, and d feated him.

Benton Dangerfield was about six feet fi and weighed approximately 260 pounds. had bright blue laughing eyes and a shock blond hair. He was the best-looking, bes dressed member of the school board.

(Continued on Page 160)

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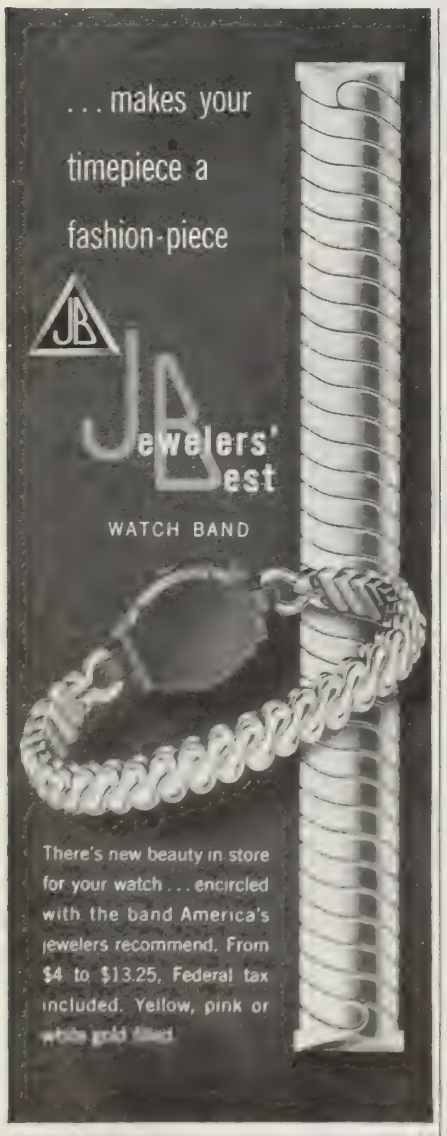
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(Continued from Page 158)

"I've heard of you, wondered about you. You are a very young man," he said, looking me in the eye. "I had planned not to vote for you because the other three members of this school board are for you. They are still too friendly with Larry Anderson. I'm against that man. Young man," he continued, "you are going into a mess. You've got something ahead of you. I know you have."

"I'm willing to tackle it," I said.

Then Mooner Bentworth called the meeting of the Greenwood County board of education, and we went inside. Benton Dangerfield introduced me to Manley Warburton, a small gray-eyed man wearing a gray suit, light blue shirt and red necktie. I greeted the three members of the majority faction of the school board who had come to my home. I greeted Larry Anderson, superintendent under whom I had served for two years. This was his last day in office. Tomorrow I would be in his place.

The meeting was called to order. Mooner Bentworth presented my application for the position of Greenwood County superintendent. William Dawson made the motion that I be hired. Tobias Claxton seconded the motion. Immediately the majority faction of the board voted for me. The surprise came when Benton Dangerfield voted for me. After Manley Warburton saw how Benton Dangerfield had cast his vote, he, too, voted for me. I got the unanimous vote of the board.

My first day in office I was a busy man. I must have had a hundred visitors. Each one wanted something. Many were school trustees who had axes to grind with other school trustees. While I was in Vanderbilt University, I didn't know that a law had been passed to have three district-school trustees instead of one. Now each little rural school district in each county in the state of Kentucky had three district-school trustees. Why the schoolteachers and the educators and thinking citizens had ever allowed this bill to pass was beyond me, for this gave each teacher of the little rural school nine bosses: three trustees, five county-school-board members and the county-school superintendent. But the district-school trustees had the power. We now had 246 district-school trustees in Greenwood County.

I wanted to know something about the financial condition of the Greenwood County schools. The story my school-board members told me about the financial plight of our school system was alarming. If I could rely on what they told me, we were in danger of financial collapse. They were waiting for the new tax revenues to be collected. I suggested that we should have a public accountant audit our books and give us the facts.

When I made this suggestion only Benton Dangerfield and Manley Warburton approved. Whatever they were for, the majority of my school board was against. And I had to keep the majority of my school board on my side. After I had talked with the board members I knew that not one of them was a good businessman. Not one had handled very much money. Finally they agreed to have an auditor audit our books and calculate our incoming revenue.

Two weeks later the audit had been made. The Greenwood County school system was approximately $144,000 in debt. This included the bonded indebtedness of the new Maxwell High School. But of this $144,000, we owed the Landsburgh National Bank $54,000, and $26,000 of this amount had been borrowed the preceding year with the promise to pay the bank from this year's local taxes when they were collected. There was a deficit of $3300 in our account at the bank. Our property taxes, plus state appropriations, were approximately $100,000. This was the highest figure at which the auditor could place our anticipated revenue for the year.

"You are in a bad financial way, gentlemen," Auditor Chad Hoskins said. "For the past three years you have spent beyond your budget."

I looked at Mooner Bentworth. He sat as silent and rigid as a statue.

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I asked what arrangements had been made for the rural pupils of the east end of Greenwood County, since Landsburgh was no longer a joint county-city high school. I was informed a temporary line had been drawn across the county. All county high-school pupils west of this line would go to Maxwell High School. All pupils east of this line would go to Landsburgh High School. I was told that we would have to pay $8 per month for each pupil. This tuition was exceedingly high, judging from the amount of revenue we had to spend. According to this setup, the majority of pupils would be going to Landsburgh High School, where we would have to pay tuition. Maxwell High School would not have half as many pupils as we had space for, and faculty to teach.

I said, "Instead of paying tuition to Landsburgh High School, I suggest we transport pupils by bus to Maxwell High School. We can save money. We can give employment to another bus driver. We still have an extra school bus."

"But teachers have already been hired to take care of them at Landsburgh High School," Mooner Bentworth said.

"I would like to ask Mr. Bentworth something," Benton Dangerfield said. "Mooner, are you working for the Landsburgh City school system, or are you working for the Greenwood County school system?"

Then I presented facts and figures to the members of the board. I showed them what the cost would be at Landsburgh High School if we paid tuition. I showed them the approximate cost at Maxwell High School.

After you have sought over the wide world, you learn that happiness is to be found only in your own home. —VOLTAIRE.

"I make a motion we send our rural pupils from east end of Greenwood County to Maxwell High School," Manley Warburton said.

"I second that motion," Benton Dangerfield said.

"Did you gentlemen know," Mooner Bentworth said, "that there is a Kentucky school law that says you must send pupils to the most convenient school?"

"I'd like to test that law," Benton Dangerfield said. "Laws are made for the people, not people created for laws."

"I know this will cause trouble," Mooner warned. "We will have a lawsuit if we do it."

"Let this motion come to a vote," Benton Dangerfield said.

William Dawson, Tobias Claxton, Benton Dangerfield and Manley Warburton voted in favor of the motion. Then a strange thing happened. "I'm voting for it, too," Mooner Bentworth said. "It's a measure I don't want to go on record as voting against."

Something had to be done about our financial situation. There were approximately 100 rural teachers at work. At the end of their first month, they would want their pay. No rural salary was under $48.70 and none was more than $79.80 per month. The major portion of the salaries was around $65 per month.

I didn't know how to handle other people's money. I'd never handled much money. Since I was practically sure that my board members had handled less, I thought one of us would have to learn. Then the thought came to me that there were many small but successful businessmen in Greenwood County. Why couldn't they give sound advice to me and to my board?

When I asked Joe Terrill, Charles Angus, John Roberts and James Melvin if they would meet us in a financial advisory capacity without pay, each man felt flattered. It was the first time local businessmen had been called in to give financial advice to the schools. When we let these businessmen see the auditor's report, they came to one conclusion: We would have to borrow money. We would have to make new debts to pay old debts. We would have to find some place to

(Continued on Page 163)



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THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COM
WESTFIELD, NEW

(Continued from Page 161)

ch expenses. I knew this wouldn't be my
sh y. I was making as little as the state
w ld allow a superintendent of county
sc ols to receive, $100 per month.

e Terrill agreed to go with me to find
cr it for Greenwood County schools. First
w contacted Landsburgh National Bank.
In ead of extending us more credit, they
a d that we pay what we owed. Then we
th l three banks in Auckland. Each banker
as d us what collateral we could give for
se rity. We couldn't offer Maxwell High
S ool building, for it wasn't paid for. We
di n't find a banker who wanted a school-
hi se anyway. We tried three banks in West
V ginia. We tried the First National in
P tmouth, Ohio. Everywhere it was the
sa e story.

ince we couldn't find credit anywhere and
e we owed $26,000 at the Landsburgh
ional Bank that would be taken from our
al tax money, this is what we did to save
w emporarily: In Kentucky, half of the lo-
l tax money is added to the state appro-
ations (the county's share of per-capita
ney) to make up the salaries of the teach-
It was against the state laws to use this
ney for anything
t salaries. The
er half of the local
enue went to pay
county school su-
intendent, jani-
s, county-school-
ard members, bus
vers, upkeep and
intenance of school
sses, maintenance
eighty-two rural
ool buildings and
axwell High School.
nen we paid the
6,000 to Lands-
rgh National Bank,
obligation we were
ced to meet, there
uld be little, if any-
ing, left of our local
x money except the
lf that was used for
achers' salaries.

I suggested that we
an the school busses
the drivers, let
em furnish the gas
d take responsibil-
y for repairs, and
t the high-school
upils pay a reason-
ble amount each month for transportation.
he bus drivers would not get the salaries
ey had been getting, nor would the pupils
et free transportation, but since we were in
position where we couldn't run the busses
all, it was better to do this so the county
upils, who lived long distances away, could
ill go to high school.

Then I proposed we cut one month from
l the schools in Greenwood County. This
ould reduce all the rural schools to six
onths, and Maxwell High School from nine
onths to eight. I could not understand why
igh schools should have nine months when
he rural schools got only six and seven. It
eemed to me that the rural and graded
chools were the underpinning of the whole
ublic-school system. So why shouldn't the
ublic-school tax money be used for the
reatest good for the greatest number of
hildren? I was amazed that members of my
oard, without a dissenting vote, agreed
o slice a month from every county school.

With the approval of my county school
oard, I started to remake our budget. We
greed that since we couldn't borrow money
nd couldn't raise taxes, we should make our
udget with the money left us and spend
ithin this amount. In a few days we had
ade the new budget for six months of school
nstead of seven. Since this was contrary to
he school laws of the state, members of my
chool board approved it reluctantly. They
idn't think it would be approved by the
tate Department of Education.

Instead of posting the budget to Frank-
ort, I asked for expense money to take me
and the auditor to Frankfort. They voted me $25. Auditor Chad Hoskins drove us to Frankfort, where we stayed at the Y.M.C.A. because the rooms were cheaper. I presented my new budget to the State Department of Education. On a few minor items members of this department were generous enough with their time to help make changes. We stayed in Frankfort two days. I got a personal interview with James Richmond, state superintendent of schools, and explained what I was up against. Our budget was approved. We knew then that our per-capita money, which would go to pay everything but teachers, would soon be on the way; this was a great relief. We had weathered the first storm.

When I reported this success to the Greenwood County board of education, four members applauded. But Mooner Bentworth didn't. There was fire in his ferret-colored eyes. Then he rose to his feet.

"I make a motion that we impeach Jesse Stuart for embezzlement."

"When did I embezzle county funds?" I asked, almost too stunned to speak.

"That twenty-five dollars expense money to go to Frankfort," Bentworth said.

"Expense of two men, meals and rooms for two days and nights, and expenses of a car for three hundred and sixty miles," I said. "We spent the last quarter to have the carburetor cleaned. We coasted over the last hill home."

"Gentlemen," said Benton Dangerfield, "I move that we have Mooner Bentworth removed as chairman of the Greenwood County board of education. Last summer he used the county school bus for a touring car. Drove it to the head of Big Sandy River to see a baseball game. He charged gasoline and repairs to Greenwood County board of education. I have the evidence here in my pocket." He brought his hand from his coat pocket filled with duplicate copies of unpaid bills. "I want you to look at these. Mooner Bentworth," he continued, "is not fit to be chairman of the county school board. He takes his orders before he comes to a meeting! Is that right, Mooner Bentworth?"

Mooner Bentworth sat motionless and stared at the wall. He didn't answer Benton Dangerfield's accusations.

"I watched you this morning with my own eyes," Benton accused. "Do you want to tell your fellow board members where you went early this morning? Do you want to tell them where you go to get your orders before each meeting?"

Benton waited for Mooner to answer his accusation.

"Gentlemen, I think the Greenwood County board of education and the superintendent of Greenwood County schools are capable of running this county's school business. I move that we remove Mooner Bentworth as chairman of the Greenwood County board of education."

"I second that motion," Manley Warburton said.

There were four votes cast against Mooner. Tobias Claxton was chosen for the new chairman. We did not bring court proceedings against Bentworth, but allowed him to remain as a member of the board, since he had only one year to serve before his time expired. If we had brought court proceedings against him, it might have taken us a long time to oust him. It might have been better if we had. For, from this time forward, Mooner

(Continued on Page 165)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When Spring Comes

By DOROTHY STOUT

If you are mine to love, then it is
Good that trees are budding, that the
River has thawed quietly, that the
Skies are often blue now.
If you are not mine to love, then
Spring would please me not to
Come so soon, and it would be best
If the cold should stay for just a
Little while longer; for it is not
Wise to want to be in love in spring,
Or have a love that is not returned.
Spring is for newness and rebirth.
It is for life and love, for man and
Woman; and spring should not
come if
No love exists in the world,
Or in your heart.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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- Pineapple and peach salad
- Whole tomato and sliced cucumber sala
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True mayonnaise at its finest —

made with really choice ingredients, including pure lemon juic...

(Continued from Page 163)

th and Benton Dangerfield never each other. They were not without ner. We never knew, when we at- board meeting, who would come out who would be left dead.

ts sent beyond this state, that we unt our election votes until we had our dead, had good foundation. But eople believed this statement con- ounty, state and national elections the two major political parties. It ern them, but only in a minor degree ared with the trustee elections, which posed to be nonpolitical. They were, ain degree, nonpolitical. But in these stee elections it would have been they had chosen political sides. It ertain church group pitted against church group. It was the "wets" the "drys." It was feuding clan feuding clan. It didn't matter which vas elected and to whom he gave the he candidate he had defeated made impossible for the teacher recom- by his trustee and hired by the school board.

were often brought into play at these s. Men were killed and seriously d. People were stabbed with knives. heriff and his deputies were lucky, uld stop the fight. There have been s when the sheriff and his deputies e kind of fighters the people were. ed away from the election grounds fight was over. The election of local rustees was a big event. Scarcely ever re a peaceful election.

the memory of my first teaching ex- at Lonesome Valley and the daily ce I had with school trustees after I superintendent of Greenwood County I was compelled to try to do some- out this problem.

hed when I thought of the power of ct-school trustee over the superin- of county schools, over five county- embers and over the schoolteacher. istrict-school trustees told my school nd me what to do. Trustees who t write their names, who would not heir own names if they had been on road signs, told college grad- with years of teaching experience teach school. Often these trustees visited the schools once a week and gave the teachers orders. If the teachers didn't teach according to their instructions, then the trustees came to me. They tried to make me act against the teacher in their behalf. That I wouldn't do. Because I felt deeply for the members of my profession, I fought for them.

"Gentlemen, I have a proposition to which I have given much thought lately," I said to members of my school board. "It's the injustice of this abominable trustee system. I don't see why a schoolteacher has to have nine bosses! I propose to do away with the school-trustee system."

"Well, I'll be —— ——, what else will you propose?" Mooner Bentworth shouted, jumping to his feet. "Don't you know you are going against a state law? Don't you know you will get yourself and the members of this board in trouble?"

"I agree with Mooner Bentworth," Tobias Claxton said. "I think he's right!"

"I never heard tell of anything like this," William Dawson said, shaking his head, then hit the cuspidor perfectly with ambeer spittle at a distance of eight feet. "Jesse, you are fooling with something *very dangerous!*"

"Any superintendent who has the trustee system to work with finds it dangerous," I said. "It's dangerous to the whole state school system. I know this state has a law in favor of district-school trustees. But we could go on record as being against the system. I'll send copies to the state superintendent and to members of the Kentucky legislature."

"Never!" Mooner shouted, louder than before. "Then we will be in hot water over our heads!"

"I'm not for this either," Manley Warburton said. "I believe in the old way. It was good enough for me. It's good enough for the children of today. I was trustee for nine years!"

"Four members of this school board are against my proposal," I said. "I'd like to know what Mr. Dangerfield thinks." Benton Dangerfield had agreed many times on the proposals I had suggested.

"I'm against it," he said.

Then I knew my proposal was doomed. It didn't get even a motion. All my board members were against me. I wanted to leave this as a record on my minute books. I still pro-

JENNIFER



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posed to do something about this system. My fight was just beginning.

On the morning of September eleventh, four school busses transported Greenwood County high-school pupils to Maxwell High School. They transported to Maxwell High School approximately 100 pupils whom Landsburgh High School had made arrangements to teach. Larry Anderson, now superintendent of Landsburgh City schools, his teachers and members of his city school board must have been disappointed. The approximate sum of $800 per month they had expected to receive from us went to our own Maxwell High School, where we employed three new teachers to help with the additional pupils.

On the afternoon of September eleventh, John Farnsworth, elderly local politician of Landsburgh, who had congratulated me on the street, laid his arm across my shoulder.

"Jesse, you are a product of this town," he said. "You graduated from Landsburgh High School. You have been principal of Landsburgh High School. Now you are wrecking our school system!"

"I'm not wrecking your school system," I said. "I'm working for my own."

"Now, listen," he said. "Can't we get this school business all ironed out? Can't you throw ——"

"Throw what?" I broke in before he had time to finish. "Do you know that I am under oath to do my duty for my school system?"

"You can be somebody or you can wreck yourself," he snapped.

"I don't appreciate your thinking so little of me as to think I can be propositioned," I told him. "Who sent you here anyway?"

"You'll be sorry," he said. "We've got good lawyers here and they're loyal to Landsburgh!"

It took one day for the news to spread over town. Pupils came home from school and told what had happened. From this time on, my Landsburgh friends would meet me on the street and wouldn't speak to me. I wasn't welcomed in the stores. I was sorry that my office was in the courthouse of this county-seat town.

This was the first time in my life I had been shunned by my friends. It cut me to the heart when people turned their heads and spat when they met me, instead of the usual "Good morning" as it had been down through the years. These were the same people who had cheered when I played football for Landsburgh High School.

The following week, when I returned one noon hour to my office, Sheriff Bill Creason gave me a summons to appear in court. Now I knew we were up against a real fight.

Oscar Vinson, who was a taxpayer of Greenwood County, had brought suit against the county school board and the superintendent, in his own behalf and that of other taxpaying citizens who were sending their sons and daughters to Landsburgh High School. They asked that we furnish free transportation and that we pay $8 per month per pupil for these county pupils who were going to Landsburgh High School. This petition gave the names of the parents who were behind this suit. I had checked the list of pupils eligible to attend high school before we sent our pupils to Maxwell High School. Many of the pupils now attending Landsburgh High School had not passed examination to enter high school. A few of them were sixth-grade pupils. But they occupied the seats that had been vacated in Landsburgh High School. They kept the teachers whom Landsburgh City school board had employed busy, and would pay them as well, if they collected the tuition for them from the county.

I called the businessmen who had helped me with the school budget into my office, to meet with the Greenwood County school board. I showed them the list of unauthorized county pupils now attending Landsburgh High School, and with county-school records we showed them where sixth-grade county-school pupils had been accepted at Landsburgh High School.



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"They haven't any right to invade our ools and take our pupils," Manley War- rton said.

Then came the problem of getting lawyers. e board agreed to let Tobias Claxton and employ the lawyers, with a promise to y when we got the money. Two of the sinessmen and three of the school-board mbers didn't think we had a chance of nning this lawsuit.

Jason Spleeves, one of the largest men in e in Greenwood County and the biggest nty taxpayer, heard about it and came to me. Since this man couldn't read or ite, he had my secretary read the claim ainst the county in the suit Oscar Vinson d brought. He had her read parts of this tition over and over so "he could get it in s head." She also read him the list of un- thorized county pupils attending Lands- rgh High School.

"B'gad, I'll do something about this," he id, when he left the office.

Before the lawyers were ready to act, he d done something about it. I was standing ar by when it happened.

"Oscar, why did you bring suit against ?" Jason said, when he met him on the reet. "Now you get your name off that tition and drop that lawsuit in a hurry!"

"I won't do it," Oscar said.

"Listen, Oscar"—Jason shook his finger der his nose—"you have sold me the rot- nest moonshine whisky I ever drinked. If ou don't get your name off that lawsuit, ll go before the grand jury and indict you r bootlegging and prove it on you and send ou to the penitentiary. Hate to do it, on ac- unt of your wife and ildren, but b'gad I will you don't drop that etition."

Oscar Vinson's face rned red as an October ourwood leaf. He got way from Jason Spleeves st as fast as he could n. In two weeks time Oscar Vinson's name was off the petition and he suit against us was dropped.

The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the everyday moments of existence.

—LEIGH HUNT.

On the morning of the regular board meet- ng, which might be the last one for me, I alled Benton Dangerfield into a room in the ourthouse and had an hour's talk with him. I knew that if any man had ever known dan- er, this man had. If anybody could give me dvice, Benton Dangerfield could.

"Do you think, Mr. Dangerfield," I asked, that I will be in danger if I attempt an- other term as superintendent of Greenwood County schools? Do you honestly think I shall be killed?"

"Jesse, you have asked me to tell you what I believe," he answered. "I'm going to be rank with you. I think you are in great dan- ger all over this county, except in the west nd around Maxwell High School. There you are well liked and respected. In the east end of this county," he explained, "I think many a man that doesn't understand what you have done for this county thinks you are an enemy and will consider it an honor to kill you. Not just one, but many would do it."

"Will members of the school board re- employ me if I ask to continue my work?"

"Four members will vote for you. Of course, Mooner Bentworth will be against you!"

"Could you be re-elected if you support me for a second term?"

"To tell you the truth we will all be de- feated, when we run again, if we support you. We've talked that over. But we've agreed among ourselves to stand by you to the last ditch."

"Thank you," I said.

I had made up my mind what I was going to do. I wasn't going to leave the teaching profession. Not me.

Tobias Claxton called the meeting to or- der. While they were seating themselves, I thought about what Benton Dangerfield had just told me. I knew the gift of life was the greatest thing on earth. I didn't want to lose it now.

"Members of the Greenwood County school board," said Manley Warburton as he arose from his chair, "I move that we re- employ Jesse Stuart, county-school superin- tendent of Greenwood County schools, for another term."

"I'm against it," Mooner Bentworth shouted.

I arose before Tobias Claxton could rise and second Manley Warburton's motion. "Members of the school board," I said, "this time I am inclined to agree with Mooner Bentworth. I think it is the first time."

Everybody laughed except Mooner.

"I do not want to be re-employed as super- intendent of Greenwood County schools," I said. "But while I am superintendent, and since Maxwell High School is without a principal for next year, I should like to rec- ommend myself for that position."

"I move we hire Jesse Stuart for principal of Maxwell High School for next year," Man- ley Warburton said.

"I second the motion," Benton Danger- field said.

The motion was put to a vote. I received all five votes. I was made principal of Max- well High School for the following year.

To be principal of Maxwell High School was something like a dream. I was getting better pay than I had received since I had been in the teaching profession, with a prom- ise of an additional $100 per year for the next three years. After my past experiences, I couldn't believe I was principal of a high school where there was a telephone in every room. There were 350 pupils and 12 teachers in this build- ing. There was a large gymnasium which we used for athletics and, also, as our auditorium. There were shower rooms for the girls on one side of the gym and for boys on the other side. And this was something for those who came from the rural sections of the west end of Greenwood County, for not more than 2 per cent of the homes had bathrooms.

In my second year at Maxwell High School something happened about an in- justice I had fought against when I was superintendent of Greenwood County schools.

"*Legislation permitting the abolishment of subdistricts, thereby doing away with the trustee system.*" I read these unbelievable words carefully. This was the catch: "*Legislation permitting.*" In other words, this piece of legislation threw the responsibility for doing away with the subdistricts and the school- trustee system upon the county school su- perintendents and the members of their boards of education. The state's lawmakers didn't assume the responsibility. And here is what happened.

After this legislation was passed, Charles Manson, superintendent of Greenwood County schools, called a special session of his board and they did away with the trustee system. Of the 120 counties in Kentucky, Greenwood County was the first to do this. If Charles Manson had had the school board I had when I was superintendent of Green- wood County schools, it would not have been done. They would have voted against it.

Later came more important pieces of legis- lation. The Teacher Tenure Law was passed. Then came the Teachers' Retirement Law, with the highest monthly allotment of $100 and the lowest of $8.33 per month going to teachers too old to teach any longer. This law came to benefit the schoolteachers in my state long after railway section men were drawing their old-age pensions. My father was one of them. He was retired on physical dis- ability. Even he, though he could not read or write, could not understand why teachers too old to teach had not been given pensions long ago.

For many years I had blamed the members of the State Department of Education for

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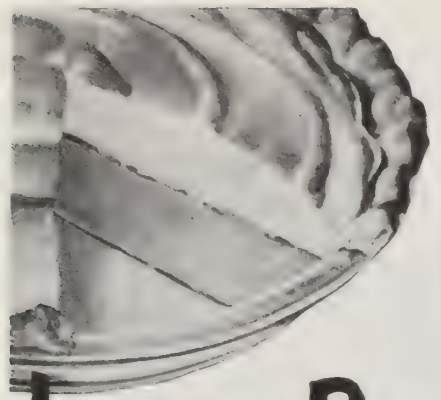


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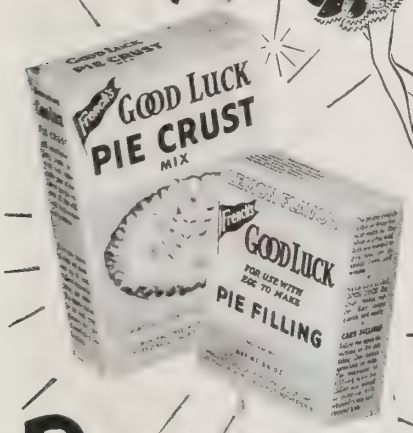
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Another fine French's product

our standing second from the bottom in education of all the forty-eight states. After much reading and investigating the facts, I learned that members of our State Department of Education had to obey the laws created by the state's lawmakers. The shocking thing I learned was that the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the highest educational office in our state, drew only $3400 a year, while the superintendent of one of the small independent city school systems in Greenwood County drew $4200.

We had a terrific snowstorm in the high hills of Northern Kentucky in December. There were drifts in the narrow valleys that made it impossible for our school buses to bring the country pupils to Maxwell High School. We dismissed school for two days until the snowplows could clear the roads.

While I was waiting for the snowplows, I attempted to write a short story. Now that my first book of poems, Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow, had been accepted, I was no longer content to believe that I could not write fiction as well as poetry. In two days, I wrote three short stories.

To my surprise, Martha Foley and Whit Burnett, co-editors of Story Magazine, accepted Battle Keaton Dies. Helen McAfee, editor of the Yale Review, accepted Head O' W-Hollow. Paul Palmer, managing editor of the American Mercury, accepted Three Hundred Acres of Elbow Room.

I waited until each magazine had paid me, so I could cash the checks at the same time. The evening after I had cashed my short-story checks, I was sitting in the living room with Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Kingston. Suddenly I got down on the floor, on the hand-woven carpets, and I started stacking my money in three piles.

"This is Battle Keaton Dies," I said, pointing to the two ten and the five. "This is Head O' W-Hollow," I continued, pointing to five tens. "And this is Three Hundred Acres of Elbow Room," pointing to the largest stack, six twenties and a five. "Each pile of money is for a short story I wrote the two days we were snowbound."

"What are you going to do with that money?" Forrest Kingston asked.

"Carry it in my pocket," I said.

LYDIA and Forrest Kingston had loaned me money many times, for when I first went to Maxwell High School I was badly in debt. This money, for the short stories, was the first surplus money I had ever had in my hands, that I could call my own, since the days I had worked at the steel mills.

"Don't you carry that money around in your pockets," Forrest warned. "You put it in the bank."

"I don't know how to put money in the bank," I said. "I never put a dollar of my own in the bank in my life."

"I'll show you how."

Lydia and Forrest explained to me the difference between a savings account and a checking account. The following Saturday I deposited my first money in the bank.

Nearly every teacher I knew gave his best to teaching. But he had a side line, such as farming, tobacco growing, carpentering, raising chickens, selling insurance. I had found my side line to earn some extra money. It was writing. And it was paying off. Two hundred dollars to me was a pile of money. I thought if I could sell the first stories I had ever written, I could sell more. And I wondered about some of the things I had already written. I thought they were about as good as the stories I had just sold.

Nest Egg, a theme I had written in high school, I later sold to the Atlantic Monthly. Sixteen of my old high-school and college themes I later sold to Harper's; Collier's, Esquire, Commonwealth, Household, Progressive Farmer, Scribner's, American Mercury and Southwest Review.

I HAD found the solution to my financial problems. I had found a side line that gave me great enjoyment. I knew now that I could remain in the profession that I had been trained for. I could remain in the profession that I loved. Besides the sale of stories, I would have royalties coming from Man With the Bull-Tongue Plow.

In April, I received a letter from Allen Moe, of the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. When I had attended Peabody College for my third and last summer, Dr. Alfred Crabb suggested that I apply for a Guggenheim fellowship. That had been months ago. Now I wondered what the committee's decision was. I had applied for a Guggenheim grant to go to Europe. All I had to do was tear open the thin little letter to learn I had been accepted.

When I reported this to my superintendent, I was, upon his recommendation to the Greenwood County board of education, given a year's leave of absence.

When I went home, after fourteen months in Europe, many startling changes had taken place. Charles Manson, superintendent of Greenwood County schools, had been ousted. He hadn't been ousted by the popular vote of the people. Three of the five members of his school board had run for re-election. Thomas Dixon, who had aspirations to be superintendent, ran three men to oppose Mr. Manson's school-board members, seeking re-election. When the votes were counted Mr. Manson's school board was elected by a substantial majority. In the petitions filed by these board members when they were seeking re-election, each had made the simple mistake of failing to state his place of birth. Two were natives of Greenwood County. One was born in Pike County, Kentucky.

Upon these minor technicalities, a petition was filed in the Greenwood County court to keep the re-elected members from serving on the Greenwood County board of education. After a favorable decision had been handed down, the case was sent to the Kentucky Court of Appeals, where there was a reversed decision the following spring. Thus the candidates who favored Thomas Dixon were given the legal right to serve as members of the county board of education. Since three board members were a majority, Charles Manson was ousted as superintendent and replaced by Thomas Dixon.

On my return I found, too, that my leave of absence had been disregarded. Sturdie Roundtree had been employed to replace me as principal of Maxwell High School. His father was one of the new school-board members.

(Continued on Page 170)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Robert, Frightened

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

A sudden sound renting the air,
Too sharply heard;
A barking dog, a slamming door,
A thoughtless word;

The hand of night casting its forms
About your bed,
Draping familiar sunlit sills
With shadowed dread;

This is the unexpected spring
Of infant fears
Which come to fill your blue, blue eyes
With sudden tears. . . .

Call to me then, your tower of strength,
Your pillar of stone.
(Who was it said that mothers have
Fears of their own?)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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ARGEST SELLING PREPARED MUSTARD IN U. S. A. TODAY



(Continued from Page 168)

After his dismissal Mr. Manson retired to his farm. Larry Anderson, whom I had succeeded as superintendent of Greenwood County schools, was no longer connected with schools. He had left teaching to become an undertaker.

Many of my pupils were teaching in Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, West Virginia and Michigan. Eight of the fourteen pupils I had taught at Winston High School were now teaching school. Pupils I had taught at Lonesome Valley, at Landsburgh High School and at Maxwell High School were now teaching. My brother, James Stuart, was teaching Mountain View rural school. The WPA had built a road to this mountaintop. A car could be driven there now. Budge Waters was teaching a rural school. These young teachers had the highest average in scholastic qualifications of any group of teachers in Greenwood County's history, before or since. They averaged two years in college. Many were college graduates.

I found a position at Dartmouth High School, Dartmouth, Ohio. When my year at Dartmouth High School ended, I went home to my father's farm.

Three nights each week, I walked to Landsburgh to see Naomi Deane Norris. I had known Naomi Deane since she was in the seventh grade at Landsburgh graded school. I was a junior in Landsburgh High School when she was a freshman. I wrote poems for her then. For sixteen years I had known her and had had dates with her when I could. In later years I wrote poems for her that were published in nationally known magazines. I had always loved this tall, slender, beautiful girl. Now the years were passing. She was thirty-one years of age. I was thirty-two. I knew if we were going to get married, it was time.

Then I did some reasoning. In the nine years I had been employed in my profession, I had made a total of approximately $10,832. This made an annual wage of $1203.55. On a twelve-month basis, I had averaged $100.20 a month. I had an A.B. degree and had done approximately two years of graduate work. I had spent approximately six years to prepare myself for my profession. I had been principal of two large high schools and superintendent of a large county school system. I had held one of the better paying teaching positions in one of Ohio's highest-rating high schools.

I made up my mind I was going the way the teachers I had worked with and the young teachers I had taught had gone. I was leaving the profession I had put my heart into, the profession I loved.

On August eighth I started writing my first novel, Trees of Heaven. I spent the first half of each day working on the farm. The second half of the day, I worked at my typewriter. I wasn't sure that I could write a novel.

In October I sold a poem, Eternal Destiny, to the American Mercury for $35. This was the first money I had in my hands since I had received my last check at Dartmouth High School. After I sold this poem, the first date I had with Naomi Deane, I suggested that we drive to Auckland and see a show. Before we reached Auckland, I suggested that we get married on this night.

"If we get married," she said, "we'll have to keep it a secret. I can't let my people——"

"That's all right," I interrupted.

After we got our marriage license it was past twelve midnight and the new day was Friday, October thirteenth. After waiting all these years to get married, we were superstitious about this traditionally unlucky date. We drove back to Landsburgh with our marriage license.

The next evening I had another date with Naomi Deane. Before midnight we had made all arrangements for our marriage. We were secretly married a few minutes past midnight on October fourteenth. Then once more we drove back to Landsburgh, where she went to her home and I went to mine. I worked to finish my novel while she continued teaching her tenth and last year in the Landsburgh City schools.

THE END







THE LITTLE SMALL YOUNG THING

(Continued from Page 39)

th was smiling at her and so was
e didn't live around here before the
came to live with the Flints just
ago. This is Bob Eagan, Jane—
, the new lawyer in the judge's

know. I've seen him in the court-
id Jane breathlessly. "I know your
she told Bob. He felt a little dizzy.
s awastin'!" Bill told them. "Let's
g."

ls put on their coats and Jane was
ver her bright silk party dress—a
jacket! But Bob didn't even notice
an out to Bob's car and all piled
ove four blocks and got out at the
ane walked beside him lightly. Her
ely seemed to touch the ground.
was like dark gossamer. It blew
is shoulder. She talked in a rush of
ob was sensitive about people's
d how they talked. But her voice
and clear—her words quick, but
oken.

do you like the judge?" she asked
got to know him well when the
ere adopting me. He was always
kind to me. He wouldn't approve
until he knew I was going to be
ppy."

are you?" he asked.

es—oh, yes, now I'm so happy! The
e wonderful and so kind and good.
love them!
Flint is really
n, you know."
rned in their
t the door. It
ational Guard
They tossed
ats onto the
s around the
t, marked also
tball, and Bob
began at once
e. Blue crepe
rs had been
soften a little
ness of the ar-
he lights were
Older people
cing, confining
es to their own group. There were
lege students home for the week end;
uardsmen, with their girls or families.
n't get over it," Bob said. "You're
ul! Where did you learn to dance?"
igh school," she said. "At lunchtime.
s were always dancing at noon, teach-
another. Then we'd teach the boys."
t are you doing now?" he asked.
girls had taught him to dance, he
ered. And he considered it a shame
wasn't off at college somewhere.
decoration she'd be to any sorority
nd what a rush she would have. But
osed the Flints couldn't afford to send

rk in the courthouse," she told him.
en you there. I work for the auditor.
typing."

an't believe I've come and gone in
usoleum and not seen you."

ggled. His hand on her back was like
on a young sapling. Bob had never
h fun. But still there was something
fey about all this. Perhaps he was
ng? He had never felt such enchant-
A little French girl once had made him
ttle like this, and once in Scotland—
s was an American girl, right in his
me town. He couldn't believe it.

oticed that she stayed very carefully
om the door, where some high-school
ters were clowning about. How she
ance! Bob hated to let Bill have her.
omeone else cut in on him, one of the
ters. It was Petey Long, the high-
cheerleader.

ll, Bob!" said a cheerful voice and he
about.

as one of his classmates, Dorie Cox,
greeted her with pleasure. She was
his age, and she looked very handsome in a blue dress with a full skirt. She had married one of his friends who was lost in the war. She had a little girl, and Bob understood that she was working in the city. They stood talking and she told Bob she had come home to stay.

"My baby's been sick. I had her in a flat, with a nurse girl to look after her, but she's not been thriving, and mother wants me to come home and stay all this winter, anyhow. I hated to give up my job, but of course Lila comes first."

"Of course she does," said Bob. "I'm coming to see you soon, Dorie. It'll be fun to have a contemporary about."

"Your actions speak louder than your words," she said, her blue eyes mischievous as she looked at Jane, whose partner had returned her to Bob.

"Do you know Jane?" he asked, grinning down at Jane.

"Yes, indeed. Jane's done some baby sitting for me in times past," said Dorie, and she greeted Jane with kindness.

"I'm awfully sorry Lila's been sick. I'm coming to see her."

"Thank you, Jane," said Dorie.

Bob danced with Jane again. An extraordinary sense of happiness came to him as he danced with her. They laughed a great deal. Everything going on was amusing.

At last the hired dance band played Good Night, Sweetheart and began to pack away instruments. Bill and Elizabeth and Bob and Jane went to Sam's for coffee and sandwiches, along with half the other people at the dance. The place was jammed, but Bill got a table for them and they sat talking to their neighbors and calling back and forth.

Petey Long, walking in a very cocky manner, came by their table, walked back to the front door, and then passed them again.

Jane's color heightened as the boy paused and said to her, "Grandpa-sitting tonight, Jane?" She ignored him, head held high.

A terrible thought came to Bob. He looked at her and at the little table where about seven of the high-school crowd sat jammed together, all watching them. He turned back to Jane and said slowly, "Tell me, are you still in high school?"

"Um-hum," she said.

Bob had to laugh. "How old are you?" he asked directly.

"I'll soon be eighteen," she said airily. "I graduate next May."

"Holy cows!" said Bob. "What are you doing out with an old man like me? You'll soon be eighteen indeed! I'm twenty-five. I was dropping bombs on Germany when you were just a little girl in pigtails. Of course I know this was a blind date—and it's been delightful. But ——"

"It wasn't a blind date," she said. "At least, not as far as I'm concerned. I've seen you in the courthouse. I knew who you were. I asked Elizabeth to fix it up for me. For us."

He couldn't help feeling flattered, but he shook his head. "It's no go," he said. "I never met a cuter girl. But you belong over there with those other children."

Her eyes were downcast, her young face stubborn. She looked up at him and his heart jumped. She said seriously, "I've had lots of trouble and sorrow. It makes me older than other . . . kids my age. It's true. I'm more grown-up than they are."

He strove to hide his deep smile. "Might be," he said. "But you are sounding younger every minute. Well, let's just enjoy it all and say we had fun!"

To gain the friendship of a cat is a difficult thing. If you are worthy of his affection, a cat will be your friend, but never your slave. He keeps his free will though he loves, and will not do for you what he thinks unreasonable; but if he once gives himself to you, it is with absolute confidence. Sometimes he will sit upon the carpet in front of you with eyes so melting, so caressing and so human that they almost frighten you, for it is impossible to believe a soul is not there.

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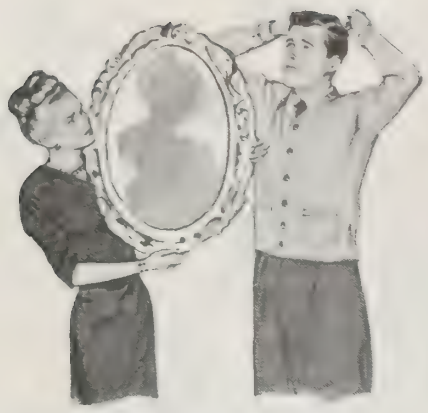
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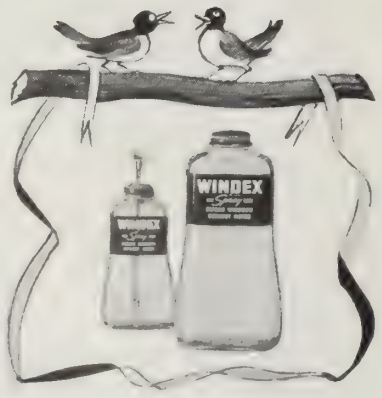
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When he took her to the Flints' door a little later, in her incongruous low-heeled shoes and pea jacket and long bright dress, he said, "Good night, honey. You sure showed me a swell time and I thank you for it."

She stood with her hand on the door. "Aren't you going to call me?" she asked, half coaxing, half in dismay.

"No," said Bob. "Not this winter—maybe next summer."

"Oh, pooh!" she said. "Don't be that way!" She closed the door softly.

Bob went home quickly. When he wakened the next morning, his first thought was of Jane. At the breakfast table he told his mother about the night before.

"Jane Smith!" his mother exclaimed. "A little small young thing like her! Dates must be scarce."

"It was a blind date," he reminded her. "I didn't know she was still in high school. She's cute as a button. And quite a dancer too! I told her she'd have to stick with kids of her age."

"I take it you enjoyed her?"

"Very much. She says she'll soon be eighteen."

"H'm-m-m," said his mother. "I think probably she's going on seventeen, not eighteen. She is a senior, but she's young."

"This gets worse and worse," said Bob, and he laughed sheepishly. He told his mother, in self-defense, "She says she's had a lot of sorrow—it makes her older."

MRS. EAGAN smiled appreciatively. "It's true," she answered, filling his coffee cup again. "She was ten when her folks were killed in an automobile accident. They lived in the south part of the county, in Freeman Township, on a farm. She lived with her grandmother for a year after that. Then her grandmother died. Mrs. Flint went down there to the funeral and brought Jane back with her and has kept her ever since. They went through a formal adoption too. The Flints are good people. They haven't much money, but that's a small thing compared to the love they have for her. And she loves them."

"She doesn't seem dampened by all that," said Bob. He got up from the table. "Time to go to work," he said.

He went on down to the judge's office, but found himself looking out the window, thinking about Jane. *Just a little small young thing*, he told himself and he had to laugh, just to think about her. It wasn't a blind date as far as she was concerned, he remembered. What in tarnation made her want to date him? He was actually threatened with a waistline, from his mother's cooking, and he'd been feeling quite old. He'd put her out of mind. He certainly wasn't going to start competing with young cockerels like Petey Long, who had called him a grandpa, he remembered. He'd call Dorie and take her to a movie. But with his hand on the telephone he hesitated. Bill had said something about a poker game.

Bob played poker with "the boys" and lost fourteen dollars. He played bridge with the family and lost seven rubbers in a row. His grandmother finally grew quite testy with him. He drove with Bill to the university to see some college wrestling. The time dragged. Nothing was diverting. He finally took Dorie to the movies and sat for a long time talking to her afterward. It was mostly about old times when they were both youngsters in the town, but it was fun. Dorie was a grand girl. No doubt about it. She had had it rough and she was brave and asked no favors. But he didn't ask her for another date. Not then.

A few days later Mrs. Halleck stopped Bob on the street. She was a former speech and dramatics teacher and unofficial head of all local theatricals. She had been asked to get up an entertainment for the benefit card party coming up in a few weeks.

"You used to be quite good at amateur theatricals, Bob," she said. "Come in and help us."

"That'll be fun," he told her and promised to come to her house that night, with others, to plan out a program.

The first person Bob saw when he got to Mrs. Halleck's was Jane. She was sitting on

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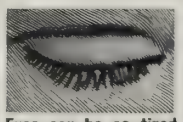
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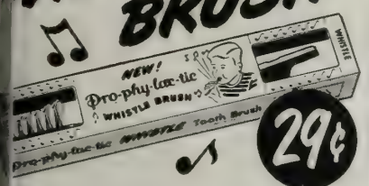
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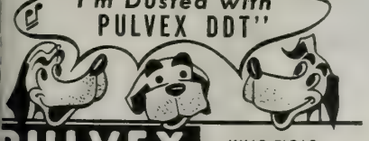


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a sofa, where she was wedged in with four other girls. She gave him a radiant smile. She wore the same pea jacket, evidently her only warm coat. She had on a very long, floppy "new look" skirt and a little maroon-and-white beanie on the back of her head. Her soft, dark eyes followed him as he crossed the room. The word "precious" came to him again. She was precious. She was dear. He felt an unusual lightness of heart just to be there with her, and he turned around and made a little face at her. She giggled suddenly and her hand flew up over her mouth.

It was evident at once that Mrs. Halleck was going to build the whole show around Jane. She evidently thought Jane was the only one with any appreciable talent. There was to be a Gibson-girl sextet and Jane was to sing the lead. The male quartet, which would include Bob, was to sing a group of songs and then accompany Jane in two songs. Then there was to be a special number, the big number, which would be Jane singing Brown and Freed's Temptation, in parody, with Bob for a stooge. Bob was to sit in a chair like an old-fashioned portrait, with Jane standing with her hand on his shoulder. Jane was to wear an accumulation of the worst of the 1890 period, and Bob was to have his head in a real old photographer's vise, and to be cold and not tempted! He felt himself coloring a little as Mrs. Halleck outlined all this. They were handed songs to learn and told to report at the armory the next night. A stage was being improvised. They would begin rehearsals, for there wasn't much time.

Bob had to laugh. His mother had given Jane credit for some very solid virtues—

Dictators always look good until the last ten minutes. —JAN MASARYK.

courage, intelligence, the ability to work. Mrs. Halleck—and no one to contradict her—evidently thought Jane gifted. But Bob couldn't deny he was glad enough of an excuse to see something of her without seeking her out.

Mrs. Halleck worked them hard and the time was brief. But she had learned long since that amateurs do better the shorter the time they have to think about it. Bob came by himself to rehearsals and Jane was always with the other girls. But she was not only the focus of his own interest, but of that of all the others, and she carried it lightly—almost, it seemed to him, unaware of it. She had a clear alto voice which was true and she showed an adolescent tendency to be "torchy." She looked very demure in the white shirtwaist and long black skirt of the Gibson-girl getup, with her dark hair in a pompadour. She was light-footed and sure of herself in the little dancing number she did with Bill.

But when it came to their act his astonishment grew. She didn't seem to care at all how she looked! Mrs. Halleck skinned back Jane's dark hair into two tight, thick, short braids and tied them with white strings. She painted freckles on Jane. She put a hat on her with an absurd rose that bent forward or back and then coached Jane in tilting her head to get the maximum effect. Jane was to wear a very tight plaid skirt, a fussy blouse, and someone's castoff old fox fur. Somewhere they had unearthed a pair of pink stockings with black polka dots, and rather large, fancy, high-heeled button shoes. There wasn't another girl in town, Bob was sure, who would be willing to wear that make-up!

But there was more than all this, he thought, at the last dress rehearsal. When Jane stood up there to sing her parody she not only didn't care how she looked, but she really looked changed. The round, sweet, young face suddenly showed a definite jawline—delicate and clean, but there under the tender flesh. Her whole being was turned outward. She held nothing back. She turned her toes in, made exactly the right gestures with her gloved, outspread hands, and she sang like an old trouper. She wanted only to please

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(makes a full quart)



1 can Ten-B-Low


1 cup water


1 cup chilled, crushed, sweetened strawberries*

1. Set refrigerator control to coldest temperature.

2. Place Ten-B-Low in a mixing bowl, gradually add water and 1½ to 2 teaspoons vanilla. Mix thoroughly.

3. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until entire mixture is frozen. *You need only add water and flavoring to Ten-B-Low because each can contains all the sugar, heavier-than-whipping cream, milk and egg yolks necessary for extra-rich ice cream.*

4. Break up and spoon frozen Ten-B-Low into mixing bowl. Whip to a consistency a little softer than creamy mashed potatoes. Stir in chilled, crushed strawberries* which have been sweetened with 2 tablespoons sugar.

5. Return to freezing tray and freeze. *That's all there is to it—nothing to add but flavoring and the water we've removed!* Ten-B-Low is NOT a powder, NOT a so-called "mix," NOT a gelatin, but a genuine ice cream in heavy, concentrated form. Get several cans of Ten-B-Low today!

*Any fresh, frozen or canned fruit may be substituted for strawberries in this recipe. For hand-turn freezer, just add water, flavoring and freeze.

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makes any flavor

them all! He had a hunch she was very good. She ought to be in dramatic school. She ought to be studying singing.

Mrs. Halleck said as much to him. "I'm going to try to get her a scholarship," she said. "She is simply wonderful. We haven't had anything like her for years."

"Can she sing? Is her voice really good?"

"She can do anything. She just needs training. She can act. She can put it over."

Maybe she is more mature than the other girls, Bob thought, and knew he was glad of any excuse to think that.

The night of the card party he sat at one of the fifty tables set up on the armory floor. He played bridge with the family—someone had sold his mother four tickets. Bob was glad enough when the lights blinked—a signal to all performers to gather behind the screen.

The show went quickly and well, and of course the crowd was generous. These were their own youngsters. They'd rather listen to them, now and then, than to professionals. The applause was spontaneous and prolonged. Bob, in white pants and a blue serge coat, in an old straw hat with a cord on it, sang with the quartet the old favorites the crowd liked. He changed quickly in the enlisted-men's room in the armory, then carried his own chair out onto the middle of the stage and sat down, a hand on each knee, and glared at them.

Jane came prancing out and at once took the place by storm. They wouldn't even let her start singing. Finally she held up her absurd little gloved hand, gave herself a flounce. She started to sing and they listened. She sang to Bob:

"You came!
When I was alone.
I should have known
That you were templa-a-a-a-tion!"

She had them right in her hand and Bob played dumb and reluctant for her. When she courted him, he shook his head coldly. At last she finished singing and popped herself into his lap, and a howl of pure joy went up from the townspeople out front.

They had to do their whole act over from start to finish.

After all the prizes were given out, it was announced that there was over a hundred dollars for Christmas baskets. Everyone cheered and started home.

Bob walked Jane the few doors to Flints'. They stood on the shaded front p and Jane put her sweet face up and he stoo and kissed her. Her lips were cold trembling—but the kiss was like fire. It the sweetest kiss—its very sweetness ch him. He stood up straight, looked at h long moment, reached beyond her opened the house door and put her qui inside it, gave her a little spank and cl the door between them. But hours late was sitting on the edge of his bed, sm ing and thinking, and thinking and sm ing.

The winter wore away. Bob took Dori the Christmas dance. They joined a gr of contemporaries, mostly young marri and Dorie had a new stiff black even dress of moiréed silk, and she looked v fashionable. But when Bob took her even coat to the checkroom he saw a fami little old pea jacket on a hanger there.

Jane was with the high-school cro They had their own corner in the armory were allowed always to keep it for their group. Bob and his friends found a place themselves, and the older crowd anot center from which they could come and Jane was evidently with Petey Long. saw her dark head floating on someone's a and after a while, when Bill was danc with Dorie, he went over and cut in on Ja She gave him a shimmering smile and t danced in silence. She was light as this down. She didn't just follow; she anticipa him and he grew bold and danced he used to dance in college, as he danced here a couple of months ago. W he took her back to her corner she squee his hand and they smiled at each ot But it was a mistake to dance with for afterward his own contemporaries seen heavy and slow, even Dorie, who was good dancer.

Toward the end of the evening there w a commotion over in the corner, and Bob a Dorie stopped dancing to look. It was Ja and Petey, dancing together in a ring adolescents. They didn't dance—they fl Their feet twinkled in double time. He flu her away and pulled her back, he danc around her, and she around him, and all t youngsters cheered them on. The ba leader spied them and picked up the tem and they flew faster and faster. The mu ended with a rolling crash, a cheer went from the bystanders and Jane and Pet stood, hands clasped, hair down on th

(Continued on Page 176)



"Please! Don't tell me how it ends."



MORE THAN LIKELY you have said that to yourself a number of times—if you're really a coffee lover.

Because, while coffee may be your favorite beverage, you realize what a bad effect the caffein in it has on some people. How it can make them feel irritable and jumpy . . . and even keep them awake at night. Maybe it has that effect on you.

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(Continued from Page 174)

foreheads, their young faces smiling and glistening with sweat.

If I needed a reminder that she belongs in her own age group, I sure got it, Bob told himself.

Dorie was sympathetic and comfortable and made no demands on him. Bob saw her now and then, increasingly as the winter went on. She often invited him over for a dinner of her own cooking, with another couple, usually married, to play contract afterward. They went to the movies and then sat in a booth at Sam's over coffee and cigarettes, talking and talking. Bob played cards at home. He went skating, and went to hockey games with Bill. He went to parties here and there, played poker occasionally. He thought of a friend who had been in a German prison and who told him once, "It wasn't that we were mistreated. It wasn't even the starving. It was the timelessness. The days were so long—each day lasted for an eternity. No day ever seemed to end, and when it did, the long night began." It was a little like that now, he thought. He felt hollow. He felt old.

His work went well enough, although the judge told him once, "You haven't got the sparkle I expected of you, Robbie. You're like an old man. Did the war do that to you?"

"No, sir," Bob said. "Not the war."

This life, he thought—just being a small-town lawyer, a county-seat lawyer! When he was overseas he had lain awake dreaming of it. It was all he wanted. The quiet tree-lined streets, the big, roomy old houses, the familiar faces, the drugstore and the square and the old courthouse. Chess games with the judge, his mother's cooking, clean beds and the sweet smell of honeysuckle of a June night, the winter river frozen hard for skating, and his old friends! It had seemed like heaven to him, in anticipation. All a man could ever want. And now he had it, and the dust and mold of age lay over everything. His renunciation still seemed right to him, but it was about to ruin his life. Jane would soon forget him.

Of course Bob saw Jane now and then. Sometimes at a distance. Sometimes to speak to. He thought she looked a little wan, a little pale, but younger than ever in her paleness. Her dark hair flew behind her. She always moved quickly, breathlessly. She was always busy. There were almost always other youngsters tagging about after her. In snow or rain her dark head was bare, the pea jacket flapped open, the long skirt swished about her slender feet and ankles, and the low-heeled black shoes grew quite shapeless with winter wet and cold. She always spoke to him gladly, sweetly, with her dark eyes coming up to his face, with the glow of her smile—and then she was gone again.

But in February a warm wind came sweeping up from the south and in a few hours scoured off the old snow. Suddenly it was stuffy indoors. People flung up windows and Bob noticed that the days were growing longer. It was daylight now when he walked home from work. A few silly snowdrops put out their pale blossoms and everything seemed surprised, stirred, suddenly remembering that spring could come again—and soon! Even if it grew cold again—and it would—even if it snowed or blustered, the winter would never have such conviction again, such harsh reality.

It was the second day of the warm wind that Bob, walking home from work, heard the quick fall of feet behind him. He stopped. He turned and looked behind him and saw that it was Jane. He faced her and she came, as he had seen her first, running quickly, her hair streaming out, her coat behind her elbows, the black skirt she wore so much molded to her young limbs. She caught up with him and stopped, breathing quickly, a flush on her cheeks.

"I wanted to catch you," she said. "I saw you come out of the office. I—ran after you ——"

"I heard you coming," he said. "I thou it was you. What is it, Jane?"

She stood, still breathing quickly, lool up at him, and suddenly she flushed shook her head. "I've thought and thoug she said. "And now it seems . . . you ou to know, without my telling you!"

"No," he said firmly. "Tell me!"

"It's just . . . do you realize what dar you're in? How can I grow any faster t I'm growing? If you won't wait ——"

"What do you mean, Jane?"

"It's Dorie," she said. "Soon you'll b a position where everyone will be expec you to marry her. She's probably expec it now. Oh, Bob, can't you see? Can't see how the town weaves it all around yo just little by little—and then you'll find expected of you—then you'll be used her ——"

"You shouldn't say that, Jane," he s gently. "You shouldn't disparage Dor

"Why not?" said Jane, with dignity. " my happiness, too, isn't it? It's my life, well as yours and hers. Oh, I know sh grand. I baby-sit for her—sometimes wh she's going out with you. She'll make a g wife. But, Bob, she's had . . . what we have had! She's had it. Now she wants to be m ried—she wants security. She will ma you—or someone else. Not just anyon mean, but someone suitable. And I co grow older and marry Petey, or some like him. And we'd make out. But it woul be . . . what it *could* be! And I don't care am bold. I have a right to speak—for my li

"Yes," he said, shaken by her outbu "Yes, Janie—you have the right!"

Whenever you meet a man differing from you, remember that you differ from him, and that your difference is to him as great and as offensive as his is to you.

"I'm seventeen toda she said, suddenly los her fire. "I'm not fibb this time. I'm really s enteen. I'll graduate t tenth of May. Then yo not be ashamed to d me."

"I'll never be asham to date you!" he protest a little wildly. "Believe Janie—I've been thinking of you. I've be thinking about how I was at your age a all the fun I had. I want you to have yo pleasures. At the Christmas dance I saw it that you belong with those youngsters."

"I'm with them all day every day! simply *live* with them. They don't know an thing—those boys. They are just silly. B I like them. They're my gang. But what h that to do with it?"

He stood looking down at her tender ba head, at the little feet in the worn shoes, a the pea jacket which could not conceal disguise her youth and slender grace, and thought how she could always surprise hi He thought about her in the show. thought about her on their first date. S would always be the same, yet always diff ent. Now she stated her case like a you lawyer—she had the constitutional right the pursuit of happiness! And he saw, t that the danger she spoke of was real enou While he had feared she would change, was getting himself involved.

He put his hand under her arm. "I'll wa you home," he said gravely. He walked h to the Flints' door. He said to her, "Jan you just go ahead and graduate. You spe this next couple of months with your ow crowd. Don't expect to hear from me unt after you graduate. Then we'll see if you' changed your mind. Meanwhile—I'll waiting. Never fear."

He stooped and kissed her cheek, and suc denly she laughed out loud with happines She ran into the house. Bob walked hom and found he was carrying something new- a solid feeling of respect for her. She was protagonist who knew what she wanted an didn't hesitate to speak for it! Well, th was her right.

The next week end Bob went to the cit to visit some cousins he had promised to vis for a year. The following Friday he took o for some work in the state law library. The he went to a reunion of his old outfit, an stayed for four or five days. Bill and Eliza beth got engaged and he went to their an



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One morning little Anne and Judy decided they'd surprise their mother by fixing lunch.

"What'll we have?" asked Anne.

"Hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal," shouted Judy. "Mummy just loves it!"

They scampered out to the kitchen and got a box of the cereal down from the shelf. Then they started to rummage through the pots and pans.

"Oh dear," said Judy. "I can't find the jiffy."

"What's a jiffy for?" asked Anne.

"For the cereal," said Judy. "Mummy says one of the nicest things about Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal is that it cooks in a jiffy!"

(Advertisement)

nouncement party and drank too much and Dorie was very cool to him.

In April his mother shocked him. She told him to look in the glass show window of the local photographer.

"He's made some pictures of Jane," she said. "They are good. Mrs. Halleck is sending them to her old friend, Mr. Dobbs, of Mercury Pictures. Mr. Dobbs is going to be in the state next month and she wants him to see Jane and talk to her. Mr. Dobbs, it seems, has confidence in Mrs. Halleck. When she was teaching at the university she found the Lane girl—Babby Lane—for Mr. Dobbs. He is definitely interested in Jane and says he will send her to Mercury's drama school for two years, and give her bit parts along the way, while she's training—if she's as good as Mrs. Halleck says."

"Well, she is," said Bob. "She's that good."

"The Flints are quite excited. You know Mrs. Flint isn't very well. She looks terrible—such a dreadful color. I think she must have heart disease. Of course Jane is doing all the housework at home, and getting ready to graduate and taking the lead in the class play and writing her valedictory address. So she's pretty busy, but she had her picture taken. Mrs. Halleck told her to wear a white little-boy shirt and her pea jacket and comb her hair just as she always wore it. No make-up but a little lipstick. Of course Jane and Mrs. Parr both thought that was awful. Jane wanted to borrow that red dress Elizabeth loans her, and have Ivy set her hair. But she's a good child and did as she was told—and the results will just put your eye out. That hair! Those eyes. Whee!" his mother said.

Bob stood looking at her and she made a face at him. A disgusted face.

"You had your chance!" she exclaimed. "The child adores you. Now you've probably muffed it!"

Bob went down and looked at the picture in the glass showcase. He went in and tried to bribe Mr. Parr, for a picture. Mr. Parr showed him one, but wouldn't let him have it.

"I can't, Bob. Not unless she says so. You'll have to ask the Flints. I've always been very scrupulous about pictures."

Bob stuck around and argued with Mr. Parr and looked at some other pictures he had made. When he got home he went to his room and took from under his coat—the picture! It was the only thing he had ever stolen in his life and he felt no compunction. He put it in his bottom dresser drawer and went up after supper and sat looking at it. Mrs. Halleck was a genius. That pea jacket—that was strictly the ticket! Her shining, smooth, dark hair, the little quirk of a mischievous smile—the essential youngness.

Why, she'll always be young, he thought. *When she's forty, when she's eighty, she'll be in a hurry and out of breath and a little untidy and awfully busy—and always kind and . . . young!*

But now things were complicated. He had said he would wait until after her graduation and he was going to keep his word. But how much longer would she wait? She'd be gone—right away, perhaps! He cursed Mr. Dobbs and Mrs. Halleck silently and put the picture away. As soon as Mr. Parr stopped sputtering he'd put it on his dresser and trust his mother's discretion. But now there was something far more dangerous than the chance she might get a crush on Petey—in her senior springtime!

Everybody in town, of course—and that included Bob and his parents—went to the class play, to baccalaureate, to commencement, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights. The town was abloom with flowers of every kind, including sweet girl graduates. The boys, their dark or light heads wet with water and every hair in place, with new suits and stiff creaking new shoes, were sufficient unto themselves, but the town went all out for its girls.

The Hallecks had a house guest. Mrs. Halleck had the Flints in for dinner to meet him. The little swarthy man went to the class play with Mrs. Halleck. It was a poor vehicle

(Continued on Page 179)



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*Scientific research has shown that *dust* is a great reservoir of infection... that various streptococcal and respiratory diseases are definitely connected with house dust.

***Every Day*... Clean the Hygienic, Germ-killing Way... with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • Product of Lehn & Fink



SCRUB SHELVES, cabinets, closets with germ-killing "Lysol." These places can be dangerous dust collectors . . . may harbor disease germs in great numbers. Disinfect . . . kill germs as you remove dust!



WOODWORK needs special attention at house cleaning time. Wipe doors, mouldings, baseboards with a "Lysol" solution. 2½ tablespoons "Lysol" to each gallon of cleaning water. Won't harm paint, varnish.



YOUR BATHROOM is full of "danger spots"—surfaces where millions of disease germs may breed. Play safe! For the *hygienic* cleaning of floor, walls, tub, toilet, *all* fixtures—use "Lysol"!



DISINFECT BROOMS, brushes, mops, cleaning cloths regularly with potent, economical "Lysol." These cleaning tools must be *kept* hygienically clean to help you fight disease germs as you clean.

IMPORTANT "LYSOL" CLEANING USES: Bathroom tub, toilet, basin, walls, floor. Kitchen sink, drainboards, garbage pail. • Laundry tub and washer. Closets, cellar, stairs, store rooms, shelves. • All woodwork, floors, walls, doorknobs, rails. Children's rooms and furniture, diaper pail. • Sickroom, including bedding, utensils and linen. Cleaning rags, mops, brooms, brushes.

(Continued from Page 177)

adly done, but the town enjoyed it and thought Jane was wonderful. He ached r, that she had to be judged on that. anted Mr. Dobbs to like her, but he want her to go away. The baccalau- sermon was, as always, interminable. the next night, Jane stood up and gave eech, and it was full of flowery phrases hortations to the future. The class just d looked at her. They had been looking for four years and they weren't a bit of it. No one ever got tired of looking at ob knew!

was wearing his commencement gift. d simply sent it with his card. A slender d wrist watch. His mother had given rhinestone barrette which sparkled in rk hair. Under the gray gown she wore a ht white dress, and she wore new white s!

last it was over and everyone had his na and some personal praise and com- from the high-school principal. It was in Bob's mind that he would wait for fter the commencement exercises.

t when he rose his seat his er gave an excla- on and Bob d back. Mrs. who sat beyond in the row, had ed over in her and as they hed, horrified, lid to the gym- floor and lay

b was the first eside her and he ightened her said quietly, Doctor Locker- Stand back, e. She's just ed."

eryone was eous and con- ate and most of moved toward door. Then Jane there, kneeling e Bob, her arms nd her foster ner.

Oh, mother! k to me! Oh, Bob, e all right?"

octor Lockerbie ed over her and "It's her heart. the ambulance, Bob, and a stretcher." ey took Mrs. Flint home and Bob stayed so did his mother. Mrs. Flint was too ill to be moved to the hospital and the or called a heart specialist. A nurse ar- d. When morning came Mrs. Flint was really out of danger, but she was holding own. She had rallied a little, knew them

I believe she'll make it," Doctor Locker- said.

E stood by the bed in her white dress, dark hair thrust behind her ears, her ng tenderness dimmed with fatigue. She ed at her foster father, crinkled her nose im and said, "Wouldn't you like some ee, father? I'll make some coffee now, for f us."

Jane," whispered Mrs. Flint. Jane turned k instantly to the gray-faced figure on bed. Mrs. Flint gathered her strength ether. The oxygen tent over her did not cure her effort to speak. "You mustn't et, Jane. You're to see Mrs. Halleck and Dobbs at nine o'clock. He must leave ay."

All right, mother." Jane smiled at her her, such a radiant smile that Bob's own at hurt. He had forgotten Mr. Dobbs. ob went home, took a cold shower and into clean clothes and went to work. When ot home at noon, his mother was there and nswer to his look she said:

Mrs. Flint is a little better. But she is in a siege. If she makes it this time, it will be a long summer day before she can do any work. She might live for a while if she's perfectly quiet."

"Mother, did Jane see Mr. Dobbs?"

"No," said his mother. "But he came to see her. She told him she could not accept the offer he made her. She's going to stay with her mother. Her father can't afford the nurse for long. The nurse is going to teach Jane how to care for her mother and Jane is going to stay right there and do it. Mr. Dobbs told Jane he would give her until fall, but Jane said no. As long as her mother lives——"

"BUT mother—that's terrible! You don't approve of that, do you? Couldn't you do anything with her?"

"Why would I? Of course I approve of it," said his mother indignantly. "Mrs. Flint, without health or money or anything but love, took Jane and made a daughter of her. I would expect nothing else from Jane, either, knowing her as I do. I would *never* interfere."

"She's only seventeen," protested Bob. "At her age—the housework, the care of an invalid, the anxiety and confinement, the loss of her big chance—I don't see how you can sanction that!"

"Sometimes, Bob," said his mother, "you sound awfully young, for a grown man!"

Bob could not eat his lunch. He called the office and told them he would be late. He went to the Flints'. No one came to the door and he opened the screen and went in. The modest little parlor was empty, he thought at first, and then he saw that Jane was sleeping on the couch. She was curled up, one hand under her cheek. But of course! She had given her room and bed to the nurse. She would sleep here until the nurse left.

Bob went over and knelt quietly down by the couch and looked at Jane. She slept soberly. He could see now, as he had seen the night of the amateur show, the fine, clear line of her jaw. Her mouth was soft, but her face was firm. The lashes over her dark eyes—the soft hair thrust back from her face. She would waken presently, re-energized. He could feel the strength in her, the elastic young strength and courage. Nothing would move her from the course she had set and she would never regret it. He loved her with all his heart.

Suddenly her eyes opened and she looked at him kneeling there. She was not startled, but accepted his presence at once, and naturally. But she put out a hand to him and her voice was compassionate. "Poor Bob!" she said. "After all this long lonesome winter, you're going to have to wait for me!"

"Never fear," he told her, "I'll wait for you—forever. I want only to serve you now and make all this as easy as I can for you. I'll be right at your hand, Jane. I love you."

She was quite grown up, he realized. He knew now how she would always be. She would cook and clean and scrub floors and bathe her mother and comb her hair, and always she'd be affectionate and tender. She'd rush about—so young and full of love. His heart broke to think of her doing all of it. She would never get to Hollywood. She would always be in a role like this. And she loved him!

He kissed her gently. He tucked the pillow more comfortably under her head. "Rest now, darling," he said. "In a little while they'll need you—you little small young thing!"

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Little Hand Organ

By Ernestine Cobern Beyer

Sing *ho* for the organ that's playing
Wherever good people are straying!
Its out-of-tune wheezes embarrass the breezes!
"It's springtime!" it seems to be saying.

Sing *ho* for the spirited, spunky,
Mischievous, moth-eaten monkey!
He capers and waltzes and turns somersaultses,
And holds out his hand like a flunky!

Sing *hey* for the hand-organ player!
There's nobody poorer yet gayer!
Yellow his sash is, and black his mustache is—
And he's happier, far, than the mayor!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Shower the Bride



WITH A **CRAFTSPUN** SHOWER ENSEMBLE



"SAILBOAT" Design

WON'T MILDEW, CRACK OR PEEL

FADEPROOF DESIGNS

SEAMS ELECTRO-HEAT WELDED FOR PERMANENCE

6 STUNNING BACKGROUND COLORS

FOR A BRIDAL SHOWER, give a Craftspun* Shower Curtain of genuine Vinylite*—matched with a Craftspun Window Curtain! This distinctive design by Lurelle Guild, widely known decorator, has a modern flair that young homemakers love. Craftspun Shower Curtains are so sturdy, the designs so permanent, they will be in service long after launching! Shower and Window Curtains illustrated about $3.95 each. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CRAFTSPUN *Shower Curtains*

ALSO **CRAFTSPUN** LACE DINNER CLOTHS • WINDOW CURTAINS • KITCHENAIRES*

SEND FOR "FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS FOR LACE" **25¢**



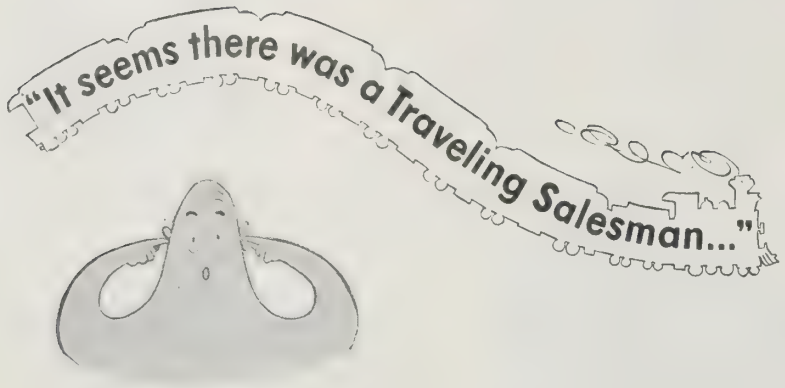
Beautifully illustrated book on Flower Arrangements by Mrs. M. Cochrane Cole, nationally known authority. Full-color pictures, easy directions for creating beautiful table arrangements the year 'round.

SCRANTON LACE COMPANY, Dept. L-3, Scranton, Pa.
Please send me "Flower Arrangements for Lace";
I enclose 25¢ in coin.

Name_____
(please print)

Street_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____



. . . and naturally, when he came home from a long trip, Mrs. T. S. was *very* happy—*until she unpacked his bag.*

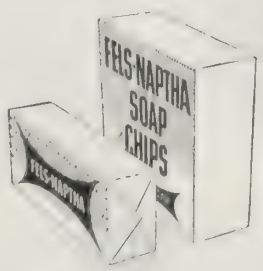
The clean white shirts he took away always came back with a "mourning band" of railroad dust ground into the collars and cuffs. And the job of getting those shirts white again was not only a test of wifely devotion—*it was very hard on the shirts.*

The happy ending to this story came the first time Mrs. T. S. tried Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. To use her own words, "I never had any white shirts come out any whiter—*and no rubbing!*"

P.S.—Golden Fels-Naptha Soap gives you THE EXTRA WASHING HELP of TWO CLEANERS—MILD, GOLDEN SOAP and ACTIVE NAPTHA . . . this better laundry soap turns out cleaner, whiter washes in less time, with less hard work. Look for the Fels-Naptha Bar or Fels-Naptha Soap Chips next time you're out shopping.



MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Maeve and Little Sister wait politely to go with us—no matter where it is.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

SAVING steps or no, I *cannot* make up a bed by doing one side completely and then whipping just once to the other side and finishing the thing. I get clumps of unreconstructed blankets in the middle. I get one sheet way up by the headboard and the other end midway to the footboard. And I know I am wearing my life away with all that circling the thing so warily as I smooth and tuck.

In my own free-wheeling way, I can get a meal in just a few minutes. And clean up a room pretty fast too. I get tired, but oh, the luxury then of curling up on the couch by the open fire with a couple of dogs and a cat, a copy of Crusade in Europe, and a bowl of popcorn. Maybe it wouldn't be such a luxury if I weren't tired first!

As far as cooking goes, I do a good many timesaving things, but they don't involve measuring my motions. They involve cooking double of most dishes, assembling ahead materials for varied salads on different days, freezing whole meals, keeping a shelf of special supplies for emergency company meals, and filling a casserole corner in the refrigerator. A cup of rice, a few peas, a bit of gravy, a small dish of tomatoes—so many leftovers make elegant casseroles.

It was also an attempt at efficiency that urged us to get the favorite recipes in the book, Stillmeadow Kitchen. And now, alas, a whole new shelf is piled with bits of paper and scraps of letters with new and wondrous recipes, so I still hunt like a madwoman when I want to make Florence Brodman's Strawberry Glaze Pie. It will be under Mushroom and Shrimps with Wine, probably. (I do not mean to be this way, it is just a born trait.) The book itself is so jammed with extra recipes that every time I open it a whole mass falls out.

The Strawberry Glaze Pie is worth anybody's time. This is it:

In a double boiler put 6 tablespoons flour, ⅔ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, and slowly add 1¾ cups milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Then cook 15 minutes with occasional stirring. Add a little of the mixture to beaten yolks of 2 eggs, then return to boiler and cook 2 minutes—stirring. seems like a lot of stir, but isn't when y get at it. Cool, and add 1¼ teaspoons v nilla and ½ cup whipped cream.

Fill a baked pastry shell with this mixtur Drain a box of frozen strawberries and l berries on top of the cream filling. Mix cup sugar and 3 tablespoons cornstarch f every 1¼ cups of juice. Cook juice ar sugar and cornstarch until thick, and po over the berries to make the glaze (1¼ cu juice glazes a nine-inch pie).

Serve, as if this weren't already enoug with whipped cream.

This is the most delicious and satisfyir pie—and if you want to serve it for a bi dinner, you can make two pies and va them by adding ½ cup coconut to the cu tard and, instead of the berries and juic simply top the pie with a meringue of t egg whites and sugar, and bake as you woul any meringue.

This pie is so rich, and yet so light, tha it makes a perfect finale for a Sunda dinner in May, and it gives you a chanc to use up a box of last year's frozen berrie before the new crop is in too.

LIVING in an old pre-Revolutionary hous is fun, but there are times when our moder ideas make things hard. Currently Jill is re covering from a bout with the stairs. I got the idea that we needed a good stair carpet. The stairs, like all those in houses of our period, are like an enclosed ladder bounding up sharply, and so narrow that you can brush the wall at either side. Long ago we fastened a ship's rope from Provincetown to the left wall, as a handy way to help mariners attain the upper deck.

The stairs were spattered, and had to be repainted every season. A carpet would be fine, I thought, and ordered enough. A set of metal rails came with it, to fasten across the treads and hold the carpet in place. Also puffy cushions to go under the carpet.

Jill had an extra half hour the day it all came. She lugged the roll to the top of the

(Continued on Page 183)

IT'S HERE...

A really new and amazing washing development!

The G-E All-Automatic Washer!

Does the *complete* washing and damp-drying job all by itself—with one setting of the dial!

THE General Electric *All-Automatic* Washer is MORE than simply a new washer.

s a sensational, new *washing development*—a *completely tomatic* washer that will save you more work than you er thought possible.

Think of this: You simply pop your clothes into the neral Electric *All-Automatic* Washer, set the dial! at's all!

This new kind of washer runs through these *six steps* a *perfect wash*, all by itself:

1. Automatically soaks clothes (if you set it to include soaking) with famous General Electric "Activator* washing action," then empties soak water.

2. Mixes hot and cold water automatically to selected washing temperature —flows wash water *through* soap dispenser.

3. Washes clothes with "Activator action"; self-cleaning filter screens catch the dirt and lint.

4. Rinses thoroughly with "Activator action" in *constantly* filtered, *constantly* circulating water.

5. Spins clothes in General Electric's high-speed spinner until most pieces are dry enough to be ironed *at once.*

6. Automatically shuts off, saving rinse water for next soak or wash; or turn the control and it empties, shuts off automatically.

t your retailer show you these and the dozens of other artling new features of the G-E *All-Automatic* Washer.

Then, you'll understand why we ask: *How can any woman ss up seeing this wonderful, new G-E All-Automatic Washer?* eneral Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

LL THIS AND FAMED G-E DEPENDABILITY!

DARING 5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN GOES WITH WASHER!

Includes one-year warranty on entire washer—*plus* four-year protection on "sealed-in-oil" driving mechanism on washer used for household use. *You can put your confidence in General Electric.*



EXTRA worksaving, clean-washing features! Portable. No bolting down. Ideal balance suppresses vibration. It soaks, washes, and rinses in *enough* water to keep your clothes completely immersed. Dissolves soap thoroughly—no soap streaks. Can be operated manually for blankets and fineries. Counter-height top opening. "Sealed-in-oil" driving mechanism needs no oiling. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

You've waited long enough for that new carpet!

Now let your Bigelow dealer show you what you've been missing!





A whole wide world of choice is yours at your Bigelow dealer's. Elegant traditional motifs. Gay young modern designs. Rich-looking sculptured effects. Solid shades in exquisite textures! Pick your Bigelow from a whole garden-full of colors . . . and colors that never grew! *Today—have the fun of finding your favorite Bigelow Carpet!*

Above: A wonderfully adaptable small-pattern carpet, Bigelow's Fervak 9424. Around $7.50 a sq. yd.*

Prices to please your husband! Before he says, "Yes, we need a new carpet, but..." just tell him this...you have a wide choice of Bigelow beauties in *every* price range. And whatever you pay for your Bigelow . . . from $5.95 a sq. yd. to a luxury-loving $18.95, you can't find a finer value! *Today—compare with other carpets!*

Left: The essence of luxury underfoot—Bigelow's deep, pillow-soft Sonata 2103-3545. About $18.95 a sq. yd.*

For name of your local Bigelow dealer, call Western Union by number. Ask for operator 25.

A beautiful future that's woven right in! Those famous Bigelow good looks begin on the sheep's back, with top-quality imported wools. They're carefully blended for impressive richness and year-after-year wear . . . carefully treated to retain their natural springiness underfoot. *Today—let your Bigelow dealer show you what an all-round-wonderful buy you get with a Bigelow Carpet!*

Right: Bigelow's Glentwist 94040. Permaset for long-lasting beauty. About $10.95 a sq. yd.*

*Slightly higher in the West

Bigelow
Rugs and Carpets

LIVELY WOOL SPRINGS BACK UNDERFOOT

Beauty you can see...
quality you can trust
...since 1825



(Continued from Page 180)

came down to get the hammer, and
nstantly went up to investigate, and
whoosh Esmé and the carpet rolled
lly down to the first floor. Esmé
at the thing with surprise and made
emarks in Siamese. Jill rolled up the
and lugged it back upstairs. She
the top down.

rods were just the width of the treads,
e little hooks to slide them in went in
The only catch was that once the two
were in, there was no way on earth to
e rods inside. Because of the walls! I
ted cup hooks instead of the closed
, but Jill didn't cotton to the idea of
oks on the stairs.

a modern open staircase, the rods
are pushed outside the banister, slid
there you are. But since the rods
not fold or bend, there was an ab-
impasse. For two days Jill worked at
oblem; meanwhile, the carpet rolled
every little while and nobody could go
rs at all except Esmé.

ell," said Jill, "if you don't mind my
the house down, I can lay the carpet
I guess it's house or carpet; which do
ally want?"

he end, after a few trips to the village,
ed finishing nails, drove them in, held
ds to the treads, bent the nails over
ard and got the thing stapled in place.

ce the puffs are
y large for our
stairs, you rise to
per floor in a series
thery bounds, and it
very lovely. And, de-
l in the struggle, the
ouse has resigned
lf to the modern
hness.

May we get all kinds
ather. We often have
ut the furnace on,
he next day it will be
d and hot as fire. One
ve eat in the garden
e the narcissus is out,
he next we sit by the
fire and toast our toes.
t it is apple-blossom
h. All over the green-
ills and in the little
ys, the old apple trees are young with
and-white drifts of bloom. There may
omething lovelier in the world some-
e, but I can't think what it would be. It
ecstasy of blossoming. In itself, it is no
than the redbud in Virginia, or the
ood, but part of the glory is that it
s after a New England winter has chilled
ones.

ne land has been bare in March, delicate
in April, and suddenly everywhere you
, the dazzling sweetness of apple blos-
s fills the air. Every old gray-stone wall
s a leaning branch of pink and white.
the old orchard is carpeted with violets
roofed with rosy color.

ow and then we find morels there, in vio-
ime. These spongy conelike mushrooms
ll too rare, and oh, how delicious dipped
tter and broiled! It is a mistake to hunt
accompanied by cockers. Morels won't
d a pounce; they are too delicate.

s possible to go outside the gate and
e the cockers behind, but an Irish setter
different affair. The only way to go any-
re without Maeve is to let her get in the
She will sit half a day in the car. Jill says
pretends she is driving.

is strange how all the dogs know in-
tly if we plan to go anywhere, even if it
o more than run to the village for the
. Half a dozen cockers may be asleep
nd the house, and suddenly they are all
anized into action. Little Sister and Linda
from the sofa. Honey pokes a golden
around the corner of the bed. Flyer
es wildly to the wood basket and seizes
ze to bring us. He is one Indian forever
ing gifts. The cockers mill around in the
ways, but Maeve will be already lifting
atch on the front one (which is the right
of course) and whooping out to the road.

When we are going to leave them for a whole day, we take the most elaborate precautions. We secrete purses, gloves, coats and scarfs in the front room and close the door. We plug in the night light for Honey when nobody is looking, so if it gets dark before we come in, it won't be blank dark. We shut the stairway door casually in passing by so Linda won't be able to give in to her baser instincts and chase Esmé up the stairs. Eventually we do get away, leaving a mort of absolutely broken hearts behind us. And loud in our ears echoes the banshee wail of an abandoned Irisher.

But oh, when we return, the scurryings and swishings and skidding of rugs! The bounds and leaps and the plump loping about of Honey! Wonderful welcome, and what better place to come to than a house of cockers and cats and setter? It is such a pleasant thing to be well loved!

This summer Linda and Little Sister and Hildegarde and Melody, if there is time for her brushing up, are due to go to the dog shows and try for their CDX degrees. Life being the way it is, the triumphs of last summer when they won their CD's are far behind and forgotten. Maeve is still occupied with her CD, being younger and only starting her career.

Anyone who doubts that dogs love obedience work and shows ought to see the real hugger-mugger that goes on on show days. We can hardly eat our breakfast, for the small fry are hurrying us off, and woe to us when we have to leave Melody or Hildegarde at home. They all want to go to every show. The car windows are smudged all summer from eager noses as they travel back and forth. Sister's little dumbbell and Maeve's large training collar and the vacuum kit and the feeding pans all rattle around on the floor. Hildegarde sits up front because she gets nervous in traffic. Linda rides on the shelf in back where she can see better. Maeve sits with her arms elegantly crossed and as much of her nose as possible out the window. Somehow she gets the air of a Gibson girl, feminine but healthy, vigorous in a ladylike way.

There is enough to do in May, its own kinds of jobs. The barbecue to open, the summerhouses to clean and polish, the studio haymow to reconvert from winter dog-jumping center to writers' and sketchers' and readers' retreat. And the lawn furniture, which is especially shabby this year, to be repaired, painted or burned up as the case may be.

The garden seems to burgeon with weeds as soon as it is planted. The fresh earth smells good as the weeds come out. The rosy rhubarb and lucent green asparagus are ready to gather. Asparagus on toast with plain melted sweet butter, and rhubarb sauce for dessert, is a spring supper.

Also, we can begin to load the freezer. The youngest tips of asparagus and the first shoots of rhubarb make the best frozen products.

The evenings are longer now, just right for pottering around the yard, although not yet warm enough to sit under the trees. Sometimes we drive through the valley past the little white villages. Men and women and children are out, the older folk raking or weeding, the children playing jackstones on the steps or jumping up and down in that purposeful aimlessness of children.

All over America, families are doing just the same, supper being finished. And at such an hour, I feel one can hold the whole of America in the curved fingers of a lifted hand. Surely this is our land, families at home in the spring of the year, and bountiful summer ahead. This is the meaning of our democracy, and let it never again be threatened.

How silvery the moon hangs in the night sky above the stilled fountains of the apple blossoms!

THE END

FORSYTHIA

Forsythia was discovered by Mr. Robert Fortune in a garden in China and in the Province of Chekiang. He brought it to the Horticultural Society in England, where it was given the name of a famous horticulturist, Mr. William Forsyth, who served as director of the Royal Garden of Kensington from 1737 to 1804. In New England, forsythia is sometimes called "sunshine bush" or "golden ball." Like the lilac, it belongs to the olive family.

—SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FLORISTS.



This bedtime story's not for kids!

No dragons or fairy queens in *this* bedtime story.

It's a strictly-for-grownups story that Mrs. Wood Sanford of Homewood, Illinois, was "driven" to write us after she read a recent Pequot Sheet advertisement.

"I think you deserve to hear about my Pequot crib sheets. In and out of the wash continuously, those six sheets lasted through my daughter's crib years. Then straight through her brother's, too."

And Mrs. Sanford mentions another important point to remember when comparing wearing qualities... the number of sheets in use:

"The fact that I had only 6, and two of them are still fresh and white and whole, makes my bedtime story even better."

Made for Years of Extra Wear

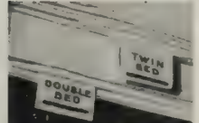
You simply can't beat Pequot high-count, plus-service muslins . . . for crisp, fresh appearance, for smooth, close-woven softness, for year-in, year-out wear that makes them a real value. Pequot plus-service muslins... America's most popular sheets . . . are *made to outwear any other sheet you can buy at any price.*

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts
Also makers of Pequot Fine Combed Percales

so good-looking . . . . so long-wearing

PEQUOT PLUS-SERVICE SHEETS PILLOW CASES

Pronounced "PEE-KWAT"



Projecting size tabs for quick finding on the shelf.



Double-tape selvages to give extra strength.

PEQUOT SHEETS

High-count muslins have the thread count and weight that give the longest service.

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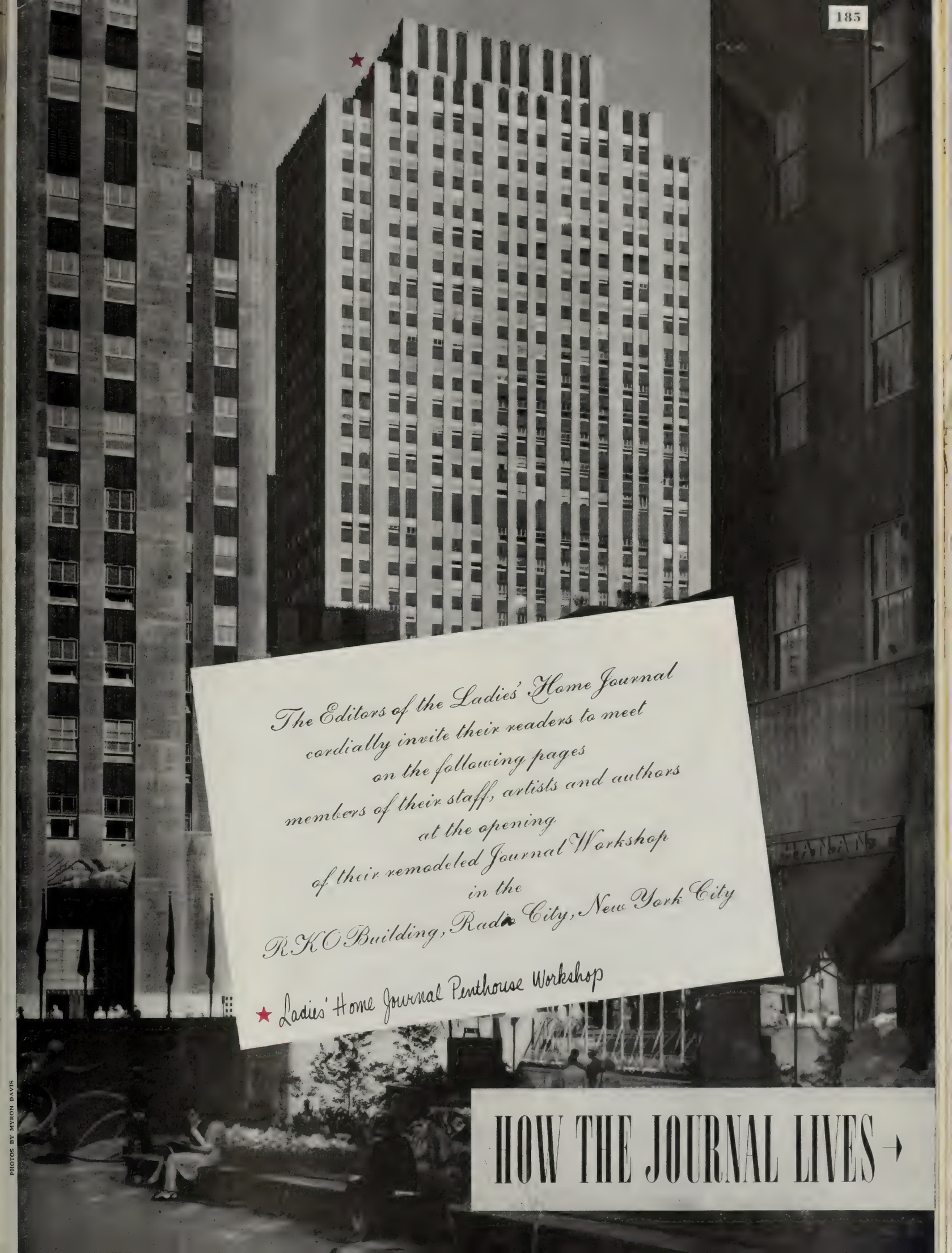
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by **YARDLEY**

Lotus Perfume, $5.00 to $17.50. Cologne, $1.50 and $2.50.
Sachet, $1.50. Dusting Powder, $1.65. Plus tax.

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HOW THE JOURNAL LIVES →

PHOTOS BY MYRON DAVIS



Distinguished stage stars Helen Hayes, José Ferrer; beautiful models; top-flight illustrators Jon Whitcomb, Coby Whitmore are guests of Editors, Mr. and Mrs. Gould.

A Workshop Housewarming

Shows our skyscraper home and conducts a backstage tour to tell you what we do, and how.



Bright lights outside, luminaries within. John Dall, Broadway and movie star, chats with Mrs. Gould.





Left to right: Wilhela Cushman, Dawn Crowell Norman, Nora O'Leary looking quite as chic and attractive as their models.

The rector came to tea. Alice Blinn pours and the silver gleams against white lilacs and stock, a foil for pretty faces at the party.

HELEN HAYES had powdered sugar down the front of her gown from nibbling hot doughnuts in our experimental kitchen. Eleanor Roosevelt was expertly turning switches in the all-electric laundry. Peering into ovens and explaining how he was building himself a new super deluxe kitchen was actor and amateur chef José Ferrer. John Gunther was fascinated by the automatic dishwasher. The occasion: a housewarming for JOURNAL contributors and friends at the newly remodeled Workshop in Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Since it was manifestly impossible to invite the 4,275,000 of you who buy the JOURNAL to the party, you are hereby invited to make the same tour of inspection of our home via the pages of this magazine. Here you will meet the editors who help you to make your job as homemaker what it should be—the most meaningful and satisfying work in the world.

You arrive at the thirty-first floor of the RKO Building, with its magnificent view of the Hudson, the great ship docks and the bustling panorama of America's largest city. Here in the penthouse are the attractive JOURNAL entertainment and dining rooms (photographed in color on Pages 204 and 205 of this issue) where the Editors, Bruce and Beatrice Gould, interview at breakfast or lunch such divergent personalities as Prof. Alfred Kinsey, Lady Astor, Eve Curie and Mrs. Roosevelt. Here editors' offices sing with colors like "hot pink," moss green and black violet. Here are the spacious modern and experimental kitchens and laundries of the food and household departments.

Down on the twenty-ninth floor of the RKO Building are other editors' workshops. The week before closing date you might find the Interior Decorating Editor on the floor cutting out slip covers while her assistant paints lamp shades, the Fashion Editor about to dash out to catch the Super Chief to California for early-summer fashions, and the Architectural Editor surrounded by heaps of camera equipment, just back from photographing two historic

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Virginia homes near Williamsburg for a future JOURNAL. And like a steady song in the background you would hear the whir of sewing machines as another JOURNAL dress pattern is born.

Few department editors are ever at their desks more than two weeks a month. On How America Lives assignments they have personally visited over 125 families in as many towns and cities—sometimes staying a week or longer with each—studying their problems with the view of learning your problems, and trying to help solve them according to each family's needs, desires and pocketbooks, whether it be steelworker or millionaire. At the start of the series nearly nine years ago, Executive Editor Mary Bass herself covered 300,000 miles selecting and interviewing families. Ruth Matthews is now the assistant editor who acts as talent scout for JOURNAL families, traveling by chartered plane, if necessary, to find America's most typical homes for this popular feature. From three to six families are interviewed extensively for every one selected; none of them is paid; and of course no family is chosen which does not enter into the idea with wholehearted enthusiasm.

Often when editors are absent from their desks, and not flying about the countryside, they are "in the market"—New York City being one of the best and largest sources of all the thousands of articles a family may have to choose from during a lifetime. The Interior Decorating Editor, for instance, sees all the new furniture and rugs and fabrics in New York—both wholesale and retail—four times a year, walking as much as twenty miles a day and carrying tucked under her arm an extra pair of shoes.

The Workshop was first opened in 1935 and now, with the end of most wartime shortages, has been brought completely up-to-date. The main JOURNAL editorial offices are



Executive Editor Mary Bass, Taylor Caldwell, novelist, Mr. Gould and Roger Butterfield (see June How America Lives) enjoy Workshop canapés.



Rubbing elbows at the party are artists and authors of 31 JOURNAL best sellers of past six years. Alex Ross, below, illustrated Marquand's last.



Al Parker, cover artist who originated Mother and Daughter series for JOURNAL, with pretty model Kathy Dennis, who wears a suit from fashion pages.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt ate piping-hot doughnuts in our kitchen while she investigated freezer food wrapping, demonstrated by Margaret Davidson.

Photography Editor Morris and Art Director Fink obviously appreciate Selene Mahri, glamorous blond cover girl.



Mrs. Gould shows the Curtis president, Walter D. Fuller, why our coffee is so famous, while Louise Benjamin pours.





Edward Steichen, American dean of photographers, discusses art with Bruce Gould, comments on glittering sky line from window.





At 8:50 A.M. sharp, the secretaries sign in, looking fresh and smart. Some become editorial discoveries, marriage rate is high.

It's a Colorful Workshop

Flooded with sunlight, with a vista of the sky line, rivers, ships and Central Park, a beehive of busy, talented personality, reflected in streamlines and in chintz

in Philadelphia, where all manuscripts are read, articles edited, and the magazine is printed.

New York was chosen for the Workshop because it is the hub of fashions, beauty, home decoration, architecture and housewares industries. Its purpose is to provide a workshop which duplicates as closely as possible an actual home where food can be prepared and served, clothes washed, floors scrubbed. Thus, the sum total of what is new, reliable and good in methods as well as in equipment can be passed on to our readers.

As Nora O'Leary says, "You will never find us saying, 'All you have to do is ——' because we do everything ourselves and know how hard it is." For instance, every single pattern photographed on Miss O'Leary's pages has been cut out and fitted by the Pattern Editor herself. The same philosophy holds true with all other JOURNAL pages—everything we tell you to do has been tried out, not once but many times, in the JOURNAL's own Workshop.

A department page is originally conceived from three to six months before publication, when the various editors present their ideas for approval to the Goulds. From the department editors' first conference with Mary Bass, who heads up the Workshop, to the final appearance of the page, the Goulds on the two days a week they spend in the New York editorial offices (balance of the week at Philadelphia headquarters) check it all down the line, from samples of fabrics to sketches to copy outlines.



Editors Bruce and Beatrice Gould meet with writers and artists in the Workshop, often suggest subjects, help develop ideas. Here Al Parker scores hit with new Mother and Daughter cover. Models were his own wife, small daughter and ruddy-haired son.



The Goulds divide their week between Philadelphia headquarters and the N York Workshop where, in a wood-paneled room, Mr. Gould negotiates such scoops as John P. Marquand's popular new novel, Point of No Retu



Tuesday is staff meeting day; policies are discussed with associate editors in Mr. Gould's office. Dick Pratt (left center), gets tips for Journal About Town.

To illustrate the intense interest the Goulds take in every aspect of homemaking: A new washable wallpaper was being considered for one of the kitchen pages. Mrs. Gould expressed skepticism that any wallpaper near to stoves and sinks would wash satisfactorily. Accordingly, Margaret Davidson, Household Editor, retested the paper, by tacking a piece on the wall and splattering it with fruit juice, coffee, bacon grease, butter and other kitchen stains, allowed it to dry thoroughly and then did a job of scrubbing with soap and water. The paper was then taken off the wall and shown to Mrs. Gould. Since it showed no greasy stains it was okayed to appear on a JOURNAL page.

From their farm near Princeton, New Jersey, the Goulds divide their week between the Workshop and the main editorial offices in Philadelphia. When a reporter asked Mrs. Gould recently when she first became interested in women's magazines, her answer revealed a great deal of the basic philosophy behind the JOURNAL:

"I used to feel that women's magazines were edited by men for some insipid imagined female and not for real flesh-and-blood women. As my own life developed, as I realized more and more the complexity and fascination of housekeeping and motherhood, I became intensely interested in the opportunity of women's magazines—to interpret the present world fully and richly in women's terms; to bring women the best present information on nutrition, child guidance, home care, marriage, and to bring them also stimulation and fun through articles and fiction."

To bring fiction and serious articles to you in addition to homemaking, fashion and frivolity, three editors rotate with outstretched hands among about fifty New York agents and forty book-publishing houses each week. Hugh Kahler, head of this JOURNAL department, and Managing Editor Laura Lou Brookman, who cuts the novels down to magazine size, personally read at least half of the 4200 short



Mrs. Bass and Mrs. Gould "work their way" to Philadelphia from New York every Thursday morning, a one-hour-forty-minute trip.



Hugh Kahler (left), short-story writer and novelist, heads fiction staff, including Mary Lea Page and Lonnie Coleman. They lunch with authors, visit 50 agents, carry whopping bags of manuscripts to Philadelphia for reading.



Quite a contrast from New York's skyscrapers are the Goulds' offices in Philadelphia, just across from historic old Independence Square.



Wilhela Cushman goes to Paris for fashion openings every year and to California or Florida twice a year.

The Journal Staff Gets Around

We visited 37 states in the Union, went to Paris, London and Lebanon in past year; remodeled rooms in 12 actual homes; tested 960 recipes

stories and 550 book-length novels submitted by agents every year. This does not include the hundreds of manuscripts submitted by aspiring authors, all of which receive careful readings. Of the 55 short stories published last year, 9 were from authors whose work had never before been published.

Reader mail at the JOURNAL is an industry in itself—thousands of letters arrive each year, some frantic, some humorous, some really bursting with excellent ideas. All of them get a sympathetic, personal answer.

There was the day an urgent appeal came from a woman marooned in the mountains of California 53 miles from a town during the bitter weather of last February. Her entire winter's supply of canned goods had frozen; was it safe to eat? A telegram dispatched that day from the JOURNAL assured her that if the cans were in no way broken the contents were perfectly safe.

Some readers can't wait for the mails and pick up the nearest telephone. In the food kitchen the phone rings all day. A housewife calls frantically that she has been beating divinity fudge until she can't bend her arm and it still won't harden. (The staff advises starting all over and cooking it longer.) Another woman phones that her husband has just proudly arrived home with a 30-pound salmon for the two of them; what should she do with it? A bride-to-be phones that she is planning to serve supper to 200 friends on her wedding day all by herself; how should she go about it? ("Give up the idea," advises the horrified staff.)

Our kitchens differ from your kitchen at home mainly in that we have both electric and gas ranges and refrigerators, with plenty of room left over for a freezer. They are also fully equipped with measuring devices, stop watches, metered service and scales, so that accurate answers can be found to questions which housewives can only guess at. How much does it cost to run a home freezer? How long does it take a particular-type range to heat to 375° F., and how constant is that temperature once it is reached? Does it cost more to bake potatoes on top of the range or in the oven?

In the JOURNAL laundry some 16 or 17 kitchen uniforms, 85 dish towels and dozens of white aprons, as well as soiled "family washes," are laundered each week. When in New York, Mr. Gould sends his shirts to the JOURNAL laundry, knows at firsthand whether they are washed and ironed with just the right amount of starch to suit a man. He says the problem has been solved by JOURNAL tests to his satisfaction, and, he hopes, for millions of JOURNAL husbands too!

Ann Batchelder's inimitable personality mirrors her own extraordinarily zestful and adventurous life. She had been a justice of the peace, country postmistress, poet, actress for a 10-20-30-cent road company (Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model) before she



Usually, Ruth Matthews interviews three to six families from Florida to Oregon for How America Lives articles. Here she visits the Hunts, Quaker family in Pennsylvania.



Effervescent Biffy Page picks those cartoons for Journal; above, buys one from top-notcher Ted Key. After seeing some 300 in one day, she can still laugh at the funny ones.

OTTO HAGEL



Picture journalism is an important part of our magazine. John Morris, who authors series such as Your America, is "shooting" Cherokee Chief Moses Walking Stick.



Executive Editor Mary Bass heads up Journal Workshop, plans pages with department editors once a month. Editor Dawn Norman is pleading for a "double spread" (two pages) for pretty new hair-do's in a summer issue.

was 30, when Alice Blinn came upon her making a spectacular success of running an inn at Northampton, Massachusetts. On her birthday Miss Batchelder receives birthday cards from every state in the Union as well as overseas. Let her mention somewhere that as a child she loved Tolman apples, and a box is on its way from some reader's orchard. Her dislike of carrots is known all over the country, and so is her enthusiasm for water cress!

Before a Batchelder food spread is photographed each month a meal rehearsal is held with Miss Batchelder, Miss Blinn and the rest of the food staff on hand. Everyone eats and criticizes freely. Last-minute-changes are made. Two days later, the entire menu is again prepared, the stage again set, and her actual color photograph taken. Although the food, by the time the picture is taken, is cold, it is generally eaten!

Louella Shouer, Food Editor, commutes from her country place 80 miles a day round trip to supervise the cooking activities on the JOURNAL, then rushes home to prepare dinner for her husband, a ready source of inspiration for her Quick and Easys for



Because few readers start from scratch, buying all new furniture, our Decoration Editor, Henrietta Murdock, devotes time, effort and pages to make-over ideas, buys many pieces in secondhand shops or at auction.



Pattern Editor Nora O'Leary drapes material for a dress on assistant, Marion Plummer. Her well-equipped workrooms whir with sewing machines and ideas you will see in Journal pages later.

The incredibly lovely old houses in the picture-article series, Regional Houses, produced headaches aplenty for Architecture Editor Pratt. This one had no electric wiring, almost a must for cameras.



Tension mounts as the meal of the month faces the camera. Planning, testing and tasting are over. This is the final dress rehearsal. Editors Batchelder, Blinn, Shouer, Gray, photographer Stuart give final criticism. O.K.! Shoot! On picture day there's always a waiting line of eager eaters.



Homemaking in Action

Editors, assistants and secretaries, as well as readers, find the food and household departments helpful in solving their own homemaking problem

Two. Every recipe which appears in the JOURNAL is prepared in the food kitchen, and eaten by members of the staff.

Recipes are mostly created from the staff's own ideas, often in their own kitchens. Once Ann Batchelder was sent home with a bordering-on-pneumonia cold. She phoned right back to say that she had finally hit upon the now popular dressing for avocado—pickled pearl onions and cut-up orange in French dressing.

The staff always cocks an interested ear for ideas from men. Mr. Gould on a trip discovered Death Valley Pie—a double-decker pie with chocolate and rum-cream layers. Hugh Kahler learned of a good quick-and-easy fruitcake from canned mincemeat and gingerbread mix.

Mrs. Gould once came back raving about the *pot de crème* she had for lunch at "21." A member of the food staff was dispatched to the restaurant to order the same dish and to try and figure out the recipe. Then seven or eight different varieties of the dessert were made up and each sampled by Mrs. Gould, until an exact duplicate was found and the recipe filed away for use on a JOURNAL page.

The Interior Decorator's work is frequently done in actual homes, which means that Henrietta Murdock contends with every headache known to homeowners—ill-proportioned rooms, not enough light, hot-air registers which cannot be concealed by carpets, ugly radiators, exposed pipes and the rest.

When a How America Lives family is selected, Miss Murdock visits them for several days to discover how they would like their living or dining or bedroom to look. Sometimes all the redecorating is done on the spot. Sometimes, however, when the angles of the room make it impossible to photograph, she will have a carpenter faithfully reproduce the room in every respect in the JOURNAL "loft" on 61st Street. This set is photographed in color, and later the room is completed in the family's own home, an exact replica of the photograph, by the time an issue of the magazine goes on the newsstands.

Around the corner from Miss Murdock's office, in a pale green room with fragile French antiques and bowls of fresh freesia and white tulips, you are apt to find Fashion Editor Wilhela Cushman in her stockinged feet taking photographs. Her helpers, adjusting klieg lights or holding reflector screens, also are shoeless, to prevent marking the ten-foot-wide roll of white paper which provides a background for the model and extends over half the floor. Mrs. Cushman, a perfectionist in all her employments, which have included being a dress designer for one of New York's biggest



Morning conferences with Louella Shouer over the coffee cups are everyday occurrences in the food kitchen. Hugh Kahler drops in with a recipe idea. This morning Mary Bass has come in to discuss plans—perhaps to inquire why copy is late.



On this morning juicers were spotlighted in the household kitchen. During juicing, time and quantity of juice are recorded; later the staff will gather to taste. Other days the kitchen is a proving ground for many kitchen devices, large and small.



Midway in a kitchen-remodeling project, editors Nancy Crawford, Margaret Davidson and Elizabeth Goetsch check plans on location and consult with builders. Topsy-turvy now, it will be beautiful and workable.



Scorched on purpose! These patterns of heat tell Jeanne Scribner how evenly irons heat. Temperature records and home-style ironing complete study of irons—a small part of activity with laundry appliances.



Measuring and regulating devices, shown with a toaster but used with many appliances, enable Household Editor Margaret Davidson to answer such fact questions as How hot? How cold? How long to heat? How costly to use?

We go to Press



Everybody is happy—the Editors, Art Director Fink and the whole staff! "The book is closed"; that means 250 to 300 pages of Journal have gone to press.

Before "closing date," the Goulds review every detail of the magazine in the Philadelphia Art Department

wholesale houses, an editor for Harper's Bazaar, and an expert buyer on the Paris scene, works closely with artists, supervises fashion sittings with such famous photographers as John Engstead and George Huene. This is an exacting business. A wrinkle in a skirt, an awkward angle of a foot—any of these flaws may mean a retake. Mrs. Cushman thinks nothing of photographing until two or three in the morning when a deadline is near. Assistant editor Ruth Mary Packard often appears at the studio around six, trailed by messengers with boxes of clothes, borrowed from manufacturers after 5 P.M., to be returned by 9 A.M. the next day. Careful notes must then be taken—while the camera clicks—on colors, fabrics, silhouette, to tell the fashion story. *(Continued on Page 214)*


Morgan-Jones
TRADE MARK
Morgan-Jones
PROGRAM
r your bedroom this summer
ON STAGE, CIRCLING FROM LEFT.
The "Heiress" . . . supersize candlewick bedspread, about $10.50*
"Nantucket" . . . a new lightweight bedspread, about $8*
"Fairfield" . . . an heirloom bedspread, heavy with punchwork, about $27.50*
"Sampler Rose" . . . highly decorated with skip, loop and punchwork, about $16*
"Imperial Hobnail" . . . America's most cherished bedspread, about $7.50*
*Slightly higher priced in the West
STARRED AT YOUR FAVORITE STORES COAST TO COAST!
SHOW OF THE YEAR IN BEDSPREADS

Dear Beauty Editor -

We are well acquainted with you, you know, through your many letters. These requests for help on diets, hair-do's, make-up and other beauty problems are our reassuring measure of your confidence in us. They also give us future inspiration. Here are your questions which spotlight the beauty topics of the year.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Our Beauty Department testing new ribbon curlers. Left to right, Dotty Robinson, "guinea pig"; Leone Seastrom, editorial assistant: and at desk, Dawn Crowell Norman.

Two out of three letters are on weight control:

With this year's tiny-waisted clothes I need to lose 2 inches around my waist . . .

Here are some waist-cinching exercises to help you:
Lie on back, arms stretched out at shoulders, palms down, legs straight. Twist body from waist down to the right, keeping upper back and shoulders as close to the floor as possible. Repeat, going to left. Each side 10 times.
Kneel, supporting weight on right knee, with left leg stretched sideways. Raise arms over head. Now, turn torso sharply toward stretched leg, bend and touch toes with hands. Raise torso, turn body sharply to right. Reverse position, repeat 5 times both sides.
Stand up, legs apart, arms raised overhead. Turn upper body sharply to the right, bend and touch right foot. Stretch way up again. Turn sharply to left, bend and touch left foot. Repeat on each side 5 times.

When it comes to hair, this year's questions are on length:

Are there any do's and don'ts for today's short hair?

The smaller you are, the shorter your hair can be. Newest cuts are from 1½″ to 2″ in length, brushed back into a V shape. If you are a large woman: Beware of the short cut which may make your head look too small for your general appearance. . . . If your face is round: Add height by having your hair shaped in a long line beginning high on the temple and gradually shaping down toward your neck. Hair brushed *away* from your face will slenderize. A center part with hair waved high at the temples will add length. . . . If your face is long: The "square" or "round" cuts are prettiest for you. Try a center part with bangs across your forehead . . . a low side part to add width. Brushed *up* curls are good for you. . . . Proper cutting and shaping can help camouflage a too long or too short neck, a low or high forehead, large ears, other facial irregularities. So be sure to have your first cutting and shaping done by an expert!

Readers' letters show they are aware of a new look in make-up:

Are there any rules to follow to achieve today's popular, fresh-faced look?

The opaque look is out—the transparent look is in. If your skin has a slightly yellow cast, try pinky beige colors. . . . A truly light skin (in color and texture) requires delicate application. . . . If creamy make-ups seem heavy for you, try applying the color with a piece of absorbent cotton moistened with water. . . . A florid skin is softened with a clear beige color. . . . Olive complexions brighten with a golden touch in make-up. . . . Always continue your make-up in an even flow right down over your neck and all exposed areas. . . . Stir and fluff up your powder in the box at least once a week—use fresh powder puffs. . . . Don't "spot" your make-up in naturally oily areas of your face. Instead, blend gently toward those areas from your forehead, cheeks or jaw line. . . . Select your lipstick depending upon what it does for your own coloring. . . . "Groom" your face by blotting off excess make-up, cleaning your eyebrow line, maintaining a powder-free hairline, using your eye make-up tastefully. Always check your make-up in the bright light of day.

Diet is the subject of 75 per cent of our queries:

I would like to lose ten pounds. Do you have any diet suggestions?

In most reducing diets, breakfast consists of one serving of citrus fruit or juice, a slice of thinly buttered whole-grain toast or medium serving whole-grain cereal, black coffee. Dinner includes medium serving lean meat or fish, one yellow or green vegetable, salad without dressing, fresh fruit or a simple custard dessert, black coffee, tea or skim milk. *Diet luncheons*, especially for the working woman who often eats at lunch counters, can be a problem! Here are 5 workday reducing luncheons, each under 300 calories:

Glass of tomato juice (8 oz.)
2 poached eggs on 1 slice toast
Black coffee or tea (no sugar)

Sliced-chicken sandwich on whole-grain toast
Tea or black coffee

Fresh-fruit salad on lettuce
Melba toast
Tea or black coffee

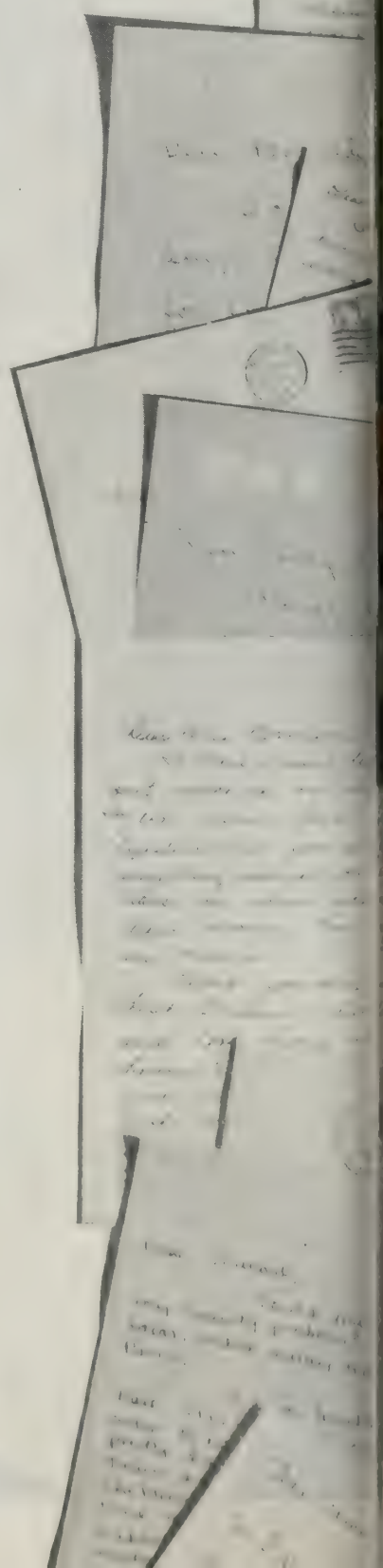
1 cup chicken broth
Cottage cheese and chives (½ cup)
Tomato slices (3)
2 slices Melba toast
Black coffee or tea

1 cup soup
2 plain crackers
Any fresh fruit
Tea or black coffee

The postwar rush of marriages and babies has made wives aware of their hands:

Does a housewife and mother *ever* really manage to have hands that don't look five years older than the rest of her?

Yes, if she is willing to give them a little attention every day—a manicure one evening a week. Here are some tips: *Protect* your hands by wearing gloves for work such as gardening, laundering. *Cream* your hands and put on a pair of white cotton gloves to wear when you are out walking, wheeling baby, shopping, and even sleeping. Distribute your hand lotion and creams around the house as constant reminders, and *use them* quickly every time you take your hands out of water. Always *dry your hands* thoroughly to prevent chapping and roughness. Spend two minutes before bedtime giving your hands a deep, stirring massage with cream *(Continued on Page 253)*



It's all in a day's Work

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Cynthia McAdoo, one of the Journal's young fashion editorial assistants, has a "full-time" (sometimes fifteen-hour-a-day) job. In the language of the trade, she goes "into the market" from New York to California, helps set up a "sitting," sees models, "pins them in" the clothes, lunches with a telephone in one hand and a sandwich in the other, often ends the day at a late "collection" or a photographic studio.

Her own clothes reflect the fashions she sees—but with her own touches. She could live in sweaters, night and day, wears them with "globs" of pearls, an armful of gold bracelets, a scarf pinned or tied a new way every day. She'd be lost without her jersey dress, her big gold safety pin, her collection of skirts—jersey, tie-silk or cotton for day, shantung or taffeta for evening—worn with white or bright-colored shirts or a pet sweater. She chooses a dress for its "line" and what she can "do with it," pulls in her practically invisible waistline with a patent-leather belt or a gay sash. Her gloves are short washable cottons, her shoes often red kid, natural linen or raffia with "walking" heels, her bag the latest "find."

Like the rest of our fashion staff, she travels a lot, always has one good suit and a cross-country coat which goes with everything in her wardrobe. Pursued by the inevitable "dead line," she can pack all these adaptable clothes and doodads in a half hour in one suitcase—to catch a plane, ship or train.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEOMBRUNO · BODI

athia, in her braid-trimmed cashmere sweater, dresses a del for our fashion editor, Wilhela Cushman, to see.



Summer two-piece, $49.95: polka-dot silk skirt, linen shirt, red shoes.

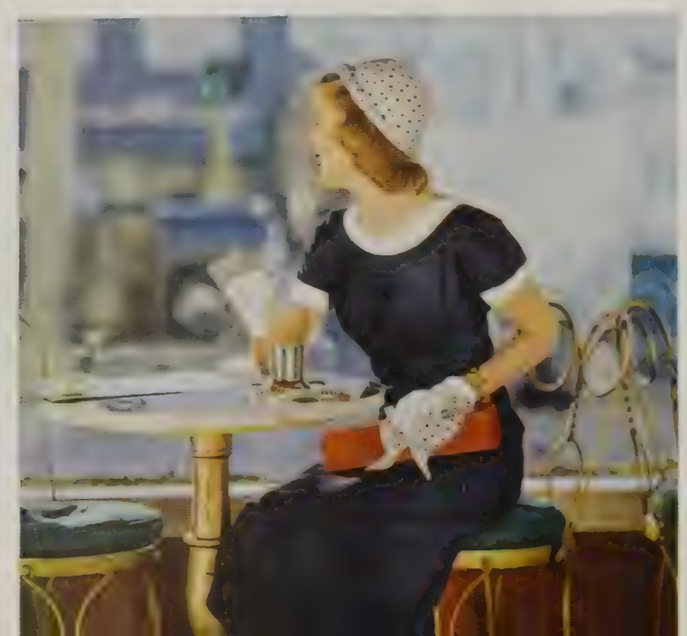


PHOTOGRAPH BY LEOMBRUNO · BODI

Selecting hats at Mr. John's: velvet-collared suit for spring, fall, travel.



Cotton-tweed skirt, $29.95; short cardigan, about $22.95.

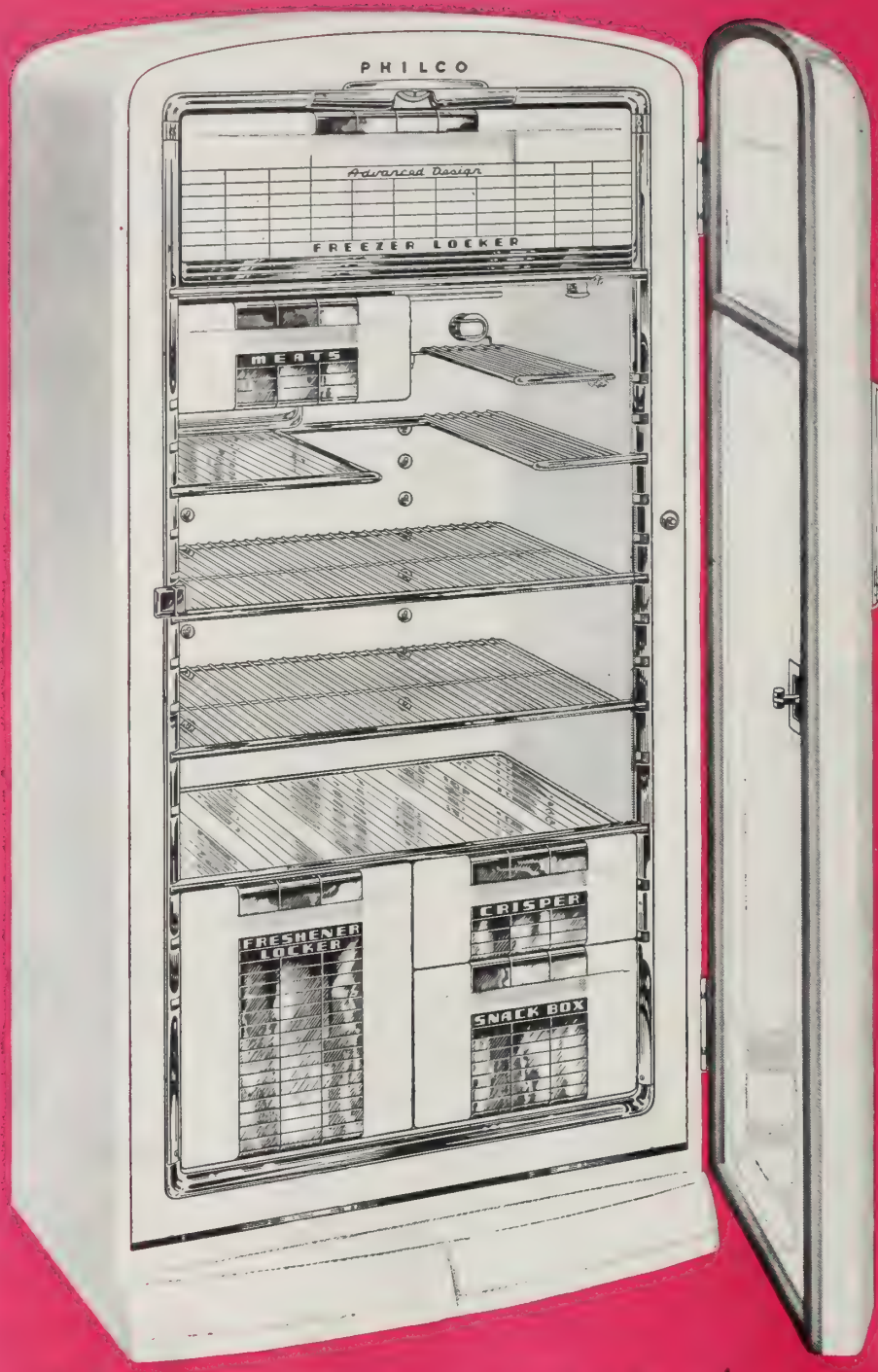


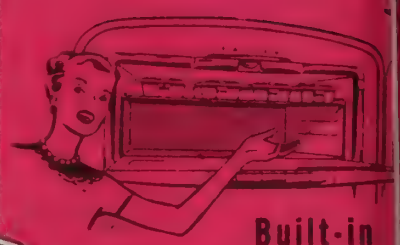
Quick milk shake, hectic day. Navy-blue rayon linen dress, around $17.95; cloche, $7.95; scarf, $1.95.

PHILCO

FOR 1949 BRINGS YOU

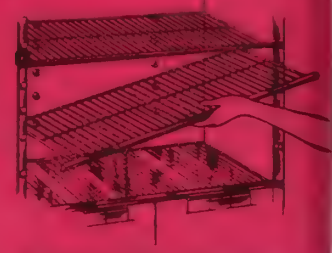
New Triumphs OF Advanced Design IN Refrigeration





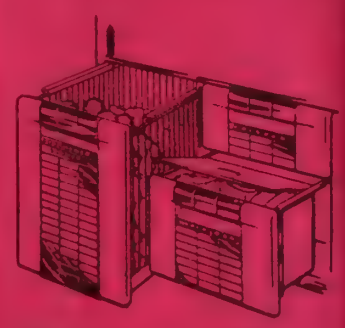
Built-in Home Freezer with Zero Zone Temperatures

Huge, unobstructed, frozen food freezer space at real Zero Zone temperatures . . . separate, fast-freezing, ice tray shelf.



Adjustable Shelves

Completely flexible shelf adjustability, arrange the shelves to suit your needs. Accommodate any size and shape food.



Freshener Locker and Snack Box

Jumbo Freshener Locker for storing beverages and bulky foods. Snack Box for cheeses, spreads, sandwiches—or butter. Guards against odor transfer.

Every Inch a Refrigerator... right down to the floor!

New triumphs of Philco engineering give you the first true down-to-the-floor refrigerator ever built. Every inch of cabinet space is used for real refrigeration, bringing you a huge increase in capacity with no increase in size . . . plus Advanced Design features new to refrigeration . . . sensational extra value. Before you buy, COMPARE. See the amazing Philco 1095 today.

10 Cubic Foot Capacity in the Cabinet Size of the Usual "8"



Revolutionary Achievement in a Low Priced Refrigerator

PHILCO 794 . . . The greatest ADVANCED feature in refrigeration now yours in a low priced refrigerator, a full width frozen food compartment, at a saving of $70 to $100. Adjustable Shelves; 2 Crispers; Cold Storage Tray and, more fully usable space than any other refrigerator in its size and at its price.

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Come Into Our Kitchen





Betty Gray, of the Journal food staff, checking in the supplies for our week's budget meals. At left, an artist's sketch of our return from the shopping trip.

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

CKSTAGE of the JOURNAL food pages is our URNAL food kitchen. You know we cook and hat we cook if you read the JOURNAL. Ours is chen much like yours, except that it's —big enough for four or five people to work ne time. It's not a scientific laboratory but a ome kitchen in every respect. We measure the lients in a recipe by cups and tablespoonfuls— not weigh them in grams. We serve meals— f them—often many more than your three a snack luncheons for busy editors, party lunch- when they entertain writers. Our JOURNAL y is large enough so we never lack for tasters. come to taste but stay to eat. We have a cooky nd have the same trouble you do keeping it We cope with unexpected guests, borrow when we have a big party. We bake birthday for staff members; honor engagements and ings; never miss making a big batch of fruit- to divide at Christmas. We believe in the s of home, and though we have homes of our our JOURNAL kitchen is home to us too.

e cook with our hearts as well as with our s. When we develop a recipe, we make sure every detail is foolproof, and we like to think e compliments you will have when you serve ur families and friends are guinea pigs too. n we have pronounced a recipe or a menu per- we try it out on our families at home. If y Gray's young son, Stevie, laps up a new cereal bination, or our husbands make favorable re- ks about a new dish, we feel more confident ever that it will please your families too.

eaders who write us for help know that it will iven. We know about your daughter's wed- —didn't we plan the menu for the wedding kfast? We think about those of you who have t meals in a hurry, when we get home from the e and do the very same thing. We are more than pathetic when you write that you just can't e your food money go around—that you get so l of cooking the same foods.

ecently we had an SOS from a reader. There four in the family—a boy, nine, a girl, twelve. nty-five dollars has to suffice for a week's food. entire family is home for all meals. This stimu- us to see what we could do on a similar budget.

Following the Government guide to an adequate diet for a family with school children, at moderately low cost, we listed the quantities of foods needed by all four members of the family for good nutrition. Next we planned the meals based on these needed foods with one eye on the price list. Because choice is limited where money is short, we tried to make the meals as interesting as possible. Changes had to be made here and there where we'd splurged too much. It takes considerable figuring, as you well know who do it week after week. Checking again on the nutrition provided, we found that we had actually managed better nutritionally than the basic requirements for an adequate diet.

Next we went shopping in a supermarket, discussing our purchases and choices as we went up and down the aisles. If some foods were cheaper than the ones we'd planned, we changed the menu on the spot. We chose the best we could afford at the time we shopped. When our shopping bags were full—we had six—we loaded everything into a taxi, not having a car as you perhaps do. Back in the Workshop, everything was unbundled and stowed away in a refrigerator and a cupboard, emptied on purpose for this project.

Then came the true test of the goodness of the meals. Each meal through the week was cooked and served and eaten. We made notes of our staff family's comments: wouldn't a little more orange rind improve the pudding—wouldn't the fish taste better with a little less bay leaf? We hoarded any leftovers and usables often thrown away. Even the core of the cabbage and tough ends of kale were added to the soup bag. Changes were made in the recipes and menus. We discovered our family wanted more milk than we'd allowed. We had bought more margarine than needed—we couldn't afford butter in these particular meals. We borrowed and paid back a couple of eggs from a neighboring refrigerator instead of an actual neighbor. When Friday's good Clearance Soup, made from next to nothing, was finished, it was a thrill to discover that we'd saved a few cents from our estimate—extra pennies for next week's kitty.

No, it's never dull in the food kitchen. There's always something cooking, and sooner or later it comes to you through the pages of the JOURNAL.

Here are the menus and key recipes. Menus are planned for a family of four: two adults and two children—a girl twelve years, a boy nine years. Limit, $25 a week. Actual cost—$24.35 [mid-March].

FRIDAY

Dinner

***Creamed Eggs and Fish—Spinach**
***Potato Puffs**
Bread and Margarine
Sliced Oranges—Grapefruit Sections
Milk—children Coffee—adults

CREAMED EGGS AND FISH—SPINACH

Hard-cook, shell and slice 2 eggs. Simmer 1 pound haddock, cod or other fish fillets (whatever happens to be cheapest in your market at the time) in 1 cup milk with 1 slice onion and ¼ bay leaf. Drain—save fish liquid. Remove onion and bay leaf and flake the fish.

Make 2 cups medium cream sauce, using the fish liquor for part of the milk. Add eggs and fish and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Clean and wash 1¼ pounds fresh spinach. Cook just until wilted in just the water that clings to the leaves, adding salt, of course. Drain (save any liquid in jar). Chop and season with salt, pepper and 3 tablespoons margarine. Arrange in bottom of a shallow casserole or ovenproof platter. Cover with creamed eggs and fish. Sprinkle with grated cheese and put in hot oven, 425° F., to brown, about 15 minutes.

POTATO PUFFS

To 1½ cups mashed potatoes add 2 well-beaten eggs, ¾ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon baking powder. Reseason, adding ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and a little grated onion. When nearly ready to serve, drop by spoonfuls in deep hot fat, 390° F., until golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper. Keep hot in the oven with the fish until all are fried.

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
***Farina with Apricots**
Toast—Margarine—Jam or Jelly
Milk—children Coffee—adults

FARINA WITH APRICOTS

To 1 recipe farina for 4 add ½ cup dried apricots cut in strips. Cook as usual.

Lunch

Canned Cream-of-Chicken and Celery Soup
Boston-Brown-Bread-Pimento-Cheese Sandwiches
Canned Applesauce
***Orange Cookies**
Milk for all

Use canned condensed soup. Add equal amount of water. For sandwiches, use canned brown bread—soft-spreading pimento cream cheese.

(Continued on Page 206)

Journal Garden

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRATT • DESIGNED BY JAMES C. RO



Decorated with cypress vine, dwarf marigolds and fig trees, this garden is a Journal-first idea from trellis, pools and paving to sunken sand pit.

Project

By RICHARD PRATT



Garden editor and Project manager, Ben Horowitz, in greenhouse.

Two hours out in the country from the Workshop, the JOURNAL operates a unique open-air studio of several acres, complete with workrooms, greenhouses and flower fields, where garden ideas grow along with the plants to make our pictures.

A GREAT photographer who used to take pictures at the Garden Project happened to speak of it one day as a horticultural Hollywood, which would make it appear more glamorous than it actually is, but serves to give some notion of what the place is like. The performance the Project really puts on, however, goes far behind the photographs like that of the garden for parents and children on the opposite page; it rehearses season after season for each picture, developing the ideas and testing the plants, trying out the structures from year to year, and watching how everything works and looks, until it is right for the camera. By that time we have learned a great deal about each garden we do, and can pass along the information, as certain of its soundness as the homemaking department is of the rightness of the recipes behind the JOURNAL food pictures.

The mother-and-daughter garden here is a good example of what I mean. Take the cypress vine, for instance, which climbs up and over the trellis-arbor to make a feathery screen between the grownups' part and the play space. This is a fast-growing annual vine that springs from a row of seeds sown as soon as settled warm weather arrives. Well, the first season, no sooner was it nicely started, two feet high, than its succulent filigree foliage was eaten right off to the roots one night by what we figure were either rabbits or woodchucks; anyhow, it was too late to make another planting that summer. The second season we used a little temporary wire-mesh protection, and the vines got off to a good start, but then wound themselves tightly around the uprights and rafters—simply wouldn't spread to make the even screen we wanted. We tried stretching string between the supports, but again too late: the vines' minds were already made up for that year as to how they'd grow, but we could tell the string idea would work.

So the third season, with the vines fortified for the first few weeks against rodents and provided with a pretty pattern of twine to which they took like magic, we finally got the effect you see in the picture.

(Continued on Page 260)

Landscape architect James C. Rose, garden editor and Project manager set up future tea garden.





ENTERTAINMENT ROOMS

At the Journal Workshop

Visitors enjoy the new-type color schemes used in our entertainment rooms. On the left, Persian violet contrasts the sea-blue backgrounds, with dark floors silhouetting the light furniture. Notice the informal charm of arrangements that curve into friendly circles to make plenty of room for moving guests.

Black violet is the name of the new color used as the basis of our dining-room scheme. The sharp pink chairs give a party look in contrast to the darker backgrounds. The room is used for luncheons and teas and is equipped with silver and china, as in a home.



In these pleasant rooms our editors get together with JOURNAL writers and artists, old friends and visiting celebrities for occasional tea and talk. In step with the times, these rooms are friendly, yet spirited, expressing somewhat the lively temperament of the JOURNAL pages themselves. For gala occasions there are lots of flowers, picturesque cakes and sandwiches from JOURNAL kitchens, and additional touches to lend a party air. Guests like the surprise of finding decorated rooms thirty stories above the street with busy editors laying down their pencils to pour tea and visit sociably.

PHOTOS BY EZRA STOLLER



A paneled wall of black lacquer with sprays of delicately carved and painted garden flowers centers interest in this end of our entertainment room. As an art feature it charmingly decorates the unbroken wall and as background pleasantly contrasts the lighter furnishings.

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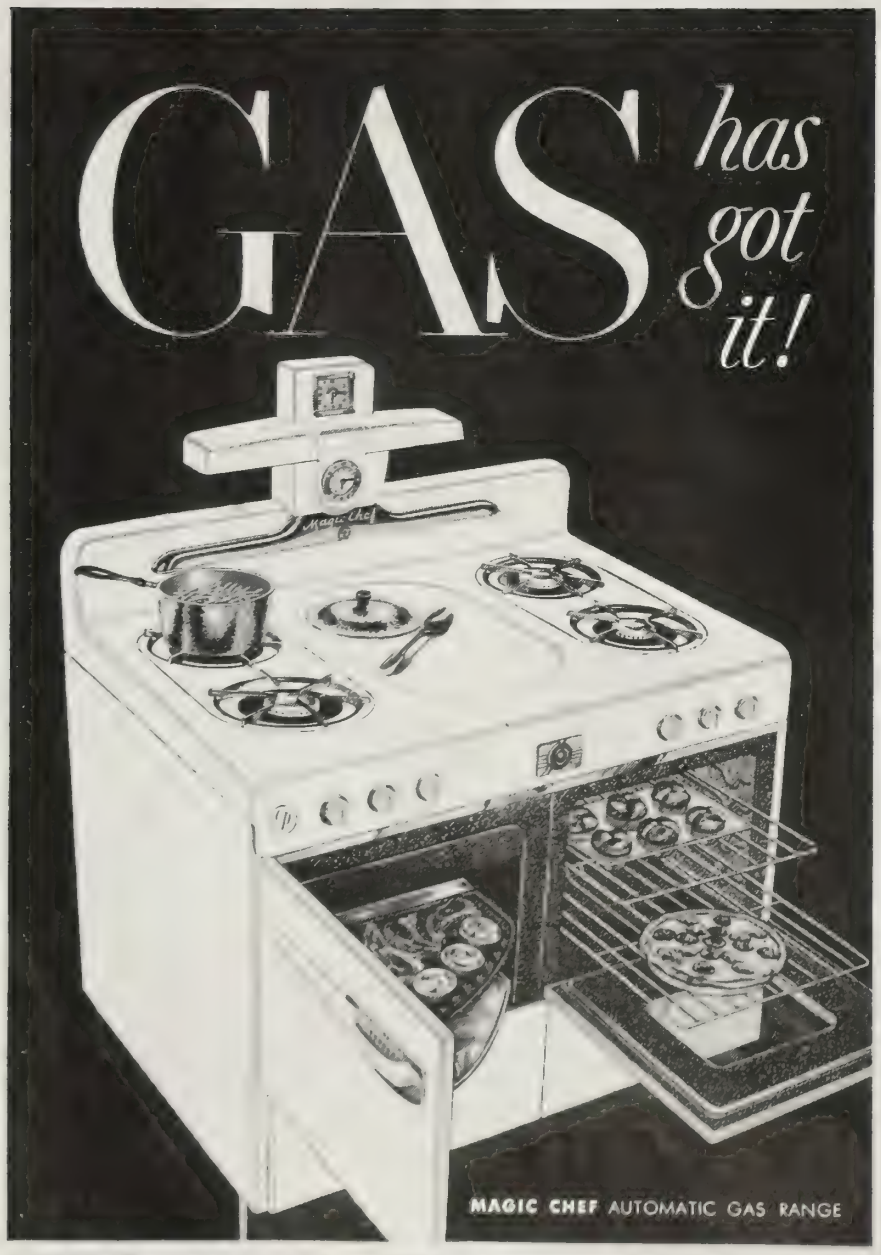
New Automatic speed! Top burners, oven, broiler—*everything* lights to full heat instantly—without matches!



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AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

COME INTO OUR KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 201)

ORANGE COOKIES

Sift 2½ cups flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon baking soda. Cream ½ cup shortening with 1 cup sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg. Beat until fluffy. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with ½ cup sour milk or buttermilk and ¼ cup orange juice. Add ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind. Mix well and drop by teaspoonfuls several inches apart onto greased cooky sheets. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 10–12 minutes.

Remove from pans—frost while warm with an orange glaze. This is optional if you haven't time—but it adds to the attractiveness and flavor of this cooky. Blend ½ pound confectioners' sugar with 4 tablespoons orange juice. Add ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind.

Makes 5 dozen. Those that aren't eaten for regular meals will be good after-school snacks later in the week.

Dinner

***Pork Shoulder Steaks Creole**
Mashed Potatoes
Green Beans with Corn
Coleslaw
Bread and Margarine
Canned Apricots—Orange Cookies
Milk—children
Coffee—adults

PORK SHOULDER STEAKS CREOLE

Have 4 pork shoulder steaks cut from the blade at the market. Because of the bone, these will weigh 1½–2 pounds altogether, but will still be less expensive than buying loin chops. Dust chops with flour. Brown in 1 tablespoon hot drippings. Season on both sides, using ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons salt. Add ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and ¼ cup water. Cover and simmer 1½ hours, adding 2 cups canned tomatoes in last half hour of cooking. Remove meat. Skim off excess fat. Thicken gravy with 1½ tablespoons flour, blended smooth with ½ cup cold water. Add meat and simmer 5 minutes.

CHOCOLATE-CHIP CAKE

Cream ½ cup shortening with 1 cup su[gar] until light and fluffy. Add ¾ teaspoon va[nilla] and ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring. Sift [2] cups cake flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 3 [tea]spoons baking powder. Add alternately [with] creamed mixture with 1 cup milk. Be[at] egg whites until they stand in peaks. Ad[d] cup sugar by spoonfuls, beating well a[fter] each addition. Fold into batter. Last, fol[d in] 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, sha[ved]

Grease bottoms of two 9-inch layer-c[ake] pans. Line bottoms with wax paper [and] grease paper. Pour in batter. Bake layers [in] moderately ho. oven, 375° F., 20–25 m[in]utes. Cool and frost with creamy choco[late] frosting.

CREAMY CHOCOLATE FROSTING

Heat 4 tablespoons cocoa and ½ tablesp[oon] margarine with ½ cup milk. Beat u[ntil] smooth. Add [2] cups sugar to 2 w[ell] beaten egg yo[lks] and stir into cho[co]late mixture. C[ook] about 10 minute[s] until thick, stir[ring] frequently. Rem[ove] from heat, add 1 [tea]blespoon marga[rine] and 1 teaspoon [va]nilla. Allow to [cool] without stirring [un]til lukewarm; t[hen] beat with a sp[oon] until thick eno[ugh] to spread on ca[ke]. Be careful not [to] get it too thick o[r] will be like fud[ge]. Fill, frost top a[nd] sides of two 9-in[ch] layers.

A Quaker Family

HOW can a man know what the good life is and achieve it for himself and his family? Like many another young American, John Hunt had pursued this question through the restless years of the '30's. Pursued it in such jobs as radio announcer, advertising salesman and Methodist preacher. In a brief, not happy, marriage.

But today, he has triumphantly found the answer in a home, a profession and a faith. The home is a 35-acre Pennsylvania farm where he and his second wife, Mary, raise a family of four and most of their own food. The profession is serving as principal and teacher in a small local school. And the faith is that of the Quakers, to whose sect he was admitted in 1942.

Roger Butterfield tells the story of a couple who found purpose in their world and peace with themselves.

The Hunts, of Downingtown, Pa.

How America Lives

In the June Journal

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Bananas on Ready-to-eat Cereal
Scrambled Eggs
Corn Bread—Table Sirup
Milk—children Coffee—adults

Dinner

Carrot Sticks—Celery Bites
Roast Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb
Browned Potatoes—Gravy—Peas
Bread and Margarine
Jellied Fruit Squares
***Chocolate-Chip Cake**
Milk—children Coffee—adults

Use pimento cheese left from Saturday's lunch to stuff 1-inch pieces of celery. Have a 5-pound shoulder of lamb boned. Stuff with bread stuffing. Brown bones with roast—take out before putting potatoes in with roast. Cool—wrap and save for soup.

MONDAY

Breakfast

Stewed Prunes
Hot Oatmeal
Toast and Margarine
Milk—children Coffee—adults

Lunch

Cream-of-Tomato Soup
Leftover Fruit Salad with Sliced Oran[ges]
and Stuffed Prunes
Bread-and-Margarine Sandwiches
Cookies—Milk for all.

Dinner

***Skillet Supper**
Hot Biscuits
Celery, Carrot and Cabbage Salad
***Baked Rhubarb Tapioca Pudding**
Milk—children Tea *or* Coffee—adu[lts]

HOT CALIFORNIA SANDWICHES

Grate ¾ cup chee[se]. Dice 1 mediu[m] sized tomato. Ch[op] 1 small onion an[d] tablespoons gr[een] pepper. Combine green pepper, cheese, [to]mato and onion. Add 2 teaspoons vinegar, [½] teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon chili powder, d[ash] of pepper. Blend together. Butter 4 sli[ces] toast. Spread with mixture right to the ed[ge]. Place sandwiches on baking sheet and b[roil] under moderate heat until cheese melts.

(Continued on Page 208)

Make cooking more fun for mother!

(GIFTS FOR MOTHER'S DAY, MAY 8)



It's FUN to watch things come out right!

Give Pyrex Ware for Mother's Day . . . Mother will love watching what's going on inside the saucepan! She'll *see* when the cooking's done just right . . . soups heated to just-before-the-boil . . . muffins a perfect golden-brown all over . . . tea a rich and glorious amber. She'll get more fun out of cooking with Pyrex Ware!

PYREX SAUCEPAN 1½-quart size **$2.25**



It's FUN to show off the food at the table!

Mother'll bring the food to the table right in the dish she cooked in! Pyrex Ware is so good-looking, it goes with her nicest china. And food looks so wonderful through the glass, it's bound to raise the family appetites. Pyrex Ware really holds the heat, keeps food piping-hot for second helpings.

PYREX CASSEROLE (2-qt.) pie-plate cover **98¢**



It's FUN to find the EXTRA uses!

Give Mother a Pyrex Refrigerator Set . . . she'll find the big dish makes a handsome casserole. She'll use her Pyrex Mixing Bowl for salads . . . her Pyrex Percolator to cook asparagus, serve iced coffee, make cocoa. She'll find a dozen uses for every Pyrex dish. Pyrex Ware won't stain, won't hold flavors from one food to the next.

PYREX REFRIGERATOR SET 4 covered dishes **$2.95**



It's FUN to save dishwashing time!

Pyrex Ware means fewer things to wash. (It goes right to the table, then to the refrigerator to hold the leftovers. One dish serves as three!) Dishwashing time is shorter, too, because sturdy Pyrex Ware is so easy to clean! With its smooth surface, rounded corners, practical design, there's just no place for dirt to hide.

PYREX WELL-AND-TREE PLATTER **$1.50**

Get Pyrex Flameware for the top of your stove...



Double Boiler $3.45



6-cup Percolator $2.95

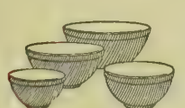


2-qt. Saucepan $2.45



Teapot $1.95

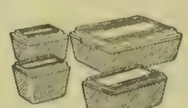
Get Pyrex Ovenware for baking and roasting...



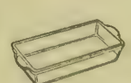
Colored Bowl Set $2.95



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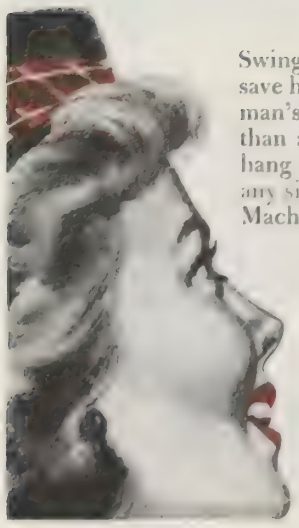


Turn a tap and Easy double-rinses a full load right in the spinning basket. Takes just 3 minutes. Uses just 3 gallons of warm water. Then the famous Easy spinner damp-dries your clothes ...as much as 25% drier than any wringer.



New!

NEW...with Swing Faucets and Two-tub Action



Swing a faucet to fill and empty tub, rinse, or save hot suds for re-use. Thrifty as a Scotchman's dream. A week's wash done in less than an hour. Clothes are lighter, easier to hang up, dry faster. Portable? Wheel it to any sink! See Easy *in action!* Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, N. Y.



Every day more women say-"It's EASY for me!"

(Continued from Page 206)

SKILLET SUPPER

Open 1 can pork or veal luncheon meat. Cut into cubes. Sauté in 1 tablespoon fat. Add 1 can whole-kernel corn, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, ¼ cup diced green pepper, 1 onion, chopped, and 1 can condensed mushroom soup. Mix well. Add 1 cup water and blend smooth. Heat well and serve on hot biscuits.

BAKED RHUBARB TAPIOCA PUDDING

Combine ¼ cup quick-cooking tapioca, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1¾ cups water in saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Dice 1 pound rhubarb. Sprinkle with ¼ cup sugar. Dot with 2 tablespoons margarine and sprinkle with ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Pour hot tapioca mixture over rhubarb. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., 30 minutes, or until tapioca is transparent and rhubarb cooked. Pudding can be cooling while you bake biscuits.

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit Juice
Ready-to-eat Cereal
Toast and Margarine
Milk—children
Coffee—adults

Lunch

Macaroni and Cheese
Cooked Green-Bean Salad
Raw Apples
Milk for all

Dinner

*Lamb Stew with Parsley Dumplings
Green Salad
Bread and Margarine
*Baked Orange Pudding
Milk—children
Coffee—adults

LAMB STEW

Cut leftover roast lamb into 1-inch cubes (there won't be much stuffing left). There should be about 2 cups. If more—fine. Brown in 2 tablespoons shortening. Drain off excess fat. Add 1½ cups water and any leftover lamb gravy, 1 clove garlic, minced, 1 onion, chopped. Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Add 1 cup cubed, peeled potatoes, 1 cup diced, scraped carrots and additional water, if needed. Cook until vegetables are tender. Reseason. Bring to boil. Drop dumplings on vegetables. Cover and steam 15 minutes. Lift dumplings onto platter. Thicken stew, if desired. Serve stew in center.

PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

Sift 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder together. Crumble in 1 tablespoon shortening very fine and add 1 cup milk and ¼ cup chopped parsley all at once, mixing with fork and using as few strokes as possible. Bring stew to boil. Drop dumplings on vegetables. Cover tightly and cook over moderate heat 15 minutes. Don't be tempted to remove lid during this time or your dumplings will be soggy and not light and fluffy as they should be.

BAKED ORANGE PUDDING

Slice or section 3 peeled oranges into bottom of baking dish. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons sugar. Prepare 1 package vanilla pudding according to package directions. Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind; cool. Pour this mixture over oranges. Make a meringue with 2 egg whites and pinch of salt and 4 tablespoons sugar. Heap onto pudding. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 10 minutes. Cool and serve.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Song for a May Morning

BY BETTE RICHART

Cherish not the dream of love.
  The remotest bird
Flying the clear cold heights
  Could be caught and heard

Speaking of well-known things
  In a familiar way,
Ere love, the alien and winged
  Could be pledged to stay

In even the highest tree;
  For the lure of space
Would call him back too soon
  From this narrow place;

And in a blowing cloud
  Of music like bright rain
The snared one would escape,
  Not to be caught again.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Ready-to-eat Cereal
Toast and Margarine—Jam or Jelly
Scrambled Eggs
Milk—children Coffee—adults

Lunch

*Rice-and-Cheese Custard
Raw-Spinach-and-Carrot Salad
Bread and Margarine
*Molasses Cookies
Milk for all

RICE-AND-CHEESE CUSTARD

Cook 1 cup washed rice in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with boiling water. Add 2 beaten eggs and 1 cup milk, ½ cup finely chopped parsley, 2 medium onions, chopped, 6 tablespoons melted margarine and 1 cup grated cheese. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Pour into casserole and bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 45 minutes or until set. This can be baked in square pan and cut into squares for serving.

MOLASSES COOKIES

Cream ½ cup shortening and ½ cup sugar. Add ½ cup molasses. Sift 1 cup flour with 2 teaspoons baking soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon ginger and ½ teaspoon cloves. Add alternately to creamed mixture with ½ cup sour milk. Mix and add 1¾ cups flour. Chill dough.

Drop by spoonfuls several inches apart on greased cooky sheets. Press each spoonful down with fork dipped in flour. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in moderate oven, 350° F. about 10-12 minutes. Makes 5 dozen small or 3 dozen larger cookies.

Dinner

*Scalloped Potatoes and Hamburger
Bread and Margarine
Mixed-Vegetable Salad—Dressing
*Fudge Bread Pudding
Milk—children Coffee—adults

SCALLOPED POTATOES AND HAMBURGER

Sauté ½ pound hamburger and 1 cup sliced onions in 2 tablespoons shortening until meat is browned—don't let onions burn. Peel and slice 6 potatoes very thin. Arrange potatoes and meat and onions in layers, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper and flour—about 3 tablespoons flour in all. Heat 3 cups milk in pan in which meat was browned. Pour over potatoes. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 1–1½ hours or until potatoes are tender.

FUDGE BREAD PUDDING

Heat 3 cups milk and ½ cup cocoa in double boiler. Beat with rotary beater until well blended. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅔ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon margarine and 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Pour over 2 slightly beaten egg yolks (leftover) gradually. Add 6 slices stale bread cut in ½-inch cubes. Pour into greased baking dish. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30–40 minutes or until set.

(Continued on Page 210)



..see no evil

Lady, a better way *not* to see ugly toilet bowl stains is to chase them away. Get rid of invisible, germy film, too. Use Sani-Flush. Cleans toilet bowls fast without scrubbing. Disinfects, also.

Safe in *all* toilet systems. Works in hard or soft water. At your grocer's—two sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

GET TWO CANS TODAY

(whatever is cheapest—cod and haddock cheapest at time we shopped); 2 lbs. shoulder blade pork chops (cut into 4 big chops); 1 can pork or veal luncheon meat (12 oz.); 8 oz. hamburger; 1 lb. beef kidney; 5 lbs. shoulder of lamb. Of the meats and fish, cuts are boneless, with exception of pork chops and lamb shoulder. Total quantity of solid meat would about come out even with 7¼ lbs. needed.

Fats and oils

Minimum nutritional need—6¼ lbs. Used—5 lbs 13 oz. Cost— 1.92.... 3 lbs. margarine; 1 lb. 12 oz. vegetable shortening (a portion of this was used for frying potato puffs and can be reused for frying as a dividend another week); 2 oz. bacon; 2 oz. salad oil; 13 oz. salad dressing. (NOTE: Though the above is 7 oz. less than requirement, additional whole milk used would make up for additional fat needed.

Milk, cheese

Minimum nutritional needs—19 qts. Used—26 qts. Cost—$4.95. . . 1 lb. 4 oz. Cheddar cheese; 5 oz. pimento cream cheese; 3 oz. cream cheese; seven 14½-oz. cans evaporated milk; 13 qts. fresh milk. In figuring your own diet, 1 oz. cheese is equivalent to 1 cup milk. 17 ounces by weight of evaporated milk, when diluted with an equal quantity of water, may be counted as equivalent to 1 qt. milk in food value. For additional savings, you could substitute part dry skim milk, but it is not equivalent to whole milk in food value, because it lacks the butterfat.

Flours, cereals and meals

Minimum nutritional need—13 lbs. 4 oz. Used—13 lbs. 14 oz. Cost $2.14. . . . 3 lbs flour; 8 oz. cake flour; 1 can Boston brown bread (1 lb.); 6 oz. rice; 8 oz. macaroni; 8 oz. corn meal; 1 package muffin mix (10 oz.); 8 oz. oatmeal; 1 package assorted ready-to-eat cereal (10 individual packages—1 oz. each); 4 oz. farina; 2 loaves whole-wheat bread (2 lbs.); 3 loaves white bread (3 lbs.) 1 loaf rye bread (1 lb.).

Sugars and sweets

Minimum nutritional need—3½ lbs. Used—6½ lbs. Cost—$.89. . . . 4 lbs. sugar; 12 oz. grape jelly; 8 oz. confectioners' sugar; 4 oz. brown sugar; 8 oz. molasses; 8 oz. table sirup.

Miscellaneous foods. Cost—$1.66

Many of the following would contribute to the nutritional value provided in the other food groups, but they are grouped together here for practical purposes. 1 can each of condensed cream-of-chicken soup, celery soup, mushroom soup and tomato soup; 1 package vanilla pudding; 2 oz. quick-cooking tapioca; 4 oz. cocoa; 2 oz. unsweetened chocolate; 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin; 4 chicken-bouillon cubes; 1 dill pickle; 1 envelope unflavored gelatin; 1 lb. coffee; 4 tea bags. (More tea and less coffee could be used if desired.) Incidental seasonings, vinegar, mustard, and so on. **THE END**

I was very ill when I was married, altogether a wreck on crutches, and in an old jacket the crutches had worn to rags. I had asked my friends, Mr. Graham Wallis and Mr. Henry Salt, to act as witnesses, and of course in honor of the occasion they were dressed in their best clothes. The registrar never imagined that I could possibly be the bridegroom: he took me for the inevitable beggar who completes all wedding processions. Wallis, who is considerably over six feet high, seemed to him to be the hero of the occasion, and he was proceeding to marry him calmly to my betrothed, when Wallis, thinking the formula rather strong for a mere witness, hesitated at the last moment and left the prize to me.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.



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Just *that* easy—and in only minutes—your entire floor care job is finished. Your floors are brighter, cleaner, more lustrously lovely, unharmed by the destructive effects of soap and water. And *you*, you're fresh as the moment you started. Happily free of the fatigue and backaches of old-fashioned floor scrubbing and waxing. No wonder thousands of smart homemakers are switching to modern Bruce floor care. You will too!

Bruce Floor Products are featured at all leading stores. The Bruce Doozit is only $1.89. Extra pads, 19c each. Bruce Floor Cleaner, 68c quart and $2.10 gallon.



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As friendly as the kitchen next door, although planned for practical research in homemaking, these Journal kitchens work full time for millions.

Journal Kitchens

By GLADYS TABER

THE JOURNAL HOUSEHOLD KITCHENS have almost every device and gadget you could dream of, for our busy staff experiments with all types of equipment under conditions as much like those in any reader's new kitchen as possible. With kitchens and problems of our own, we are as eager to know the answers as you are. From ranges to freezing materials, mixers to refrigerators, juicers to waffle irons, nothing is too large or small to be put through its paces. The kitchen has both electric and gas units. Equipment is checked and rechecked for value to homemakers, then replaced as new appliances appear in the proving ground. Although a network of conduits and pipes leading to dials and meters which record data is concealed in the wall, the kitchen itself has a homey feeling. A happy, busy background in which I'm sure you would be glad to share in the work with the household equipment of today and tomorrow.



EVERY DAY IS WASHDAY in the JOURNAL laundry! But the girls have everything that's made to work with. All types of washers, ironers, driers, irons and boards; new soaps, detergents, starches and cleaning materials are used here in order to keep up with all the new things that eventually find their way into your homes. JOURNAL workers, from editors to photographers, come to the laundry to ask how to wash a fancy sweater or blouse, to have a spot removed, a skirt pressed or even a shirt laundered! Behind this everyday washing are concealed devices which record the amounts and the temperature of the water used and the evenness of temperatures of irons and ironers. Green, blue and coral accent this laundry designed to do away with washday backache.

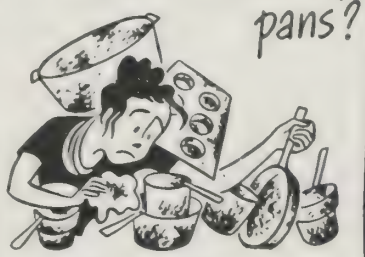
PHOTOS BY STUART



IN THE FOOD KITCHEN we can have our cake and eat it too! Here recipes for the magazine are born, new food ideas, new food products tried out. . . . This is a living cookbook—with two complete kitchen centers for adventures in cooking. One day such elegancies as a strawberry mousse (perhaps for your daughter's wedding) may be concocted in one half of the kitchen, while in the other, quick and easy dishes are being cooked and served. In the eating corner, JOURNAL recipes and menus must pass their real test. There is always an eager group of tasters and eaters willing to give the final proof of the pudding! . . . Instead of a pleasant view of a neighbor's garden, our skyscraper kitchen faces on the sunny south terrace with its distant view of the harbor. Pink, gray, green and white make a gracious scheme for this, *the busiest kitchen in town!*



Buried under scorchy pans?



Stop sloshing messy, scorchy pans with a limp, greasy dishrag! Let Brillo do your dirty work. Brillo cleans pots and pans shiny-bright in a flash!

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★ GREEN box — pads and cake soap
★ RED box — soap-filled pads



Shines aluminum fast!

HOW THE JOURNAL LIVES

(Continued from Page 194)

Fashion pages are the last ones to go in the JOURNAL. They are run through the presses just long enough before the magazine is actually in your hands so that the costumes displayed on JOURNAL pages are on sale in the dress shops throughout the U.S.A. But the selling of clothes is not the JOURNAL's motivating interest. The slavish following of fashion—the continual hunt for the "latest thing"—is a trivial and costly pursuit. What the JOURNAL tries to show is that simplicity and taste are always in fashion, that ingenuity and good grooming—the polished shoe, the straight seam, the brushed shoulder—count far more than the size of your pocketbook. Whether it is a $650 gown by Christian Dior, or a moderately priced ready-to-wear gray jersey, or a pattern you can make yourself with 79-cent calico, the JOURNAL puts them all to one test: is it a distinguished dress, not so extreme as to "date" quickly, easy to change with accessories? Does it exemplify the becoming and the beautiful?

No other JOURNAL department can approach the total mileage walked by the fashion staff. You know yourself how weary you can be after one day's shopping. The fashion staff spends days and days going from showroom to showroom, from floor to floor, sifting out with a sure and practiced eye what is new and what is good. As many as 1000 spring costumes may be seen before 25 are selected. Then, when these dresses are at the JOURNAL and the models chosen, the staff is sent flying into the market for handbags, shoes, belts, artificial flowers, scarfs, blouses and jewelry.

Nora O'Leary, a Massachusetts Art School graduate, heads the JOURNAL Pattern Department. Her assistants, at two sewing machines and a pressing board, make up the patterns Miss O'Leary selects from Vogue Patterns or designs herself—first in muslin, then in various fabrics, choosing colors and textures with infinite care. Thus all the snags and hitches in the design are thoroughly ironed out before the pattern is offered to JOURNAL readers.

When Miss O'Leary designed a pattern for a page called Two Hours Plus Two Yards Makes a Dress, she handed two yards of material to several secretaries about the office, conducted them to a sewing machine, and timed their amateur efforts. When she features a page of make-overs they are actual out-of-date clothes languishing in the closets of the JOURNAL staff before her ideas skillfully modernize them. Some of the best-dressed girls about the office sport suits lengthened by contrasting yokes, and dresses nearer the ground by several rows of braid or ball fringe.

DAWN CROWELL NORMAN, Beauty Editor, has the distinction of being one of the youngest and prettiest in the business; she was just 24 when Louise Paine Benjamin became a contributing editor and Dawn took over this entire JOURNAL department. Dawn (her real name, by the way) was hired as a receptionist, soon caught Mrs. Cushman's eye with some sketches she did for sub-debs. One of the greatest pleasures of her job, according to Dawn, who is a housewife herself when she leaves the office, is "beautifying" How America Lives housewives. She has never seen an HAL housewife yet who made the best of her good points, nor one who, after a strict regimen of dieting, exercise and advice on hair and make-up, didn't gain an immeasurable lift of spirit. "They seem like different people—they stand straighter, their eyes shine, they have ever so much more self-confidence."

Dawn's most ambitious JOURNAL page since she took over the department was one on insomnia: "I read until dawn for a week on how to get a good night's sleep." For three weeks she interviewed psychiatrists and psychologists (including one in Chicago by phone), visited the famous Sleep Shop in a New York specialty store, and secured reams of statistics from insurance companies ("They have statistics on everything") and the Mellon Institute ("They told me the only people who sleep like logs are the insane").

An important part of Mrs. Norman's work is keeping abreast of new research in the beauty field. Home permanents were tried out on willing victims (volunteers) around the office when they were first introduced.

Mrs. Norman also designs many JOURNAL covers. "Sometimes it's seeing a new face or hair-do, sometimes it's a hat." She picks up a simple little red-and-white-checked gingham bonnet lying in a nest of tissue paper on her desk. "Now this, with a white piqué jacket and gingham bag—kind of fresh and pert-looking—it might go. You never know."

Her cover ideas are generally the inspiration of the moment. Once, when casting about for an accent on an ermine muff, she noticed a diamond horseshoe pin on Johnny Watts, head of the JOURNAL messenger room, a former famous jockey, whose advancing years have not impaired his speed on his interoffice errands. It turned out that Johnny's diamond horseshoe was a gift from King Edward VII and looked right at home against the ermine.

Also on the 29th floor of the RKO Building is the JOURNAL's Photography Department, with two full-time photographers and Picture Editor John Morris, who looks incredibly young to have been co-ordinator of all press photographers on the Western Front in World War II. But picture journalism is a relatively new profession; until the mid-thirties photographs were chosen with the idea of dressing up a magazine page, with only a slim connection with editorial content. Today the JOURNAL strives for realism and accuracy. Unwed Mother (June, 1947), an article about illegitimacy, stated that one in twelve children is born out of wedlock. In the JOURNAL picture of twelve babies, one was actually illegitimate and obtained through a foundling home. The child was, of course, in no way identified.

Some of the top photographers in the country have worked on the JOURNAL's How America Lives series—Munkacsi, Robert Capa, Fons Iannelli, to mention a few. The recently published Photographic 1949 devotes 20 pages to reproducing the pictures Mr. Iannelli took of a Harlan County, Kentucky, coal miner. To get these outstanding pictures, the photographer spent two weeks with the family before he even snapped a picture, eating with them, talking with them, and slowly, day by day, gaining their confidence. How America Lives pictures are in the main not posed, the photographer taking over the spare bed, and the extra chair at the dinner table, and blending into the background so successfully that the family finally does not even notice the clicking of a camera.

Hard by the Picture Department in the Workshop is Richard Pratt, Architectural Editor, in his strictly functional office, s rounded by color pictures and plans of h dreds of houses and of the gardens that has created and photographed for the ma zine at the Garden Project described on pa 202 and 203. The house pictures hung on walls and spread out on the worktables re sent not only the great old historical ho that have been going into the Regional Se for the past two and a half years, but finest examples of modern homes from over the country, which Mr. Pratt is prep ing now for publication—each house, old new, having been personally selected by h on location, involving months of travel t and photographing, not to mention mon of research in advance and months of writ afterward. As an instance of the high este in which these JOURNAL houses are he apart from their appearance in the magazi it may be interesting to learn that in the fo of pages, photographic prints and color sli they have been requested, according to M Pratt, by practically every major art m seum and library in the United States, a by scores of colleges and schools for th courses in art and architecture.

LIKE all persons who are successful at th jobs, JOURNAL editors enjoy what they doing. Most of them are young—two thi of the Workshop personnel are thirty or der—and they care for a total of 13 yo children. The majority come from large fa ilies, keep house and do their own cooki Whatever their impressive specialized lege degrees (31 different art schools and leges are represented), their most popu hobbies are knitting, sports and sewing, that order. Music and gardening come next just about the same as with the reade who believe in the magazine they edit.

Mary Bass, who correlates all the myri of activities going on in the Workshop, is fu another housewife away from her desk. Aft a hectic week end caring for her home, hu band and two-year-old son, she is apt to mark with real feeling, "With all the inte ruptions, how do housewives ever get an thing done? You just can't run a home li an office; it's the emotional demands of family which must always come first a make it impossible to run a house on a rigid schedule."

When Cyrus Curtis first started the JOU NAL back in 1883, he wrote, "We propose make it a household necessity—so good, brave, so complete that a young couple wou no more think of going into housekeepi without it than without a cookstove."

When Mrs. Gould was offered the edit ship of the JOURNAL along with her husban in 1935, she accepted on condition that s could spend part of her week at home cari for her family, since she decided early in h marriage that the worst-reared children a the product of nurses and governesses. Hous wives, in the Goulds' opinion, have one the best and most important jobs in t world, and need not only the skills of hom making but an awareness of all the problem outside the four walls of a home which drastically affect their families. Thus t Goulds launched, through the pages of t JOURNAL, the first courageously outspoke attack on syphilis, gained the first country wide support of women for the hot scho lunch, and have consistently brought to the readers the best available information, phy ical and emotional, on health, child guidanc education and political topics of the day.

Everything which goes on in the Work shop, every department page in the JOURNA reflects Mrs. Gould's own personal philos phy of what a housewife can and should b

She says: "I believe it is a woman's job t be as truly womanly as possible. I mean t nourish her family, and to rest them, to guid them, and to encourage them. To be as pretty as possible, as helpful as possible, as loving a possible, so that if the whole rest of the world blacks out, each family has one center warmth and comfort and cheer and toleran good sense."

THE EN

★ ★ ★ ☆ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Spring Song

By Lucile Stubbs Graham

Oh, life is love and love is sweet,
And it is good to be so young;
And in my heart I feel the beat
Of all the songs the stars have sung.

The old may say that life is sad,
But happiness is all I find:
The sun pours gold before my feet,
My curls are tangled in the wind.

By night's white magic I shall see
The world in ghostly mantle hung;
But one I love is flesh and blood—
Oh, it is good to be so young!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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With Wonderful "Talking Colors"



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● **Now you just push a button.** Instantly a light glows and tells you by its color which unit is on and at what cooking speed.

● **You'll be thrilled** by such advantages as the world's fastest broiler that cooks steaks for 12 persons in 10 minutes—and the famous Sealed-Heat Oven which bakes to perfection. And you'll also enjoy such superior features as Raisable 4th Surface Unit—60-Minute Time Measure—Smokeless Broiler Rack and dozens of other advancements which Hotpoint, the world's leader, has engineered into this most beautiful and complete of all ranges!

● **Ask your Hotpoint dealer** to demonstrate "Pushbutton-Cooking" and "Talking Colors" in either single- or double-oven ranges. Also available are other outstanding Hotpoint Ranges for '49—packed with modern features—priced for every budget! Hotpoint Inc. *(A General Electric Affiliate)*, 5600 West Taylor St., Chicago, Illinois.

Call Western Union—Operator 25—for the name of your nearest Hotpoint dealer.

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1. Pushbutton Controls
2. Sealed-Heat Oven
3. Calrod Units
4. Hi-Speed Broiler

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Pushbutton Controls and "Talking ors". All you do is push a button! Colored nts show you exactly what unit is on and what speed.

Sealed-Heat Oven. The heating unit is led out of the way under oven floor—king oven bigger, easier to clean, and far re accurate for baking and roasting.

3. Calrod Units. World famous for instant starting, Hotpoint's Calrod® Units have a pan-hugging construction that puts heat into the food—not into the kitchen!

4. Giant Hi-Speed Broiler. Hotpoint's broiler, the fastest ever developed for home-cooking, broils steaks for 12 persons in 10 minutes, seals in all the flavorful goodness.

Everybody's Pointing To

Hotpoint

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RELIEVE PAIN INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTION from minor BURNS
WITH SOOTHING CAMPHO-PHENIQUE





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Avoid nasty infections from little skin injuries. Quick! Apply soothing Campho-Phenique. It *stops pain—instantly. Kills many germs* on contact. *Aids healing* by combating infection. Use Campho-Phenique also to relieve cold sores, fever blisters, itchy insect bites, pimples. Many doctors, dentists and nurses prefer this famous liquid antiseptic. So do *children*. It does *not* smart or sting like ordinary antiseptics . . . and it's *stainless!* Recommended over 50 years.

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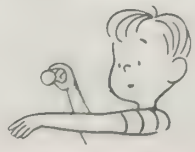


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SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU

(Continued from Page 43)

"Always," she said, and it was true. There might be an article from Norway on some new discovery about glaciers, or something from Mexico about mines.

"More than I can say of mine," Helen said. She was a public stenographer, with a little office of her own next to Fiona's. She sat on Fiona's desk and confided, "Mine's no career, it's just a job, and I'd swap it for a man any day. Of course, it's got to be the right man, and that's where the delay seems to be."

Fiona looked at her. "You're not worried that he won't come along, are you? Where's that old Benedict assurance?"

"I've misplaced it today," Helen said. "But maybe tonight's date will bring it back—I hope!"

She drifted off at last, and the afternoon dwindled down to twilight, and Fiona walked home through the Public Gardens, and down Charles Street, the shopping center and the thoroughfare of Beacon Hill. At this hour, small rosy-faced children were still being wheeled or wheedled home from their afternoon outing, toward supper, and bath, and bed with a Teddy bear. Older children roller-skated or tricycled along, making loud sounds, like fire-engine sirens or truck horns, as suited individual fancy.

Why should hearing Skid is going to marry make me so depressed? Fiona asked herself. *We'd broken up anyway. We wouldn't have seen each other again.*

But she was depressed, and she knew it, and would not give in to it without a struggle. There were things she could do, learned in loneliness—recipes for a long evening, when tree branches brushed against the bedroom window, and one listened for footsteps.

Her first stop was at the Personal Bookshop, at the corner of Mt. Vernon Street. There were several librarians, but one of the two on duty now, and until eight-thirty, was Anne Farquar, whom Fiona knew moderately well. They often dined together, as they had a date to do tonight, somewhere in the neighborhood, because Anne had to be back in an hour. Their friendship was casual, but they knew a great deal more about each other than was ever discussed, or admitted, just from the passage of years, and mutual observation through the shop's plate-glass window.

"Nice suit," Anne said.

"It may be prejudice," Fiona answered, because one of their admitted bonds was Scotch ancestry, "but I always think Scotch plaids are the best."

Anne Farquar was Scotch-Irish, and had come down from Canada years before to live with an aunt in Somerville, which is one of the flat-spread areas of Greater Boston, abounding in two-family wooden houses with small porches and back yards. Anne was fair-haired and very thin, and Fiona noticed tonight with a pang that she did not have her fluctuating bright color any more; somewhere in the last years she had lost her air of country health and vigor. She looked tired to the visible bone. *Poor Anne!* she thought.

The phone rang at the back of the store, and several other people came in, which kept the second librarian, older Mrs. Matson, busy.

While Anne answered the phone, Fiona went to the shelves and chose two murders to get her through the evening. She would light the fire, and settle down with her murder for the evening. When it was time to go to bed, she would get ready, and tuck herself into bed with her second murder, and the bedside light at a comfortable angle, and pillows behind her. She could read all night, if she chose, and not disturb anyone. She lived alone, and there were compensations. Anne Farquar wanted to share the apartment, but it was cheaper for her to go on living with her aunt, and she earned so little as a librarian at the Personal, nickels counted. She could see more of her man if she did share the apartment, but somehow Fiona was just

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lad that Anne couldn't afford it, although
eant more expense for herself.
*What else have I to spend it on but my living
angements?* she thought. *And who else have
spend it on but myself?* Such a cold shud-
went down her back at that, she decided,
*ust find someone! I'll send someone a birth-
present tomorrow!*
Her ears were so sharpened by habit and
lerstanding she could fill out the whole
ry from Anne's brief, quiet telephone con-
sation, layered through requests for books
l "Fifteen cents, please, on that," from
s. Matson. Anne's man, who was unhap-
married, and childless, but who never
med to get divorced, wanted her to go
to dinner with him, late, after work. He
denly had a free evening, and he had
ed Anne at once, of course.
'All right," Anne said helplessly. "All
t. Of course. I'll wait here until you
ne." She came back, looking upset.
iona, you don't mind if I don't have din-
with you tonight, do you?" she asked.
hat was Alan."
'Tomorrow's just as good," Fiona said,
again senseless grief welled up in her,
l envy, because Anne had a date, however
satisfactory, and because she, Fiona, was
ne. "I'll take my murders and go along,"
said. "Have a good time."
Anne smiled briefly. "Thanks."
She wouldn't, Fiona knew. She and Alan
l got to the stage in a disintegrating love
air that Fiona knew well, when there were
arrels, and silences, and reunions in de-
iring hope. *She's a member of the good-by
ers' union, all right,* ona thought, walking
ng the sidewalk patched
h light from drugstore
ndows and fish-store
ndows, from cafeterias
l antique shops. *She's
d good-by at least half a
en times. Of course, if
ight he should tell her
t, he's really left his
e* —— Why, then Anne
rquar would be a dif-
ent person, one with a
ure given back to her. She would smile,
l make little jokes, and throw her head
k in the old way, free and easy in her
e, instead of tied by it.
But would that make him a decent guy? ona asked herself. *No! Would Anne care? wonder!*
She thought again, as she had thought be-
e, *What makes a woman stick to someone she spises? What makes her mess up her life, and ow good years after bad, after she knows she's de a mistake? Anne ought to break it off, d she knows it—it's part of her misery—but e doesn't, and time keeps going by. I suppose, re than anything else, it's the fear of being ne.*
And how justified that fear was! How ter-
le it was to be alone, turned back on one-
f after having once been part of a human
mbination!

HE familiar route of lonely women. Din-
r at the Colonial Corner. The meal was
mplete with sugared small rolls and paper
ilies, but short on substance and season-
gs; it was just as well to eat it, as Fiona did
night, with a book propped up against the
gar bowl. She ate with reasonable slowness,
t for all her delays and a second cup of cof-
e (five cents extra), it was still only seven-
irty when she got up to leave.
Dark on Charles Street now. Couples, arm
arm, walking toward the Common, on their
ay uptown to the movies. Couples, walking
gs toward the Esplanade. Clusters of stu-
nts, laughing together.
Fiona thought, *It's going to be such an end-
ss evening; I'd better do something drastic
out it when I get home.*
She let herself into her apartment, scoop-
g a letter or two out of the mailbox down-
airs first, then taking in the empty waste-
aper basket and garbage pail which silently
waited her return.
It was a nice apartment, with wavy Bea-
on Hill floors. People who lived with their
others-in-law, and slept on spare sofas, and had furnished rooms (no company after eleven, share the bath, linen provided, no cooking in room) would have wept with pleasure to have it for their own. Fiona liked it too. It had a small, square living room with fireplace, a tiny kitchen, a small, dark bedroom, and a Beacon Hill bathroom, full of inexplicable pipes, raging hot, always making inexplicable noises.

Fiona hung up her clothes neatly, and changed into corduroy slacks and a rose-red jersey that looked nice against the slate-blue walls and white woodwork of the living room—even if there was no one to see.

"A decent respect for one's appearance is as much a part of culture as music and painting," Fiona's grandmother had told her once. But Fiona had had to fall in love before she learned to bother about her looks with any particularity.

ON one living-room wall hung a very small and indistinct Diego Rivera original, which Skid had brought home from Mexico. He had gone on a new job. He was going to send for Fiona when he was established, and she would get work there at some university or museum, and they would live in a white plaster house, with flowers flung all over its balconies. But in less than three months he was back in Boston, sitting on Fiona's doorstep one evening, pale, with a three days' beard, and not a dollar in his pocket, looking so sick and tired Fiona had nearly wept to see him.

"Fiona ——" he began, and "Hush, darling," she answered. She cooked him a steak dinner, and it had all been to do over again, the reassuring, the self-condemnation for being critical and afraid, the search for hope, the promises. . . .

No more, Fiona said abruptly. *It had to be over, don't you see? A wedding one way or the other doesn't make much difference.*

She read her mail—the most interesting letter was a hasty note from her former roommate, Bernie, now busily married, inviting her out for Thanksgiving week end. Then Fiona made up her mind how she would spend her evening.

She went to the small desk in the corner and took out the bundle of letters with "Ernest Eliot Skidmore" in each upper left-hand corner, but with so many addresses under the name—Providence, Charleston, Taxco, Mexico City, Chicago, Detroit. She put the letters down beside the fireplace, and put a match to the fire, which she had left ready to light. Her hands were as steady as her purpose. The fire burned brightly; she sat down in the red wing chair, and threw the letters in, one by one, so they would burn brightly, and not smolder on top of a log.

Tomorrow there'll be a Mrs. E. E. Skidmore, and it won't be I, Fiona thought. *I don't mind, but it's a funny feeling just the same. And I feel it. What's the good of saying I don't?*

It was a hackneyed scene she was playing, she knew; but her feelings were fresh and sharp, and she knew herself for what she was, in sudden clarity. Fiona Duncan, twenty-seven, alone—but not quite free. And that was because, a long time and a love affair ago, she had been Fiona Duncan, twenty-three.

Fiona had always been a girl of hesitant manner, slow to mature. Big for her age, and good at her books; somehow it had worked out in school, and in the social life of the small Ohio town where she grew up, that she was the awkward one in a group of older girls. She was too advanced mentally for girls her own age, and not caught up emotionally with older girls. She hung in the balance, until her very gestures were unsure, until she dropped things, and stumbled, and blushed, and hesitated in her speech.

"Awkwardest child I ever saw!" her aunt cried. The aunt's daughter, Fiona's cousin, was the ideal of girlhood in that community—small, dainty, feminine. "She'd better be brilliant, because otherwise I don't know what's going to become of her!"

The people I have known who have most exquisitely tasted the joy and rapture of living are those who have known most of its discipline of pain.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS: My Confessional.
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"Ugly ducklings sometimes turn out swans," her grandmother replied placidly, of the orphan Fiona, whom she raised in her turreted, stained-glassed, wooden castle.

But Fiona wept and said, "Sometimes they turn out ugly big ducks too!"

She had no brothers or sisters; only dainty blond cousins, whose competition did not stimulate, but almost destroyed her. Her school A's did not comfort her.

"Never mind, when you get to the university things will be different!" someone assured her.

But she wasn't seventeen, and was ready for the university. She looked more an overgrown fifteen, with her dark hair in a Dutch cut, and a skirt humped over her childish, plump tummy, and her hands always dirty, from explorations and work in the chem lab.

"I don't want to go to the university!" Fiona cried, with bitter tears in her eyes. "I know just what it's going to be like—like high school, only worse, and more of it!"

THAT was true. The university was heaven for those girls who would be invited to proms and football games, who would go riding in roadsters, and come home, first with a fraternity pin, then with an engagement ring, and life plainly marked out before them. Commencement. June wedding. Honeymoon. Secure domestic life.

"I want to go away, East, to a big women's college, where nobody'll notice me!" poor Fiona cried.

Her grandmother looked at her thoughtfully. "Perhaps that's what you ought to do."

When Fiona was accepted at Smith, her grandmother kissed her good-by and said, "I'll miss you, but I want you to be happy and turn out well. I hope you'll find out inside of a week that there are other standards than the ones this town, and especially your Aunt Elsie, holds to. It will be a relief to your feelings."

"I love you, granny, and I'll come home often to see you," Fiona cried in gratitude. But granny died when she was in her sophomore year.

College was the first comfortable corner Fiona had ever found for herself. Smith was a big place, in beautiful country, and it was full of all kinds of girls: other bright ones, particularly, so that, for once, Fiona had people to understand her, to laugh and talk with, and even to feel superior with.

There were the other kind, to be sure. Girls who had dates every week end, who got passionate love letters, who had men beside them when they walked around Paradise Pond; girls in dark, parked cars; girls who wept and laughed, and had a whole range of emotions that were, as yet, all blank to Fiona. Fiona had never had a date in her life, unless she counted those few relative-arranged ones, that meant only misery and shyness.

Four years in college, and Fiona grew up, thinned out, hardened into her own rather distinguished shape, of body and mind. She had a good figure, and she did her hair more becomingly, but still her face launched no ships—not even canoes on Paradise—and sometimes she wondered if half of life would always be closed to her. But it didn't worry her nearly so much, because she was successful and happy. She had college honors, and good friends, and she went to Europe, and took trips in summer, and no longer quite despised herself.

"What are you going to do now?" her friend, Bernice Green, asked her.

"I'm not quite sure," Fiona said. But she was. She couldn't bear to leave college so soon, when she was just learning her way around the world of people.

"I've got a job lined up, in Boston," Bernie said. "Don't you want to come and share the apartment with me? We'd have a wonderful time—you know we get along, and two's more fun than one." There was a light in Bernie's bright blue eyes, however.

Fiona grinned at her. "You should know," she said. "Tom's in Boston, isn't he? You were offered a job in New York, too, weren't you? And yet you've decided it's Boston?"

Bernie agreed, unperturbed. "But I still need a roommate, to share expenses on the apartment."



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Not this year, I guess," Fiona said, and
he first time she felt a little reluctant to
eft behind on the campus when her
ds were going out to jobs and marriages
independence.
nat year was not so good as the under-
uate years had been, and Fiona was dis-
ented and restless. She had been at her
s too long, and she was tired of being
ng so many women. She had thought of
g on, getting a Ph.D., and teaching after-
l.
ist before commencement Bernie phoned
and said her roommate was going to New
, and half the apartment was again free
iona, if she wanted it.
I do!" Fiona cried. "Oh, Bernie, I'm so
l of what I am and what I'm doing! This
wonderful chance you're giving me."
Hurry!" Bernie cried. "We'll have a won-
ul time—you'll see!"
here was Fiona Duncan, then, at twenty-
e, in Boston. Grown up, educated, full of
gy and vitality, and yet still encased
hyness and ignorance. She was full of
nalities, as yet untouched; but they
ed within her, and made her restless and
tisfied with only half of life. She walked
ver Boston, exploring it, day and night,
n she first got there: full of the sense of
enture, and unafraid, looking, listening,
ing.
Vaiting for someone to love. She had
lly kissed a boy in an adolescent game,
she was twenty-three. She had a big,
-breasted body, and long legs, and a long
throat. She wore colors too dark, and she
't use make-up. But Bernie made her buy
d hat, and when she had it on Fiona was
tled.
Why, I could be quite handsome! she thought.
*pretty—that's not my school, but everyone
n't have to be that. I could be . . . attractive.*
ernie said, "Tom's coming to dinner to-
ıt," and Fiona suppressed a yawn. Tom
a grand guy, but he was so much Bernie's
when he came Fiona was relegated to be-
childishly in the way. She was just learn-
how to retire tactfully to bath and bed,
n what she wanted to do was to stay up
talk and be part of the gathering. "He's
ging a friend of his, named Skid—he has
ng, formal name, ending in Skidmore,"
nie said. "He's quite nice. I've met him.
l he wants terribly to meet you. We've
ed about you, of course, and he'd have
n over to meet you before now, except
that he's been in and out of town on various jobs."

How well she would come to know his in-and-out-of-town habits! But first, how well she would come to know love!

Skid was small and quick-moving, dark, too, with a small mustache, and a great many crooked white teeth, so that his smile seemed unusually big and bright.

"I've wanted to meet you since I first heard about you," he said, and he meant it, and made Fiona feel that he meant it. She had been desired, even before the meeting, and warmth and pleasure stirred in her and brightened her eyes, and instead of starting off with her usual awkwardness, she talked quite naturally, as if she were alone with Bernie.

Fiona and Bernie cooked dinner while the boys made a fire and conversation.

There was no flaw in the evening, and when the door closed on departure at midnight, Fiona leaned against it and smiled radiantly at Bernie, who was emptying ash trays almost in her sleep.

"He *is* nice," she said temperately, but there was a dazzle over the words, and over her looks. Bernie noticed that even the way Fiona moved was different, as if the warmth in her blood slowed and steadied her, so that she was more graceful.

"You like him, don't you?" Bernie asked. "I thought you would, and Tom thought so too."

So she and Tom had discussed it? Fiona vaguely realized that she was a problem for the engaged couple: necessary, because without her Bernie could not afford to keep on the apartment, and still get ready for a June wedding. She would have to go home and stay, far from Tom.

"I like him terribly," she said, and drifted into the bedroom.

How easy it was! He loved, and she loved, and those around them wanted them to love, and helped them be together! No opposition. Just the warm happiness of being wanted, of being looked to and looked after: just the wonderful feeling of not being alone, but of having human attachments.

I love him! Fiona cried, from the first. She was a generous lover, and she loved entirely, with a sureness that had been missing from her in everything else. She had so much to give, and now she had someone to give it to; she learned in enormous strides how and where and what, and she didn't care why.



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She felt as though all discoveries were hers alone—desire and awareness, longing and surprise, marvel and pleasure. She lived all her loves together, adolescent and adult, as though she and Skid were alone in the world.

Would she have loved anyone else who had come her way? Was it just the fortunes of love that it had happened to be Skid, with his special chemistry that could fuse a shy girl into an eager woman? She couldn't tell now. It had been Skid.

Skid was good with a shy girl who met strangers reluctantly. "Why, I feel every stranger's a challenge," he said, smiling. "Come on, let's go to the party. What difference does it make that we'll know hardly anyone there? We'll get to know them."

Skid took pains to put Fiona at ease. He did everything that she had never known about; the simplest courtesies that high-school girls take as their right were new to Fiona, the late-blossomer.

"Skid's so thoughtful!" Fiona said.

He brought her flowers, he called her on evenings when he didn't come to see her, and she sprang from the tub and stood dripping to talk to him for a quarter of an hour. He came suddenly to her office and asked her to lunch, "because I happened to be in the neighborhood," changing it, when they were alone, to, "because I happened to need to see you, right now, Fiona, darling!"

"Always need me!" Fiona cried.

Almost before she realized how utterly in love she was, and long before she began to consider what kind of man she loved. Fiona was aware of a new world: the complex world of related men and women, with emotions woven back and forth, with traditions and ceremonies and customs.

Suddenly, because she had a man of her own, Fiona belonged to this world, and in its intricate atmosphere she bloomed as she had never done before. The change was visible; her looks almost startled people sometimes. Yesterday she had been drab and muffled. Today she was clear in outline, bright and lovely. It was audible. Her voice deepened and softened, as if all it had needed were kind and loving words to say aloud. She walked differently, moved differently, felt differently.

At first, if only for the details and furnishings of this world—the dates, the being part of a group, the being met instead of going alone, the telephone call for her and not always for someone else—Fiona found new richness in living.

BERNIE called her at noon to say, "Tom's got theater tickets. Don't you and Skid want to come with us? We can have dinner at the apartment first—something quick."

"I'll call Skid and find out," Fiona said importantly. "He may have made some other date for us."

They went to the theater, if Skid could afford it; if they stayed at home, they had the apartment to themselves in mock domesticity that is an essential part of courtship, a kind of trying on to see if permanence fits.

"You're turning into a wonderful cook," Skid said appreciatively.

"You have to cook for men, to learn how," Fiona told him.

If they went to a movie, they walked home holding hands, through the Common or the Gardens, and when they got to the apartment they found Bernie and Tom there. They joined them, and talked, and when Tom kissed Bernie good night, Fiona and Skid kissed in the other room, or out in the hall.

"I hate to leave you, even for a few hours!"

Fiona was happy. She was not only in love but grateful for being in love: grateful for having her powers set free. The ugly duckling becomes a beautiful swan. The beast comes a handsome prince, freed of his enchantment. The lonely heart finds love.

Perhaps no one but someone so skillful maneuvering people could have done so for a girl like Fiona, inexperienced and awkward. Skid was careful of her, because he soon utterly to depend on her: with the instinct of the weak, he had found a person lean on, one who would welcome every made on her strength and resources.

"IF you're going to buy a new dress for party, I'll come with you," he said, and th had a delightful afternoon while Fiona tr on dress after dress, as she would never ha dared do alone, until they found just right one—velveteen, full and soft-colore low-necked.

"Now, you see!" Skid said in triumph when she was dressed for the party, a Bernie looked almost startled at what t dress did for her roommate's looks. "M often have better sense about what a woma should wear—women just don't realize."

"You're wonderful!" Fiona said, turnin so that all her brilliance was for him. "I never looked like this before!"

"But you will, from now on," he sa gently, and took her in his arms.

Wonderful to go to a party with a ma Wonderful to have him look at you, and s that you met pe ple to talk to, i stead of cowering the first corner yo came to. Wonderf to have someone go home with.

Skid loved h too. Otherwis what came lat could not have bee borne at all. Ther was no deceptio there. He loved her but in his own way selfishly, takingly complainingly an absorbingly.

Perhaps his wors fault was immatur ity. He said proudly that he was always discontented— "that's why I'm not satisfied with a job like the one I've got right now"—but he was unwilling to make sacrifices or compromises, wanting to keep himself comfortable. He made a fine first impression, with his pleasant manners, and his deep voice, and his attentiveness; but Fiona learned that he annoyed a great many people, and had few friends. He was curiously conceited—that was what made him have trouble with his jobs. He was not always accepted at his own estimate, and if someone crossed him he left the job instantly and haughtily.

"Why, he said to me this idea I had wasn't practical, and I took a whole hour, showing him just where and how he was wrong! I convinced him, too, but, of course, being mean and small and petty—I'm out of a job. It doesn't matter. It wasn't the organization for me. I'm more a small-organization man. These big outfits don't appreciate ——"

The first time, yes, Skid. Sympathy, and consolation, and reassurance. What did the job matter? There were others. Plenty of others.

But the second time, and the tenth time, it was harder. Each time Skid was misunderstood, it meant marriage postponed, and excuses to be made, to herself and to others. More practically, it often meant Fiona's salary had to help Skid, in inconspicuous little loans made so as not to hurt a man's very proper pride—but made, just the same, over and over again. Too minor to mention in a loving relationship, too minor to be repaid. Just forgotten.

Fiona buying the theater tickets and giving them to Skid before they met Tom and Bernie. Fiona slipping a five-dollar bill into Skid's pocket without his seeing it. And yet he put his hand to that pocket with such sureness later, knowing must have been part

(Continued on Page 222)

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For baby's bath, her mother finds SweetHeart's tube and shower size are just right. But SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.



SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

(Continued from Page 220)

of the gesture. Fiona, proud to have a man who needed her.

More and more often, meals cooked at home, so Skid wouldn't have to spend his money. After a few months, Bernie was a little annoyed, but how could she complain, in justice?

"We arranged it, and we encouraged it," she said to Tom, complaining about never seeing her alone any more. "We're responsible. But I never knew Skid very well. I worry now. Is anything going to come of it?"

Tom said, shrugging, "Skid will stick, like chewing gum. If Fiona can take it, he's hers for life, I imagine."

There was always a new job in sight, at first. The one that would mean security, advancement, a future. Somehow, that job always ended like the others, sometimes with startling speed.

"But, Skid, darling! I don't mean to criticize—but how could it happen so quickly?"

"What do you mean, Fiona? Surely you don't feel ——"

"Skid, you know I love you and believe in you. It just puzzles me—you were so hopeful."

"Too hopeful"—dourly, and with a bleak sigh. The self-deceived. The sensitive. "Easy for you, Fiona. You're practical-minded, and you have a specialized education, a queer profession. I'm more a free-lance type, an idea man. Sometime I'll find just the right place; maybe this Hayes outfit I'm seeing Monday—they're developing, branching out."

"Yes, Skid. Good luck, darling. Call me Monday evening, and let me know how it goes."

"We'll celebrate."

"Oh, just come here to dinner—we'll celebrate later."

So much to be thankful for. Understanding what girls talked about. A man to think about, plan for, please. Wonderful to be loved, but more wonderful to be allowed to love, at last, at last.

Skid took a room on Beacon Street, not far from the apartment, a fifteen-minute walk, and a view of the Charles River. Their favorite walk was over the Pepper Pot Bridge, and along the river to the next bridge and back down the Esplanade. From the bridge, the best view of their Boston.

"If we were strangers, and this were Europe, we'd say, 'How charming!' whenever we looked at the view," Fiona said, sighing. The piled rooftops, green and bright with newer copper edging and slates, the rosy brick buildings, clustered close and irregularly against the greenish evening sky; the gold State House dome, the spires and spikes, and the reflecting river.

"We'll go to Europe someday," Skid promised. "We'll go everywhere, Fiona, and have a wonderful life. I wasn't meant to be tied down, or tangled in routine—you know that."

"I know," Fiona said gently. "Europe will be wonderful, together. Anywhere will be."

AFTER a while, the longing to know it was real and secure; the fear, whenever Skid left another job: the fear of being left, along with the old job. But Skid never wavered in his affection and attention for Fiona: the more he tired of other things, the more he clung to Fiona.

Bernie went home in May, to get ready for her wedding. It was a tearful parting.

Fiona said, "I'll miss you, Bernie. Life isn't ever going to be the same. It will be better, probably, when we're married, and have families—but we'll never have this queer, in-between-time freedom in all our lives again."

Bernie looked at her. "Are you happy, Fiona?"

"Yes—and no," Fiona said. "I begin to worry. You know

There was the case of the tramp who went into the "George and Dragon" and asked for a glass of water. The harridan behind the bar said: "We don't give water to tramps." The tramp went away and half an hour later timidly poked his head in again at the door. "What do you want now?" asked the harridan. "I want to see George," said the tramp.

—C. E. M. JOAD:
More Opinions
(John Westhouse, Ltd.)

"I know," Bernie said, and looked dow at her hands. "Sometimes I feel pretty r sponsible about you and Skid," she sa "You were so lonely—you needed someo so badly. And there was Skid. It all work out, didn't it?"

Fiona said passionately, "It did, and will! I'll never have any regrets, Bernie, you needn't! Skid's the most wonder thing that ever happened to me!"

"I hope he'll deserve you," Bernie sa "You're an awfully good person, Fiona."

"Skid is, too," Fiona said, and for the fi time there was a little consciousness in h loyalty: the words sprang to her lips unbi den, but she thought about them when th were there.

WITH Bernie gone, the situation was not easy. Fiona had a small-town backgroun and sometimes it haunted her when she l herself into the apartment and found Sk already there.

"I had to do some telephoning," he e plained. "It's hard to talk properly in booth in a drugstore, so I came over here little early."

"Of course, darling."

He wrote impressive letters of applicati on Fiona's typewriter at the apartment, to and pressed his clothes, to save tailor bills. they could only marry, the apartment w there, ready and waiting.

"Perhaps we ought to marry now," Sk said one day, and Fiona's heart jumped.

"Should we?" s asked. It was thrilli to think of having ma riage between them: know that she would a wife. The easy succe of the girls of her hor town would be he after hardship, and th more appreciated. Ar yet, there was a terrib reluctance about ma rying in despair; to d it because it was con venient. "I'll wait, Fiona said. "Let's d it the right way—whe you have a job, and are settled, and we ca have all the pleasures of buying furnitur and finding a house, and planning a family.

There were problems that came with a lon love affair, and Fiona found herself doin just what had annoyed her when friends di them. She sacrificed friendship for love, ever time, breaking dates for Skid's sake, givin false excuses. She didn't answer letters, be cause she seemed to have no time of her own Sometimes a friend called Fiona unexpectedl and it was awkward to put her off because Ski was working at the apartment that evenin

But always, in spite of everything, the were the magic hours of love and being to gether, when Skid came back from Chicag or Mexico. If Fiona's heart sank when sh first saw him waiting for her, because sh knew it meant another failure, still there wa the joy of reunion.

"I love you," Fiona said. "It doesn't ma ter. Next time ——"

Still, a change in their relationship. A growing sense of discomfort when there wer other people, and she seemed to be seein him through their eyes, hearing with the ears. So that, after a while, what she wante most was to be quite alone with Skid.

She didn't know how she gave herself away when she confided to Bernie one week end (Skid out chopping wood with Tom, an talking about next week's trip to Charleston to look into the best prospect in a long while "Somehow, we get along better when we're not with other people. Skid shows off a little and people misunderstand. They don't giv him credit for his fine qualities, as I do, an of course it hurts him."

Bernie was silent. How could she tell Fiona she thought Skid had behaved abominably ever since he had arrived, and that she didn't like the way he treated her best friend any way?

It was about this time Fiona and Anne Farquar, of the bookshop, became friendly

(Continued on Page 225)



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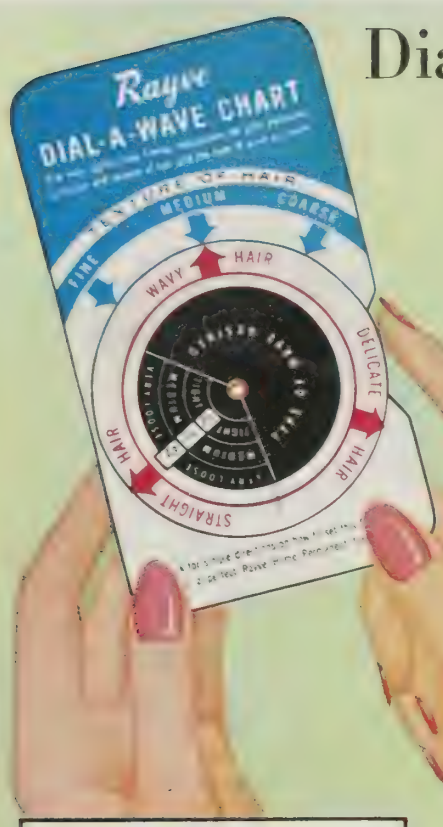


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(Continued from Page 222)

Sometimes Anne and her married Alan met Skid and Fiona to go to a movie. Alan was a charmer, but Fiona didn't like him and hated having to compare her own situation to Anne's.

She said to Skid, "Isn't it strange that a girl as nice as Anne should get so tied up by someone so obviously a heel? I'm not talking about his being married. I mean his character, and the way he treats Anne."

"She doesn't have to go on seeing him," Skid said, reasonably enough.

"I know," Fiona said. "That's the puzzle."

The puzzle of the woman who realized her situation was hopeless, and still went on with it, without self-deception. What did she get out of it?

The usual things, Fiona thought. *The wanted things. Someone to love. Someone to be important to. Beautiful girls never need be afraid, but ordinary girls, or shy girls, or scared girls—we're the ones who always get in deeper than we realize, and when we do, it's too late.*

Now letters began to gather more thickly on Fiona's desk, long, loving, explaining letters, from wherever Skid was, letters that told how much he missed her, and how he longed to come home to her. "I can't live without you, Fiona," he wrote.

Yet once she looked at the words quite coldly and thought, *If you loved me, you could be without me just a little while, long enough to make this job last, Skid, couldn't you? I'm tired of this. I want us able to marry.*

That time, on Skid's return, Fiona began to face the situation. *Maybe Skid's never going to do better. There's some flaw in him that keeps him changing jobs. If you love him, hadn't you better marry him now, rather than later? If nothing's going to change, and you're going to go on working* ——

It was a dismal future, looked at that way, but she could better face it than face the loss of love. And yet, should she value herself at so low a figure that she could think there was no other future, and no other alternative?

When Skid told her that he had made a date with Ed Martin for the next day, Sunday, Fiona protested. "I don't like Ed, and you know it."

"I've already made the arrangements," Skid said coldly. "Surely you could do what I want to do, just this once?"

Tears rose to Fiona's eyes. What she really regretted was losing a Sunday of their own, when they could be together from morning until night. From what they were hiding, or from whom, for what reason, Fiona hardly knew. *Other people interfere with the special sympathy there is between Skid and myself when we're alone,* she thought.

THEY got off at the end of the streetcar line and walked along the sanded pavement until it disappeared in slate-colored sand. It was cold, and a morose, autumnal wind seemed already to have blown away the surface adventure of this unseasonable picnic. Ed, Skid had explained, was still in his summer cottage at Revere Beach, with the family.

"Almost there now," Skid said. This was his plan, and he was bound to defend it, so already his voice was loud and challenging. "It's the house with the orange shutters."

They went by closed and shuttered houses and shacks that might have been gay in summer. In this bare November, they showed in brutal disenchantment the poverty of the lives of many decent people, who worked hard all year to get two weeks at the shore.

"I've been on the lookout for you!" a cheerful voice cried, and an orange door opened to reveal a pleasant-looking woman, perhaps in her thirties, but so tired she seemed older. "Hello, Fiona, I'm so glad to meet you at last."

FIONA bit back the words, *I didn't know Ed was married.* Whenever she and Skid saw Ed in town, she never much liked his jovial ways or his girl friends. She was amazed to see he had such a nice wife and two such darling children, perhaps nine or ten years old. The girl had braids and wide eyes, the boy was thin-faced and solemn.

"Well, well!" said Ed. "Here are the Bohemians from Beacon Hill! Louise, I've told you about Skid and Fiona—here they are!"

It was a long day, and a dreadful one. Louise and Fiona went walking with the children, while Ed and Skid consulted over some small job they were doing together. They went to the only store within miles and bought picnic hot dogs and rolls and pickles for Sunday dinner. It was obvious that Louise was miserably short of money, and Fiona insisted on adding luxuries the children longed for—chocolate bars and cookies and orange soda.

They liked each other so much. Fiona and Louise talked intimately by the time they got to doing the dishes—rose-flowered, summer-cottage china.

"You mean you're going to stay out here all winter?" Fiona asked.

"It's miserable," Louise admitted. "But Ed only has one room in town—a good place for him, and he wants to keep it. You know he had a girl, I suppose? Well —— And we haven't been able to afford a bigger place in town, and this is cheap, out of season, and healthy enough, in summer, for the children. They go to school on the streetcar. The children are what worry me. I'd divorce Ed, only he'd never support us then, and I'm helpless. I wasn't trained to work at anything; I have no money to take a course in stenography—and who'd look after the children while I worked out all day, anyway? I have no decent clothes."

She spoke, not complainingly, but with an utter, desolate realism that appalled Fiona. "Can't you ——" she began, but every suggestion she could make fell short of the dreadful necessity. This attractive, but not glamorous, middle-aged worried woman had to live, somehow, and keep her children with her. You could see why she didn't want to trust them to their father and his girl friends. She was stuck with Ed, and he knew it. He treated her with mocking, jovial brutality.

"How did you ever happen to marry Ed?" Fiona asked abruptly. Because today it was brought home to her that marriage did not solve problems of character.

Louise smiled at her. "I was in love," she said. "He was the football hero, believe it or not, and I was the campus belle. I never thought about the future. I never thought what Ed was like. It's my misfortune that

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Answer to a Foolish Question

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Why am I sitting so, here in the garden,
When all my work is piled up and to do?
Because I heard thrushes astir in the hedges;
A palmful of sun is splashed on my shoe.

I'm sitting idle, because I'm reminded
That maybe this moment will not be again:
This sky that is clear might be suddenly clouded,
And all of this beauty be faded by rain.

Why am I sitting here, aimless and witless,
Thinking of nothing, of nothing at all?
Because so much louder than whisper of duty
Sound the shy cricket and gay robin's call.

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he's what he is—and I suppose he does the best he can. It's too late now, anyway."

Before they left, Fiona made a date to take Louise to lunch in Boston when she brought the children in to the dentist. "I'll cook supper for you and the children, too," she said. "They're dears. It's no trouble."

Louise accepted, and Ed went back into town with Fiona and Skid. "Got a heavy date," he said, with a wink, and waved good-by to his wife. The children stood beside her, unsmiling, until the orange door closed.

Fiona was so depressed that even Skid's arms could not cheer her that evening. Louise was so plainly what might become of Fiona herself; it had shocked her into the thought that if you married and had children, you had responsibilities for a long time: you must consider what kind of man you were giving your children for a father.

"Skid," she said abruptly. "Why did you take me out there today?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said easily, sure of his powers to change and warm her to consideration of himself. He ran his hand over her hair gently. "I thought you'd like Louise."

"I do," Fiona said. "That's why."

"Why what?"

"Why I feel so sick and depressed," Fiona said, and she got to her feet, and leaned her head against the mantel, staring into the fire. "There, but for the grace of God ——" she said.

Skid laughed. "Ed's a good fellow. Louise complains, but she likes him well enough to stick. She must get something out of the relationship."

Fiona turned angrily. "She's got two children, and she'd stew herself in oil to give them a chance," she said. "That's plain. And it's equally plain she can't count on their father to give them food and clothes, let alone a fair chance at education, or anything else."

Skid raised his eyebrows. "All upset?"

"Yes," she said, and ground her hands together. "It isn't just today, darling," she said. "It's been coming on. All these jobs you give up, all these trips—even all the money we haven't got, on my salary ——"

He flushed darkly, and she reproached herself for reminding him, ungenerously.

"I can't go on any more," she said. "This time, I want us to separate, and to stay apart until you really are established somewhere—or else we've got to break up." She was crying now. "Heaven knows I don't want to," she said. "You know that. You know I love you, and trust you—but ——"

"But you haven't faith enough in me to stick by me," Skid said, white-faced. "I see."

"It isn't that," Fiona said. "I can't take this any more, that's all."

"I'll go," Skid said, and when he had gone, Fiona cried until her head felt leaden, and when he called her the next morning, very subdued, to say he was going to Detroit, something had come up, this time it would really last, she was perfectly right, he was treating her abominably—if only he could say good-by ——

"Of course, my darling, and forgive me!" she cried. "Come to dinner. Oh, I'm so glad you called me! I was feeling so miserable."

"Love me?" he asked softly.

"Don't you know?" she answered.

There she was, crying again. But by the time Skid came to roast-lamb dinner, she was cheerful, for his sake.

Later, they came to the problem again. "You know I love you," she said. "It isn't that. But this time I want a genuine proposal that I can accept, Skid, and I want you to have a genuine, bona-fide job."

"I know," he said. "I haven't done well by you, Fiona. It's just that my abilities outstrip my actualities—you know how it is. I'm ambitious, and impatient—but I'll manage better, from now on, for your sake. I'll hold this job, and I'll send for you, and we'll be married right away. If you want a child soon, I ought to be earning enough so you can stop working and do that."

She said earnestly, "I can edit and write articles at home, you know. I'm in wonderful work for combining with family life."

"It'll all happen, and soon, darling," he said.

She believed him, again. She saw him off and went to work, almost relieved to be alone for a time, because it was only for a time, and she had obligations of her own to catch up on.

Traditionally easygoing, Dutch employers of a few centuries ago raised no objection when those who worked for them addressed them familiarly as *baas* (uncle). The word gradually came to be an equivalent of "overseer" or "superior," accompanied early settlers to the New World. English colonists, who had paid a dear price for freedom, resented not only the old forms of authority, but also the very terms by which they were expressed. They were not only unwilling to remain subject to the king and noblemen, but many of them also objected to the very word "master." So early New Englanders, thrown in contact with the Dutch, adopted their word *baas*—taking it over with the spelling slightly altered. The typically American term *boss* therefore stands as one more monument to the independent spirit of the founding fathers. —WEBB B. GARRISON.

LOUISE was the picture of what could happen if you married a mistake. And Anne Farquar was what happened, eventually, if you did not marry. But Fiona pushed away all doubts, saying she must not be disloyal, and many a good man was unsuccessful financially—surely she wasn't turning into a gold digger?

When Skid came back, inside a month, jobless, tired out, ready to lean on her all over again, she found that she had used up all her reserves. "No," she said tiredly. "We can keep on saying good-by. I can't anyway. No more, Skid. It's got to be over."

It took an agonizing three months of partings and reunitings before they finally parted, and even then Fiona did not realize it was the final parting. Skid just went to Cleveland on another job prospect. She was sure he would turn up again; and when he wrote, saying he didn't know when he'd see her again, as he seemed pretty well settled; when his letters grew vague, and infrequent, and finally ceased to come at all, it still did not convince her that this good-by had stuck.

The beginning all over again. The griefs of divorce. The regrets. The gathering loneliness, piling higher and higher, like a terrible dust over all Fiona did, everyone she saw, over all her thoughts. Being alone was frightening, and even though she felt a peculiar sense of freedom and, at the same time, of being reunited with other people who still had hope, who could still see ahead, there was desolation everywhere for Fiona.

She had lost a man. Even though she didn't want him, and had sent him away, it was loss, and she was bereaved. She was an ugly duckling again. One of the lonely.

Fiona saw the last of the letters burn, unread, and wondered, if she had read them, what she would have felt, and what would have been recaptured of the most significant years of her life.

It was still not nine o'clock: years on paper burn quickly. She settled down into a hot bath with one of her books, and read for some time, until the telephone rang. She put on her bathrobe and answered it, saying, indifferently, "Yes? Who is it?"

"Fiona, I had to talk to you."

Her fingers were clenched with cold and shock, or they would have dropped the phone. The same voice, intimate over distance, taking up where it had left off, so long ago. Her name, said by that voice, in the same old way.

"I'm so sick and miserable, darling," Skid said. "It's all been a terrible mistake, and I can't go through with it. I had to call you."

"The night before your wedding?"

Skid said, "I'll always love you, Fiona. You're part of me. If you'll have me, I'll come back to you now, tonight. Fiona ——"



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Fiona said, "Can't you go through with one single thing, Skid, even for half a million dollars or whatever the sum is?"

She hung up before she could hear that voice again, or say anything more herself. Her knees gave way, and she lay crumpled and prideless in the terrible after-shock of realizing how much Skid had still meant to her, until just a minute ago. She cried in such agony, she writhed and knocked over the small telephone table, and was afraid the downstairs neighbors would come up to see if something was wrong.

Oh, Skid, Skid, she thought. *So this is what the end is really like.*

It had been the end before, but pride had said that, not the true emotion that released, and freed, the heart. Now, with clarity, she saw that she had loved, it was true, and the love itself could not be denied, or regretted even, since it had brought so much with it. But she had had the misfortune to love a despicable person, not to know that for a long time, and then to know it, but not to believe it. It was an important love, and an important mistake, and it was over, at last, because Skid had slipped away from his wedding-eve party, to call his old girl.

Did he do it just to see what harm he could do? Fiona wondered. But she didn't care, and it didn't matter any more.

AFTER a long time Fiona got up, made herself a pot of tea to drink beside the fire. She still shivered, so she wrapped herself in a blanket, and urged the fire back to life. When the telephone rang again, she got up quite calmly, prepared to hang up at once if it were Skid, calling back. Perhaps it was only the operator, ringing off on a long-distance call.

But it was Helen Benedict, sounding very cheerful. "Fiona? What are you doing now?"

"Nothing," said Fiona.

"Look," said Helen. "You'll think this is crazy, but you know I told you I had a date tonight. The thing is, he has a nice guy with him, who just got off a train, and we want to go dancing at the Copley, and maybe go on and make a night of it. I thought of you, because you live in town."

"It's after eleven," Fiona said, staring at her grief-ravaged face in the mirror across the room.

"That's not late," said Helen, and went on cheerfully urging and explaining, and there were pleasant male voices in the background. "Do come," Helen said. "We'll have a good time, and it'll get you out of that broody mood you were in this afternoon."

Fiona was silent for a minute. The lonely, who are at liberty. Whose dates, if any, begin at odd hours, and in unexpected ways. Or whose pride rejects these dates, preferring private loneliness.

"I have been glooming," she said, "but I'd love to stop. I'll dress, and meet you wherever you say, in half an hour."

"Wonderful!" Helen said, pleased. "And you know, you never can tell what can come of an unexpected evening."

"I know," Fiona agreed.

Any door opening might show something new on the other side. Any door. She could hear Helen saying, "Doesn't she sound like a good thing? I told you she was nice, besides being so handy. She's very attractive too."

"Don't build me up," Fiona said quietly. "Let me just do the best I can."

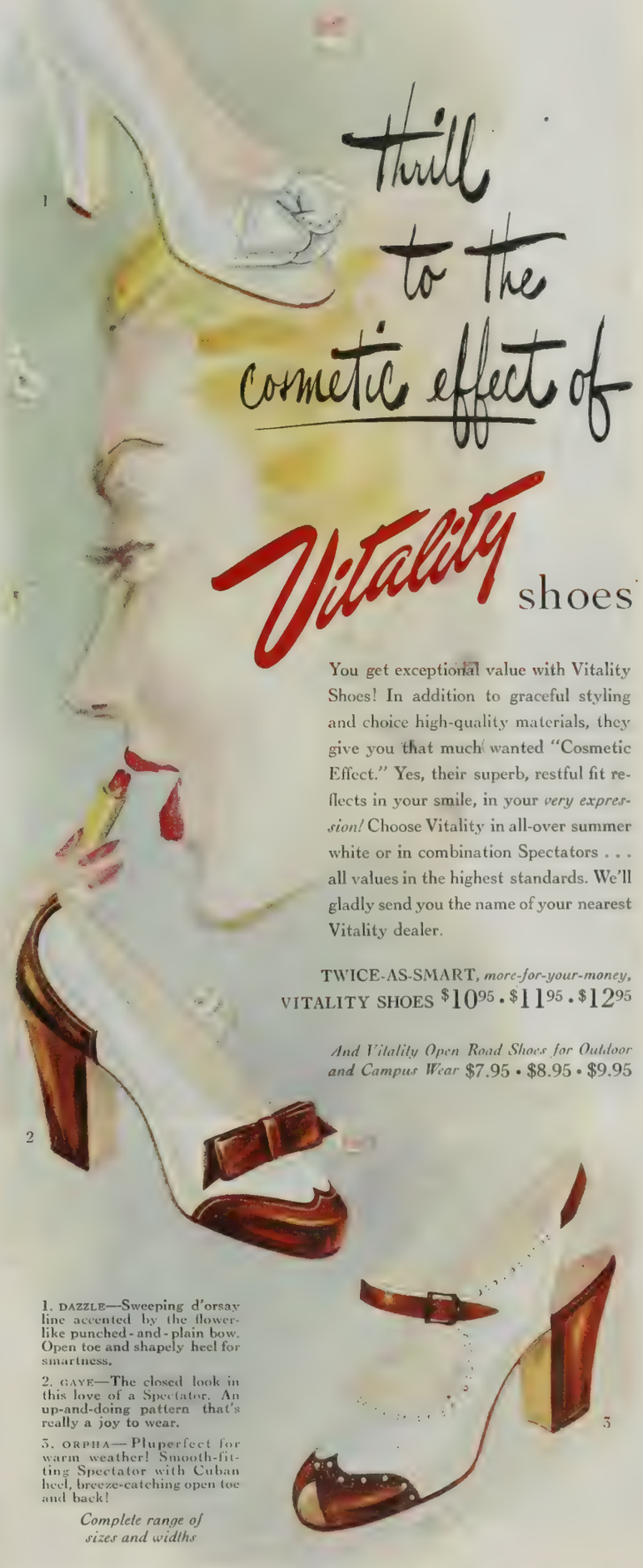
"All right, honey," Helen said. "We'll be at the Copley in about half an hour. Or shall we come and call for you?"

"I'll meet you," Fiona said hastily, because she would have to put ice on her eyelids, she would have to use cold water on her face, and see what she could do with make-up and a shadowy hat.

It was triumph, in a small way, to walk out of the apartment, dressed in a nice black broadcloth suit and a frilled blouse and becoming, expensive hat. The letters were burned, and the time was past, and everybody made mistakes.

Why, I'm Fiona Duncan, twenty-seven, she thought, turning out the light by the door, then turning it on again, so it would not be so dark when she came home alone. *I can start all over again.* And she closed the door behind her.

THE END



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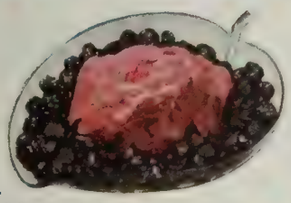


Lamb creole in a hominy ring. French-fried onions and a vegetable salad make good company.

Conversation Piece



A delicious array of spreads, served with crisp wafers.



Bing cherries glacé—
a combination of frozen juice
and ice-cold fruit.

By Ruth Mills Teague

SUMMER is almost upon us, and soon we'll be thinking about dining alfresco, under the green leaves and in the sunset light. So why not one last formal binge—a dinner party with candles and evening dress, and with worthy food—before we ring down the curtain on the social season and drag out last year's picnic basket?

This will be a three-course meal, and we'll start with a variety of butters, or spreads—an appetizer delicious to taste and attractive to look at. Compound butters are so easy to make that I've chosen four: salmon, curry-and-chutney, cream cheese-chives-and-red caviar, and pistachio. Some salted nuts and small pickled peppers make a pleasant accompaniment, and of course there must be plenty of crisp wafers for spreading. *(Continued on Page 230)*

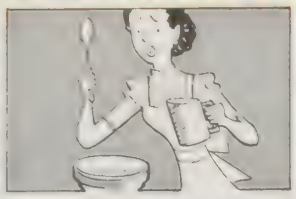


Well-planned placing of dishes and silver will mark the way as your guests progress around the table.

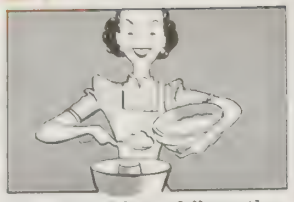
STROKES COUNTED—SUCCESS SURE!



No guessing how much to *beat* as you add sugar . . .



No guessing how much to *fold* as you add flour . . .



Count strokes, follow the recipe exactly . . . result—marvelous angel food!



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Swans Down superfineness and the precise new "count-stroke" method actually take the guesswork out of mixing a cake.

Any cake becomes a triumph—even glory-garlanded angel food!

- **Simple and Sure!** Swans Down's "count-stroke" method!
- **Tried and True!** Recipe pretested by *home* cakemakers!
- **A "Must,"** of course—Swans Down's superfineness!

"GUESSING-GONE" STRAWBERRY ANGEL FOOD

A new Swans Down recipe—proved perfect by new brides in home kitchens

Preparations. Let eggs stand at room temperature an hour or two before using. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.).

- Sift flour once before measuring. (Be sure it's superfine Swans Down for "Guessing-Gone" results!) Lift by spoonfuls into cup until piled high, then level off by drawing spatula or straight knife across top. Do not pack or shake down. Sift sugar also.

Measure into sifter:
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
½ cup sifted granulated sugar

Measure into large mixing bowl:
1¼ cups 10 to 12 egg whites—at room temperature
¼ teaspoon salt

Have ready:
1¼ teaspoons cream of tartar
1 cup sifted granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon almond extract

- **Now—Swans Down's "Count-Stroke" Part!**

1. Sift flour and ½ cup sugar together four times.

2. Beat egg whites and salt with flat wire whisk or rotary egg beater until foamy. Sprinkle in cream of tartar and beat until stiff enough to hold up in soft peaks, but still moist and glossy.

3. Add the 1 cup of sugar in 4 additions by sprinkling 4 tablespoons at a time over egg whites and beating 25 strokes by hand or 25 turns of beater each time. Add flavorings and beat 10 strokes by hand or 10 turns of beater.

4. Add flour-and-sugar mixture in 4 additions, sifting it over egg whites. Fold in each addition lightly with whisk or spoon, turning bowl gradually and using 15 complete fold-over strokes each time. After last addition, fold 10 to 20 extra strokes.

Baking. Turn into ungreased 10-inch tube pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 to 35 minutes.

Cooling. Remove from oven and invert pan on rack until cake is cool (1 hour). To remove cake, loosen from sides of pan with spatula and around tube with slender knife, gently drawing cake from pan.

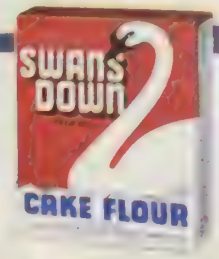
Serving. Spread cake thinly with Strawberry Icing made by mixing 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, dash of salt, and ¼ cup crushed or sieved strawberries (quick-frozen or fresh.) Cut cake in thin wedges.

(*All measurements are level.*)

FREE! Send name and address for Swans Down's new "Guessing-Gone" recipe folder—things you've always wanted to know for perfect cakemaking! Address Swans Down, Dept. GG, Battle Creek, Mich.

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No wonder most women choose Swans Down



The main dish is a hominy ring filled with lamb creole and surrounded by French-fried onions. I'm amazed to find that a lot of people have never tasted hominy or even heard of it, and that's really too bad. Those delicious grains of corn now canned and already soaked so they have puffed up to two or more times their original size shouldn't be missed by anyone. And hominy is astonishingly inexpensive—an added attraction. For the lamb creole we'll use the neck and shoulder of lamb, also inexpensive—at least comparatively so—but tender and succulent if treated properly. My butcher was delighted when I bought the meat for this dish. He says that most people buy lamb chops and legs of lamb, period, and that butchers are often stuck with the quite sizable and very palatable remainder of a lamb.

The combination of hominy, lamb and French-fried onions makes a hearty dish, and a big salad of cooked carrots, raw cucumbers and greens will be a perfect companion for it.

Toasted English muffins, hot and buttery, will be the bread. A dish or two of marmalade should be on the table—any kind that suits your taste or happens to be in your cupboard will be fine.

Now comes the dessert, bing cherries *glacé*. I'm eager to tell you about this one, but if I say another word here there'll be nothing left to tell—it's that easy. However, the finished product doesn't look as if it had been made by a few simple twists of the wrist, and the taste is really terrific.

These recipes will serve eight or ten people, and the menu is ideal for a buffet dinner.

SALMON BUTTER

Get ¼ pound smoked salmon—and if it is too salty, which it often is, let it stand in skim milk for an hour. Drain, wipe dry, remove all skin and bones and grind twice through finest blade of food chopper. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1½ tablespoons cream, ⅛ pound butter or margarine, ⅛ pound cream cheese, a pinch of sugar and a little cayenne pepper and blend thoroughly. Canned salmon may be substituted for the smoked. Be sure that it is red and, since the taste will be milder than that of smoked salmon, use a little more of it.

CURRIED CREAM CHEESE AND CHUTNEY

Blend 4 ounces cream cheese, ⅛ pound butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons cream until smooth. Add 1 teaspoon curry powder, a few drops garlic juice, 4 tablespoons finely chopped chutney, and stir until smooth.

CREAM CHEESE, CHIVES AND RED CAVIAR

Blend together until smooth 6 ounces cream cheese, 1 tablespoon grated onion and 4 tablespoons cream. Stir in 5 tablespoons finely chopped chives. Work into mound, make a depression in top and fill this with red caviar. (Don't add caviar until shortly before serving.)

PISTACHIO BUTTER

Get ¼ pound pistachios; and if they have their skins on, blanch them as you would almonds. Grind or chop nuts to a powder and blend with ⅛ pound uncolored margarine and 2 tablespoons cream. Add salt to taste and a few drops green vegetable coloring. In fact, a couple drops of yellow in the chutney butter and red in the salmon will not influence their taste and will make them prettier.

Store all the butters in refrigerator. To serve, arrange them in separate dishes or small bowls on an hors d'oeuvre tray with an assortment of crisp wafers. As contrast to the smooth butters, some salted nuts and small pickled peppers will be a nice addition. *Note:* If you have some of the butters left and if you also have a freezer, you can make a beautiful appetizer pie for a future party. Remove crusts from a big round slice of rye or pumpernickel bread and spread it with butter or margarine. Make a round center of one

> **Commandment No. 1 of any truly civilized society is this: Let people be different.**
>
> —From THE COUNTRYMAN'S YEAR. By David Grayson, copyright 1936 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

spread, surround this with a ring of anot and so on until the whole slice is cove Wrap in cellophane and store in freezer. serve, cut in slender pie-shape wedges.

LAMB CREOLE

Buy a shoulder and half a neck of lamb a one piece. It should weigh about 5½ pou Ask the butcher to cut it into small ch about ¼ inch thick. These are called shoul chops and blade chops, and it's amazing h many you will get from this cut of meat. A some thin cutlets can be sliced from meaty part of the neck. Remove all fat a bones from the chops. Put these bones a the rest of the neck into a pot with a quar water and some salt, and boil until very t der. Take meat from bones, strain the bro and when it is cold remove all the fat, wh will have risen to the top. This much at le should be done in advance, and the wh dish can be cooked the day before if t suits your convenience.

Now to proceed. Sprinkle chops and c lets with salt, freshly ground black pep and paprika, and dredge lightly with flo Heat some salad oil in a large skillet, s meat, and when delicately browned trans to a casserole. Put a little more oil in ski and add 2 large minced cloves garlic, 1 c coarsely chopped onion, ½ pound sliced fr mushrooms, and 1 cup chopped sweet p pers. Use half green and half red pepper you can get the red ones. Sauté a few minu and add 3 cups lamb broth, 1 cup tom sauce, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ⅛ spoon thyme and, if like, ¼ cup Madeira. in the little pieces of l taken from bones, when this mixture come a boil, taste for salt correct seasoning and p contents of skillet o lamb in casserole. Co and bake in a moder oven, 350° F., until lam tender enough to cut with a fork. Mi heaping tablespoon cornstarch with so water and stir in enough of this to bring sauce to the consistency of thin gravy. T lamb creole may be kept hot in barely turn on oven or over a pan of boiling water top of range until ready to serve. If finish the day before, reheat by one of these metho

HOMINY RING

As often as I have cooked hominy I never, until I worked out this recipe, t cooking it in a ring mold. Not a nick worth of help could I get from about 50 coo books, but it seemed a simple enough thi to do and I tackled the job in high spirits. hate to say how much hominy and tim used before I arrived at the solution, and fact that I still dote on hominy is someth of a testimonial, I think. You see, I did want a compact, custardy ring—that easy enough to achieve—but I wanted grains of hominy barely to be held togeth Of course, once I found it, the solution simple and I felt like a dope for not think of it in the first place.

Drain the liquid from enough cans hominy to fill your ring mold—with hominy, not the liquid. Four No. 2½ cans enough for a ten-inch ring. Melt several blespoons margarine or butter in a skill add the drained hominy and sauté gently minutes, stirring often. Don't let the homi brown. Remove from heat, add 3 tablespoo chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons chopped miento, and salt and pepper to taste. M well and set aside to cool. Grease ring mo well with butter or margarine and line it wi strips of cellophane long enough to exte above the ring on both sides. Cut the stri about 3 inches wide and let them overla little. They will stick to the margarine or b ter and stay in place. When entire inner s face of ring is covered, dip your fingers salad oil and rub them over the cellophane that it won't stick to the hominy when t moved. Beat 3 egg whites until bar frothy, add ½ cup milk and stir this into t cooled hominy. Do a good job of mixing

(*Continued on Page 232*)

Hunt's Heavenly Peaches



at down-to-earth prices!

THE MOST tender-mellow, the most tantalizing peaches that ever won a big blue ribbon in any taste test — that's Hunt's Heavenly Peaches!

And that's facts! For in a series of recent professionally-conducted blindfold taste tests, Hunt's peaches were tried against *all other leading brands!*

And Hunt's Heavenly Peaches came out first — *way up yonder first!*

First for fuller, richer flavor — the sort of golden ripe goodness you get, fresh off the tree! And first for velvety smoothness — for luscious, heavy syrup.

And yet — for all their praise-winning, prize-winning qualities, Hunt's cost you *less.*

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Congo Squares

Rich, Golden-Brown Cousin of Famous Toll House Cookies—with a Very Special Flavor!



RECIPE

Congo Squares

Clip and Save This Recipe

2¾ cups sifted flour
2½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
⅔ cup shortening
2¼ cups brown sugar (1 lb. pkg.)
3 eggs
1 cup nutmeats, broken
1 package Nestle's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Melt shortening and add brown sugar. Stir until well mixed. Allow to cool slightly. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add dry ingredients, then nutmeats and chocolate. Pour into greased pan about 10½" x 15½" x ¾". BAKE AT: 350° F. TIME: 25-30 min. YIELD: 48 squares.

When almost cool, cut into squares approximately 2" x 2".

For FREE Recipe Booklet write Dept. J., Nestle's Chocolate Test Kitchen, 60 Hudson Street, New York 13, N.Y.

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Have them on hand for every occasion

TOLL HOUSE COOKIES Recipe for America's favorite cookie on back of yellow cellophane package. AT YOUR GROCER'S

(Continued from Page 230)

this and then fill the ring, pressing hominy down with the bowl of a spoon as you go along so that the ring will be firmly packed. Fold the ends of cellophane that extend above the ring over top of hominy and cover with a flat tin lid. Put ring in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 40 minutes. This whole performance can be done in advance and the ring reheated in a water bath before serving, or you can prepare the ring in advance and bake it 40 minutes or so before dinner.

FRENCH-FRIED ONIONS

Cut medium-size Spanish onions into ¼-inch slices and separate into rings. Dip rings first in milk, then in flour, and be sure all surfaces are well coated with flour. Fry in deep fat until golden brown and drain on paper towels. For French frying I use a shallow iron pot and no basket. The rings can be prepared for frying early in the day, but fry them at as nearly the last minute as you can manage without disrupting your other organizational plans. French-fried onions are better if they are eaten shortly after they are fried, but they will hold quite well for some time in a very slow oven, 200° F., if spread on a paper-lined cooky sheet.

When serving time comes, be sure your platter for the lamb creole is hot. Fold flaps of cellophane away from outer and inner rims of mold and invert ring in center of platter. Remove mold—it won't even try to stick—and peel off strips of cellophane. Fill center of ring with lamb creole and surround with heaps of lamb creole and French-fried onions. Garnish liberally with parsley to separate the lamb on the outside of ring from the onions.

CARROT-AND-CUCUMBER SALAD

Cook nice orange carrots until barely tender. Cool, cut into thin rounds and marinate in French dressing overnight. Use a teaspoon of *orégano* in your dressing. Peel several firm cucumbers and leave on a little of the green skin because it looks so pretty. Slice the cucumbers in any shape you like, cover with ice cubes and store in refrigerator. Have an assortment of salad greens washed and crisp.

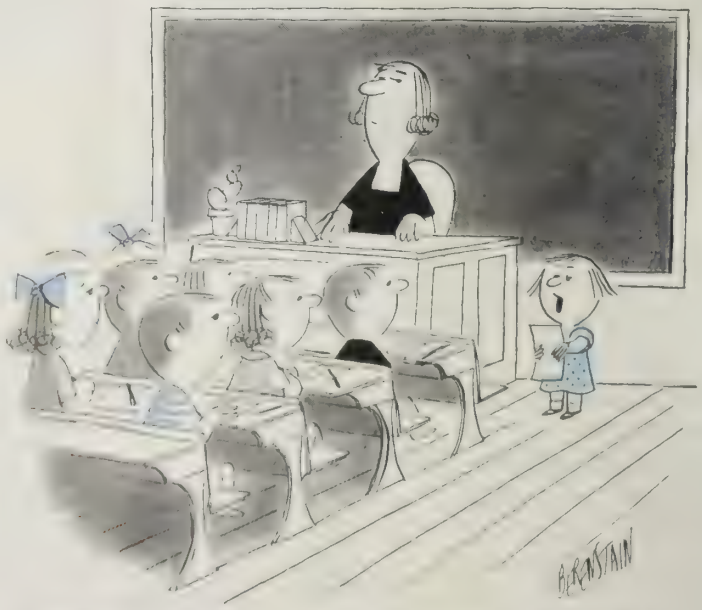
When you are ready to arrange the salad, drain water from cucumbers and toss with French dressing. Line a bowl or platter with greens, mix about half the carrots and cucumbers together and heap them in the center. Surround with alternate piles of carrots and cucumbers and sprinkle on a little more French dressing.

BING CHERRIES GLACÉ

Drain the juice from 3 No. 2 cans pitted bing cherries. Be sure to get pitted cherries. If your grocer doesn't have them he could order them for you. Add to the juice 1½ cups strained orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons grated orange rind and ¾ cup sugar. Bring to a boil and cook, uncovered, 3 minutes over high heat. Cool, put in freezing tray in freezing compartment of refrigerator, lower temperature and freeze. (If you have a home freezer, put the dessert in it and avoid changing temperature of your refrigerator.) When mixture begins to harden on bottom and sides of pan, scrape well and beat with a spoon. As freezing continues, repeat the stirring and scraping several times, so that an even, smooth consistency is produced. When contents of pan are uniformly solid throughout, do a final stirring, put temperature of refrigerator back to normal and return pan to freezing compartment. About 3 hours will be required for the freezing, and it can be done as early in the day as you like. The sherbet should be smooth and fluffy and not hard. If it stands long enough to get too hard, just give it another toss with the spoon. It's very agreeable stuff to work with—and, I might add, to taste. Served with the cherries, it is something definitely special. If you want to lighten the color, blend in 1 stiffly beaten egg white when you do the first scraping and stirring. To serve, heap the frozen juice in the center of a bowl or platter and surround with the cherries, which must be ice cold.

Service. It's fun to plan buffet service for a dinner party, because it's so easy to vary the pattern—and variety is pleasant. But you must know the pattern perfectly yourself or you can't achieve a smooth, smart result no matter how eager your guests may be to cooperate. There is risk of confusion when you are asking people to pick up plates, napkins, silver, to serve themselves and then to make way for the next arrivals at the board, so your carefully thought-out plan of progress around the table should be clearly indicated by the position of silver, dishes, and so on. The food will look heavenly—you've seen to that—but it will also taste heavenly and you'll want it to be eaten while it's still at the peak of perfection. And you'll want it to be eaten in comfort, too, and that's something you can't leave to chance or the ingenuity of your guests. I know I'm forever talking about plan making, list making and such, but I do think they're important and I certainly practice what I preach.

A buffet party is bound to be a mobile affair and delightfully unpredictable in minor ways. That's all to the good, but if you have planned the general pattern you want your party to follow it's more than likely to proceed as planned without the slightest effort on your part or even a hint of past effort. And that, too, is all to the good. Rigidity we cer-



"My cat . . . my cat is named Clara. She is 4 years old and has 31 children. My mother is 31 and has 4 children."

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tainly don't want, but a shambles is not desirable either.

Enough of that. The food? Well, with this menu there isn't much of a problem there. If you're solo flying, the French-fried onions are going to take ten or fifteen minutes of your time and I'd suggest that you get dressed a little early, throw the kitchen windows wide open—or as wide as weather permits—and do this job just before the guests arrive. Ye gods, can't I let you alone? Pretty soon I'll be suggesting how you should do your hair and what color of lipstick you should wear. No, I won't. That's none of my business. I'm just trying to be helpful, and I do want this party to be gay.

LET'S GO FISHIN'

(Continued from Page 61)

well, by this time you *know*. You've got the idea—time with a capital T means about as much to me as a secondhand eggshell. No use for it. I like to operate on a spontaneous basis. And if that word isn't spelled right, you can use your own speller. For I must get on now, and tell you more about fish—not just catching, but *eating*.

Yes, it's shad. Now you take shad. One of the *great* fish. There are aristocrats in the waters as well as in the forests and all over. Having known quite a few aristocrats in my time, I feel qualified as an expert, and I say that the *most* aristocratic fish is a rainbow trout. Speckled and brown—the kind you take from icy Canadian waters—are close relations and share the family pride. And out of *other* waters the shad is the social arbiter—the Duchess of Windsor, as it were, among the finny tribe. And I know the Duchess would agree and not mind my analogy, for she's a gourmet and she would understand.

Pompano comes next. I guess you know how I feel about *that*. However, I shall tell you more as we go along together—and I don't care *what* they say about "repeating." Where would we be today, I ask you, without the repeating rifle—or shotgun, whichever it is! So if I repeat once in a while, it shows that my mind revolves and certain things come back at intervals, just like day and night. I was never static.

Getting on from here. It is time, now, to introduce you to the center of attraction in the meal that seems most appropriate to me for May. So let me get on now with making you acquainted with *shad!*

PLANKED SHAD

Have a large 3½- to 5-pound shad split and boned at the market. If you can get one with a roe, so much the better, but the buck shad is delicious, too, and less expensive. Wash and dry the fish and roe thoroughly. Place shad skinside down on a hot oiled wooden plank or ovenproof glass platter. Arrange the roe at one end.

Use canned roe if you have a buck shad. The canned roe is better, I think, and it's ready to go places with no bother on anybody's part.

Brush the fish and roe with melted butter. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. No other seasonings are needed. Broil 5 to 8 minutes, according to size of fish, under medium broiler heat. Don't have it so close to heat that the wood will char. Take out the plank and turn the roe, but not the shad, and pipe duchess potatoes around the edge of the plank. Return to broiler and broil another 5 minutes or so until the potatoes brown, the flesh of fish is done and the roe is done through.

Planked fish may be baked in a moderate oven, 350°F., but allow longer time than for broiling—35 minutes for full time on shad, 15 minutes for the roe. You can tell when your fish is done by flaking off a little with a fork. Just be guided by conscience and giving it the benefit of the doubt.

The plank—and I don't need to say this, but will—must be well oiled, and for this business "oil" is the word. Don't butter it—



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use plenty of salad oil and rub it in. And then—one more thing, to remind you—heat the plank for half an hour before you put the shad to bed on it.

It occurs to me. As it happens that potatoes and peas go on the plank, right here I want to say one thing. Get a plank. And having planked a steak, some chops, some trout, some pompano and some *shad*, you'll be happy that you have a plank. For you've no idea how companionable it becomes. Treated well, of course. Here are the potatoes that share the honors with the shad on the plank.

DUCHESS POTATO MIXTURE

Rice or mash enough freshly boiled and drained potatoes to make 3 cups. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, ¼ to ⅓ cup hot milk, 4 beaten egg yolks, salt and pepper to taste. Beat until smooth and fluffy. If you have a pastry bag and tube, fill with mashed potatoes and pipe around the plank. If you haven't, fluffy spoonfuls of the potato mixture look pretty well and taste as good as fancy rosettes. Put back under broiler until potatoes are tinged with brown. For serving, fill in with buttered peas. Leave as much room as you can. If your fish is large, you'll probably serve your peas separately, so there will be plenty for 6.

Back to soup. I've half a mind to leave the first course in this meal to the last. But all *that* would amount to would be that it would get changed around somehow, and come out on top, so here it is, and as cans are involved and not art, let's have it. It's good too. Excellent. And quite something to look at, so maybe it dabbles in art, after all. I guess you can safely say it does. Oh, yes, it's a chilled tomato creation, and you know what? Try *this* idea. Instead of soup cups that are always around like a hungry cat, sometime try filling scooped-out tomatoes with the jellied madrilène. Or orange cups. Awfully pretty. Very stylish service.

TOMATO MADRILÈNE

Chill three 12-ounce cans consommé madrilène overnight in the refrigerator, so it will be cold and firm when you're ready to serve it. Open the cans. Break up the consommé with a fork. Serve in soup cups. Top each with a spoonful of thick, beaten, salted sour cream and a dab of black caviar. This is a fine combination of flavors and good to look at. The cups may be filled and garnished some time ahead of a dinner party and kept chilled in the refrigerator. That way soup cups are icy cold too. Serve with buttered and heated wafers. A slice of lemon on each cup would be very acceptable too.

I wonder if—— As they say on the radio—"did you ever" this and that and do thus and so and why don't you do something else and really begin to live? *You* know. So I am about to say that I, in my very unusual household, sometimes am at a loss to know what the boarders would like to eat. They get tired, the same as I do, of the elegant and indescribably elaborate dishes I serve. Such as fish balls and corned-beef hash and hamburger and so on. Just the same, if I could get an old-fashioned slab of dry salt codfish, such as I was raised—or practically raised—on, they'd cry for my fish balls three times a week. But I can't. So I occasionally give them a sea-food casserole which is greeted with enthusiasm. I pass this along to you as another solution to our mutual problem—*what shall we have to eat?*

Here's another answer. Get a pound of fresh or frozen crab meat. Get a can or two of shrimps. Have four hard-boiled eggs. Put a layer of fine cracker crumbs in a de casserole. Add a good layer of rich crea sauce, seasoned with salt and pepper a plenty of paprika. Add a tiny bit of nutm That's right, nutmeg—but only a little b

Now a layer of crab meat, scattered ov with flaked shrimp, an egg, cut up, mi sauce, and so on to the top. Cover this wi fine cracker crumbs, some grated chee little pieces of butter or margarine a bake until the sauce bubbles like a maid honor, and the top is beautiful and brow Serve this dish with green peppers stuff with rice, and a casserole of baked tomato or broiled tomatoes, a salad and a pie. A what have you? Do it and you'll know t answer. A perfect supper. This is a litt dividend—from me to you.

Here's the pay-off. Desserts may co and they may go, but strawberries go on f ever. Isn't it so? And, to wind up what think is a lovely dinner, I give you a sho cake. But not the shortcake you may *thi* I mean. This deals not with baking-powd biscuits, but with those fragile, melt-i your-mouth meringues. The story follows so read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it and when you've made this, no shortcake w ever defeat you—if one ever tries to, or ha

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE SHORTCAKE

Beat 3 egg whites with a pinch of salt un they stand up in peaks. Gradually add cup plus 2 tablespoo sifted powdered sug. a tablespoon at a tin You can get the po dered now—and it' gift, whatever ha pens. Forget conf tioners' sugar for th Let it be *powdere* Beat well after ea addition, so the sug will be thoroughly di solved. Flavor with teaspoon vanilla.

Grease thoroughl the bottom and sid and dust with flo an 8-inch cake pa that has a removab bottom. Shake off the excess flour. Po the meringue into the pan. Fluff and swi the top. Bake 1 hour or a little longer i very slow oven, 250°F., until crisp and lig beige in color. Turn off the heat and allo the meringue to cool in the oven anoth hour. Take it out and finish cooling on rac Carefully go around the sides of the pa with a spatula. Meringues will crack up o you at the drop of a brick chimney, so l careful of them. Lift out—loosen the botto of the meringue from the pan bottom an gently and lovingly slide onto a cake plat A wide spatula or pancake turner is a goo tool for this purpose. You will find there's little crease or crevice between the top an bottom of the meringue. Lift off the top.

Fill the center of the bottom half of th meringue with sugared, sliced strawberri folded into whipped cream. Cover with th top half of the meringue.

Now then, if there is anyone not blesse with spring-bottom pans and such, kno what I'd do? Use the same receipt an make individual dropped meringues. Bak the same way on a greased cooky sheet—n flour. But split and fill with berries an cream. The spring-bottom pans are handy—and for a lot of things, if you think of in vesting.

Here's my choice. I love to think o those old days, before these strange an modern ways, think of the long-remembere brooks before I got hemmed in with book and grew so urban and so wise. I'd swap th shop for country skies and that one pool used to keep a secret deeper than the deep any secret I have known—oh, well, thos days are dead and gone. But—I'll confid in you and say just this—if I could have m way, in this fair merry month of May there' one thing I would choose to do. Go fishin

THE EN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

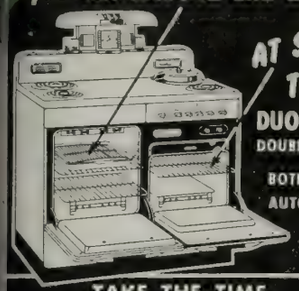
Baby in the Carriage

By May Richstone

Happiness in my heart is a song,
In baby's throat, a contented purr
As she looks at the great wide
wonderful world—
And I look at her!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Sauce—the dash that makes the dish

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THE BECKONING YEARS

(Continued from Page 58)

in, snapping the nails in a hard frost when fall fruits needed a touch of cold for mellowing. But Jess relished weather, it seemed, for its own sake. Hailstones big as pullet eggs cutting the corn to shreds and Jess in the thick of it gathering up bucketfuls like diamonds. The wind so strong the log cabin, low as it was, quivered like an old dog beat down to its haunches, and Jess out, hat off, mouth open, gulping down draughts of air like a doctor's prescribed medicine. Unless death changed him more than it seemed death *could*, Jess might have a tedious time hereafter: no unseasonable spells, no high-water marks, no snowdrifts to keep track of. Poor man! Eliza reached over and laid a hand on his shoulder. Jess placed his large hand upon her small rough one.

"Thee glad to have it summer, Eliza?"

"Summer for us, too," she said unexpectedly.

"Summer," Jess repeated, startled.

Said that way, the word shook him. He felt himself no more than started in life, a few steps taken on a journey of miles. In the pasture he heard one of the cows speak, she also saying "summer." The bull replied with a sleepy rumbling. *Saying cow, I suppose, not summer*, Jess thought. In the loft overhead the boys moving into the shallows of sleep spoke a word or two. Play, swim, good time, something like that, Jess imagined. Though who could tell? Here was Eliza near to him as an own rib, her hand in his, thinking a thought he would never have credited her with: that they had come to a halfway mark. The boys stirred again—*Saying, for all I know*, Jess concluded with dismay, *we hate the world*.

"Four children," Eliza said.

It was a fact. He could go from room to room counting them if need be. Laban and Josh in the loft. Mattie in the lean-to. In the trundle bed by their side, little Sarah. One minute a man was riding off to go courting, no responsibility in the world but keeping his horse fed and his hair cut, and the next he was as patriarchal as Abraham, his offspring and flocks gathered about him.

"Thirty years old," said Eliza. "Half of life gone by."

It was true. Thirty years! Half done. Through the imperfect chinking an eye of light fell onto the moving pendulum of the clock. A few more swings and he'd be a grandfather. In the loft the boys, now wide awake, began to talk outright. Next door in the lean-to Mattie sang to herself. "Icy, icy, icy, icy all the world" was her song, as far as Jess could make out. Little Sarah whimpered and pushed at her covering. The house was full of life.

"We're crowded," Eliza burst out. "We need more room."

Jess made a movement away from his wife and she said:

"I mean in the house. We're all bunched up together."

"Bunched up?" said Jess. "Why, we got four rooms." That was stretching it a little, maybe, calling the lean-to a room, but it was big enough for Mattie's bed. And kitchen, sitting room and loft were real rooms. He could remember when there had been only kitchen and loft and Eliza content as a queen.

"We've outgrown them," said Eliza. "Us sleeping in the sitting room and the children in and out and company having to double up. It's not dignified."

Dignified! So now they would live with dignity. Jess tried on the word like a new shirt and it fitted him fine. "For dignity," he asked, "what does thee figure we need, Eliza?"

Eliza didn't need to figure a minute. "We need to add another room," she said. "A chamber of our own."

Jess sat up in bed and looked about. It was full day now, the morning light rosy on the chinked walls, the puncheon floors, the exposed rafters. Clad in his new dignity, his life half spent, Jess looked at the room with



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a stranger's eyes. Chinking falling out here and there. Beams darkened with smoke. Puncheon floor scarred and splintered. Plainly the main room of the house, parlor and sitting room in one, but a man and woman bedded down there. Man's breeches hanging cater-cornered by one gallus on a peg. Woman's petticoats, neater, across the back of a chair. Child in another bed. This stranger, this dignified middle-aged man, did not see the room as Jess had, as a young man starting life, lucky to have raised himself such a fine and weatherproof house in the midst of his clearing. *He* saw it against houses left behind in Ohio and Pennsylvania, houses where the sitting was done in one room and the sleeping in another, houses where no daylight came in except through the windows, and the floor boards were so slippery with wax a man had to clench his toes to stay upright. Why, this was a makeshift place, a camp in the woods, a building a man could make do with while young and getting a start, but one he'd want to get shut of by the time he'd reached the summer of life!

Jess put a long, rusty-haired leg out of bed, picked up two-year-old Sarah, who was now awake, and strode about the room. With Sarah on his shoulder he took the poker from the hearth and rammed it through a weak spot in the chinking.

"House falling down about our ears!"

Sarah put her fingers through the opening. "Falling down," she said with pleasure.

"Our children exposed to the elements!" lamented Jess, making the dried clay fly. "A chamber of our own! A single room!" He was scornful. "What we need's a whole new house."

Before breakfast Jess and the boys did the chores and surveyed the landscape. The sun was still low and its beams came coasting in without much slant. A kind of bluish haze hung above the pasture's clover. Where the light touched the silvery upturned undersides of the grass there was a sheen like that off a winter's hoarfrost. The shadows of the trees were long, stretching away, it seemed, from the sun's heat. Butterflies were already running their tongues deep into Eliza's morning-glories and cows walked the shady way to grass.

Josh said, "Labe slipped his pig a handful of corn when thee wasn't watching, pa."

Labe's pig was the last of a litter, a runt, a salmon-colored weakling. He was trying to build it up.

"Thee old tattletale," Labe said. "The old spill-it-all."

Josh was not hurt by these words, nor surprised. Name calling was but part of his brother's general want of principle. "It's no fair," he said, "for one pig to get more than another."

"Joseph needs it," said Labe. "He's the littlest."

"Joseph!" repeated Josh. "Pa, Labe's calling a pig after a man in the Bible."

"Could call thee after one," said Labe darkly.

"Thee better not," said Josh, having a good idea he would not be called after any one nice. Then with a sudden inspiration of his own, he said, "Thee's a prodigal son. Consorting with swine."

Jess, roused from contemplation by the hullabaloo at his side, said, "Boys, we're going to build us a new house."

"Logs?" asked Josh.

"No siree," said Jess. "White clapboard."

At breakfast Jess raised the house before their eyes. Laid the foundation with one motion of his hand and built up the walls with another. Traced a lacy line with his fingers and there was gingerbread galore around the gables, rich and intricate. Lifted his eyes and there was a weather vane on the roof; lightning rods, and a bell in a little house of its own to call the men in from the fields.

"Kin I ring the little bell?" asked Sarah.

"The very first ring," said Jess, "I promise thee."

"Thee can't reach the rope," said Josh, looking with distaste at the dribblings on his sister's chin.

"I'll hold thee up, Sary," said Labe.

"Will we have a dining room to dine in?" asked Mattie.

"We will have a dining room to dine in, a sitting room to sit in, a cooking room to cook in and sleeping rooms to sleep in. For everything we do there will be a special room to do it in."

"What'll we do in the parlor?" asked Josh.

Jess looked at Eliza.

"In the parlor," said Eliza, "—which comes from the French word *parler*, meaning to talk—we will talk."

"Yes," said Jess, "in the parlor we will *parler*, meaning to talk."

He spooned deeply into the cold dewberry cobbler left over from the night before.

(Continued on Page 241)

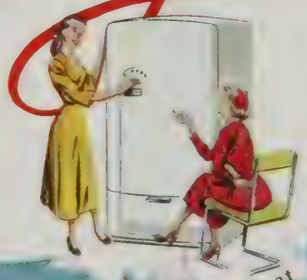


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(Continued from Page 238)

a had given them a strange setout for
ıkfast: leftover cobbler, new potatoes
ed in their jackets, and cream gravy.
had kept her head bowed so long when
returned thanks that he'd considered
ng her a little tweak to bring home the
that the gravy was getting cold. Cold
bler was one thing and cold gravy an-
r. But when she had lifted her face,
ing with thankfulness and pride, and
, "Children, thy father is going to build
new house," he was glad he had thought
er of it.

low she said, "When does thee plan to
t?"

n Jess' mind the house was already so
oughly built that the word "start"
nded strange. Start? Why, there it
d! Weatherboarded, shuttered, wind-
of, snowproof, the storm howling round
ide and they inside, snug and warm and
in the least bunched up.

Today?" asked Eliza, not one to loiter
dream house.

ess emerged into the log cabin. "Cer-
ly," he said. "Post-
ement never yet
ed a rooftree."

What's the first
g to be done?"
d Eliza.

Go to Vernon," said
, "and get Joe Kim-
to figure on the
ding. Pay him a
n fee and get him
ome out, see what
ber'll need cutting.
in an order for
dows and hardware
says so."

Thee have money
all this?" asked
a. "All this feeing
ordering?"

I got enough to
w honesty of intent,
way," said Jess,
nd after harvest.
e. Oh, this ain't
card house, Eliza.
leaping without
cing. This is some-
ig I've had in mind
some time. Just
n't dawned on me
day for it had
ne."

What I would like,"
Mattie, squinting
o the distance,
ould be a little, dia-
nd-shaped window.
little teensy, dia-
nd-shaped window
peer through."

hey could all tell
t she was peering through it that very
ute, but what she saw none of them
ld say.

y noon Jess and the two boys were in
buckboard, halfway to Vernon. Eliza
packed them a noontime snack and seen
n off.

Thee just hold things down here," Jess
l her in high spirits, "and by nightfall
ll be back, Joe Kimball's receipt in my
ket and the cornerstone as good as laid."

he June sun was directly overhead as
y drove along. Heat waves shimmered
ss the ripening corn, and shadows
atted at the base of trees and shrubs.
Dolly wore a second set of harness out-
d in sweat around the set used for pulling.
e in a while she twisted her head side-
s as if trying to catch Jess' eye. Failing
o this, she would let out her breath in a
g, damp, weary snort. Labe inspected the
k such a snort deposited upon his bare
arm.

"Horse breath," he concluded, and no one
tradicted him.

he sky was deep blue, quite empty except
re on the horizon great clouds rose up
distant, snow-covered mountains. A
hawk flew out of the woods, then hung over-
head inspecting the travelers and screaming
with energy.

"Could a hawk eat a man?" asked Labe.

"Of course not," said Josh.

"If the man was hawk size," said Labe,
"and the hawk man size?"

"They ain't any man-size hawks," said
Josh flatly.

Labe hung for a time over the edge of the
buckboard, watching the right front wheel
pick up the soft dust, carry it upward, then
let it fall back in two soft downward-falling
runnels.

"My stomach's a-growlin'," he said, as if
this were news to anyone.

"When a hog's stomach growls, the
weather's going to change," Josh told him,
his mind still on swine.

"You boys hungry?" asked Jess.

"I'm hungry," said Labe. "That's why
my stomach's a-growlin'."

"Thee keep a sharp lookout," Jess told
him, "for a likely place to stop and we'll
pull up and have a bite to eat."

Labe saw a likely
place almost at once,
the sandy curve on the
far side of the ford at
Bee Crick. They were
at the top of the hill
which led to the cross-
ing when he pointed
out the spot and the
man who had already
stopped there. "It's
dinnertime," he said.
"There's a man already
eating."

He was out of the
buckboard before its
hind wheels left the
water, and while Jess
took Old Dolly out of
the shafts, he inspect-
ed the traveler.

After a little of this
the traveler said, "I'm
a man."

"Thee is a very neat
man," Labe answered
politely.

He was. On the
ground in front of him
and held down by four
stones was a piece of
white goods which
served him as a table-
cloth. On this cloth
were crackers, cheese
and a dish of stewed
pieplant. A cup and
saucer awaited the
coffee which was just
coming to the boil in
a pot supported by a
little trivet.

"I try to be neat," said the traveler.
"The wilderness round about me, least I
can do is tame myself."

Labe looked up and down Bee Crick. It
was not his idea of a wilderness, though the
man before him was so orderly he made the
festoons of wild grape, the peeling sycamore
bark, the ragged clusters of elderberry look
wilder than he had ever seen them before.
The traveler was a small man, peak-nosed,
lantern-jawed, with dark, furry hair. In the
heat of midday he wore a cloth coat, and a
collar held up close to his overhanging chin
by a wide, lapped-over tie. He was not sit-
ting in the sand, any which way, but on a
smooth little box, painted yellow, and over
by his light spring wagon his two horses,
bays with black switch tails, ate their oats
from a larger box, also yellow.

"That your pa and brother?" he asked
Labe.

Labe nodded, his eyes still too busy to
give his tongue much chance. The traveler,
he thought, looked like a raccoon: shiny,
black, bright-eyed, point-nosed. Labe al-
most expected to see him dip his sliver of
cheese in the crick before he ate any of it.

"Going to town?" the stranger asked.

"To Vernon," Labe said, giving his eyes a
little rest.

WITH THE CHILDREN

When our six-year-old came home from the village, bearing five-cent candy and gum gifts for the entire family I asked him where he got all the money for his purchases. This is his story: "It was very easy to get the money. When we got to the village Charlie remembered he hadn't called his mother from our house. He knows how to use a telephone slot but he didn't have a nickel so he asked a man walking by for a nickel so's he could call his mother. Right away the man smiled and gave him a nickel, so he called his mother and told her we were watching the decorations being put up in the village. Well, after that we asked lots of men getting off the train for nickels so we could telephone and once in a while we called up our friends so we didn't lie all the time. It was very funny though; every man we asked gave us a nickel, at least, but not one woman gave us anything. I guess they were all mothers and could tell by our faces we were playing a game."

"I hate a locked door—it gives me a kicking feeling."

"She is a very trustable woman. When I asked her if I could steal some of her grapes she told me to take what I needed, then she went right in the house. You have to be nice to ladies like that."

"Doesn't a cooky jar look sad when there are only crumbs in it?"

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.





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"Picked a hot day for it."

"We're in a hurry."

"Yeh?"

"We're building a house."

"Yeh?"

"White clapboard," said Labe, "with diamond-shaped windows."

"House," repeated the stranger, and he got to his feet as Jess approached. "Be a pleasure if you'd join me in a cup of coffee," he said.

"Thanks," said Jess. "I'd appreciate it. It'd help wash down the ham and bread."

"I'll fetch a cup. I take for granted these two chaps won't be drinking?"

Labe tried to look like a coffee drinker, but Jess said, "Warm milk's their strongest tipple."

When the traveler returned with the cup he said, "My name's Leutweiler; Herman Leutweiler."

Jess held out his hand. "I'm pleased to meet thee, Friend Leutweiler. I'm Jess Birdwell, and these are my two young'uns, Joshua and Laban."

"Mr. Birdwell, boys, it's a great pleasure," said Mr. Leutweiler.

The boys stood pushing the warm sand up between their bare toes; Jess brought forth their spicecake, bread and ham; Mr. Leutweiler poured the coffee.

Jess rolled himself up a piece of driftwood, nowhere near as fancy as Mr. Leutweiler's painted box, but just as comfortable for s ting purposes. After he'd filled the bo hands with meat and bread and had a sip two of Mr. Leutweiler's black coffee, he sa

"Thee from hereabouts, Friend Le weiler?"

"Nope. Just passing through."

"What does thee think of our country

"Too ambitious," said Mr. Leutweiler.

"Ambitious?" asked Jess.

"Climbing. Where I come from th ain't so much perpendicular."

"Where's that?" Jess asked.

"Ohio."

"Ohio? Thee know Belmont County

"Like the palm of my hand. Ain't a crea or crevice I can't trace."

"I was born there," Jess said.

"Well, well," said Mr. Leutweiler, "a me passing through less than two wee ago."

"Thee happen to see the Milhouse They're kin to my wife."

"Nope. But the Copes, next door, I d see."

"Know them well," said Jess. "How d thee find them?"

"In sorry case. Very sorry case." M Leutweiler shook his head.

Jess took out his pocketknife and divid the spicecake into four substantial sla He handed them round, balanced delicat on the blade of his knife.

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BRINGING UP PARENTS

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

AT three a child generally loves to help around the house. He likes to imitate grownups and wants to be a part of their world of real work. And he *can* be a help—in a job that suits his abilities, such as emptying ash trays or dusting. But parents, sooner or later, must learn the facts of life too—and the fact here is that the mother's-little-helper stage doesn't last. For children soon find so many things of their own to interest them that they need a lot of reminding to carry out responsibilities. Sometimes that's our fault. We forget their interests are expanding, and we continue to give them chores that have become routine and dull. Then it's good for their independence to promote them from mother's assistants to jobs they can carry through alone, such as cooking a dish for dinner right from the recipe, or putting up a really needed shelf. (Don't insist on too perfect results, though, or you may frustrate your budding workmen and defeat your purpose.) In spite of everything we do, however, let's remember that most children in the middle years shirk as well as work. But that doesn't mean they'll always be like that.



"Hey, cut it out. Mommy said emptying ash trays is my job."

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"Have some sauce to dampen it," urged Mr. Leutweiler. He piled half the stewed pieplant on his own slice, pushed the saucer with what was left toward Jess.

"Thanks," said Jess. "It'll be a treat."

"Can we swim, pa?" asked Josh, swallowing the last lump of his cake.

"Thee can wade," said Jess. "Don't see how thee can make out to swim in water not knee deep."

"Have to lay down and roll over to wet yourself on both sides," said Mr. Leutweiler.

Josh stepped modestly behind a bush, divested himself in a twinkling of shirt and breeches, then lunged into the knee-deep, dapple-lighted stream.

"Young Adam," said Mr. Leutweiler. "Naked and unashamed!"

"Adam never was that age," Jess reminded him.

"You're right, Mr. Birdwell, you're right. I was disremembering Adam's lack of a childhood."

"Always thought Adam might've handled his boys better if he'd ever been a boy himself," said Jess. "Worked under a handicap as it was."

"Ain't you swimming?" Mr. Leutweiler, plainly uninterested in Adam, boy or man, asked Labe.

"Yes," said Labe. But he didn't move from the smooth birch against which he was leaning or chew any faster on his cake.

"Little pitcher," observed Mr. Leutweiler.

"Only way to get filled," said Jess. "Stomach and mind at that age both a-growlin' for something to chew on."

A time of stillness settled on the bend at Bee Crick. Josh lay in the sun-flecked water like a scrawny log, his head on a boulder and the water moving across him like a shifty coverlid. Jess and Mr. Leutweiler had their second cups of coffee and let them wash down in the content of knowing that it was all the coffee there was, and that it was enough. Labe swallowed the fine-grained cake, crumb at a time, relishing the balance between sharp and sweet. Trees grew so close about them that to see the sky Labe had to tilt his head backward. It was as if they had fallen to the bottom of a well, deep and green, quiet and hot. Now and then in passing over or around some rock Bee Crick made a watery sound: *glup, glup;* and the men drinking their coffee seemed to be imitating it: *glup, glup.* Labe shut his eyes for a minute to see if his ears could tell Bee Crick from coffee.

"Asleep on his feet," observed Mr. Leutweiler, taking the rest of his coffee in one swallow, and Labe, unsleeping, said to himself, *Coffee.*

Jess slapped at a mosquito. "When mosquitoes give over stinging for biting, it's a sure sign summer is here."

MR. LEUTWEILER put down his coffee cup. "Lucky for the Copes, it *is*," he said, but said no more.

"The Copes' misfortune kind of private?" Jess ventured after a while.

"Least private misfortune a man could have, I reckon," said Mr. Leutweiler.

"Death?" asked Jess. "A death in the family?"

"Nope. I left the Copes all well. Downcast, but in good health."

"They's all Friends," said Jess. "Not likely any of them's made a misstep?"

"Misstep?" said Mr. Leutweiler. "What the Copes are suffering from is the lack of a step."

Jess scraped a thread of pieplant from the saucer; a steel-colored darning needle flew low over the crick, stitching air to water; Josh rose from his bed, dripping; Labe explored the spaces nearest his mouth for a missed crumb.

"Reckon we ought to be pushing on," said Jess, trying his knees for bend.

Mr. Leutweiler spoke and he straightened them out once more. "The Copes' house burned."

Jess was taken aback at the news. "It was a brand-new house."

Mr. Leutweiler agreed. "Less'n a year old. White clapboard."

"A total loss?"

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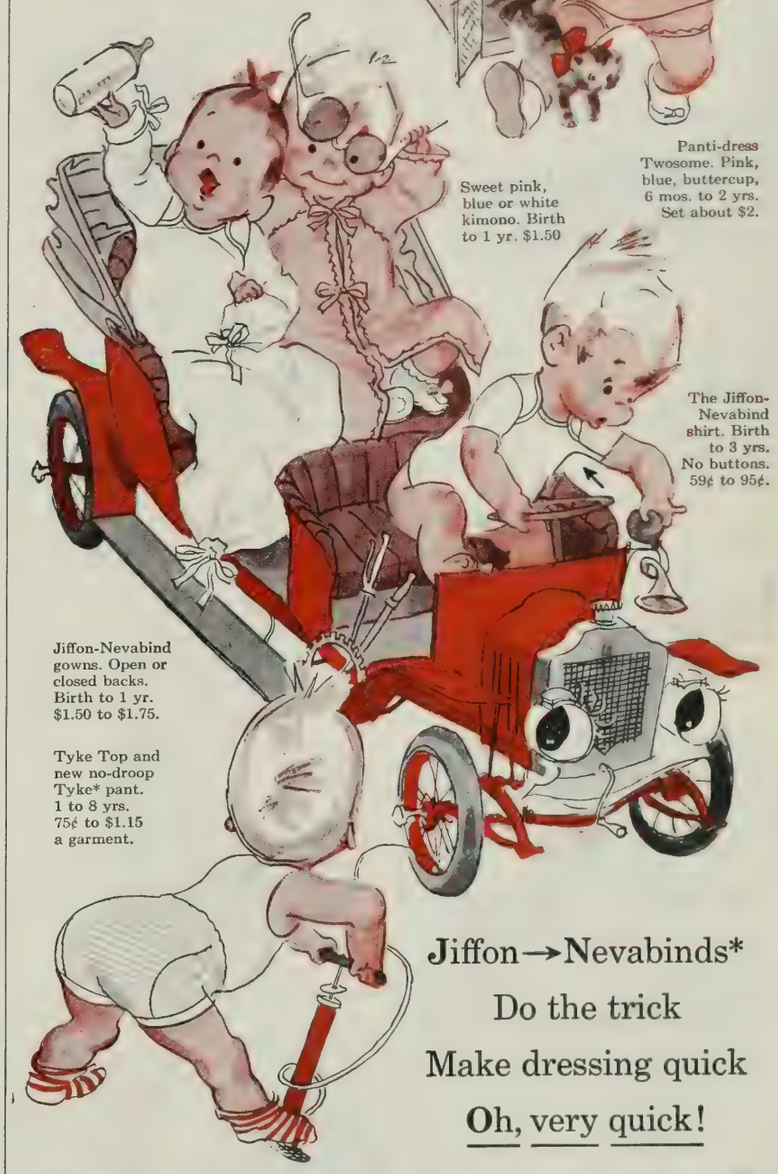
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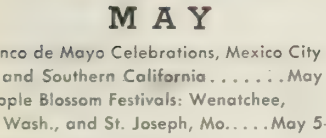


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Kentucky Derby, Louisville, Ky.....May 7
Cotton Carnival, Memphis, Tenn..May 8-15
Lilac Festival, Spokane, Wash.....May 9
"Open House" in Kentucky....May 11-15
Helldorado Days, Las Vegas, Nev.....May 12-15
Tulip Time, Holland, Mich.....May 14
Tulip Festival, Pella, Iowa.....May 15
Raisin Week, and West Coast Relays, Fresno, Calif.....May 15-21
Bach Music Festival, Bethlehem, Pa.....May 20-21



Fiesta de las Flores, San Luis Obispo, Calif.....May 21-22
Lincoln Days, Lincoln, Neb.....May 21-24
Maritime Celebration, Savannah, Ga.....May 22
Apple Blossom Festivals, Nova Scotia May 27
500-Mile Auto Race, Indianapolis, Ind.....May 30

JUNE

Summer Ice Shows, Lake Placid, N.Y. June 4
100-Mile Auto Race, Milwaukee....June 5
Blessing of the Fishing Fleet, Gloucester, Mass.....June 6
Rose Festival, Portland, Ore.....June 8-12
Buccaneer Days, Corpus Christi, Tex. June 11
Folk Song Festival, Ashland, Ky....June 12



Golden Rose Ski Tournament, Mt. Hood, Ore.....June 12
Dairyland Festival, Watertown, N.Y. June 14
Lilac Time, Mackinac Island, Mich..June 15
California Rodeo, Salinas, Calif. June 16-19
Bunker Hill Celebration, Charlestown, Mass.....June 17
Rhododendron Carnival, Roan Mountain, Tenn.....June 19
Rhododendron Blossoms, West Virginia.....June 24
Redwood Empire Centennial Exposition, Eureka, Calif.....June 24-26
Indian Sun Dances, Ft. Hall and Pocatello, Idaho...late June-early July

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GREYHOUND

"Total. Burned to the ground, including barn and outbuildings. Nothing left to show the place was a site of human habitation except two brick chimneys and a privy pit."

"A new house," Jess said, thinking. "What was the cause?"

"Lightning. Line storm."

"Most dangerous kind."

"All lightning's dangerous," said Mr. Leutweiler severely. He gazed overhead so searchingly that Labe, following his glance, half expected to see a blue-white bolt launch itself downward. "Chain, sheet, ball. Each capable to kill and burn."

"Ball lightning ain't usual."

"Fortunately. A man who looks on ball lightning is not the man he was before he seen it."

"Thee ever see it?" Jess asked.

"Once," said Mr. Leutweiler. "Age ten. Summer evening of a day like this. Me on the upping block. Distant storm, but nothing near. Or so I thought. Then there it was, knee-high, a traveling ball of light."

"How big was it?" asked Jess. "This ball?"

"About as big as a good-sized gravy bowl."

"What color?"

"Green and blue. Some yellow. Quivering and wiggling like a mess of maggots."

Josh came up out of the stream and leaned against the tree Labe had been leaning against. Labe leaned against his father and looked over his father's shoulder at what Mr. Leutweiler seemed to see.

"Rolled along knee-high like a devil's head escaped from hell. I watched it, shivering in every limb. Moved like it was guided by a string straight in the open door of our house."

Mr. Leutweiler paused and Jess said to Labe, "Stand back, stand back. Thee's pushing me over."

"And there," said Mr. Leutweiler, "it exploded."

"Inside the house?"

"Inside."

"Do any harm?"

"Bodily, no. Mentally, yes. It sent my poor mother out of her mind."

Jess was shocked. "A pity," he said, "a great pity. She recover?"

"Don't know her own name to this day," said Mr. Leutweiler. "But ball lightning's uncommon. What does the great harm is chain. Chain reaches down for you. Chain reaches down for your house. Your new house. Just built. Everything you value in it, to say nothing of the money tied up in it. Wife and children asleep. One bolt. Then you're alone in the world like Adam here and no spare rib to start over with."

"Well," said Jess, "there's misfortunes in the world, there's things that can't be avoided, acts of God."

"Acts of God! It ain't God's acting so much as man's not acting causes most trouble. With a lightning rod lightning ain't anything but Fourth of July in heaven. W God made lightning He expected mar make rods."

"Copes have rods?"

"Not a rod. When Amos Cope was p ning his building I said to him, 'Order y rods! Before you fell a tree or drop a ple line, order your rods.' But not Amos. He plenty of other places for his money—as ain't? So he would raise his house first his rods second. I was on my way with t when his house burned."

"Thee sell lightning rods?" asked J "Sell!" said Mr. Leutweiler. "Mr. B well, at the age of ten I dedicated mysel the saving of life, reason and property means of the li ning rod. Whenc I see a fine wh two-story or t story-and-a-h house sitting ami its fields, untouch by lightning, fan in full possession its senses, the m on their bones scorched, the wh shebang protected one of my gilded b topped rods, *that*, Birdwell, is reward."

"I don't reci thee gives a away," Jess said.

"For the comp I collect cert sums," Mr. Le weiler told him.

"Thee have so rods with thee?" J asked.

"I have."

"Thee have a objection to looking at them?"

"Yes, sir, M Birdwell, I do. Yo boy here by char let drop you w building a house. N my rods are all spoi for and there's no your seeing them a hankering for th for nothing."

"Needn't hanke Jess told him, "be forewarned."

"No, sir," said M Leutweiler, "y couldn't help yo self. You'd see th rods and want a p and I'd have to t you down. Then y house'd burn as more than likely, t hilly country bre ing thunderstor the way it does, a who'd you blan Herman Leutweil No, sir! I don't wa the burden of yo burning on my sho ders. Not your wh clapboards curling up and your lace c tains blazing and your wife and child like not trapped in an upstairs bedroom. No, sir Mr. Leutweiler, in the heat of his feelin rose and gave his yellow box a solid kick. H turned his face away from Bee Crick as it ran flame and not water. He looked toward the sky, the source of the lightni he was sworn to defy and circumvent. "N sir," he said.

Labe felt like plunging into the cric clothes and all, so real were Mr. Leutweile storm and flames. He could see the r tongues licking up the lace curtains, hear h mother and Sarah trapped upstairs and cr ing for help.

"I'd appreciate looking at the rods pure as ornaments," Jess said, "and with t thought of their chief use."

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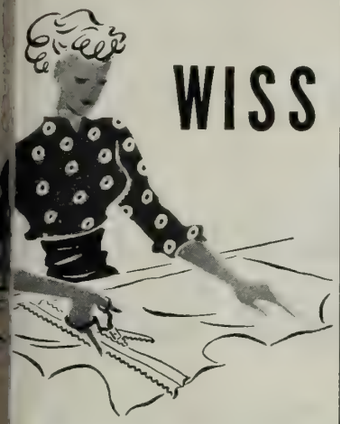
My Son

BY DOROTHY SMITH

Today, my son, you are eleven years old.
Having reached this milestone in your life, you have achieved wisdom
Consistent with your years.
A small-boy wisdom which is slowly and secretly blending into the learning
Of the man you will one day be.
Already your face has thinned
And molded itself into the planes and shadows
That will one day be the face of your father.
And at night, when you lie asleep, defenseless and vulnerable,
Your eyes closed on the secret thoughts of your dreams,
On your face your babyhood still shines.
Even then I see the future in the shape of your cheek as it lies,
Pillowed on your hands.
Your hands, which are still grubby with small-boy mischief,
Already growing long-fingered and sensitive,
Reaching beyond me, into the future.
The future which your father and I have tried so patiently and lovingly
To shape into a shining reality for you.
Yes, even when you were but a small thing
Growing beneath my heart.
Even then our dreams were of the man you would one day be.
For within your being, though you are unaware,
Lies all the wisdom and hope of the unborn ages,
Waiting patiently and surely for their fulfillment.

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After Mr. Leutweiler, his yellow boxes, his trivet, his coffeepot and cups, his bay team with their black switch tails, and his lightning rods—minus two sets, one each for house and barn—had left the bend at Bee Crick, Jess and Labe took off their clothes and had a roll in the Bee Crick waters. Josh, dressed, sat on a stump and watched them. It was midafternoon or a little past, midges hung in clouds above the shallow pools, birds skimmed low to eat them, shadows crept out from under trees.

"It's going to be dark before we get to Vernon," Josh told the swimmers.

Jess rolled over, face up. "We've given that trip up," he said.

"Thee told mother," Josh said reprovingly, "thee'd have the receipt in thy pocket."

"Haven't got the wherewithal at the minute to buy myself any more receipts," Jess admitted.

"It was going to be a cornerstone," Josh, who had a good memory, said sadly.

"Going at it the other end to," Jess informed his son cheerfully. "Going to build up to meet the lightning rods."

"How can thee do that?" Josh wondered.

Jess didn't answer, but Labe could see it being done, the beautiful, golden balls high against the blue sky and beneath, progressing upward to meet them, the shining white house.

"Pa can do it," he said confidently.

Josh was unconvinced. "Mother'd like a cornerstone better."

Jess rose from the stream and the air, warm as it was, struck a little cool on his dripping body. "Thee's more'n likely right," he said.

Jess awakened with the feeling that he had slept only a minute or two, but the moon which did not rise until past midnight was already shining, a mild, spent moon which laid yellow beams across the floor boards. He awakened slowly, feeling a little heavy-hearted and lonely, and not knowing why. Then, turning toward Eliza, he found that she was not beside him and he sat up and looked about the room. It, too, was empty of her, and he swung his feet out of bed, stood noiselessly, stepped into his pants and walked out into a world lighted by so small a segment of the moon it seemed more a private lantern lit for him and Eliza than a public moon for all.

Only where *was* Eliza? He walked barefooted down the front path between the rows of bleeding hearts; little colorless clots they were in the dim light. The smell of woods and fields came to him strongly after his half night in the house, and he realized anew how wild the earth was and how far out on its edge he and Eliza lived. He did not want to call out and awaken the children so he walked on, silent and peering, thinking what if, as in stories he had heard, Eliza had simply vanished, disappeared without a sign, proved to be a dream. What would he do? He did not know. He needed Eliza to advise him, tell him how to get on without her. An owl dropped out of the Juneberry tree, fell softly like a lump of snow, then suddenly *whooed*. There was a movement, at the sound, across the road against the trunk of the yellow poplar, and Jess walked across the road to the tree and put his hand on Eliza's warm arm. She had on her nightdress, was leaning against the tree facing the log house, and crying.

"Eliza," Jess said. "Eliza."

Eliza turned away from him, tried to burrow her face into poplar bark.

"Eliza," Jess said, "it's the smallest kind of a setback and no waste of money. They're A-one rods, pretty to look at and useful. A

(Continued on Page 247)



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(Continued from Page 245)

nth more, two at the most, and the oney'll be on hand to go ahead just as we anned."

"I don't care about thy old lightning rods," id Eliza. She was leaning against Jess w, not the tree. "I wish thee'd bought a ousand."

"Why, Eliza," Jess said. "Eliza."

"What were we ever thinking of, Jess," e asked, "planning to leave the log use?"

"Thinking of?" Jess repeated. "Thinking how we'd outgrown it. Thinking of how d had its day. Thee said so thyself. Thee is the one suggested building."

"I was wrong," said Eliza. "This is our me. All the children were born here. When were first married I'd walk out at night to is tree just so I could look back and see w pretty it was, lamplighted and shining. was proud of it, Jess. And it's been such a od tight house to us. Other people've had ouble with their houses: chimneys smoke, ors stick, roofs leak. But *our* house never d give us any trouble, Jess, and I never n leave it."

"Ain't so weathertight now," Jess reinded her.

"Thee go on, Jess. I don't blame thee. ee put up thy big clapboard house. Lightng rods, diamond windowpanes, whatever ikes thy fancy. Thee can live in it and attie can keep house for thee. But I can't er leave the log house. It wouldn't be ght."

Eliza's tears were so plentiful they went ght through Jess' nightshirt to the skin. hen they lessened a little he folded down s nightshirt collar and wiped her cheeks y.

"Beautiful night," he said, putting his llar back. "Beautiful, mild, balmy night."

"Is it, Jess?" Eliza asked, lifting her head look about.

"Hasn't thee seen?" Jess asked. "Beautil, summer night."

Katydids, even so far into the night, were still sounding.

"Listen," said Jess. "Hear them? Katydids sounding at midnight, that's a sure sign of full summer."

Eliza did not answer.

"Summer for us, too, like thee said," Jess reminded her.

Eliza gave a few more sniffs.

"Don't hear any Rome Beauties crying because they ain't apple blossoms, does thee?"

"No," said Eliza.

"Don't hear any little hoot owls hooting to get back in their shells?"

"No, Jess."

"No little oaks scrunching down trying to be acorns again?"

"Was I scrunching down," Eliza asked, "trying to be an acorn?" There was a little sound of laughter in her voice, but Jess was serious.

"Thee was when I came out and found thee. Scrunching thyself down mighty low. No house is our home, Eliza. A house is just a makeshift place at best, a place to fit our size and be comfortable in. The earth's our rightful home. And the sky."

Jess started back across the road, Eliza leaning on his arm. Overhead the sky was garlanded with stars and underfoot the earth was dusty but soft and warm.

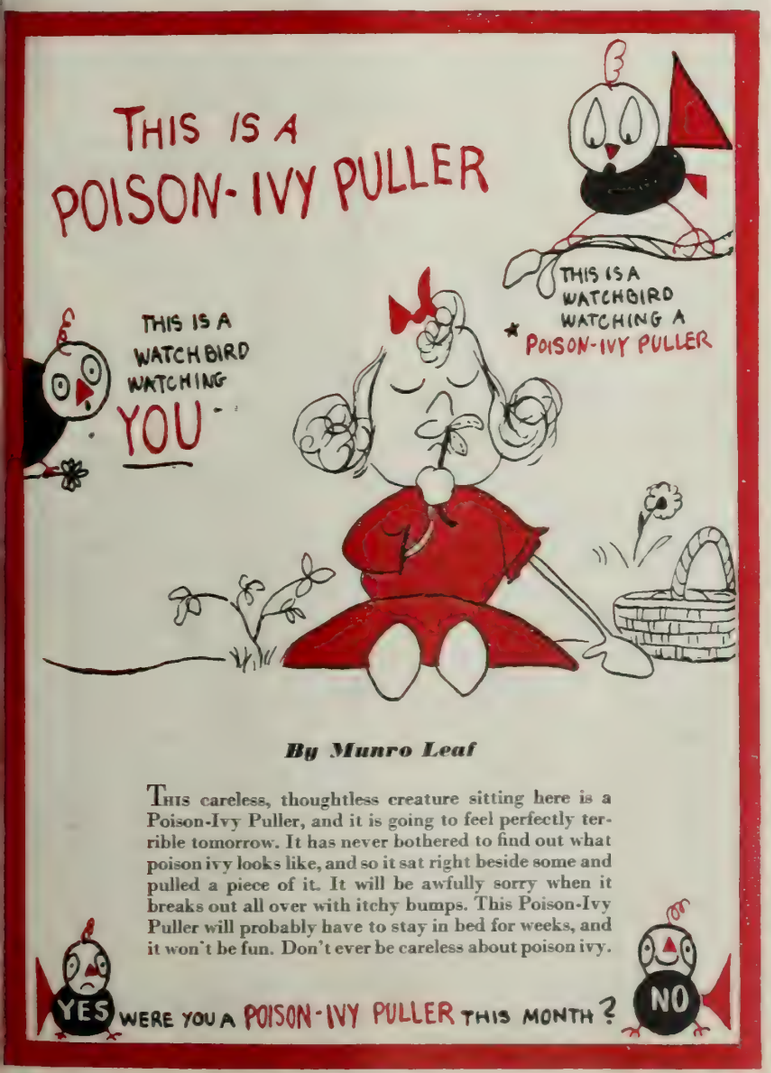
"Jess Birdwell," exclaimed Eliza, "is thee barefoot?"

Jess looked down at his feet. "I was too anxious about thee to take time for shoes," he said.

"Thee'll have to wash thy feet before thee can get back in bed," Eliza told him.

"Well water's going to be mighty cold, this hour of the night," Jess objected.

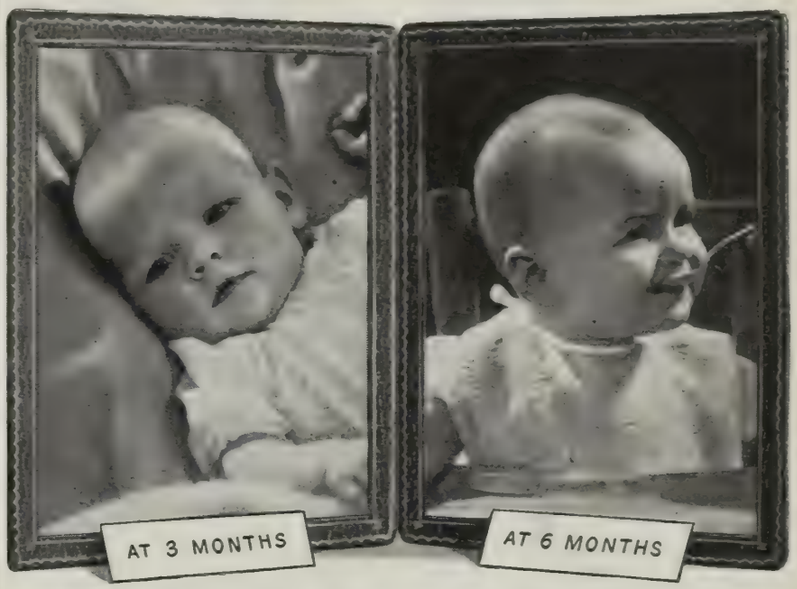
Eliza didn't reply, and when they reached the house she fetched him the washbasin. But as Jess recoiled from the first dipperful of water she said, "If thy feet are cold afterwards, Jess, thee can warm them on mine." THE END



By Munro Leaf

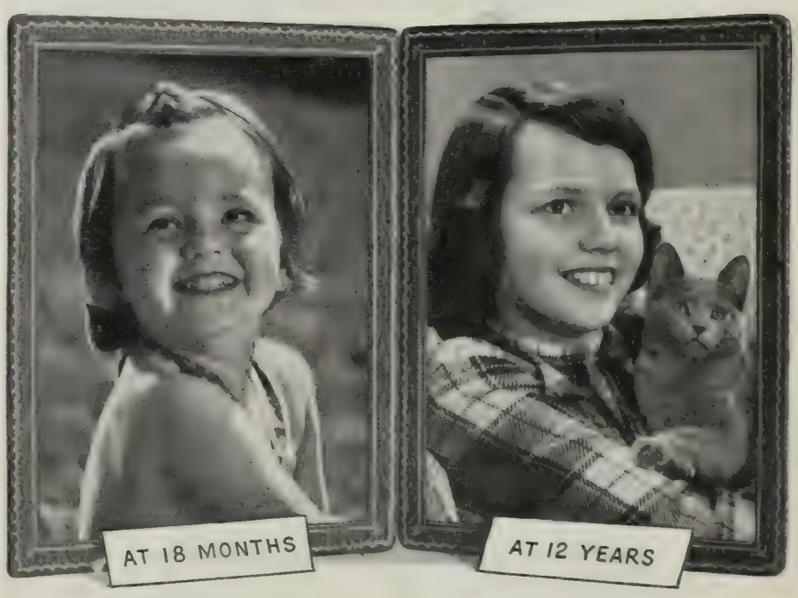
THIS careless, thoughtless creature sitting here is a Poison-Ivy Puller, and it is going to feel perfectly terrible tomorrow. It has never bothered to find out what poison ivy looks like, and so it sat right beside some and pulled a piece of it. It will be awfully sorry when it breaks out all over with itchy bumps. This Poison-Ivy Puller will probably have to stay in bed for weeks, and it won't be fun. Don't ever be careless about poison ivy.

The Growing Story of a Baby Sitter!



Baby sitter Sally Thomas was a pink 'n precious bundle, age 3 months, when she met her first love—Clapp's Baby Cereals. Her doctor recommended Clapp's Cereals because they are 3 times richer in iron than unfortified, home-cooked cereals. And did she thrive? Just look at the next picture!

Sally's world is full of wonderful adventures! And mealtime is one of them. What with 20 varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods to choose from—meals are bound to be interesting. And Clapp's method of pressure-cooking retains tempting flavor and color as well as vitamins and minerals.



Sally's strong straight back and sturdy little body are such gratifying proof that Clapp's Foods are a boon to babies. Sally graduated to Clapp's Junior Foods in her eleventh month. The easy-to-chew morsels were just right for Sally's new teeth—and the flavor was temptingly familiar.

Sally is just the charmer you'd expect her to be! A capable baby sitter, honor student, and Vice-president of the Pet Club. Her mother agrees Sally's glowing health and vitality owe much to her early Clapp's diet. So before your baby is another day older—start him on Clapp's. You'll be glad you did!

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THE FIRST IN BABY FOODS

Products of American Home Foods

She was a "Carnation Baby"... Now she's a "Carnation Mother"



MILLIONS OF GROWN-UPS are enjoying healthier, happier lives today because they were well-fed with Carnation Milk from the start. The "Carnation Baby" above is now Mrs. Daniel McCoy of Minneapolis.



MRS. McCOY with two of her *four* "Carnation Babies." She majored in Dietetics at college, so she has both scientific and practical knowledge of Carnation's value for infant feeding . . . and *all* milk purposes.



More babies are fed on Carnation than on any other evaporated milk

...according to nation-wide surveys. For almost 50 years, Carnation Milk has set the highest standards of whole milk nutrition, easy digestion, and absolute safety for baby feeding. No other milk is more strictly safeguarded; every drop processed under Carnation's control, in Carnation's *own* plants. Money cannot buy better milk for baby feeding, yet Carnation Milk costs so little! Give *your* baby the extra quality advantages of Carnation—the milk every doctor knows.



WRITE FOR "Your Contented Baby," 36 pages of helpful information. Carnation Company, Dept. L-59, Los Angeles 36, California.



Either lack of interest and energy or increased activity and irritability may be a hint of excessive fatigue in your child.

The Overtired Child

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

"BUT he never *acts* tired!" a mother protested to me recently when I told her that I thought her child was suffering from excessive fatigue. "Just the opposite, in fact," she went on. "He's on the go all the time—never still a minute!"

As in many other cases, I had a hard time convincing this mother that there are several different ways in which the child who is constantly overtired may respond, just as there are many different causes of the condition itself. Depending on the individual child's physical and temperamental make-up, and even to some extent on his surroundings, he may give way to fatigue by becoming listless and sleepy, or he may draw on his reserve of nervous energy and appear extremely animated or jittery. In both cases, however, the child is likely to be emotionally unstable—cross and irritable a great deal of the time and exploding into tears or temper displays on the most trivial provocations.

When the child shows signs of tiredness—lack of interest and energy, or excessive irritability—even when other evidence is missing, the first step always is a consultation with the doctor t see whether or not there is some physical disorder that may be back of the condition. An examination often reveals something of this kind. Enlarged adenoids, for example, may cause enough difficulty in breathing to involve extra effort and consequent fatigue, especially in the child from three to five or six years old. Sometimes the doctor finds a nutritional cause. Occasionally an infection, too slight to be noticeable in any other way, shows up, and offending tonsils or an infected tooth must be removed before improvement can be expected. In some cases anemia is discovered, and special diet or medication may be needed to overcome it. Once in a while, lack of secretion from the thyroid gland causes symptoms of fatigue.

In most cases of overtiredness that I have seen, however, no specific physical cause is found. The child is simply using up more energy than he has available. This is most likely to be the case during periods of rapid growth, and mothers should be especially watchful for signs of fatigue at these times. There are wide variations among children in the occurrence of these periods, of course, but spurts in the rate of growth commonly come at around five or six years of age, again at nine or ten, and again in early adolescence—at eleven to fourteen years.

Some youngsters wear themselves out by constant running and play. This happens quite often when a younger child is trying to keep up with an older group. In other cases, parents make the mistake of demanding too much of their children. In addition to school work, they so often have the child take dancing or music lessons, extra language lessons, and so on. Then the youngster has too little time for play and relaxation, and fatigue soon develops.

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

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Many mothers know from experience that Dennison Diaper Liners help protect baby's skin from diaper rash. These Liners neutralize a primary cause of common diaper rash... shown by tests in nationally-known public health laboratory. Dennison Diaper Liners save *you* hours of diaper scrubbing...can be flushed away when soiled. Economical, too—180 DENNISON LINERS $1.00 at department stores, infants' shops and drug stores.

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Dennison DIAPER LINERS

Mothers say "They're Wonderful"

Whatever the cause of fatigue, some way must be found to curb or control the tired child's activity and to provide additional rest.

The mistake mothers make most frequently when the doctor's orders call for more rest is to try to force a nap, rest period or early bedtime on the child. Often the mother's well-intentioned efforts to follow instructions result in such strict rest-time rules that the child feels he is being disciplined or penalized for being tired. This is bad for several reasons. First, it is unfair; the youngster must not have any feeling of guilt about the necessity for rest. Second, it will not accomplish the desired result; the child who is forced to endure a rest period that seems to him to be the equivalent of a jail sentence is not likely to relax and benefit from it. Moreover, the child who is compelled to rest or go to bed early will soon come to think of resting and going to bed as evils to be avoided, or at least protested against, at all times. Such a child may then struggle against resting automatically, even when he is tired and wants to rest.

To prevent these harmful effects that may result from enforced rest, mothers must use all their loving inventiveness toward making the idea of resting or going to bed attractive and pleasant to the child. In very young children this is comparatively simple: naptime or bedtime can be reserved for favorite reading-aloud or storytelling treats. Many times I have seen my own little grandchildren start to object at mention of the word "bed," then break into eager smiles when the word "story" was added. I'm sure every parent has had the same experience.

Nations have recently been led to borrow billions for war; no nation has ever borrowed largely for education. Probably no nation is rich enough to pay for both war and civilization. We must make our choice; we cannot have both.

—ABRAHAM FLEXNER.

Even older children enjoy being read to; the nine- or ten-year-old who has been reading himself for three or four years may still be glad to lie quietly while mother or dad reads, enjoying not only the story but also the soothing sound of the parent's voice and, subconsciously, the idea of being the object of so much attention.

As a matter of fact, attention is the key to success for any plan to make resting and bedtime attractive. The mother who looks upon these periods as opportunities to escape from the child's demands is going to have trouble. The mother who takes time to plan and manage the rest time carefully will be rewarded by the pleasure of watching the child gain in health and vigor.

For the older child, quiet games help make the daytime rest a pleasant time. Cutouts, scrapbooks and coloring are all good occupations for rest time, but these and other activities should be selected carefully to avoid anything that will be stimulating instead of relaxing. The early-to-bed rule may be made more palatable by establishing a routine which calls for a warm bath at bedtime, with a few minutes of mild bathtub play. For the little child, there is a wide selection of rubber and plastic bath toys that will help make the occasion a joyful one.

The other half of the treatment needed by the overtired child—control of his activities—must be worked out with the aid of the doctor and teacher. It is not wise to make demands that needlessly restrict normal play with other children. Often teachers can cooperate by arranging a few minutes of relaxation during the school day for the child who is known to need it. Other parents will respond, too, and help work out a program that will provide normal social outlets without strenuous exertion. The mother who sees her child returned to full, robust health and happy disposition will know that all her pains to make this result possible have been worth while.

THE END

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Real, deep "seated", sat-isfaction!
GIBBS are gay for Play and Bed,
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Start them right with Gibbs and follow through the teen age years. Every Gibbs Garment is made of selected Fine Quality Combed Yarn for long wear. Easy to launder . . . stays soft . . . holds shape. Exquisitely tailored to prevent binding or chafing . . . allows plenty of room for action. At leading Department Stores and Specialty Shops.

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Choosey cheese lovers call for Swift's Brookfield American

• • • that delicious blend of peak-ripened Cheddar, tempered with mellow, mild cheese. Served as it comes from the package, or featured in all your cheese recipes, you'll find how well it represents "the cheese taste *most* people like *most*"—*always* that same delicious flavor—when you ask your dealer for Swift's Brookfield American.

Swift's Brookfield Dairy Foods



Says Martha Logan
OF SWIFT'S HOME SERVICE

"Here is one way to get action out of a recipe! One recipe . . . six uses."

Martha Logan's SIX-TRIX Rarebit Sau

(makes about 2½ cups)
- 1 pound Swift's Brookfield American (grated)
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ¾ cup top milk
- 1 egg or 2 egg yolks
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire
- Dash of Tabasco, if desired

Heat together over hot water, cheese, bu ter, half of the milk. **Stir** often. **Combi** slightly beaten egg with seasonings and mainder of milk, and add to melted chee **Stir** constantly, and **cook** until thick a smooth.

Now for the Six Tricks:

1 Serve over crisp, buttered toast.

2 Pour over cooked cauliflower, asparagu or broccoli. (A sure-fire way to get you family interested in eating vegetables!)

3 Serve on toasted English muffins, toppe with broiled bacon.

4 Combine with cooked macaroni or rice and bake.

5 Use, hot, as a "slip-over" topping or warm apple or mince pie. (A crowning touch that's so delicious and so *natural* you'll never serve these pies without it.)

6 Spread, cold, on toast and brown under broiler.



Where finest butter is needed most—on biscuits, muffins, bread or toast—ask for Swift's Brookfield Butter.



Swift's Brookfield eggs —nature's perfection, guarded by Swift, all the way to your dealer's store.

FIGHTING CANCER

(Continued from Page 23)

iteers have not visited to leave litera-
on cancer, or reached through "a
borhood program."
one of these "neighborhood programs"
Bransford, a rancher's wife and mother
ven children, realized that she might
the very trouble the cancer pamphlet
ibed. The county home-demonstra-
agent was pointing out that one danger
l was "irregular bleeding or discharge
any body opening." Mrs. Bransford
l whether her symptoms might denote
r and was told that no lay person
qualified to judge. Next day, with her
nd, John, she drove to Winfield.
's. Bransford proved to have cancer of
ervix. Treated for six weeks with X-ray
e tumor clinic, then hospitalized for
lays for local application of radium, she
restored to normal health with the
ability of many years of usefulness to
amily.
f the demonstration agent hadn't helped
realize I needed to see a doctor," Nina
sford will tell you, "I might not be up
around today." She looks about her
ful ranch kitchen, with the big table
or the evening meal—with nine places.
and John Bransford feel they have
to be thankful for.
uise Kesler's transportation committee
young marrieds drove Nina Bransford
d from the clinic every other day for
ix weeks' treatment. This is a regular
of the American Cancer Society's vol-
r program in Winfield. "It would have
mighty hard on John to leave the stock
hree hours every other day," Mrs.
sford explains. All doctors and hospitals
and call upon this driving corps.
wley County's volunteer organization is
dered by the American Cancer Society
model. Mrs. Kesler's workers have pro-
s in 300 clubs and organizations, visit
an average of 588 farm homes each y
and have organized the 722 members of
4-H clubs, the Boy and Girl Scouts
the Girl Reserves into teams which assis
distributing literature and collecting fu
They also arrange programs, show films
have 17 active cancer-dressings units wh
made 14,403 dressings from October, 19
through December, 1948.

Mrs. Kesler began in 1942 on the fu
solicitation campaign. First year's col
tions in Winfield amounted to $900. (
previous year's figure was $119.) To
Cowley County subscribes $5930.51 (19
figure), or 237 per cent of its assigned quo

"Winfield is the drivin'est town." M
Charles Honnold, city commander of
American Cancer Society in Winfield, sa
proudly. "Red Cross, Christmas seals, Co
munity Chest—people support them al
Close co-operation between the various ci
and service agencies in town and cour
makes it easier to keep up a high standa
of community organization.

The fund-solicitation campaign for
American Cancer Society is done by wh
Winfield citizens call their "block" syste
begun during the war. "Each of the 307 r
dential and 24 business blocks has a war
who is responsible for contacting ev
house in her block. A record of individ
donations on every community drive is k
at the Civic Center. This is very helpful
us in judging the effectiveness of our driv
Mrs. Honnold points out.

In the beginning, Louise Kesler went fr
door to door in her town to recruit work
She had been urged to work in the Ameri
Cancer Society by Mrs. Tom Stewart,
Wellington, Kansas, now state commande
the Field Army. "Even my friends did
like to talk about cancer then," Mrs. Ke
recalls in her soft Texas voice which 28 ye
of living in Kansas have not altered. "Y

MESSAGE TO PARENTS

If Polio Hits Your Area This Year

Avoid crowds and new contacts in trains, busses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where you may be close to another's breath or cough.

Avoid overfatigue. Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

Avoid swimming in water which has not been declared ***safe*** by your health department.

Avoid chilling. Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

Keep clean. Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

Quick Action May Prevent Crippling

Call your doctor at once if there are symptoms of headache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

Take his advice if he orders hospital care; early diagnosis and prompt treatment are important and may prevent crippling.

Consult your chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for help. Your chapter (see local telephone book or health department for address) is prepared to pay that part of the cost of care and treatment you cannot meet—including transportation, aftercare and such aids as wheel chairs, braces and other orthopedic equipment. This service is made possible by the March of Dimes.

Remember, facts fight fears. Half or more of those having the disease show no aftereffects; another fourth recover with very slight crippling. A happy state of mind tends toward health and recovery. Don't let your anxiety or fear reach your children. Your confidence makes things easier for you and for others.

f the family!



REFRIGERATOR

ience, safe food preservation!

le shelf arrangement makes food-storing fun, ig easy. Here's *more* shelf area, *more* crisper eat drawer, *bigger* freezer-locker; truly thrifty echanism, 5-year protection plan. *Perfection*-ur IH Super De Luxe is your friend—for keeps!

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International Harvester
Home Economist





NAL HARVESTER FREEZER

your day of rest, too! Sleep late, go to nnies to the children. You've plenty of zer in the family! This 11.1-cubic-foot prepared for Sunday, Monday, and al- pounds of food—all kinds—on hand. day with an IH Freezer at home!

onal Harvester Refrigerators and s at your IH dealer's today!

'Harvest of Stars," now on NBC, Sunday afternoons

ormick Farm Equipment . . . Motor Trucks . . . Industrial Power

HARVESTER

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IH REFRIGERATOR RECIPE

Festivity Fruit Cup

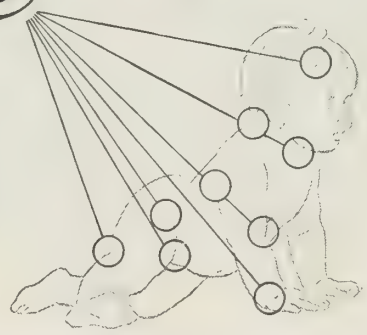
Combine equal parts of fresh sliced strawberries and cubed fresh pineapple. Add sugar to taste and chill. Arrange in sherbet glasses and pour chilled ginger ale over fruit just before serving. Garnish with a small scoop of mint sherbet and a sprig of mint.

FREE *Refrigerator Recipe Book!* Write International Harvester Co., Dept. E, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

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Are you protecting your baby at these 9 vital points?



Mother, can you face some hard facts about your baby's delicate skin? Then know that cradle cap, urine irritation and friction soreness can be sheer torture for a baby.

Yet it's so easy to ward off many common skin enemies with Mennen Baby Oil protection! After every bath, smooth this gentle oil all over baby's body. Use it at every diaper change. It imparts a silken-like film that guards against dryness, chafing and diaper rash. It helps keep baby cooing, comfortable, safe!

MENNEN MAKES TWO KINDS OF BABY OIL

Both Mennen oils are good for your baby—choose the one you prefer!

NEW MENNEN BABY OIL with Lanolin
Enriched with lanolin, a special soothing emollient akin to the skin's own oils. Helps maintain healthy baby skin, acts to prevent chapping and dryness. This oil is delightfully flower-fragrant.

MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL
Contains an antiseptic ingredient for protection against surface bacteria. Used in over 3400 hospitals to help prevent infectious rashes. Has a pleasant, medicinal scent.

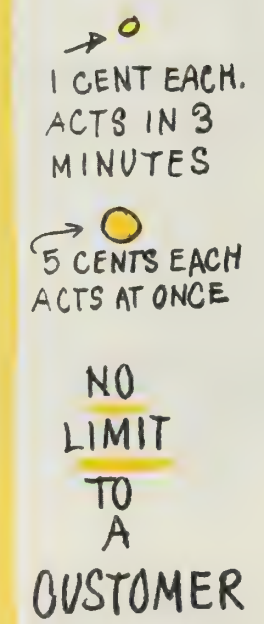


Mennen baby oils

The Sunshine Stin

BY JAN WEYL







MY brother Tom started work when he was four, b didn't get into business for himself until he w nearly twelve. Nan and I, who were six years old had kept him tied up with our firm of business, Su shine Enterprises, Inc. He peddled papers for The Su shine News, delivered cookies for The Sunshine Bak shop, took bets for The Sunshine Bookmakers, a chased cats for The Sunshine Detective Agency.

His own business—The Sunshine Stink Bomb Fa tory—was by far the most profitable for Tom, and ca after nearly a month of intense study. Mother and d had given him a chemistry set for Christmas, and we thrilled when he spent all his spare time—and money on chemicals. They undoubtedly had visions of a futur great scientist in their midst. Actually, their young geni was busy producing the deadliest stink bomb ever to l exploded in upstate New York.

Tom studied smells in cahoots with an associa scientist, Ned, also aged twelve, and the worse the sm got, the happier the scientists were. When they final found a smell deadly enough, they decided to go in business, not so much for the financial profit involve as for the joy of making stink bombs. They were pla ning to be bachelor career men, and felt they'd found t perfect lifetime business.

The Sunshine Stink Bomb formula was a close guarded secret. Although the formula was fairly simple $HCl + FeS = H_2S$ (hydrochloric acid plus iron sulphi equals hydrogen sulphide)—only Tom and Ned were the know. The formula also contained another ingredie responsible for an even deadlier smell which the stin bomb scientists created and never were able to duplica when their original supply ran out. The final solut was placed in a gelatin capsule which dissolved in wat after three or four minutes, emitting an odor resemblin rotten eggs, but twice as electrifying. Both scientis were equipped for their work with special nose plug

Mother and dad knew nothing about the discover but the news spread quickly among the younger set, an orders began to pile in. Every child in the neighborhoo wanted a complete set of stink bombs, to be used o teachers, family and friends. And if they had the price- a penny for a gelatin bomb and five cents for an eve deadlier bomb which worked immediately if crushed- they could have as many bombs as they wanted. A customers were required to take an oath in blood n to tell where they'd got the bombs, but they did th gladly. Owning a set of stink bombs had definite soci assets.

The Sunshine Stink Bomb Factory was tentativel set up in a small spare room in our attic, where the mai advantage was its geographical distance from the rest the house, guaranteeing that any escaping smells woul escape my parents. The attic was purely temporary an way. As soon as they accumulated some capital, th Sunshine Scientists planned to build a factory on th vacant lot down the street, leave school, and dedica their lives to the manufacture and sale of stink bomb

Nan and I received official notification of the new Su shine Enterprise when we each received a letter fro Tom at our respective colleges asking permission to u the name "Sunshine" for a new enterprise. We both a swered, "Of course," since our Sunshine days were ove but I had no idea what the business was until a wee later, when a large registered package arrived for me a the college post office. Any package is an event in colleg but a *registered* package—I felt sure it was an old famil pin I'd been promised for my birthday.

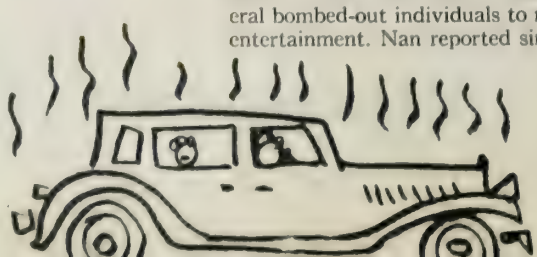
I didn't wonder long about the pin. Right in the to of the box was a note from the sender:

Dear Jan: Thanks loads for letting me use the name "Sun shine." We opened The Sunshine Stink Bomb Factor yesterday, and boy, are we doing business! I'm enclosin twenty-five stink bombs for you to use on your teachers an anybody else you don't like. If you want any more, just le me know.

Love,
TOM.

Inside the box were twenty-five stink bombs, eac wrapped in a separate piece of cotton.

Stink-bomb activity at Mount Holyoke College wa limited to one experimental explosion which wreake havoc on the fourth floor of Mead Hall, and forced sev eral bombed-out individuals to resort to the library fo entertainment. Nan reported similar success at Smith



mb Factory

shine Stink Bombs were beginning to bring wide- l results back home at the same time. Four sections sixth grade at Academy Street School had to aban- asses for the afternoon because of the simultaneous ion of several stink bombs in each classroom. e and Molly Young, who spent their entire savings dollar on one hundred stink bombs, exploded them every room in their house just before dinner one —and the Youngs were on the town for several Up the street, Mrs. Cushing stepped on a bomb her daughter Caryl had dropped accidentally on ar floor. And my grandmother complained of a e smell in her house after Tom visited her one day. unshine Factory assembly line, consisting of four ar-olds, was forced to work overtime.

pired by the success of the sixth-grade explosion, seventh-grade class decided to try the same thing. ve minutes before the "bombs away" signal was iled, the teacher announced, "I've heard that sev- ink bombs were exploded in the sixth grade yester- n case anyone in this class has similar ideas, I just to say that any person exploding a stink bomb in will be expelled. Thomas Weyl, that means you."

ombing was canceled because of bad weather. it didn't matter anyway, because the Sunshine ists, always on the lookout for ways to promote product, had thought up a new "Operation Stink " which they expected would bring about an un- dented demand for stink bombs. Tom and Ned and al cohorts, each armed with three stink bombs, pro- d into the movie theater one crowded Friday night, their favorite spot in the balcony, exploded their s, and inside of ten minutes were able to take their f seats. By benefit of nose plugs, they enjoyed the e from the front-row center of a balcony that was ally uninhabited—even by ushers. The manage- had no proof against them, their customers were essed, and in anticipation of bigger and better movie tions, the sale of stink bombs boomed.

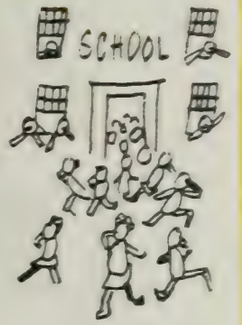
pired by their success and the promise of the future, unshine Scientists opened a new arm of their busi- The Sunshine Nose Plug Factory. Nose plugs were ible only to buyers of more than twenty-five stink s, but this didn't stop many customers. The plugs, n encased in cloth, sold nearly as well—and fast— nk bombs. The Sunshine Factory treasury, after a week and a half of business, showed a profit of ten s, and enough chemicals had been laid in to make undred more bombs.

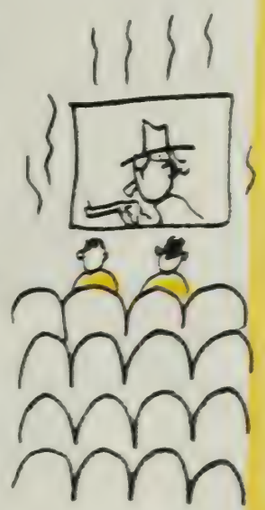
t an obvious business cycle was beginning to catch th the Sunshine Scientists. As more and more stink s exploded, the number of parents interested in g and annihilating the manufacturers increased. and Ned were smart enough not to explode any s themselves, outside of those used for experi- al purposes, and this threw their own parents off the . When dad questioned the ever-increasing activity attic, Tom explained that he'd formed a scientific to work on experiments. Dad was impressed and him subscriptions for two scientific magazines.

e movie manager was the party most interested in ling the source of stink bombs, however. After ex- ns had virtually cleared his balcony three times, he d his ushers with nose plugs, and began searching e door all teen-age individuals who looked sus- s—an undertaking so vast that he was forced to y two ushers to serve as stink-bomb detectors.

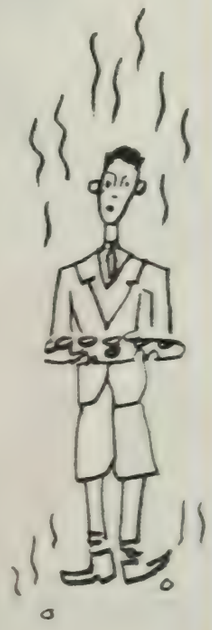
en then the Sunshine Stink Bomb Factory might continued in business indefinitely if it hadn't been unfortunate accident. Mother and dad were giving ge dinner party for a customer of my father's, and worked particularly hard to have everything just . Tom was dispatched to the living room to pass pés. This was the mistake of the evening. Two nt-exploding stink bombs slipped out of his pocket, st stepped on them, and the room was in an uproar. opening all doors and windows and ushering his s to the sidewalk to air off, dad grabbed Tom and her they made an expedition to the attic.

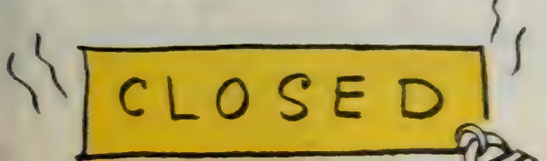
e Sunshine Stink Bomb Factory never exploded or ufactured another stink bomb or nose plug. Factory erties were put under lock and key, and Tom was d from the world for two weeks. Dad suggested that nd another field for experiment—perhaps perfume.





NOSE PLUGS





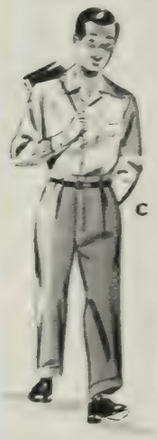
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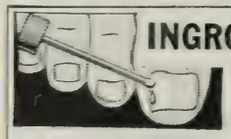
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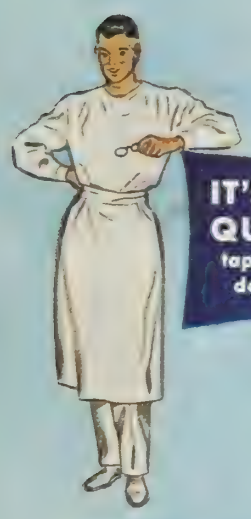
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THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

(Continued from Page 49)

Levity enraged him. Twisting his head till looked down on his posterior, he muttered mally, "It's awful."

'What's awful about it?" Selina asked.

'Oh, stop asking questions." He turned a pairing look on his mother. "And what I going to do with this cowlick? I just can't to this dance with it standing up."

'I can fix that if you do what I tell you. ke your bath first."

When the sound of running water indied that Sam was out of earshot, Selina d, "I don't see anything wrong with him, you? I think he looks like Guy Madison."

'Who is he?"

'Why, mommy, he's a movie actor."

'Sam would love that."

'Don't you dare tell him. Promise?"

Her mother solemnly promised.

Presently, summoned by her son, Mrs. rks fastened a ivy black net on his np hair. He sat umefaced but demined in front of dressing table. Sea looked in to see at was going on d burst into deri- e laughter. Sam bloded.

'Get out of here."

'Oh, Sam, you look funny."

'Get out, I tell ı." He raised an n threateningly thout disturbing coiffure. Selina hdrew.

At last he was ssed and examin- himself critically the mirror. He ed to assume a disguished severity d succeeded in look- cross. He tried iling and quickly sed his mouth. His ther refrained m saying he looked fect.

"I think," he said, 'll ask dad to look over."

So they went to the ing room, where r. Parks was trying read the evening pers while Selina s practicing.

"Do I look all ht?" Sam shouted.

"You do." Mr. rks adjusted the spenders and flattened the handkerchief in e breast pocket.

Selina finished her polonaise with a bang d looked up. "Oh, Sam," she said, her gray es big with the adoration she usually kept ll concealed, "oh, Sam, you look beauti- l." She circled around him and then patted e shiny silk of his vest.

He pulled in his stomach. A slow grin read over his face. Gallantly he replied in s deepest bass voice, "Not half as well as u will look in your first party dress."

HEIR parents smiled at each other the way rents do when they see any proof of affecn between their children who, as everydy knows, behave like mortal enemies.

With an air of confidence, that an hour o Mrs. Parks would have considered imssible, Sam left for his party.

"Do we eat?" Mr. Parks asked, with some ason.

"Yes, it's in the oven. . . . Selina, get ashed."

For once, Selina did not delay. She had en invited to spend the night with Rosa artin's young sister. They were going to be lowed to stay up and watch the first dance. But this she had not found expedient to mention to her brother.

Mrs. Parks had expected to sleep late the next morning, but Selina rang the doorbell at half past eight. She had a tale to tell and she told it, jumping up and down like a beanbag. Mrs. Parks was dimly aware that the first part dealt with the decorations, food and music of the dance. But her coffee took effect by the time Selina got to the meat of her story.

"AND you should have seen Sam —— Mommy, are you listening?"

Mrs. Parks nodded with interest.

"He would only dance with this one girl. Though Nancy says it's very rude not to dance with your hostess. Rosa told her once. Is it?"

Mrs. Parks nodded her head again.

"This girl, her name's Betsy Williams—I've seen her at school—she had a black velvet dress with little buttons down to here, it was lovely and she looked pretty but not beautiful. Do you know what I mean?"

"Attractive, maybe?"

"Yes, that's it, but not very. I don't see why Sam is so—well, never mind. He cut in on her all the time. But he couldn't dance with her much because she's awfully popular. Even with Blackie Martin, and he's a senior. I don't see why, and neither does Rosa, Nancy says. But when other boys would cut in on him he would glare at them, and Betsy would look as if she was sorry, but she did that with each boy."

"Basic but sound," Mrs. Parks said.

"Then Sam would just stand there, watching her, stiff like this—look, mommy." Selina stood like a bird dog pointing. "And we didn't get to bed till it was all over. Mrs. Martin was so busy she forgot all about us."

"Why don't you go back to bed?"

"Oh, I'm not sleepy at all. I'm going to Sunday school, Nancy will be there. Could I have some breakfast? They weren't awake when I left."

Her mother was not surprised.

At eleven, Mr. Parks came down looking jovial. "I told Sam he could come down as he was," he said. "Otherwise, he'd never get under way."

Sam followed in his bathrobe but without his slippers, seemingly heavy with sleep. Mrs. Parks put sugar in the applesauce she was making.

"Gosh, mom, do you always put sugar in applesauce?"

"Yes." Now what was this?

"Then it's fattening," Sam said sadly, and with an air of martyrdom refused everything but his orange juice.

Mr. Parks ate heartily and then tried the counsel of moderation. He began with the Greeks and cited Montaigne and Jefferson in a scholarly way. Mrs. Parks saw that Sam was not with him. He was staring into space, deep in thought. Then he eyed both his parents speculatively. Now what was coming, or was it coming at all? she wondered. It came.

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By Dan G. Hoffman

Last night I dreamed, in my dark bed
(Loud was the wind outside),
I heard the words my true love said
(Deep, deep runs the tide):

"O Nell, my dear, be true to me
For one more crossing of the sea—
I'll bring you pearls from the Coconut Isles
And a silvery glass to catch your smiles,
A brooch of jade, an ivory comb
I'll bring for you when I come home."

Just one more voyage across the sea
And I shall be his bride.
But late last night, deep in my dream
(Loud was the wind outside),
I heard the gulls in the rigging scream
(Deep, deep runs the tide).

His ship pitched broadside in the gale
(Fast and deep runs the tide),
My true love's hands spun round the wheel,
O God, I wished him by my side!

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"Y-y-you see"—he stuttered a little in the stress of his powerful emotion—"you and dad only care about things of the mind. You've been wonderful about giving me things that school doesn't give ——"

"Such as?" asked Mr. Parks.

"Oh—ah—discussing ideas, criticizing my manners—things like that. But don't you see a girl wouldn't look at a fat boy. I've *got* to get thin first."

"I see." Mr. Parks turned the pages of his paper.

Mrs. Parks was too astounded to speak. He wasn't a "fat boy" by any means. She looked him over carefully. Her eyes reached his feet and, absent-mindedly, for she was thinking that he had to lose only about fifteen pounds, she told him that he had the blackest toenails she had ever seen.

"Don't you even get the idea?" Sam banged the table with his fist. "That's a detail. That's just dirt." He stamped out in disgust.

Mrs. Parks sighed. Her husband swore pleasantly. "What a manifestation of the tender passion! Does he mean he's not going to do anything about her till he's thin?"

"I don't know." Her children, she thought, were full of surprises: never catching things when they were exposed to them, and then coming down with something when you least expected it.

"It's medieval." Mr. Parks pounced happily on a category and played with it.

Trying to look Gothic herself, Selina entered the dining room. "Hello, father."

"Hello, daughter. How was church?"

"Fine."

"Was the minister for sin or against it?"

"Oh, daddy." Selina tried to look shocked. "Where's Sam?"

"Upstairs."

Selina scooped up a cinnamon bun and made a move to go.

"I'd let Sam alone today," Mrs. Parks said.

"I was only going to tell him that I prayed for him."

"I wouldn't," her father said, "unless you want a good clout on the head. And I, for one, wouldn't blame him."

Selina sank into a puffed-up silence. Mrs. Parks could feel her ticking with important news. Just to revenge herself on her father, she was capable of withholding it. Mrs. Parks tried a secondary target.

"Why did you pray for Sam?"

"Because Blackie Martin has Betsy sewed up."

"Would you care to elucidate that Delphic expression?" asked Mr. Parks.

"It's not my expression." Selina eyed him balefully.

That Saturday the Parkses' living room had the raffish air of the day after Christmas with its burned-out candles, stray popcorn and an overflowing wastebasket. The tree was lopsided because their cat had considered it worthy of investigation. Bits of ornaments were scattered over the floor. Mrs. Parks did not care. There were a new Audubon book and a new paintbox and she and Selina were painting birds.

SUDDENLY the front door slammed. This meant that the dedicated stranger in their midst, disguised as Sam, was back. They heard him clumping up the stairs.

"Sam?" Mrs. Parks called.

Sam condescended to look in at the door, remote and red in the face. "Yes, mother?"

"Did you have a good game?"

Sam took from his pocket a contraption for developing the wrists, which he had recently bought to use while in idle conversation. "None of the fellas wanted to play today," he said, squeezing it back and forth, "so I boxed at the gym."

"But you ran around the reservoir this morning."

"Gosh, I have to get my exercise. It's a waste of time dieting if you don't. I've told you hundreds of times." He walked away, working his contraption till its springs complained.

"Mommy," Selina asked anxiously, "you think Sam exaggerates?"

"Yes, I do." Sam, with his dieting, hi ercising and his unrelieved gloom, wo her.

A heavy thump overhead, followed by short thumps, brought a fleck of plast her head. A door burst open.

"If you have to do those exercises," Parks' voice rang through the house, " don't you do them in the cellar?"

IT wasn't the noise, Mrs. Parks knew, disturbed him. Mr. Parks could and did undisturbed amid uncounted decibel sound. It was the fact. Sam's going t tremes was getting him down.

"I didn't know you were working." S voice had the tone of a martyr. He proce to the cellar.

"I think he's thin enough," Selina sai

"So do I." Mrs. Parks thought that basic training, which had worked such ders on her husband's figure, could not broken Sam's record.

Mr. Parks walked into the living r "How long is this going on?" he boo "Why on earth did you have to tell hi was getting fat?"

Mrs. Parks made placating noises. S went back to her painting, humming tentedly. But Mrs. Parks no longer fel tive. She did not bounce back the wa family did.

Mr. Parks opened his letters, mostly Christmas cards. "What's this?" he glancing at a note. "Who's thanking m red roses?" He turned it over and look the signature. "At least she writes to

Selina and her m gave him their undi attention.

"Who? Oh . . . San have fits," Mrs. Parks

"Well, she forgot t 'Junior' on it."

"What else did say?" asked Selina.

He looked at her coldly. "Of cou didn't read it."

Selina was not abashed. "Why is she ing him, anyhow? She could thank him f flowers when he calls her. He calls her u the time. I don't see why he keeps ca either. Betsy won't go to any parties him."

"You shouldn't have listened," Mrs. F said. Poor Sam, he tried so hard to kee love secret.

"I couldn't help hearing," Selina said tuously. "Sam gets so mad. And he's so There's no use. Blackie's a senior."

"I don't see what being a senior has t with it."

"Oh, mommy, seniors go to college year."

Mr. Parks looked at his daughter in admiration, but his wife said, "Well?"

"Sam is a junior."

"I know."

Selina, obviously tired of explaining A to her parent, gave up. Her father took the job.

"The idea, I gather, is that one co trates on seniors because they will be co boys soonest."

"You don't think ——" Mrs. Parks from their glances of withering scorn they did. "Well, it's a horrid idea. I'm Betsy's not like that."

Sam, clad only in gym trunks and stre with sweat and coal dust, stood at the "I demand to know what you are sa about Betsy."

Such was the driving force of his rage even Mr. Parks was tongue-tied. Mrs. F saw it was up to her. "You see—of cou don't think so—but anyway, we hea mean to say ——" She stumbled throug mortifying explanation.

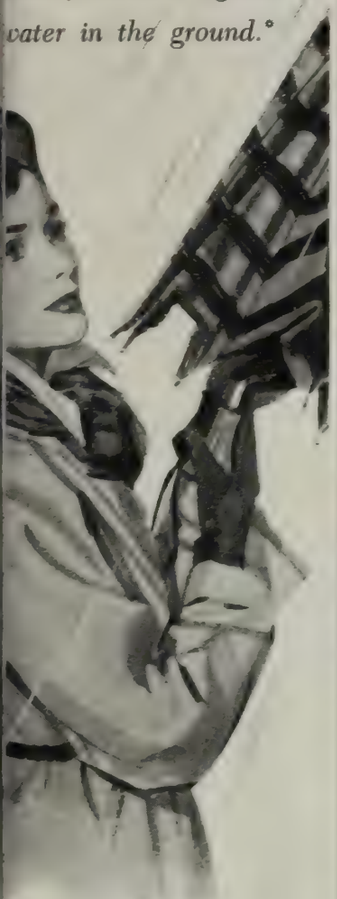
"Of all the cynical, unjust—why, don't even know her. You'd think my family—Blackie Martin's a *twirp*." Sam dignation rose till his voice broke.

Mr. Parks stemmed the tide by han Sam his letter. Sam grabbed it, too excit notice that it had been opened, and ru out of the room. Selina reported that h

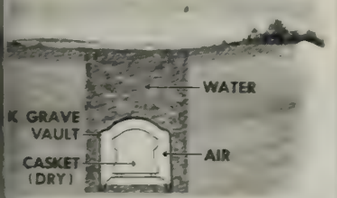
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locked himself in the bathroom. Mrs. Parks lay down on the couch.

She was awakened by a joyous, "Mom, guess what?"

"Sh-h, your mother's asleep," Mr. Parks said.

"No, I'm not." She opened her eyes. Sam was still unwashed.

"You mean you aren't now."

"I just wanted to tell you that *you* were right," Sam told her. "She said she'd love to go to the movies with me and come back here for dinner."

"That's nice, Sam. I'd love to meet her. When?"

"Day after tomorrow, and ——"

"That's a Monday," said Selina with disdain for an expendable evening.

"—— can we have your pot roast and your ——"

"Sam, couldn't you please take a shower?" Mrs. Parks closed her eyes again.

Monday morning, Sam looked carefully into the menu, relaxed when he saw it included his mother's specialties, and requested the blue tablecloth and the Spode plates. When told that Selina was to be of the company, he raised another commotion. The result was that when he arrived with his lady that night, Selina was impeccable. It was too much to hope that she would obey his other injunctions.

Betsy was a nice-looking blonde in a soft blue dress that matched her eyes. With that glowing air of having a good time, she said all the right things in a lovely speaking voice. Her ease under the trying scrutiny of four pairs of eyes never faltered. Mrs. Parks was happy to see that her nose was slightly unfortunate.

Mr. Parks smiled at her with appreciation and started to speak. Then Sam eyed him in an agony of nervousness—apparently afraid he would say something that a conventional father would not—and he forgot what it was he wanted to say.

MRS. PARKS was glad that she was busy with food and could not be expected to contribute to the conversation. Sam was watching her too. Fortunately, Selina was not awed by her brother.

"Don't you love Mrs. Jamieson, Betsy?" she asked.

"I used to," Betsy said, "but now I'm in the high school I don't have time to practice and I'm kind of scared to go with my lessons unprepared."

"I wouldn't dare," said Selina. There was another silence while she ate with concentration, if not elegance, ignoring Sam's frowns. Then she said, "When you were in the seventh grade did you have Miss Allen?"

"Oh, yes." Betsy sighed. "Is she still just as terrible?"

"She couldn't be worse."

"You're talking too much," Sam said to Selina.

"I'm *not*."

Betsy leaned toward Sam. "How are the teachers at your school?"

Sam braced himself. "Oh, the masters? Well, I guess they're O.K."

Betsy smiled as if he had said something brilliant and then turned toward Mr. Parks and said she supposed the teachers when he went to school had been awfully strict.

"It depends which school you mean. The first one I went to was in Mexico, run by ——"

Sam was frowning at him now. Was it considered eccentric to have lived in Mexico? Mrs. Parks wondered. In any case, Mr. Parks stopped talking.

"I mean your boarding school," Betsy said. "I saw Nicholas Nickleby and I thought ——"

Mr. Parks choked and his wife quickly asked Betsy where she was going to college.

"They don't think I can get in," Betsy answered, "so I guess I'll go to art school instead."

"You should see how well she draws," Selina said. "There's a horse she did up at school. You can see he's galloping."

Sam looked gratefully at his sister and in a thawed-out atmosphere the meal closed. Sam

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took Betsy home. Selina immediately asked her mother if she thought Betsy was pretty.

"Yes, I do," Mrs. Parks said.

"I don't. I like the way she does her hair, though." Selina always double-checked. "Do you think she's very pretty, daddy?"

"Yes." He sounded convinced.

"Beautiful?"

"Certainly. Any objections?"

"You don't really." Selina implied that other people might be stupid, but not her father.

"Bed, Selina," Mrs. Parks said.

Suddenly deaf, Selina mussed her father's hair affectionately.

"Why can't you do things the first time I tell you?" her mother asked.

Mr. Parks pointed his thumb toward the ceiling. "Up, Selina; you heard the War Department."

Crab fashion, Selina progressed out of the room, delaying long enough to pat their cat, but not long enough for reprimand.

After a while, not hearing demands to kiss her good night, Mrs. Parks went up to see what had happened. She found Selina undressed as far as her petticoat, admiring the way she had done her hair. It was as good an imitation of Betsy's as she could achieve with straight brown hair.

"Mommy, when can I have a permanent?" Selina asked.

After several more sorties, Selina was battened down for the night. Mrs. Parks was thinking of bed for herself when she heard the doorbell ring.

As she reluctantly went downstairs she heard Mr. Parks go to the door and Sam saying something about losing a key. Sam, who had been so carefully dressed an hour ago, now looked as if he had been in a fight. A tear in his right sleeve, two missing buttons, stains on the front of his jacket—why, it was blood.

"Sam. Sam. You're hurt."

"No, I'm not. The other guy got a bloody nose. The poor sap."

"For goodness' sake, what happened?"

Sam sat down in the nearest chair, smiling complacently. "Let's see now." He spoke as if fights were a hobby of his. "You know I took Betsy home. We hadn't been there a minute when in walks Blackie Martin as if he owns the place. My date too. Of all the nerve. He wouldn't leave, so—well, he said something I didn't like and I got mad and he got mad and he looked as if he was going to take a poke at me. So I sort of pasted him. . . . That's all."

"So?" said Mr. Parks. "Fairly clear. Not quite complete. How, may I ask, did the fair one take it?"

Sam beamed. "She was scared to death," he told his father.

"Any irate parents?"

"Mr. Williams came down. I guess he didn't like it."

"Sure you're not hurt?" Mrs. Parks was annoyed at the smugness of her men. They were all alike, they relished bloodshed.

Sam stretched himself luxuriously out of his chair. "Oh, the fathead couldn't get near me. . . . Good night." He kissed his mother.

"Good night, Skipper." Mr. Parks patted Sam proudly on the back.

When Mr. Parks finished his Tuesday's piece, he came down to a fine smell of apple pie and unexampled quiet. He found his wife doing absolutely nothing.

"The house is roaring with silence," he said. "Where are the young?"

"Selina's at the movies and your brother is exposing Sam to Shaw."

The telephone rang.

"Let it ring."

"It might be one of the children." Mrs. Parks couldn't leave a telephone alone. She answered it and came back. "It was for Sam," she said. "A girl."

"The?"

"I think so."

"Things looking up?"

Before she could answer they heard Selina coming in at a trot. She rushed into the living room without stopping to remove her coat and galoshes.

"Why didn't you tell me? Oh, why didn't you tell me?"

"What about?" her mother asked.

"About Sam's fight," Selina said. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Not the *mot juste*," Mr. Parks muttered.

"Nancy told me all about it. She says you ought to see Blackie's eye. It's all green and yellow. He borrowed Rosa's dark glasses, but he won't go anywhere. He's furious at Sam. So Nancy and I had to have lunch at the drugstore. I had two hamburgers and a hot fudge sundae." Selina sniffed. "Is that apple pie?"

The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public building; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character.

—LUTHER.

"Yes. Is that all?"

"*No.* Wait till I tell you. Rosa had to telephone Betsy and say Blackie was ill and couldn't take her to something. Betsy was huffy. I don't see why if she's so popular. Anyway, he's made the whole family promise not to tell. I promised Nancy I wouldn't tell. Of course, you're grownups. I wish I could tell Sam. But Blackie *is* sick. He has an awful headache where he hit the mantelpiece. His lip is swollen and he has a big cut here." Selina pointed to her cheek.

"Sam seems to have made substantial alterations," Mr. Parks said.

"Sam can hit, can't he? Aren't you proud of Sam?"

Mr. Parks grinned.

Selina looked accusingly at her unenthusiastic mother. "You aren't."

"I don't like fights."

"Well, I think he's a hero."

As the hour for dinner approached, Sam returned, unconscious of his heroic dimensions. He went into the kitchen, where Selina and their cat always hovered around when food was imminent. Then the telephone rang.

"Answer it, Sam," Mrs. Parks called from the dining room. "See if you can take a message."

Sam picked up the kitchen extension. "Hello. . . . What? Oh. . . . Yes. . . . Um-hum. . . . Sure, I'm fine." His guarde could not hide the undercurrent of ment. "Well, your father didn't. . . . really?" Sam clutched the telephone to his chest.

Here there was a long pause while a tion was evidently made to the purpos call. Mrs. Parks and Selina, their ears ing like tuning forks, duly noted it.

"Thursday? Nothing. . . . Is it? I seeing it's New Year's. . . . Do I sti to take you?" Sam straightened jerk. "Would I Saturday? . . . Ye Yes. . . . Yes." Sam grinned fat "Yes." He looked around at his and his sister. "I can't now, underst He laughed shakily. "Later? . . . Sam put the receiver down and stared ily into space.

"Selina," Mrs. Parks said, "light t dles and call your father."

A shout that would have qualified hog calling issued from Selina's throat. Sam came out of his reverie new world.

"You look great in that dress," he Mrs. Parks. "You don't look old eno be my mother."

It was the same dress he had seen times without comment, but his mot delighted just the same.

"What about me?" asked Mr. "Don't I look beautiful?"

Sam punched his father playfully a went in to dinner.

"How was the play?"

"The play?" Sam looked back i other era. "I guess it was pretty good.

"Did Hendrick enjoy it?"

"He would," Sam told him. "He with Shaw."

"And you don't, I take it?" ask father.

"All that guff about men being the p and women the pursuers? Do *you?*"

Mr. Parks leered at his women and wouldn't commit himself. There was laughter. This, Mrs. Parks thought, w old times, before Sam went on his d

"What do you think, mom?"

"I think"—she spoke carefully—are some girls who are—who do ta initiative."

"I don't know any," Sam said.

"No?" Mr. Parks did irritating with his eyebrows.

"No," Sam said severely. "Why, it t long time for a man to get a girl to—t at him."

Selina pounced. "Has she?"

"Yes." Sam looked down at his p modest triumph.

Mrs. Parks prayed that Selina wo give one of her realistic interpretat human nature—or was that promis ing? In any case, the temptation to it was great. Mrs. Parks hastened the dessert.

"How?" Even pie did not divert Se

"Let the boy have some privacy Parks said. As if that were possible household, Mrs. Parks thought, as she Sam's grapefruit in front of him.

"Don't I get any pie?" Sam asked.

Mr. Parks rallied first. "Aren't you any more?"

"No," said Sam, "I'm thin enough

JOURNAL GARDEN PROJECT

(Continued from Page 203)

The trellis-arbor is a JOURNAL original. Designed by the Garden Project's landscape architectural consultant, it can be put together by any handy man out of new or used lumber, following a diagram and instructions which we can furnish and which show how to make it in a variety of shapes and sizes to fit the spot you have in mind. Here, too, we have learned by practical experience how it appears and how well it works for privacy and shade.

Now take the paving, another JOURNAL first, which can be a blessing for any garden maker. Cement authorities called us crazy when we said we were going to make three-foot-square concrete slabs that a healthy man could handle by himself and make a permanent outdoor floor that practically anyone could afford. They're only an inch thick, which the experts look at askance, but we've been using them for several years now at the Project, winter and summer, and not one has ever shown a sign of cracking. We've got diagrams and instructions for making them right in your own back yard. Likewise a how-to-make sheet for the pool pans, for your local tinsmith to follow. And all these garden parts—pools, paving, trellis-arbor—we've designed so they fit together like ing blocks, to solve your planning pro

We've also learned that with prop tection we can have fig trees in our like those in the picture, and can t how to make the experiment. This g all the plants we show, for the workin ager of the Project isn't merely an M floriculture (Ohio State) and a B.S. in culture (University of Connecticut); grow anything that grows and can pas the information—a product the Proje vides from all its activities, to make o tures and articles ring true. THE



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Pretty Babies

By NORA O'LEARY

We think all babies are pretty . . . and that all baby knits should be too. Snowy white lace is a natural on soft pink or blue wool. Ruffle it around the bonnet or the yoke for an angelic look. Mother enters the picture in an enchanting pink bed jacket—perfect for feeding baby or reading in bed. Can you think of a prettier gift for a new baby or an expectant mother?



Rows of lace follow pattern of knitted sack; cap, bootees, 2504.

Knitted bed jacket, flattering colla sleeves. Two rows of lace for accent.



For baby to meet his first guests: the simplest of lace-edged square blankets. 2506.



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Printed in

JUNE, 1949

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

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BARBARA TANNER
Michigan State Coed
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE • *By Harlan Miller*
STORIES • *By Graeme and Sarah Lorimer, Dorothy Thompson, Willard H. Temple*

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So Solid and Long-Lasting

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Exciting New Fragrance

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Buy Bath Size Palmolive for

Bare-Skin Beauty!

Journal Contents, June, 1949

Vol. LXVI, No. 6

PHOTO BY MYRON DAVIS



SWIMMER



SWEETHEART OF 60,000 MEN

UNDISCOVERED AMERICAN BEAUTIES

Barbara Tanner
Michigan State coed
. . . whose sweetheart now?

To Barbara Tanner, of East Lansing, Michigan, goes the honor of being first in the JOURNAL's new cover series: *Undiscovered American Beauties.* JOURNAL editors believe this country is full of pretty girls—down the block, now in high school, typing, on the swimming team. Our new series will feature pretty girls who have never modeled professionally.

As we studied first entrants, we discovered again the old truth that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. To some of our staff members one girl is utterly fetching; others could pass her by. Moreover, some pretty girls don't photograph pretty and some plain girls do. Good photography often brings out beauty that is scarcely observable to the eye. Bad lighting can deal harshly with true loveliness. In the final choice, we must select pretty girls who look pretty in their pictures, often after vehement staff regret that certain others must be left out. So cheers to Barbara, our first, and an eager eye out for still more enchanting faces to come.

As well as East Lansing, Sedro Woolley, in Washington, can claim Barbara too. She was born there in 1927, daughter of a high-school chemistry teacher. She was brought up in Waterloo, Iowa, whose residents may remember Barbara as Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, in the May Day Fete of 1938. And Marquette, Michigan, knows the Barbara who spent summer vacations on the shores of Lake Michigamme, canoeing and swimming and dancing and enjoying her great-aunt's corn roasts and huckleberry pie.

Right now Barbara is a senior finishing at Michigan State, where she was discovered by a scout from the JOURNAL Beauty Department. Until her discovery she had planned to teach. Now she is thinking of modeling. She has been chosen National Sweetheart of Sigma Chi. But her heart belongs to a tall-dark-and-handsome—who isn't a fraternity man!

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Our Readers Write us

How to Impress Husbands



Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editors: I have been thankful to your magazine for a great many services, but never did I dream it would serve to raise my beauty rating. My husband looks on me in a new light and proudly refers to me as his little "composite" since reading of your survey to determine the proportions of the average girl.

He was unimpressed until I dragged out the measuring tape and proved my measurements coincided with those of your composite figure, plus my brown hair and blue eyes. I may be no glamour girl, but he agrees that I am, to quote you, "just about right."

Gratefully yours,
MRS. JAMES B. McDONALD.

Adam Hears From Eve

Richland, Washington.

Dear Editors: Once upon a time there was a man. He wasn't exactly lazy, but he liked the world just as it was. He was so contented that he couldn't see the important work there was to be done. He liked pottering around in his garden with no changes made. His wife was a patient woman, and she loved her husband, but —— Things could have gone on just as they were forever if she hadn't decided the time had come for a little bit of progress. She arranged things so there was to be no more dilly-dallying, then put the problem up to him for a decision. It was to be yes or no. Darned if he didn't see the light, and yes it was. Of course, right off he blamed her for the trouble of it all and told his Best Friend about it. But his Best Friend was wise. He told him to scat right out of that garden and start hoeing corn and forget his troubles.

Well, the man's wife and his Best Friend smiled at each other and agreed that they'd make something out of that man yet. The Best Friend had a parting word for the wife too. He said, "Remember things won't be easy. You'll have to do things just about as he says or he'll throw down his hoe and go fishing. And when there's plenty of trouble he'll remind you that it's all your fault, but you just stay with that man until he can learn to stop calling the field of corn his. When he's learned to take you by the hand and say 'ours,' then I'll be mighty pleased to have you call on Me, both of you—together."

Of course, you know that man's name. Adam it was. And his son, Clifford R., has given some good advice, I'll have to admit. But someday those men will realize that the most important job in the world isn't hoeing corn; it's learning to say "ours."

Sincerely,
PHYLLIS B. LAMBERT.

The Treasures of India

Vinukonda, South India.

Dear Editors: Our ship really came in! Imagine the excitement when not one but *four* JOURNALS arrived in the same mail delivery. I was persuaded to part temporarily with two issues, as my husband and I can read only one each at a time.

A confirmed JOURNAL fan,
MARJORIE GIPSON,
American Baptist Mission.

For Slightly Used Gum

Trenton, New Jersey.

Dear Editors: Your Fifty Years Ago column is greatly enjoyed, but I have something here from a Maine newspaper of fifty years ago which I think tops any of your fashions. It is from the Six Towns Times, of Freeport, Maine, dated July 15, 1898, and headed: "Are You Wearing a Gum Box?" It goes on to say that Freeport's latest fad is a gum box attached to a ribbon or chain and worn in a chatelaine fashion. The idea was to have a place to park your gum while talking to friends. Freeport was not to be outdone by New York or Philadelphia even in those days!

Sincerely yours,
WINIFRED G. BLANCHARD.

Would Drop Journal in Russia

Americus, Georgia.

Dear Editors: This magazine "that women believe in" can be double checked for me. I enjoy it more than I can express.

I am enclosing a clipping from Robert C. Ruark's column in the Atlanta Journal. He writes, "For a bit I was thinking of parachuting mama onto Moscow, as a counterpropaganda measure, but then decided that a couple of copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL would weigh less—but not much less—and argue more. No louder, just more."

Sincerely yours,
MRS. W. C. PEAK.

She is Immortal

New York City.

Dear Bruce Gould: You asked me why I believe in immortality. I can tell you in one sentence. It is because I believe the best in the human spirit is indestructible.

I don't know the shape of immortality. But I have never seen love, or faith, or integrity, or any of the other human qualities that give life meaning and beauty. Yet I do not question their reality.

Death does not destroy these qualities. It may suspend their tangible manifestations, but their effects endure. How can I not believe in immortality?

You can lose love only if it is withdrawn from you. Death does not take it away, for love is without limits. It remains with you, surrounding and fortifying you, an active, positive force, a deeper reality than the sound of a voice or the touch of a hand, dear as these things are. How can I not believe in immortality?

But withdrawal of love often ends faith. And this is the real tragedy that can befall a human being. Sorrow can be endured. But if you lose faith in those you love, you lose faith in yourself; and when these are gone, it is hard to believe even in God.

My faith is undiminished. I have lost the sound of the voice and the touch of the hand and the joy of daily companionship of my husband; I can never lose the realities which gave those things meaning.

I don't have to believe that I will "see" my husband again, as I understand seeing, though I may. It is enough for me to know that his love for me, and mine for him, sustain me *now*, this very day. So long as I am, he is. The rest I can leave to God.

Sincerely,
(Name withheld by request.)

Keep your color forecast bright and sunny

You're fashion-right if you're color-bright . . . so give gay summer clothes the care they deserve. Keep them far away from strong soaps and rough handling. Remember—one wrong washing can fade and shrink them. Instead, wash nice clothes the *right* way with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then you *know* they'll come out dazzle-bright . . . fitting right.

Keep your washables lovelier with this special care



GO TO TOWN in a dress of pure silk shantung—give it Ivory Flakes care to help preserve its glowing colors. Ivory Flakes is one soap that fashion experts advise for all nice washables.

YOUR SUNDAY BEST slips need Ivory Flakes care to help 'em stay blossom-fresh. No soap gives nice washables finer care than pure, mild Ivory Flakes.

WANT LONGER WEAR from your nylons? Then suds them nightly in Ivory Flakes! You'll find, too, that Ivory Flakes care keeps stocking colors newer-looking up to *twice as long!*



Dress by Maria Krum

Sun dress by Frances Sider

YOUR BALLERINA sun dress needs Ivory Flakes care to help keep its colors dancing. Colors perk up when you suds them in Ivory Flakes.



If it's lovely to wear...It's worth

Ivory Flakes care

The fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory . . . 99 44/100 % Pure



Lucky, indeed, is the bride-elect who has made known her preference in table crystal so that her friends have the added pleasure of giving a most welcomed gift of the *wanted pattern* in hand-crafted American made crystal.



Cape Cod crystal can be acquired piece by piece for a complete table service . . . compatible with fine china and pottery . . . a growing favorite with budget-conscious brides and grooms.

For brides of today and yesterday, the finest stores in the nation offer this open stock table crystal, hand-crafted by the skilled artisans of **IMPERIAL GLASS CORPORATION, Bellaire, O.**

The Journal in Tibet

Ai-Wa Yunnan,
Via Likiang, West China.

Dear Editors: We are on the Tibetan border. Our nearest neighbors (white) are three days to the south. Hence I doubly appreciate the stimulation of your stories and articles.

Sincerely,
MRS. WARREN DITTEMORE.

College Son Enjoys Journal

Monroe, New York.

Dear Editors: Our son started to college last fall and he requested I save all the Posts and JOURNALS until he had a chance to see them. He is too busy at school to read them, so he relaxes and enjoys them when he gets home. You are still giving us more than our money's worth. That is something to be proud of in these days.

Sincerely,
HELEN BARRON.

One Woman's Work

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editors: On June 16th Dr. Lillie Rosa Minoka-Hill, a full-blooded Mohawk Indian woman physician, will receive her Award Medal as a fifty-year graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She interned at the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia.

After a brief practice in Philadelphia she married Charles Hill, of the Oneida tribe. They moved to Wisconsin and settled on a twenty-two-acre farm. Her husband died in 1916 and she was left with six children—the youngest, five-month-old twin girls. She continued to doctor the ills of the families in the area, usually without charge, although busy with her own brood.

Due to failing health she has had to cut down her cross-country jaunts, but she still examines and treats patients in her kitchen, frequently to the odor of broiling venison.

Sincerely,
GLADYS DASKAM.

Bankrupt Mother

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

Darling June: I have just been spending a week end with a friend of mine, a pet and a darling, and for twenty-five long years she has devoted herself entirely to her children, slaved for them, given up everything for them. She hasn't had any life of her own for twenty-five years.

Now comes the harvest. It is not the golden one I feel she has deserved. Her family is grown. Two of them are married. One has gone to sea. Her daughter has a job and a life of her own in London. Large looms the question, "What shall we do with mamma?" For mamma, now out of a job, is beached. She is high and dry, for she gave up everything long ago, and now she has nothing at all to fill up her days.

But I never see any of her family without thinking how much better it would have been for them all if she had not been quite so devoted. If she had kept out of life something of her own, the years would not find her bankrupt. We like our friends and loved ones so much better when they aren't. Never sink your all in anyone, or anything. Always keep a little sanctuary that belongs to you alone. A store cupboard of interests no one can pilfer! Then, when your children have grown up and gone away, or your best-laid plans have not quite come to what you hoped they might, you will always have something to fall back on, and can even ask others in to share the feast!

Love from
MOTHER.
(Dorothy Black)

How People Lived in A.D. 200

Grove Cottage, Amberley,
Gloucestershire.

My dear June: I always knew there were several Roman villas in England, but it was never my lot before to be near enough one, with the time to look at it. Besides, I was never great at sight-seeing, and am horribly apt, when offered a cathedral, to go into a shop.

Yesterday I visited the Chedworth Villa, which is well enough preserved to give one a pretty good idea of the sort of life they led around A.D. 200.

In 1864 a rabbiting party lost a ferret. Digging for it, they found a Roman dining room, complete with central heating system, beautiful tesselated floors, and the

(Continued on Page 8)

Just Whistle...

by Bissell



The house is shining-clean for the wedding . . . when excelsior from Aunt Clara's last-minute wedding gift goes all over the carpet! What to do?

Just whistle . . . and whisk out the Bissell Carpet Sweeper. That new "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action sweeps clean without any pressure on the handle. . . .



Works automatically, adjusting itself to any rug, from the thickest broadloom to the smoothest Oriental! It even picks up perfectly when the handle is held *low,* for sweeping under tables and chairs.

Hint to brides: Use your vacuum for periodic cleaning, a "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for everyday quick pick-ups.



Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissells with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty as low as $6.45. Other models for even less. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at $8.45.

Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush



To "color-light" this silver's delicate moulding . . . organdy over turquoise. (Get ordinary sheet-moss from your florist, stud it with lilies.)

Excitingly modern, excitingly romantic . . . this *different new pattern!* Let it be a shining link between you and your daughter—and *hers!* Solid silver all the way through, a hundred years of daily use won't wear it out. In fact, *wear* is its best beauty treatment! And the elegance of a table set with Heirloom* Sterling tells your guests so much, so quickly.

Compare . . . see how much better a buy Heirloom Sterling is. Anyone can afford a start of 2 of these ever-beautiful Lasting Spring* place settings! Begin now to enjoy the lift of eating 3 times a day with this honest, solid silver! (Your jeweler also can show you Mansion House* and Damask Rose* in Heirloom Sterling.)

*Trade Mark. Copyright, 1949, Oneida, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

ABOUT THE NEW *Lasting Spring*

Created by the brilliant designer who did the much-loved Damask Rose. This "different" new pattern is moulded with dynamic simplicity, softened, enriched with a motif of tender sentiment.

IN ADHESIVE TAPES, TOO...

IT'S BEHAVIOR THAT COUNTS!





Buy

Curity WET-PRUF*

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE HOSPITAL-QUALITY ADHESIVE TAPE

IT BEHAVES THE WAY YOU WANT TAPE TO:

Curity STICKS instantly — stays on! No curling at ends or corners.

IT'S WATERPROOFED — wash it time and again, it holds!

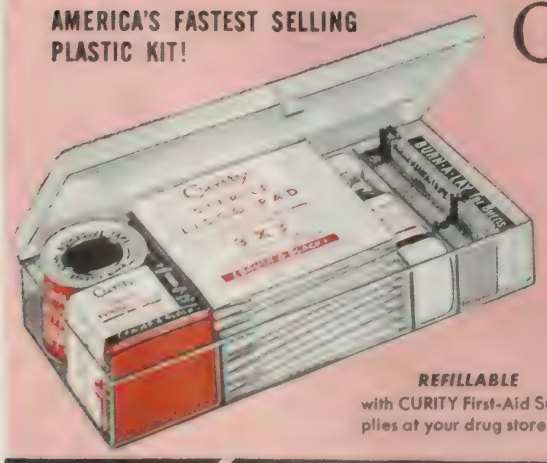
EASY ON THE SKIN — proved by over 15,000 tests on humans.

HOSPITAL QUALITY — used by hospitals and doctors throughout the nation!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Over Half a Century of Adhesive Tape Leadership

AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING PLASTIC KIT!



Curity LUSTRIC

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE "SEE-THROUGH" FIRST-AID KIT

in RED, GREEN, BLUE, CLEAR

Smart looking—smart to have on hand. CURITY LUSTRIC, the first-aid kit of transparent plastic. Perfect for gifts, ideal for home, office, car, workshop. $1.50

REFILLABLE with CURITY First-Aid Supplies at your drug store

RE-USABLE for fishing flies, sewing supplies, jewelry, buttons, cosmetics, curlers, odds and ends

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company • 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 16

(Continued from Page 6)

dividing pillars that held the leather curtains. The whole was seven or eight feet underground. A marvelous job of excavation has been done. The general layout is quite easy to see, with its heated bedrooms, its elaborate bathrooms, with dressing rooms and cupboards and the carved stone basins for the hot plunge and the cold.

The entrances to the dining room and into the dressing rooms are thick slabs of stone, worn into a curve by the feet of men and women who lived nearly two thousand years ago.

I always find there is something a little eerie, a little creepy about anything quite so old. I also have the uncanny impression that I have seen it all before. When I went down the Ancient Britons' flint mine, in Suffolk, and saw the galleries, far too low for modern mankind even to creep there, and the antlers they used as picks lying in the galleries where the workmen long before the Roman invasion had left them lying, I remember having that same uneasy feeling about it, so that although it was immensely interesting, I was glad to be gone.

Love to you,
MAMMA.
(Dorothy Black.)

Who Enjoys a Wedding?

Arlington, Virginia.

Dear Editors: Three cheers for grandma's letter about weddings. Weddings are a racket and a heartache. My son's wedding caused me a breakdown. My other son (the best man) lost ten pounds. The bride was a nervous wreck. We all were. My doctor gave me an injection before the wedding so I could stand up. No one really enjoys a wedding or has a good time.

I asked all our guests frankly and they were all miserable. Men loathe weddings. I am allergic to weddings now. I despise them.

ANOTHER GRANDMA.

Praises Journal

Aurora, Colorado.

Dear Editors: Since my graduation from college I have had, for the first time, an opportunity to do some pleasure reading. And reading the JOURNAL is strictly a *pleasure*. I used to think that all women's magazines must be "trashy." I have changed my mind.

The JOURNAL has a well-rounded selection of stories, features and educational articles. As a sociologist I truly appreciate your efforts to enlighten the women of America on the importance of a sound, healthy marriage. My husband reads the articles by Clifford R. Adams right along with me. Though I don't agree with a good deal he says, I am happy to see that you, the editors, appreciate the value of such articles. As a potential teacher, I appreciate the various educational articles featured. As a housewife, I give Ann Batchelder a pat on the back and a hearty handshake.

Sincerely,
MRS. ALBERT D. ROSS.

No Liquor Ads

Vancouver, British Columbia.

Dear Editors: In view of the announcement of U. S. Brewers' Foundation that two of the nationally read women's magazines have accepted beer advertising, the members of Fairview W.C.T.U. instructed me to express our deep appreciation to the editors of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for their continued refusal to associate beer advertising with their many fine advertisements for good food.

Yours very sincerely,
CLARA M. STERNS
Secretary, Fairview W.C.T.U.

The Magazine Men Believe In

Delanco, New Jersey.

Dear Editors: For quite a long time I have believed the JOURNAL to be one of the finest magazines published in this country, but my ego continues to be trampled, as you so frequently refer to it as a magazine only women should appreciate fully.

Your many fine and comprehensive articles on conditions that exist today and the problems that we are facing would surely be of interest to any husband, family man or just plain bachelor with a little patriotism. Most of your fiction is equally interesting to either sex, and I note many of your associate editors are *men*.

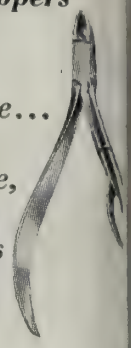
I hope eventually you will give us mere men some sort of a break in The Magazine That Women Believe In.

Sincerely,
DONALD H. ROSS.

For manicure perfection.

La Cross

Cuticle Nippers



So easy to use...

razor keen yet gentle,

La Cross nippers

frame your nails

cleanly, evenly. $4.00

Smart hands are reaching fo



THE BEAUTIFUL HANDS OF ALICIA MARK

the season's

most flattering shade,

Wild Strawberry—

a sun-kissed strawberry ton

Delectably fresh in

Naylon nail enamel, 60¢,*

and matching shades o

Naylon lipstick or Slimstick,

*$1.00**



for complete li

and fingertip beauty • PLUS FED. T





Does your hair sometimes look dull and lifeless . . . is there a telltale shower of distressing flakes *no matter what shampoo you use?*

Then be on the lookout for infectious dandruff, so prevalent, so hard to get rid of.

Better start now with Listerine Antiseptic and finger-tip massage every time you wash your hair.

YOUR HAIR IS MAGIC TO A MAN . . .

Take care of it!

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills even the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale) which so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

You will be delighted to see how wonderfully fresh, cool and clean your scalp feels, how quickly flakes begin to disappear, how healthy your hair looks. Yes, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

As a precaution against infectious dandruff, make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair care no matter what kind of soap or shampoo you use.

For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

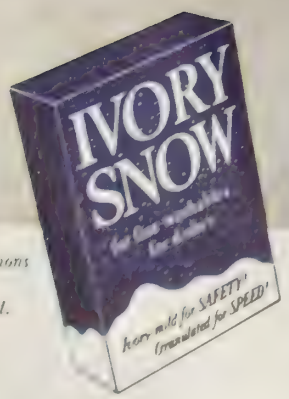


SAFE...IN SNOW!

Yes, Ivory Snow keeps lovely prints lovely longer!

Jewel-bright rings of color on frosty white! A gem of a print by Gourdon—to add sparkle to dancing evenings. So glamorous, yet so safe with Ivory Snow care! Ivory-mild, Ivory-pure, there's no finer soap made to guard those brilliant colors . . . that fresh clear beauty!

No other soap like it—it's 99 44/100% pure and granulated for instant suds—*even in cool water!* Perfect for gay washable prints!



Follow directions on the box. They're tested.



Your hands will tell you why! Ivory Snow is *extra* kind to lovely things, and you can *prove* it! Just wash dishes with it, as millions do. When you see how it pampers your hands, you'll KNOW it's kind to prints! Wonderful Ivory Snow!

IVORY SNOW

...the only soap both Ivory-mild and granulated for efficiency

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Bruce Gould and
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors

SMOKE

AMONG the worries of a housewife's existence is dirt in the air. It settles on clean white clothes drying on the line, accumulates in corners of the porch, covers the window sills and curtains. Dirt that people track into a house you can combat. But dirt that just blows in seems like impersonal persecution. Combustion engineers call it *atmospheric pollution*, which doesn't help much.

Where does this dirt come from? Surveys have been conducted in many cities to find out. Active in this effort is the Coal Producers Committee for Smoke Abatement, representing 500 individual coal-producing companies. They want to help communities to abate smoke.

In a survey of smoke conditions in seven industrial cities, the Coal Producers Committee found combustion plants contributed to "atmospheric pollution" in this order:

1. Laundries and dry-cleaning plants.
2. Hotels, apartment buildings, hospitals.
3. Schools and churches.
4. Miscellaneous manufacturing plants.
5. Manufacturing plants, large.

Among other causes, it blamed overloaded, improperly fired, mechanically defective and obsolete combustion plants. Smoke could be eliminated in many cases by the application of steam or air jets. Smoke is waste. Many consumers could save money and reduce smoke by improving their means and methods of using fuel. Municipal institutions are among the worst offenders. City dumps and incinerators are always violators. According to studies of the Coal Producers Committee, smoke of domestic consumers contributes at the most only 10 per cent to the amount of sootfall.

All authorities on smoke abatement agree there is no one simple way to overcome this problem. Merely passing a city ordinance against smoke will not reduce it. Of the many smoke-consuming devices experimented with throughout the years, none has had much practical value. A large percentage of smoke is due to carelessness and indifference. The human factors involved cannot be controlled by any gadget.

The committee believes the best way to reduce smoke is by intelligent public interest and action through clubs and civic organizations. A courteous approach by the public to industry will put the skill as well as the money of industry to work if it is found necessary to rebuild or replace equipment. *People* permit smoke, and public opinion can enforce smoke abatement.

YOU can help America

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

IF one writes as much as I do, upon public questions, many letters arrive, very often from women, and usually with the question, "Tell me what I can *do* to help solve our problems." I think the questioners want me to suggest some organization or movement they might join, or some resolutions they might pass. Certainly they are inquiring regarding means to be *active*. But I wonder if organization is quite so important as it seems to us, in this highly organized world. It seems to me that at least as important as what we *do* is what we *are*—that, indeed, *being* may be more important than *doing*.

A nation is, after all, the sum total of its people. It is what they are that counts—not only what they do. It is the thoughts they hold, the attitudes they cultivate, the things they say, not only on the public platform, but among their friends, day to day. These constitute influence, and create the spiritual climate of a nation. Very few people when they are dead are long remembered for what they did—unless they are great geniuses. For the rest of us, swiftly changing time wipes out our works, and changes or eliminates their value. But character is changeless, and remembered. The Greeks said, "Character is Destiny." Walt Whitman said, "Nothing survives except personal character."

Saints are more immortal than great organizers. Gandhi will be longer remembered than Nehru—although like Jesus, he wrote nothing, or nearly nothing. When he did something, it was very simple—like marching to the sea and distilling from it a handful of salt, to say with a simple gesture that it was wrong to tax the people for what God and nature had created in abundance. Like learning to spin and weave at a hand loom, to show the people that even without great factories and modern industries of their own they need not go naked. I doubt whether any man in modern history has had such an all-pervasive influence over his countrymen—and over many not his countrymen—but it all started as a personal influence. He never tried to create a crowd. The crowds created themselves and came to him, because they had confidence in his goodness.

As we cannot all be great organizers, so we cannot all be great saints. No one understands the mystery of the few touched by God. But no matter in how limited circumstances we live, everybody living has friends, relatives, persons close to him. And everybody living is, in himself, a radio-sending station and a radio-receiving station, emanating from himself an influence. Our knowledge of radioactivity is extremely primitive as yet. But several years ago, I heard a great

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scientist of the General Electric Company say that a machine had already been invented which fluctuated according to the power of thought.

For thousands of years mankind has believed in the unprovable—in the power of prayer, the power of prayer actually to change the physical universe. Some people said that was superstition, but one of these days we may have scientific support for its truth. Prayer is the most intense concentration of the whole body and spirit on the will for the highest good. Is it not reasonable to suppose that such concentration actually sends out into the universe rays of some kind, communications of some kind, that create or change vibrations? And is it likely that what millions of people have believed through millennia of time is silly superstition?

In my own life the most lasting influence was my father. In worldly terms, he was not a "successful" man. Like Wordsworth's Lucy, he "dwelt among the untrodden ways," living out most of his days as a small-town minister. He was not a great preacher. But the purity and goodness of his spirit; his love of beauty, whether of nature, or literature; his allergy to everything tawdry or cheap; his quiet intolerance of evil; the broadness of his humanity; his patience; his simple and profound religion, that recognized Christ as a continual presence and example, moved everyone with whom he came in contact. In his quiet way he helped unknown numbers of people to straighten out their lives—and with no knowledge of modern psychiatry. He never lived in a village whose gardens did not improve because of his knowledge and love of flowers. When he died, several thousand people came to his funeral. And I never go to upstate New York where we lived but some elderly people manage to see me "because we knew your father."

It is hard to find anything remarkable that he did. But he was, in himself, remarkable enough to be remembered a generation beyond his life by those who knew him. He changed the spiritual climate around him, and always for the better. But I cannot remember that he ever argued. He set standards for *himself*—and they were somehow catching.

I CANNOT imagine that communists would have gotten anywhere within the radius of his influence. He would not have hated them—he hated sin, but never sinners. He would not have closed his mind to the evils they denounced—he was as sensitive to injustice, and to all attempts to push anyone into a cruel inferiority, as though it had happened to himself. But he was absolutely allergic to demagogy, or to Utopian ideas that life and society could be transformed by the application of any mechanical system, or that good could be accomplished by evil and violent means. He knew the root of all is in man—in his relation to God and to his fellow men. He did not even grasp for himself the reality of social differences. He treated the poorest negro workman with exactly the same courtesy he extended to the rich or famous. For him democracy was something to be lived, not something to be talked about. Democracy was caring for each other, and helping each other. It was, in his mind, God's will for society. It was a godly and Christian way of life, that first of all made demands upon one's self, constant, daily demands.

HE taught his children, more by influence than words, gratitude—gratitude to God and to this country. It never occurred to him that there was something wrong about patriotism. It was as natural for men and women to love their country as it was to love their parents or their children. Their country was the soil that bred and sustained them, given to them to cherish, and improve, and pass on, and, if necessary, defend. Patriotism was not nationalism or chauvinism. He could say with Mazzini, "I love my country because I love the *idea* of country, wishing nothing for my own country that I would not readily grant to all others." He took it for granted that all men were patriots wherever they lived, and that that was a link between nations and not a division.

Patriotism to him meant homely things—remembering always the others; not putting one's own personal interests up as the only criterion of judging public policies; doing one's own work just as well as one possibly could, because the nation's creativity was only the total of everyone doing his best; trying always to give a little more than one received, because that margin was the nation's wealth to build on and pass on; not being discouraged, because discouragement was a sin—and a sin that infected others; not behaving unseemly, for that corrupted society; and admiring—admiring achievement of all kinds, admiring heroes and great characters; admiring beauty and goodness, and truth; admiring the well-plowed field, the tended forest, the bird song, the stars, the pattern of a snowflake—the wonder and mystery of life—the wonder and mystery of birth and growth and death.

And always opposing to evil, the positive. Not even weeping for one's sins and errors; just recognizing them, seeking forgiveness; and beginning over again—a new life, every morning, every day. Not perpetually denouncing evil, to blow it up in everybody's mind, but proclaiming "glad tidings, of great joy," knowing that the tiny light of one candle is stronger than all darkness.

I think my father was an exceptional soul. But in thousands of homes throughout this country are mothers and fathers and citizens who every day are helping to build and rebuild our great home, without *doing* much beyond their daily work; never seeing their names in the newspapers; but simply radiating from themselves warmth, confidence, belief, trust, decency and courage. They make the human climate of America; they—too modest even to think it—are helping fulfill Walt Whitman's vision of "a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth," because it is "the New City of Friends."

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Day You Die

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

The day you die I will not say, "Poor dust,
How tired, though young; how rested now, at peace";
Nor shed a tear nor clasp an anguished breast
Above the new-turned earth that grants release.
I shall go seeking all you were, and find
Dark eyes that I remember where larkspurs blow,
And, listening, pluck your voice from the warm wind
As clearly as a red rose from the snow.
Granite can never capture nor hold you fast;
Forever at my side your steps will be,
Tracing the paths we knew and loved the best,
And searching restless patterns of the sea
I will find your face in all the tides that run,
Your laughter, defiant, lifting toward the sun.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Bake the Swift'ning* Sweetheart Cake



...in these clever new

HEART-SHAPED ALUMINUM LAYER PANS!



Set of 2 only 75¢ with the paper disc from inside a can of Swift'ning (or red portion of unwinding band)

■ They're new! They're a marvelous bargain! They're made of fine quality aluminum that will wear and wear for years!

Heart-shaped layer pans! With them and marvelous *Swift'ning* you'll turn out cakes to dream about.

Pure, snowy-white Swift'ning contains an exclusive *quick-mix* ingredient for lighter, lovelier cakes. And tests prove it makes *flakier pies* than any other all-purpose shortening.

Swift'ning gives you crisp, *digestible* fried foods. Swift'ning is extra nutritious. It keeps without refrigeration. Get wonderful Swift'ning *today* and send for your heart-shaped pans!

Swift'ning is digestible! Nutritious, too!

A Martha Logan Quick-Mix Recipe

THE LOVELIEST CAKE YOU EVER BAKED!

Make it for a Bridal Party or for a Birthday; for a Wedding Anniversary, for Father's Day, or just to please some one you love.

Preparation: Have all ingredients at room temperature. Preheat oven at 375° F. Line bottoms of 2 heart-shaped pans (equivalent to two 9" round pans) with waxed paper.

Ingredients:
- ½ cup Swift'ning
- 2½ cups sifted cake flour
- 4 tsp. double acting baking powder (5¼ if tartrate type)
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 4 egg whites

Step 1: Put Swift'ning in bowl. Sift in flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add ⅔ cup of the milk, and vanilla. Beat 2 min. on medium speed of electric mixer, or by hand using 150 strokes per min. Throughout mixing keep batter scraped from sides and bottom of bowl with rubber scraper. Scrape bowl and beaters.

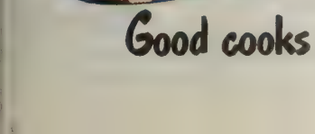
Step 2: Add unbeaten egg whites and remaining ⅓ cup milk. Beat for 2 additional minutes. Scrape bowl and beaters. Pour equal amounts of batter into pans. Bake about 28 minutes, or till done. Cool.

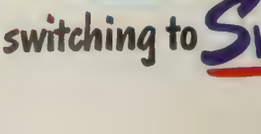
Fill and frost with 7-minute icing. Reserve a little and tint to match flowers. Edge cake with tinted frosting, using tip of a spoon. Coil ribbon around plate (hold in place with bits of tape if necessary) and tuck sweetpeas, or other flowers, into loops.

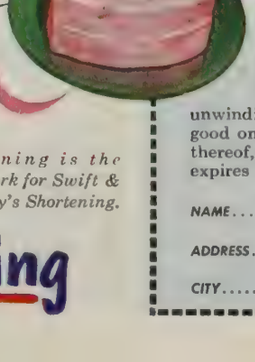
Folder with recipes for 8 glamorous Special Occasion Cakes comes with your pans!











*Swift'ning is the trade-mark for Swift & Company's Shortening.

Good cooks are switching to Swift'ning

CLIP THIS ORDER BLANK! SEND FOR YOUR CAKE PANS NOW!

Swift'ning, Dept. F, Box 6365, Chicago 77, Ill.

Please send me my set of two Heart-Shaped aluminum Layer Cake Pans, and folder of Special Occasion Cake Recipes. I enclose 75¢ in coins and paper disc from inside a can of Swift'ning or red portion of unwinding band. (Allow up to 3 weeks for delivery. Offer is good only in the U. S. A. Void in any state, or subdivision thereof, where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Offer expires December 31, 1949, or when supply is exhausted.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

The finest ever made!





Shhh!..

It's a delicious secret!

Only we know the wondrous touch of bakery magic that keeps two chocolate cookies *crisper* when spread with velvety cream filling! It's the reason *no other* English Style cookies have the tender firmness and cool, cool flavor of Sunshine HYDROX.

Try them today—and *see!* Your grocer has them in the pantry package or handy cellophane bag.



Sunshine
HYDROX
CREAM-FILLED CHOCOLATE COOKIES
in the pantry package or handy cellophane bag



From the Thousand Window Bakeries of Sunshine Biscuits ©1949

(Continued from Page 14)

couldn't be a matter of who's going to get that diamond ring, could it?



REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Very funny! I would have to pick a man with a sense of humor!"

"I guess a sense of humor is what Husbands tell each other their wives haven't got."

So says *Ogden Nash* in VERSUS, his latest collection of verses.

"A man in pajamas after nine
Transgresses the housewife's Party Line."

"A commuter is one who never knows how a show comes out because he has to leave early to catch a train to get him back to the country in time to catch a train to bring him back to the city."

"Middle age is when you've met so many people that every new person you meet reminds you of someone else.
And when golfers' stomachs escape either over or under their belts.
It's when you gulp oysters without bothering to look for pearls.
And your offspring cannot but snicker when you refer to your classmates as boys and your bridge partners as girls.
It's when you wouldn't visit Fred Allen or the Aga Khan if it meant sleeping on a sofa or a cot.
And your most exciting moment is when your shoelace gets tangled and you wonder whether if you yank it, it will come clean or harden into a concrete knot.
And Al Capone and Babe Ruth and Scott Fitzgerald are as remote as the Roman emperors,
And you spend your Saturday afternoons buying wedding presents for the daughters of your contemporers."

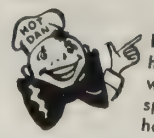
•

How the Victorian Age got that way is what we gleaned between the lines of THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, by *Roger Fulford*. This is by no means the theme of Mr. Fulford's excellent biography, concerned as it is with Albert's important but hitherto neglected place in English politics. But in spite of the fact that the politics are enormously illuminating, the personalities—for women readers at any rate—overtop them.

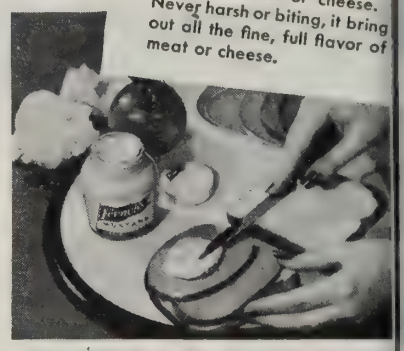
Victoria's court, before Albert stepped into it, was far from the formal respectable collection we had always assumed it to be. The Lord Chamberlain, Conyngham, whose wife was a Paget, had his mistress installed as housekeeper in Buckingham Palace, and Lord Uxbridge, the Lord Steward, also of the Paget faction, likewise had his mistress in the palace domestic staff. In fact, the newspapers of the day called Windsor Castle the Paget Club House (the Pagets being,

(Continued on Page 18)

Sandwiches



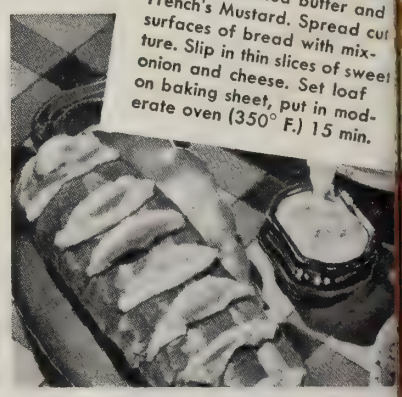
Lunchbox Special—For hearty he-man size sandwiches, French's is the ideal spread. Perfect with sliced ham, liverwurst or cheese. Never harsh or biting, it brings out all the fine, full flavor of meat or cheese.



are super



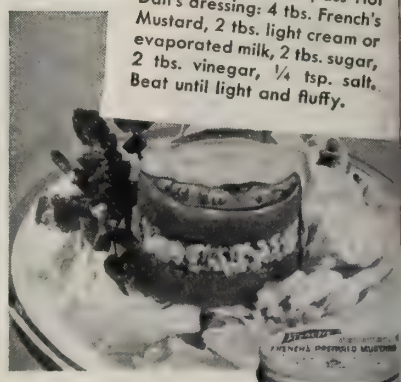
Toasted Party Loaf—Slic a Vienna loaf down to (but not through) bottom crust in thick slices. Mix equal quantities of softened butter and French's Mustard. Spread cut surfaces of bread with mixture. Slip in thin slices of sweet onion and cheese. Set loaf on baking sheet, put in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 min.



made with FRENCH'S



Tomato Salad Sandwich—Cut 2 thick slices from a large ripe tomato. Put minced ham between slices and pass Hot Dan's dressing: 4 tbs. French's Mustard, 2 tbs. light cream or evaporated milk, 2 tbs. sugar, 2 tbs. vinegar, ¼ tsp. salt. Beat until light and fluffy.



SMOOTHER—CREAMIER!

FREE!
NEW RECIPE BOOK
"Dining Delights"
Send name and address to The R. T. French Co., 1530 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, N. Y.



Largest Selling Prepared Mustard in the U. S. A. tod
(Also made in Canada)



"We love lazy Sunday breakfast —with this quick, can't-fail coffee!"

You'll say it's dreamy, too—this easy way to make delicious coffee—right in the cup. Two cups, or ten if you like. And *every* cup just right!

Magically convenient! Just *measure* Nescafé* to suit each taste—add piping hot water and stir. Coffee's ready in a jiffy—*good* coffee—and *right* every time. No guesswork for strength you like. No fussing with messy pot or grounds.

Wonderfully flavorful... Nescafé has all the body and "lift" of freshly brewed coffee. Nescafé is brewed by experts... stays fresh and flavorful too, thanks to the added carbohydrates that *seal-in* all that goodness until you release it in the cup.

Yes, less work for you, grand coffee for all—when you serve Nescafé for breakfast, lunch, dinner, or any time between. Always keep a jar handy. Get Nescafé today—in the regular size or big economy size jar.



Easy Sunday-Best Breakfast

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM
(get 'em frozen—ready to enjoy)

BUTTERED WAFFLES WITH HONEY
(use prepared mix—no fuss, no failure)

NESCAFÉ

No pot, no grounds—
just add piping hot water

If you like good coffee, you'll love Nescafé! Try it—see why more people drink Nescafé than any other instant coffee!

NESCAFÉ makes coffee right— every morning, noon or night!



Nescafé cuts coffee bills, too!

Serve Nescafé as your *regular* coffee—and save! Even a small jar makes about as many cups as a pound of ordinary ground coffee —*yet costs less in actual cash.*

BIG ECONOMY SIZE JAR SAVES EVEN MORE!

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.



Want a handy extra oven in your new electric range?

Ask your Frigidaire Dealer to show you the double-oven Electric Range that makes cooking twice as simple!



Lifetime Porcelain finish inside and out for permanent beauty!

Double-quick dinners are so much easier to get with the *double-oven* Frigidaire Electric Range! Ask your Frigidaire Dealer to prove to you how much time you'll save when you can bake *and* broil electrically at the same time—or when you can bake, broil or roast a double quantity of food using both ovens at once.

And what grand big ovens they are! The exclusive Frigidaire Evenizer assures even heat distribution—the extra-thick insulation keeps the heat in the oven and out of the kitchen—and the porcelain finished surfaces and rounded corners make cleaning up a cinch for you!

Top-of-the-range cooking is simpler and easier, too. You just cook *your regular way*—but get better results than ever with the 5 exact controlled heats provided by each of the Frigidaire Radiantube Surface Cooking Units.

Visit your Frigidaire Dealer today—let him show you more of the special advantages of this Frigidaire Electric Range—one of eight different models. Ask for a demonstration, too, of other Frigidaire appliances for better kitchens and laundries, including the Frigidaire Refrigerator and the Frigidaire All-Porcelain Automatic Washer.

Find dealer's name in Classified Phone Directory. Or write, Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside 12, Ontario.

Listen to Frigidaire's New Lum and Abner Show, Sunday nights, on your Columbia Station.

FRIGIDAIRE

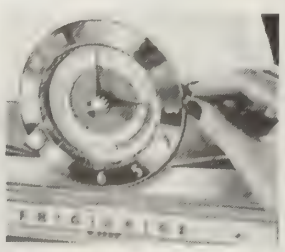
Electric Ranges



The broiler's high-speed—and waist-high! And the extra-deep broiler pan with smokeless type grid broils foods easily. Also doubles as a roasting pan and trivet.



Now it's a small oven—now it isn't! The Tripe Duty Thermizer is so adaptable to your needs—as a casserole, a baking or a roasting oven, or deep-well cooker.



Really automatic cooking— with the Cook-Master Oven Clock Control! Move two hands and flip a lever—the oven turns on, turns off automatically.

(Continued from Page 16)

apparently, no better than they should be). Albert, however, once he got into his stride, put a stop to all this and a lot more. And the impact of his righteous indignation still resounds in every respectable home and in nearly every moral precept, of England and America.

Poor Albert! He had already had his troubles with an extravagant and light-minded father. "If you could restrain Papa from constantly asking me for money," he wrote home from England to a friend in Germany, "I should be grateful."

Albert was not popular in the early days, except with his Queen. "Discreet, dogmatic, and a doctrinaire, he lacked the lightness of touch and inconsequence which an Englishman liked and understood." Mr. Fulford explains. "Few men can have had a greater command of the bromide than had the Prince. The obvious fell from his pen in soporific profusion. . . . He approached the writing table as if it were a pew in church."

But how Victoria adored him! And how surely he guided the reins which she held in those little white hands! By the time he died, the country adored him too, and abandoned itself to mourning. The blanket of conformity had covered them all, and only a few remembered their earlier disapproval. Lord Orford, an eccentric Norfolk nobleman, was one of the exceptions. On hearing of the death, he at once changed into his brightest clothes, to express his pleasure that at least one foreigner was safely out of the way. But we do not want to mislead: this is a serious as well as an entertaining book, and a work of fine scholarship. In spite of the scattered remarks quoted here, Mr. Fulford held his subject in highest esteem.

•

A good malaprop, says Goodman Ace, radio specialist in malaprops, should have a special, behind-the-lines kind of humor. Like the woman who talks on and on about nothing: "She monotonizes the conversation." And the man who had to get up very



"Instead of counting sheep, why not try imagining it's time to get up?"

early in the morning: "He got up at the crank of dawn." And the girl whose coming-out party ended in a free-for-all when she made her "debris." Insomnia is "mind over mattress," and there are a million others, "too humorous to mention." (It's a question how Prince Albert would have taken these!)

•

Cream Hill, by *Lewis Gannett*, is a lovely book about the home in Connecticut the author bought twenty-five years ago. About the seasons that rounded the years out, the birds that nested near by, the flowers that prospered in the garden that Lewis and Ruth planted, the wild flowers that they brought in from the woods, the neighbors, the weather, the work and fun. It was a week-end home for two busy people, and the exact opposite in

(Continued on Page 21)

get a "two-in-one" **COSCO** Step Stool



Model 4-D: Chromium, enamel trim; upholstered seat and back.



a convenient ladder Swing out the self-locking, rubber-treaded steps. Presto! It's a sturdy, steady, *six-leg* ladder for safer climbing. Handy—easy to use any place in the house.



a comfortable seat Swing the steps beneath the seat . . . or use them as a footrest. Either way, you're sitting pretty! Upholstered seat and form-fit back lighten tiring tasks.

four smart models Lighten your work—brighten your home—with a Cosco "two-in-one" Step Stool. Four all-metal models, five gay colors. Other Cosco Stools for every purpose, every purse, $2.95 to $16.75. At leading department, furniture, appliance and hardware stores.

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
COLUMBUS, INDIANA

Also makers of **COSCO** Utility Tables



Visit your Youngstown Kitchen dealer and see this gleaming, white-enameled steel beauty—*exactly* as illustrated. It's so easy to own!

Dream kitchens with wished-for price tags



utiful 66″ twin-bowl Kitchenaider-Mullin- r Combination (one of 10 models). Dishwash- and food preparation are wonderfully easy. drawers, two huge compartments. One-piece of *finest, acid-resisting porcelain enamel.* Spar- g white finish blends perfectly with modern liances and any wall and floor color scheme.

THERE'S more pleasure for your family in a Youngstown Kitchen than any other home equipment.

A gorgeous kitchen of lifetime, white-enameled steel that's *just right for you* is created by arranging a Youngstown Kitchenaider cabinet sink with base and wall cabinets and accessories. No costly remodeling!

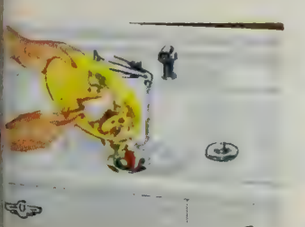
This month Youngstown dealers are featuring the lovely kitchen shown above. Stop in and see the work-saving, 48″ twin-bowl Kitchenaider with *laundry-deep* second bowl (11″). Note the lavish storage space, wide work areas . . . the "extra touches" you're *sure* to want. Then you'll know it's Youngstown for you, whether you build or remodel.

The price is like a wish come true. A Youngstown Kitchen costs only a FEW DOLLARS a month, financing through dealer or bank. *No wonder Youngstown is the unquestioned kitchen leader!*

To learn the name of a nearby factory-trained dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25 . . . or send coupon.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens

Youngstown Kitchens
BY MULLINS



e magic! Mullinaider electric gar- e disposer shreds food waste, sends lown the drain. Fits all Kitchen- rs. Safe, simple operation. Ask FREE home demonstration.



See the swinging mixing-faucet and speedy rinse spray. Spray reaches all parts of sink top. Great for dishwashing and cleaning vegetables. Typical Youngstown value. See your dealer!

GET THIS EXCITING BOOKLET!

20 pages featuring beautiful Youngstown Kitchens in color. Full details of Youngstown units and tips on arranging a new kitchen. Enclose 10c in cash. No stamps, please.

I plan to build ☐

I plan to remodel ☐

I want a free home demonstration of the Mullinaider ☐



SEND COUPON TODAY!

Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. L-649, Warren, Ohio

Please send me your Youngstown Kitchen booklet. I enclose 10c in cash, to cover cost of mailing.

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

COUNTY _____ STATE _____ ★



Exciting! New!

PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES
LEAVES YOUR HAIR SOFTER, LOVELIER, MORE RADIANT!



→ **"That Prell tube** is terrific in the shower—no bottles or jars to break! And man—what Prell does to unsightly dandruff . . . !" says William Bendix, star of the radio show and Universal-International's film "The Life of Riley."

Doctors' examinations proved Prell—with its exclusive formula and its amazing patented cleansing ingredient—removes unsightly dandruff in as little as 3 minutes! And your hair *shines* with radiance after Prell! It's more radiant than with any soap shampoo known . . . more radiant—in *hardest* water—than with any leading cream shampoo! So soft, too, yet so easy to set, to curl, to manage.

Economical! Prell *goes farther* than any other known shampoo, because it's more concentrated. No messy jars or breakable bottles either—with that handy tube! Get a large size tube of this Radiant*Creme shampoo today—all your family will *love* it!



← **Meg Randall**—"Babs" in "The Life of Riley" film—loves Prell for hair glamor. "My hair *shines* with radiance after Prell—and it's so manageable!" she says enthusiastically.



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®T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



I refused to look old at 40!

It's all right to "be your age," but you won't *look* it in your new Spirella foundation garment. Made to your individual requirements on Spirella's exclusive designing principle, it lets you bend and twist as you please because it lifts as nature intended, upward and backward for a *naturally* beautiful, active figure.

You'll get a preview of things Spirella does in the privacy of your home, when the Spirella Corsetiere takes your measurements over the patented Spirella Modeling Garment. Your individual Spirella fits like your skin! Doesn't ride up, or constrict at the waist. Doesn't pull on hose supporters. Famous Spirella stay holds *its* shape and *your* shape longer, too! Don't let your figure make you old . . . you can look, act, and feel *years younger* with Spirella's help!

For the name of your local Spirella Corsetiere, write The Spirella Company, Inc., Dept. L-6, Niagara Falls, N. Y. *(In Canada, Niagara Falls, Ont.)*



Press down on stomach, That's the cramped feeling of ordinary garments



Now lower your hands and lift up! That's like Spirella's all day comfort

Get a natural lift with

Spirella

(Continued from Page 18)

every way of Mr. Blandings' Dream House. The tale of the Gannetts' experiences is leisurely, peaceful, humorous.

After Lewis Gannett had bought his house, he learned that his great-great-grandfather had also lived there on the same hill. And by some scientifically accurate deducting, he works out the scene in nature as his ancestor saw it—the different trees that grew there then, the changes that had occurred in weeds and flowers and shrubs—as neat a piece of historical botany as you can find anywhere.

•

LESSER CROSSROADS, *by Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., is another kind of account of an ancestor and how he lived. It is a re-creation of the 18th century in northern New Jersey: the Revolution in miniature, General Washington marching through to Morristown at the head of his small force, the redcoats not far away, and the Hessians and the Delaware River. Best of all are the titbits of daily living, such as boiling tea well, throwing away the liquid and eating the tea leaves with butter; and cooking sausages in chocolate sauce. The Governor of New Jersey at the time was a Tory, and the illegitimate son of Benjamin Franklin into the bargain. The great Tory stronghold was Brooklyn. And it took six days by water to get from Philadelphia to New York.*

•

The 10 books which, in the opinion of publishers, influenced American thought most progressively in 1948, and from which the $1000 Gutenberg Award was chosen, are:

CRUSADE IN EUROPE,
by Dwight D. Eisenhower

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY,
by Alan Paton

EDUCATION IN A DIVIDED WORLD,
by James Bryant Conant

THE GATHERING STORM,
by Winston Churchill

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD,
by Norman Mailer

NO PLACE TO HIDE,
by David Bradley

OUR PLUNDERED PLANET,
by Fairfield Osborn

ROAD TO SURVIVAL,
by William Vogt

ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS,
by Robert E. Sherwood

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE,
by Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin.

The award went to ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS.

•

HOW TO TELL THE BIRDS FROM THE FLOWERS, by *Robert Williams Wood*, is a book that might just possibly be on your shelf of old well-thumbed children's books. It came out in 1917, and we've never known child or grownup who, seeing it, hasn't been entranced.

•

The age of specialization in cookbooks has come. Now we have THE ART OF FISH COOKERY, *by Milo Miloradovich. It has eighty-five Lobster recipes, to say nothing of Hake and Prawns and Eels and Cusk and Buffalo Fish and Black Drum and Albacore and Alewife Roe. No home adjacent to water can afford to be without it, and in other homes they can dream, can't they? Seriously, it is a splendid cookbook.*

"I dress for a dinner dance... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. "**For a busy day,** I love my chic ensemble in contrasting woolens with its matching bonnet. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "**For a brilliant evening,** I remove the jacket and hat, and presto! My dress turns into a new off-the-shoulder formal! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!*"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect* deodorant.



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

7 salad dressings

FROM THIS ONE LEMON RECIPE!

Jaded taste buds wake up quick when you spring one of these Sunkist salad dressings on your family!

The thing that makes these seven dressings so appetizing is that they begin with that magical ingredient, fresh lemon juice! No other ingredient gives the *subtlety and quality* of flavor that fresh lemon juice provides. And—perhaps because lemons have a freshness that only nature can give—nothing else does so much to bring out the garden freshness of greens, vegetables and fruits.

You'll like these dressings, too, because they're so easy. Start using them on your salads now, to spark up your family's interest in these health-giving foods. And don't forget—fresh lemon itself adds a lot of health to salads by contributing its own rich store of vitamins.



Sunkist French Dressing

½ cup fresh lemon juice ½ cup salad oil
1 tsp. salt 2 tbsp. sugar

Mix together. Then, with this delicious French dressing as a base, make any of the seven variations by adding ingredients as listed at right. To have salad greens extra crisp, chill them in ice water with 1 tbsp. lemon juice added. Serve salads *cold*. Add dressing just before serving.

WANT TO MAKE SALADS MORE ENTICING? VARY THE FLAVOR THESE EASY, APPETIZING WAYS:

Using ½ cup Sunkist French dressing as a base, create the variation you want by adding ingredients as follows:

1. *For Combination Vegetable Salads* (as illustrated at left). Use dressing plain, or add ½ tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. celery seed, ½ tsp. mustard.
2. *For Green Salads and Quartered Firm Head Lettuce.* Add 2 rounded tbsp. crumbled Roquefort or Bleu cheese. Mix thoroughly.
3. *For Fruit Salads.* Add 1½ tbsp. red jelly and 1 tbsp. sieved cream cheese. (Whenever you use apple, banana or avocado slices in a salad, a quick dip in lemon juice will keep them from darkening.)
4. *For Fish Salads.* Add 2 tbsp. each finely cut water cress and cucumber. Marinate fish in basic French dressing until well seasoned before serving.
5. *For Orange, Pear, Banana Salad.* Add 1 tbsp. each finely cut mint leaves and maraschino cherries.
6. *For Waldorf or Mixed Fruit Salads.* Add ¼ cup finely chopped nuts.
7. *For Orange Ambrosia Salad.* Add ½ cup toasted almonds, shredded.

For scores of wonderful new recipes, *send for that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book.* Free. Write Sunkist, Sec. 206, Box 2706, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, Cal.

Fresh California
Sunkist Lemons

Lemonade-time coming!

Yes, but what's the use of waiting? Any time is the right time for the most delicious refresher of them all. Here's a [illegible]:

[illegible]
And keep [illegible] *handy!*
Put in *covered* glass jar (not metal or enamel) in refrigerator. Juice keeps fresh flavor for days, loses almost no vitamins.

Lemonade's ready any time- just add ice and water.

Time now for iced tea, too. Serve a generous lemon wedge with every glass.

FRESH LEMONS PROVIDE VERY SPECIAL HEALTH VALUES

Fresh lemons not only supply valuable amounts of vitamin B, but also rare vitamin P, and are among the *richest sources* of vitamin C. Essential for youthful energy, sound teeth and gums, vitamin C is absent from most foods, scarce in most others. *You need it daily.* Fresh lemons are *important to health.*

For the *best* lemons, get Sunkist in trademarked wrappers. Finest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.



UNMARRIED MOTHERS...

Better Maternity Homes

By Margaret Hickey

HARSH intolerance is still the portion of the unmarried mother and her child. Many girls fearful of society's penalties seek assistance far from home and at a time when they are least able to make a wise decision. As a result they are frequently victims of furtive living, bad medical care and heartless treatment by unlicensed agencies snatching for adoptable children.

Twelve states, Hawaii and Puerto Rico, as well as several large cities, now issue birth cards designed to protect the baby from the label of illegitimacy. But most communities continue to overlook the fact that the first step in helping the baby born out of wedlock should be sympathetic treatment of the mother. For the good of both the baby and herself the unmarried mother needs the same kindly, efficient care that all mothers should have.

Help Through Authorized Agencies

An expectant mother who does not know of a social agency to help her in planning for herself and the baby can obtain advice from the Council of Social Agencies if she lives in a city. Or she can consult the county department of welfare if she lives in a rural area or small town. They will refer her to an appropriate social agency, where interviews and guidance will be on an individual and strictly confidential basis. The assistance of these agencies assures girls of good medical care under approved auspices and protects them from the pitfalls to be encountered by acting through unauthorized sources.

If a girl can't afford to pay the full cost of care during pregnancy, and particularly if she is thinking of placing her baby for adoption, the necessary arrangements generally can be made more readily in her own state, according to the U. S. Children's Bureau. "The girl who plans to give her baby up wants to be sure that it will receive good care, and placement through an approved social agency will help to insure this," the bureau says.

Emphasis on Mother's Well-Being

The Salvation Army, one of the first organizations to give asylum to unmarried mothers, is now one of the most active in departing from the rescue type of institution and adopting the newer and sounder methods of hospital and home care. The Army's 35 homes provide temporary security and the best possible medical services for the expectant mother who doesn't have a wedding ring. Services in the 48 Florence Crittenton homes include a variety of educational and recreational activities from which girls may choose according to their interests. In some homes classes in sewing, nutrition, first aid, homemaking and similar subjects are held under volunteer leadership from the American Red Cross, Young Women's Christian Association, and other community resources.

Group Work

"Belonging" in a group, the feeling of acceptance, is often a big factor in helping girls adjust to the home and to their own situations. In a survey of homes caring for 1800 girls, the National Committee on Services to Unmarried Parents found group work most effective when based on the individual interests of the girls and when the girls themselves have a part in planning. **THE END**

Salvation Army Care

FOUR girls stood in a darkened doorway and looked across the hall, through dimity curtains on the glass doors leading to the hospital wing of the red brick mansion. They saw a still, white figure being wheeled on a cart from the labor room to the delivery room, and they watched as the obstetrician hurried in.

"Gee, poor Betsy," said Marjorie, 17. "I was with her in the recreation room. She wouldn't admit she was having labor pains and then she started to cry. She kept saying, 'Oh, my poor baby ——!'"

The girls were new residents of Booth Memorial Hospital, the hilltop house in Pittsburgh where the Salvation Army last year cared for 130 unwed mothers. There are 25 girls there now.

Nervous about Betsy and about themselves, the newcomers trooped upstairs to find Maj. Ruth Evangeline Kimball, a trained social worker, who is superintendent of the home.

"I'm scared," Marjorie told the major. "How can I ever go through with this? I'm disgraced all my life now."

Marjorie was a baby herself, six months old, when she first faced legal authorities. Her parents were charged with neglect and she became a charge of the juvenile court. She lived in institutions and foster homes all her life until last year. She was eight when the head of the family in one boarding home beat her because, holding a winning ticket in a raffle, she had selected a satin-gowned doll as her prize instead of a basket of canned goods. When she was 15, the court let her live with a married brother, declared later to be as unfit as the parents for whom she no longer has even an address. To get three dollars for drinking money, her brother sold Marjorie's dog and told the child the police had taken it.

Major Kimball knew all these facts. She listened while Marjorie told the rest—how, as a 16-year-old who had never even had a date, she became involved with a man twice her age.

"I guess it was because he paid attention to me," Marjorie said, "and when he said all those nice things I believed him. The case worker says it's because he was older and I was looking for my father. . . . Oh, what will I *do?*" The button-black eyes filled and she wept.

(Continued on Page 164)

HOMER PAGE



This expectant mother enjoys seclusion and good medical care at Booth Memorial Hospital. From her bedroom window she looks hopefully upon the outside world to which she later will return.



KEPPLER

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Organdy by John-Frederics. Slip covers and drapery of Wamsutta [illegible]. Coverlet of Wamsutta Batiste. Wamsutta Fabrics are available both by-the-yard and in better-styled ready-to-wear.

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BONNETS AND BAGS

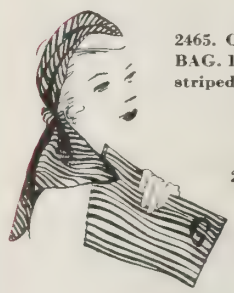
HOW many times have you wished for not one but two or three bright summer hats with matching bags or gloves? One in red—another in stripes? It's easy enough to have those dreams come true. Make your own accessories. Be budget wise and fashion perfect.



2461. STOCKING-CAP BERET AND BAG. 15¢. Use a bright cotton—polka-dot piqué or shantung.



2463. VEILING BERET. 15¢. Easy to make from wide-mesh veiling fastened to ribbon band.



2465. CROWNLESS TURBAN AND BAG. 15¢. Smart in polka-dot silk, striped piqué or faille.

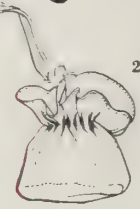




2500. CARRY-ALL BAGS. 15¢. Make one in canvas for swimming dates, another in wool for knitting.



2464. WHITE PIQUÉ BERET AND BAG. 15¢. The wedge-shaped sections are sewn together by hand.



2462. FIELD-FLOWER WREATH. 15¢. Wreath ties with ribbon. Other trimming ideas included with pattern.





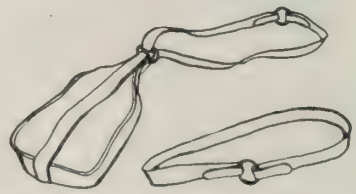
2496. DRAPED BERET. 15¢. Make this to match gloves in piqué, linen or shantung.



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2076. THINGS-TO-WEAR PATTERNS. Aprons, blouses, accessories.
1571. REFERENCE LIST OF KNITTED AND CROCHETED PATTERNS.
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We will gladly send any of these booklets and patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes or Savings Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

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THESE TINY DIAMONDS OF LUX ARE ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS LEVER LABORATORIES

Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Understanding the opposite sex isn't easy—as any man will tell you.

Understanding the Male

IT isn't easy for women to understand men. Not only do the two sexes differ biologically but they differ psychologically and emotionally. The influences of environment, training and experience unite to widen the differences as time passes. And understanding of some of these differences is the first step in adjusting to them.

The sexes differ from the very moment of conception. If the cell has an *x* chromosome a girl develops, if a *y* chromosome a boy. At birth, a boy will weigh several ounces more than a girl and be nearly an inch longer. Throughout his life span, he will be larger and 50 per cent stronger than she.

His deeper voice is due to longer and heavier vocal cords. He is more active than she because his basal metabolism is higher. Consequently, he needs more fuel to keep him going. Since his production of hormones is more regular, he is steadier, less subject to moods and less able to understand her moods or to sympathize with them. He thinks of menstruation and childbearing as normal functions, and he may not view his wife's pregnancy as world-shaking.

Psychological differences are accentuated by environment. In school and college, he seeks achievement on the athletic field, she in scholastic accomplishment, and her grades probably exceed his. She is more facile in speech and excels him in language skills, in school and later. But in mathematics and mechanical aptitude, he is superior. He has more general information, she has more clerical ability.

Socially they differ sharply. Characteristically women are more interested in parties and organized functions than men. Women want to observe the amenities; men very often choose to ignore them. Husband and wife often clash because she wants to go out at night, he prefers to stay home to rest or work.

Sexually the male is much more aggressive. He takes the initiative in petting during courtship, and in marriage is far more demanding than she, because of his stronger desire. His sex drive, itself a form of creation, may be the reason for his greater general creativeness. Physical readiness is far less essential to her, so she should be generous in meeting his needs.

Many women don't realize that the average wife is healthier than the average husband, and will live several years longer than he. Her heavier insulating layer of fat makes it easier for her to adjust to changes in temperature. Since her heat production is less, she perspires far less. She is much less likely to be a victim of colds. Their tastes in foods differ because their needs differ; he requires about a fifth more protein than she. That is why he doesn't go for salads.

A woman's standards and ideals are generally more exacting than her husband's. She is more conscious of manners, more faithful to custom, more religiously inclined, and less tolerant of breaches of "acceptable" behavior. A male frequently rebels at the double standard of morality without realizing its foundation, that fatherhood can never be as conclusive as motherhood. She may imitate him by wearing slacks but he never imitates her by wearing a skirt.

Thus men and women differ. In some ways each sex is superior to the other. By understanding some of the characteristic differences between male and female, you may be better able to resolve some of the difficulties between you and your husband.

Of course there are many exceptions to the generalizations we have made. Perhaps these observations don't apply to you and your husband. But, if they do, their recognition may bring you both greater contentment and serenity.

Wives Who Work

THE married woman who holds a job outside her home is no longer a rare phenomenon. Today about one wife in five is employed, and one third of all employed women are married and living with their husbands.

There are many reasons why women continue to hold jobs after marriage. Some work from financial necessity, others for extra comforts, or because they prefer the routine of office, factory or store to housework. A minority are exceptionally talented and energetic women who continue careers from sheer interest. A few regard jobs as a hedge against the future, an outlet when the children are grown, or an emotional and financial resource if the marriage is broken by death or divorce.

Though undoubtedly in some instances the whole family benefits from the wife's working, a wife's outside job always creates problems, especially if the couple has or hopes to have children. To hold a job and achieve a happy marriage, a woman must be an exceptional wife—and she must have an exceptional husband.

Consider a recent letter we received from a working wife: "When we first married, I thought I would work for a few months until my husband got a promotion. But by that time we had bought a car and new furniture, and I kept on working to pay those bills. Instead of saving any money, we spent everything we made—and still do. We have lost any desire to have a family, and we are no longer close to each other. We don't even have the same friends. So I am going ahead with my job as insurance against the day when we may part."

In the pursuit of purely material goals, these two young people have lost sight of their original objective. Their marriage has ceased to be a real union, and has become an aimless association of two individuals bound together by little more than circumstance.

Yet some women have to work, to help support the family; others, by reason of talent or temperament, cannot happily substitute homemaking for professional employment. How can the wife who must work minimize the risk to her married happiness?

Here are some suggestions, based on a study of many marriages in which the wife worked. By comparing the happy and unhappy wives, we have identified some of the principles followed by successful wives who work.

1. She works only with her husband's approval.

2. The reasons why she works, whether for financial gain or personal satisfaction, are clearly defined.

3. There is a clear understanding about children—whether to start a family, and if so, when.

4. She avoids jobs involving abnormal hours, high pressure and nerve strain, or direct competition with her husband.

5. The wife's earnings are thought of as part of the joint family income, not as her personal spending money. Both husband and wife avoid raising their normal standard of living, so that no drastic reductions are necessary if the wife stops working.

6. The problem of operating the household is realistically faced, and some practical solution evolved. This demands effort and willing sacrifice, of both husband and wife.

7. Mixed social engagements arising out of business are avoided unless both can participate.

8. Last but not least, the wife must always be sure that her whole family is gaining more than it is losing from the fact that she works. A working wife who hopes to achieve married happiness must always put that objective first.

We repeat: It takes an exceptional husband and an exceptional wife to make marriage work when both work!

Do You Agree?

You constantly imply that wives should hold the marriage together. Doesn't a husband have ANY responsibility?

He certainly does—but the major elements holding a marriage together are within the walls of the home. A wife can see these more clearly, so her husband's complaints, even though unjustified, are symptoms that something is wrong.

Are You a Good Mother-in-law?

A happy relationship with your in-laws depends on many things. Some of them, such as the couple's financial status, you cannot control. But there is one important factor—your own attitude—which *you alone* determine. Questions 16 through 20 apply only to women living with married sons or daughters.

1. **Did you get along well with your husband's parents?**
2. **Are you fond of your son- or daughter-in-law?**
3. **Do you like his (or her) parents?**
4. **Are you really proud of him (her)?**
5. **Do you hope the couple has children?**
6. **Are you satisfied with their standard of living?**
7. **Do you think their marriage will be happy?**
8. **Are some *personal* things included in your gifts to each?**
9. **Do they ask your advice and suggestions?**
10. **In your opinion, is the couple well matched?**
11. **Do you tell either how to manage the other?**
12. **Are you critical of either's personal habits?**
13. **Does the couple ever neglect you?**
14. **Has the couple serious financial problems?**
15. **Do you ever side with one against the other?**
16. **Is there a fair plan of sharing expenses?**
17. **Do all of you have sufficient privacy?**
18. **Are their friends persons whom you approve?**
19. **Do you live together without hard feelings or arguments?**
20. **Is there a fair plan of sharing the work?**

Questions 11–15 should be answered "No," all others "Yes." With 12 or more correct answers to the first 15 questions, and four or more to the last five, you have an excellent chance to be a good mother-in-law. But with a score of nine or less on the first fifteen, or twelve or less on all, chances are against you. Better work on your attitude; it's the thing you can change.



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I want to know!

THE SUB-DEB

Edited by

MAUREEN DALY

PULL up a chair and join the harpy huddle—we've got some interesting information to give out. The Senior Home Ec class of Bryson High School, in Bryson, Texas, sent us a list of questions—ten of them, in fact—which they call "the ten questions to which high-school girls most want to have the answers." So pick a question from one to ten—any one of them might have the answer to the big problem that's been on *your* mind!

• ***Are boy friendships necessary for girls to be happy?***

Definitely yes! Some girls get boy-conscious around thirteen or fourteen; some girls are eighteen or nineteen before the phone begins to give special Friday-night jingles. But from now on, you're going to be living in a boy-girl world. The teens is the time that girls grow up to the idea that they themselves will someday get married; and every date and every boy you meet from now on, whether you realize it or not, will help you to decide what you're looking for in a man. Those mad, momentary crushes will come and go for a long time yet—but start thinking in terms of deep and permanent friendships.

• ***What do boys like best in girls?***

The fact that they *are* girls! Elementary, but true. One sex complements the other. Boys like girls who are friendly, intelligent and with just the right amount of sugar-and-spice in their personalities. Best of all, they like girls who like *them* and who show it, through a friendly smile in the halls, a bright new dress for a special date, or just through listening and laughing at the right time when a boy pulls his best wisecrack on a date.

• ***What do boys dislike most in girls?***

Big-dealing and insincerity, two words which can really mean many different things. But, for instance, if you prattle on about your dad's salary, the price tags on your clothes, and your dates with all the top men around school just to impress, that's big-dealing. If you pull an Ava Gardner act when you're only fourteen, pretend to be good friends to a girl and then cat-chatter about her to boys, kiss a boy fondly on a date and then tell the crowd, that's insincerity. To make it short, simple and memorable: don't pull a phony act; boys don't like it.

• ***What can a girl do when she is unpopular and out of things at school?***

"Unpopular" and "out of things at school" are often synonymous terms, so get into activities and drop the "unpopular." Don't just be a joiner. Select one thing that interests you, and get into a group of boys and girls with that same interest. You may not be star material to start out, but take a job behind the scenes, as prompter for the senior play, timer for the swimming team, pianist for the school operetta or assistant in the library. Get busy doing work for and with people. For a girl who's busy with a group her own age, "unpopular" is just another word in the dictionary.

• ***What's the best way for an average high-school girl to win attention from a boy indifferent toward her?***

As far as he is concerned, you've got to stop being *average*. No girl can turn into the prettiest, the most charming or the most popular overnight, but you can try being the *friendliest* as far as he is concerned. Get someone to introduce you: if you date, try to arrange a double date; consult him on some school problem in which he has a hand and then follow up the first hurdle with conversations about things in which he's interested, during change of classes or just by friendly hello's in the halls. Once he's noticed you, the rest can be easy, *but only if he's interested.* All you can do (and not be accused of "chasing") is show that you want to be friendly—and if he's interested, it's up to him to take it from there.



• ***Does a girl who isn't pretty have a chance to have fun?***

Yes, if she does two things. First, if she gives herself the all-out treatment in good grooming to look as attractive as she can—that means taking the best possible care of hair, skin and figure, plus studying fashion magazines as if they were textbooks to find out the best way to dress to flatter her type. Second, she must *look* for fun. This isn't always easy, especially for a girl in her teens. But she can try to make her own fun by inviting girls over to her house for a small get-together, suggesting a Saturday-night movie or working as part of a group on a church project. A girl will probably "look pretty" to anyone who thinks she's fun as a friend.

• ***Do most girls neck on dates? Is it wrong?***

If by "necking" you mean hand-holding, an occasional kiss and such, then the answer is "yes," most girls neck on some dates, and "no," it isn't wrong. Wanting to kiss a boy or boys is all part of growing up—part of the new boy-girl friendships we mentioned in the first question. But a kiss should remain a sign of genuine affection, not given too easily, so that when you finally come to the decision that "this is love," you will still have healthy affection to give—with no regrets.

• ***Should a girl go steady with a boy if she can have dates with others?***

Wait a minute—what's this you're asking? If a girl can date other fellows and still *wants* to, she just shouldn't think of going steady. Sometimes girls (and boys!) go steady just to be sure of having a date on the week ends; others go steady just to join the crowd in a school social custom; but most fellows and girls who go steady do it because they feel they are honestly in love and want to be at least "engaged to be engaged." The best rule to follow is: Don't go steady till you're sure it's love.

• ***How can I get my parents to understand such things as accepting my friends, allowing me to date, coming home late after school activities and such?***

The best way to make your parents understand you is to prove, if only in little ways, that they aren't dealing with "our little girl" now, but with a teen-ager who's dependable and sensible. But be prepared—*this can take a long time.* Accept responsibilities by keeping your room straight, remembering dentist appointments and staying out of spats with your younger sister. Try to arrange to have your parents meet as many of your friends as possible and, if you can, get them to come to school for class plays, school open house, and so on—anything to make them realize that you're growing up and living a life of your own away from home. And it might help to see that they get a crack at the teen-age section of your newspapers and magazines where "parent problems" are often discussed.

• ***Some friends have belonged to a club of girls ever since they were freshmen. Now, the school principal says the club is a sorority and must be disbanded or the members will be expelled. What can they do?***

Twenty-eight states already have laws forbidding secret societies such as fraternities and sororities in high schools. The chief reason for these laws is to prevent undemocratic methods of excluding any high-school students from an activity which they might wish to join. If the girls mentioned can show the principal that the club is open to all or any of the girls in their class, he may grant permission to continue. Otherwise, it is better to disband. No club is worth disloyalty to a whole school—so it's smarter to join the activities of the whole group rather than to be expelled as a cozy, exclusive clique!

"He loves me, he loves me not. . . ."

Why keep guessing, when you can find all the answers in the Sub-Deb booklet, No. 1658, DO BOYS LIKE YOU? Just send 5c to Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

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Gorgeous? Honeymooners take in Catalina scenery. "But any place—with Becky in sight—looks gorgeous to me," says Carl. Eye-filling sight to men—skin asparkle, a la Woodbury!



Quail hunt. Becky "sights" her aim—Carl "sights" her beauty—skin flawless smooth. Smart Becky! Counts on Woodbury for *gentle* cleansing. No irritation—no "skin-burn."



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What Men Do When They are Alone

By
G. M. WHITE

In a novel by a woman writer we rarely find a male character left alone on the scene. For the truth is, few women writers will take the risk of imagining what men do when they are alone. —G. B. STERN

PERHAPS the only time a woman can't see through her husband is when she isn't looking at him. When the tiny quirks of behavior which reveal a man are not visible, no stretch of *any* imagination can conjure them. The truth is, few men writers will take the risk of imagining what a man does when he is alone. They have never observed one. Indeed, there is a philosophical question whether men even exist when there are no women to perceive them. I believe they do, though probably not in a form any woman would recognize.

It is too bad that women cannot see men when they are alone. Viewed dispassionately, a man is his most charming self at that time, certainly more charming than when he is asleep. This was proved by the results of an experiment conducted by a young man with nothing better to do. He shadowed himself one afternoon when his wife left him alone in the house with instructions to turn the oven on and set the heat control at 325° at 4 P.M. "The Hiltons are coming for dinner," she said, "and I don't want the roast overdone."

The husband yawned to conceal his intention to stay awake and record his activities. From his notes one can reconstruct an approximation of the behavior of the human male when alone. (The solitary behavior of the unmarried male would differ slightly, but who cares?)

1. Investigation and Research

After wife slammed the door, subject stared out the window, scratching his ribs and seeing nothing, for a brief period. Then he lit a cigarette and went into the kitchen, where he drank a glass of water and found an apple. The kitchen was otherwise barren, tidy and uninteresting. Doused cigarette in sink. Slowly polishing apple on his shirt front, subject moved into the dining room, where he noticed a glazed pottery bowl he had never seen before. Upon turning it upside down, a tax receipt for 1946, an Indian penny, a Dewey button and a scrap of paper fell out. On the paper was written: *Tell Madge Creol. pat is P1, K1, yf, sl next st, b, K1, repeat ending P1. Mouse in kit.* He studied this for approximately five minutes. Shrugged, replaced contents of bowl and added apple core.

Subject went upstairs. Observed carefully the location of elephant-shaped stain on bedroom ceiling caused by rain leaking through roof. Noticed strange but pleasant odor upon opening wife's clothes closet. Dozens of dresses, peculiarly empty in appearance, hanging tightly together. Boxes stacked high on shelves, like cache of a shoplifter. Two boxes fell down without being touched. Christmas-tree ornaments.

As small opening in closet ceiling was obviously inaccessible, he decided not to climb into attic to locate leak. While picking up Christmas-tree ornaments, subject found favorite pair of old shoes, lacking shoestrings, in corner of closet. Forced closet door shut, began search for tan shoestrings.

Subject began slowly by rummaging through those drawers which contained his belongings, but someone (probably wife) had arranged contents neatly and hidden shoestrings elsewhere. Strong feeling of violating privacy noted during similar search through drawers used by wife. Spent ten minutes trying to extricate tentacled belt arrangement from other ridiculous garments. Gave up. Packed all the stuff back without further investigation, except to read a few old letters tucked in the bottom of the drawer. No shoestrings.

(Here the notes became brief and confusing, showing mounting activity and many digressions.) Poked in medicine cabinet. Iodine bottle rolled out and fell on tile floor. Broke. Went downstairs to get mop. Looked in kitchen closet. Doorknob came off. Went to garage to get screw driver out of car. Remembered wife had car. Swept out garage. Returned to kitchen and drank glass of water. Went down into basement for no reason. Came up.

Smoked cigarette and stared out back windows while scratching head and trying to recall what it was he had been looking for. Suddenly remembered shoestrings. Doused cigarette in sink. Began methodical search of all drawers and cubbyholes on first floor. Trouble opening some drawers because wedged tight with trash. Sorted out papers and other junk to be discarded and placed on table for wife to check through. No shoestrings, but found fan belt for car.

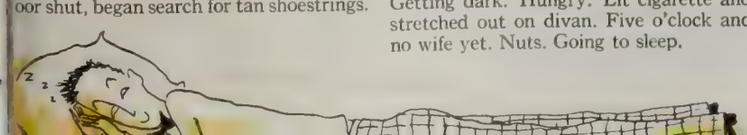
Subject then decided to surprise wife by getting waffle batter ready for evening snack. After brief search in kitchen, surprised to find all necessary ingredients. Spilled some. Mixed up batter. Put utensils in sink to soak. Tired. Went upstairs.

2. Rehabilitation: Physical

(In this phase of solitary behavior of the male, it should be noted that few men are ever able to spend as much time in the bathroom as they would like. Time for their beauty care is usually restricted to a few minutes each morning; it is remarkable they turn out as well as they do. Yet if a man stays in the bathroom an extra minute, his wife will say, "I don't know what you *do* in there that takes so long." It is not very interesting, but she might as well know.) Subject picked up bits of glass from broken iodine bottle and placed paper over spot now almost dry. Smoked cigarette. Leisurely showered. Shaved. Extracted two ingrown hairs from neck. Applied lotion. Brushed teeth. Inspected fillings. Looked down throat. Pushed nose slowly back and forth with mouth open. With mouth closed. Massaged scalp. Combed hair. Trimmed and filed fingernails. Deposited 89 old razor blades in slot. Dressed.

3. Rehabilitation: Mental

Subject looked through bookcase and read titles of all books. Turned radio on. Turned radio off. Cleaned out wallet and counted money therein. Played recording of Shostakovich's Age of Gold Polka. Took down from wall for closer examination four pictures never seen before. Rearranged and rehung pictures, but hard to get straight on wall. Got out some road maps and spread open on floor. Looked at some old snapshots until bored. Went to see if newspaper had come. Looked up and down street. No paper yet. Leafed through some old magazines. Looked out window. Scratched. Getting dark. Hungry. Lit cigarette and stretched out on divan. Five o'clock and no wife yet. Nuts. Going to sleep.





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Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



MY Wild Irish Rose was the hit tune of June, 1899. Ocean beaches swarmed with boys in red and blue prison-striped bathing suits, and girls took to tennis courts in starched shirts, straw hats and ties. Johann Strauss and the Queen of Hawaii died, and hydrogen was liquefied.

"The best treatment for thin arms," advises the June, 1899, JOURNAL, "is to wash them with a fine lather of soap twice a day and dry vigorously."

The up-to-date 1899 kitchen: "The ideal floor is of hardwood, laid watertight, with a drain in the center so that the floor can be flushed after scrubbing. Vegetables should be kept under the floor in a bin, reached by a hinged trap door."

"*Silk stockings for babies may be purchased in tan, red, pink, blue, Nile green, gold and white. They cost $1.25 a pair and look pretty with fawn-colored kid shoes.*"

Suggestions for Mothers: "If the ears stick out, it is better to accept the fact philosophically."

A four-bedroom JOURNAL prize house, built in Pittsburgh for $2585, included (according to the proud owner) "an automatic hot-water heater, furnace, nickel-plated plumbing, and enameled bathtub."

"A simple pin is the only form of jewelry that a girl should be permitted to wear until after she is fifteen."

Writes cooking expert Mrs. Rorer: "I certainly consider cakes injurious; icing on the top makes them even worse. While I fully realize that many people still consider cakemaking a necessity, I am quite sure that the next generation will look at this from a different standpoint."



Journal about Town



CHARLES ROTKIN

With a new look, but the same old message, Liberty greets the newcomers.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

BEDLOE'S ISLAND, down the bay, and the famous old statue that towers up from it to welcome all liberty-loving arrivals from abroad have both been given a bright new look for the half million visitors who will clamber up into the monument this summer. They've made the island larger and neater, installed a modern heating system and other utilities in the pedestal of the statue, given the figure itself a good going over. Of the anticipated half million visitors, *Chief Guide Hafner* tells us 90 per cent will probably make the half-hour-or-so climb up to about Liberty's shoulders; and a lot of them will want to know why they can't make the forbidden climb on up to the torch. To which his answer is, it's four stories farther up, and all by ladder. One liberty he considers too risky to allow.

•

Down below our Workshop window, the best building in sight is the Museum of Modern Art—its looks living up to its name. From up here you can't quite see behind it, in the sculpture garden beyond, the biggest single object any art museum here has ever put on exhibition: a full-size modern house, through which a steady stream of wide-eyed, house-hungry visitors will be flowing every day from now until the end of October. Whether the crowds will break the record set three summers ago by the same museum's exhibition of the JOURNAL's model modern houses remains to be seen. If they do, ***Richard Pratt*** stands to lose a modest wager to ***Marcel Breuer,*** the brilliant architect of this present remarkable house—a wager being witnessed in the picture below, just before the house was finished, by the museum's ***Peter Blake,*** whose book on Breuer will be published this month. Not only the colorful functional house, but much of the furniture in it, is Breuer's design, including the children's large lightweight play blocks in bright colors that match the house. Don't miss it if you come to town. Even if by doing so, you help Breuer win his bet.

•

Only last month we mentioned the milliner here in town who will rent a hat for anything from a blind date to a full-dress wedding; and already the beauty department is telling us of a place right over on Fifth Avenue that will rent you a hair piece to suit any occasion that comes along. They have from four to five hundred hair pieces in stock: bangs, chignons, falls, braids, clair-de-lunes (which are clusters of curls), puff chignons, and things to wear over the ears; and they show you as many as fifty ways to wear them. $3.50 an evening for a beautiful set of bangs; $25 for a full wig.

•

Down in Dallas recently, getting material for Profile on Youth, which begins in this issue, *Maureen Daly*, in the course of her investigations there, made the acquaintance of *Bill Decker*, sheriff of Dallas County. So impressed was the sheriff with Maureen's intelligence (and charm, he added) that what did he do but appoint her a deputy sheriff; providing her with a most official document to bring back here as proof—all signed, sealed and delivered; and herself pretty proud to be an officer of the law, the first and only deputy sheriff on the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

•

Jan Weyl wears a cute little weskit, with pockets for keys and a compact on a chain, very fetching and practical, as you can see; the compact made from an old-fashioned gold watch, with a place for powder and pad where the works used to be, and a place for a picture where it used to tell the time.



Old watch—new compact.

•

William Fink **has just been bringing us up to date on two of the JOURNAL'S star illustrators: *Al Parker's* Certificate of Merit from the Art Directors' Club for his girl-in-the-bathtub illustration for the December installment of Kinfolk, and *Coby Whitmore's* determination to make the Indianapolis Speedway races on Memorial Day—an event he never lets magazine dead lines make him miss. As much of a habit as Al Parker's prize-winning proclivities, Coby's infatuation for racing cars has made him the friend of all the famous racing drivers and mechanics. So far, however, thank goodness, he himself hasn't tried winning prizes on the track.**

•

A New York survey indicates that jobs which attract girls must meet two requirements: allow them to meet men and make money.... If all the movie villains slain by ***Errol Flynn*** were placed end to end, they would stretch a quarter of a mile.... ***Ingrid Bergman,*** in Italy making a movie, says her make-up supply consists of one lipstick.

The JOURNAL's Architectural Editor makes a bet that he'd like to lose.

MORRIS ENGEL-SCOPE





Pride can come only *before* a woman falls in love . . .

EVEN a small wind, if constant, will bend a twig. The twig in this case was the gravity of a child called Eliza Beck, and the wind was the laughter of the Beck family. The Becks were as gay and happy a pair as ever lived on Adams Street, and when they produced this beautiful but solemn baby, they were astonished. It was plain very early that Eliza's solemnity went deep. If you played peekaboo with her or tossed her to the ceiling, she never crowed with laughter, or did anything but look at you gravely out of those great gray eyes as if to say, "You're behaving childishly!"

"She's a throwback! She's Great-aunt Hope to a *T!*" Mrs. Beck said. "And no one was ever named so ridiculously as Aunt Hope!"

Still, they might have won her over had it not been that Peter came along very shortly and was the happiest, most laughter-filled little boy in the world, with an undiscriminating love for everybody and everything. It wasn't that the Becks loved Peter any better, but they certainly understood him better. It wasn't that they wouldn't have liked Eliza to come bounce on the big bed of a morning or play the mad wild-animal game with bedposts for trees of the jungle, but that Eliza sat on a little hassock and watched them solemnly and would not, simply would not enter into their nonsense. Peter knew what a joke was before he could walk or talk, but Eliza took life from the bassinet stage on with complete seriousness. Even though they loved her, they couldn't help laughing at her.

"How's Hamlet this morning?" her father would say. "Up to bananas on your cereal?"

"Look out," her mother would answer. "You can't be sure she hasn't read Hamlet!"

One of the first incidents that showed the twig had been bent was when Eliza took a little truck of Peter's and hid it in her toy chest. It was one of those perfect miniatures that children love. It was only an inch long, but very sturdy, and had all the details of a real truck. It was beautiful and satisfying beyond measure to Eliza, and she loved holding it in her hand. But, knowing how special it was, she knew the more that she had no right to it, and felt very wicked at keeping it. For some three weeks she lived in this state of sin, suffering over it in the way children do.

Then Peter discovered she had it, but he didn't fly at her and demand his treasure. "You can have it," he said, with that reckless generosity of his that was in its way as unchildlike as Eliza's solemnity.

This angered Eliza terribly. She could not bear to have the treasure or her own sin taken lightly. The only way open to her was to pretend that Peter *(Continued on Page 104)*

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

ILLUSTRATED BY GOBY WHITMORE

Nobody's



"You are being unpardonably personal and rude!" she said.

that Special

By Nelia Gardner White

Sometimes a girl can go just too far!

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

She had swollen blue eyes, but all the same she was beautiful. She hit me the way California hit me when I first came out from Iowa. When I first came out from Iowa I took one look at the mountains and the palm trees and the clear blue sky and I said to myself, *Brother*, I said, *this is the place for you*. She was visiting her cousin next door. Her name was Betty Drayton and she was from New Jersey.

"Welcome to Lotusland," I said. "How do you like California?"

"You can have it," she said. She blew her nose and sneezed. "Excuse my appearance," she said. "Back in New Jersey I resembled a human being. I seem to have an allergy to something out here."

"Well, right here," I said, "we're surrounded by orange groves. You're probably allergic to the pollen. If you were closer to the ocean you'd be all right."

"I spent a week end at the beach," she said. "I came down with a terrible sinus infection."

It's practically illegal to talk that way in California, and not true anyway. I pointed out to her how people from all over the country came out to California for their health and practically live forever.

We were out in the patio and the telephone rang inside the house. The girl looked at her watch. "That will be George," she said. "It's seven o'clock back in Plainville, New Jersey, and night rates will be in effect." She ran back inside the house.

Her cousin said to me, "Don't mind what she says. She's really a very sweet kid, Joe. And it takes a little time for the Sunny Southland to work its magic on people."

I invited her out to dinner the next night. She was taking some medicine and her nose had stopped running and her eyes weren't swollen any longer. They lighted up like a pinball machine when she talked about New Jersey. She told me about George back there. He was older than she; she worked for him as his secretary. He had been after her to marry him and she couldn't make up her mind. She had come out to California to visit her cousin and get a perspective on George. The difference in their ages bothered her. He was an elderly man—about thirty-five.

"It's practically criminal," I said. "What kind of a character is he? Youth should mate with youth."

Her cousin—he came from North Dakota—was the kind of guy who didn't want to do anything but take care of his geraniums. It made him very happy that I took this girl off his hands and showed her around sunny California. But if she had been any other girl I would have dropped her like a hot potato.

I drove her around Beverly Hills and showed her the homes of the movie stars.

"I don't go to the movies much," she said. "I read a lot."

I drove her along Wilshire Boulevard.

"It's nice," she said, "but we have maple trees and elms along Main Street in Plainville, New Jersey."

I took her up in the hills above Hollywood and we looked at the lights.

"There's a hill north of Plainville, New Jersey," she said. "We don't have searchlights, but you can see the stars. No smog."

With any other girl I would have put her down as a character. But I loved Betty in spite of her warped outlook. I asked her to marry me the next Friday night. We had gone down to Laguna and were sitting on the sand.

"Joe," she said, "you're a sweet boy. I'm terribly fond of you."

"But you're going to marry this old man back in New Jersey," I said.

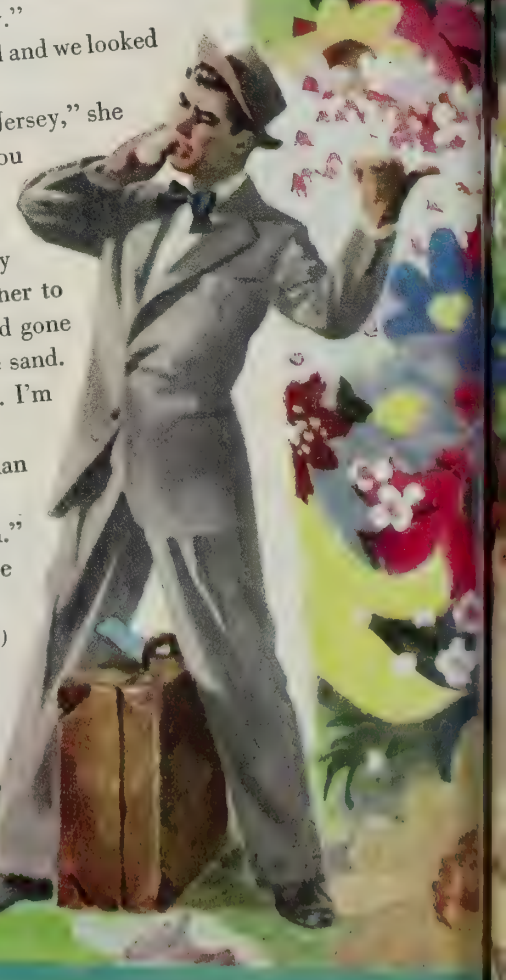
She nodded. "I'm afraid so, Joseph."

"Out here in California," I said, "we don't take no for an answer."

(Continued on Page 94)

ILLUSTRATED BY Jon Whitcomb





The most Beautiful


Girl in California

Let
come

Everything was exactly as Ursula had expected.
The children were listening to William's tales,
which he had laboriously learned.

ILLUSTRATED BY

love Last

What kind of man is it who considers his children more important than his wife, and tells her so?

By Taylor Caldwell

URSULA WENDE had lived her twenty-seven years in Andersburg, the quiet nineteenth-century town where she had been born and where her father had been a schoolteacher until his death. There she had grown into a pattern of life which satisfied her and which her friends respected, and she looked forward to a full and independent future which would be of her own making. But the vigor of an expanding industrialism swept into the petty genteel intrigues of Andersburg with the organization of the Prescott Lumber Company, at the same time that the embittered, ambitious but dynamic personality of William Prescott broke across the well-shaped plans of Ursula Wende. He had come to buy up the potentially valuable real estate and to build a fortune, to marry. It was Ursula's fifteen acres, on the east side of town which he wanted. Before she had time to reflect, she found herself engaged to this man whom she knew to be unscrupulous and egotistical, but who was also the only man she would ever love.

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II

Friends of Chauncey Arnold often wondered if and why his wife loved him. She had certainly not married him for his money, for at the time of their marriage he was the manager of his father's sawmill, and she had a small fortune of her own. Her father had been a successful physician.

Had she been similar to her husband in personality, the question would never have arisen. But she was gentle, stately, full of personal integrity. It seemed incredible that such a woman, so gracious and fastidious, could love such a man. Yet when she looked at him, her face softened with tenderness. She laughed at his dullest jokes. Sometimes he spoke rudely to her and she ignored it. It never occurred to anyone that Alice Arnold loved her husband because he loved her.

Alice was not unaware of her husband's faults. There was a pleasant regard between her and Ursula Wende, and she occasionally visited Ursula, but always alone. No one needed to tell Alice that Ursula had an aversion for Chauncey Arnold. Had Alice been less intelligent, she would have resented this. But, blessed with extreme subtlety, she was not indignant. She knew that others had a right to their aversions, and full liberty of choice. It was not a question, to her, of loyalty to her husband; it was rather a respect for others' likes and dislikes.

Chauncey loved Alice devotedly, in spite of his rudenesses at certain times. She was an endless puzzle to him. He might sometimes berate her for "spoiling" their son, Eugene. But she knew he loved her.

Alice was as devoted to Eugene as she was to her husband. But, with the inconsistency of human nature, she expected more of her son. Eugene was both intelligent and astute. Chauncey might accuse Alice of spoiling the boy, but it was he who truly "spoiled" him. Had he not been so intimate with his son, treating the boy, from earliest childhood, like a man whose views should be respected, Eugene might not have developed that cold arrogance so characteristic of him. Eugene, too, loved money. But he did not gloat at the thought of it,

(Continued on Page 66)



"My husband was horrified at my working in a mental hospital. Now I think he envies me the work. His civic work is fund drives—mine is human emotions."

PSYCHIATRY NEEDS YOU

What can I do about the mentally ill? Anyone who seriously asks this question will find a thousand answers.

by JOAN YOUNGER

PHOTO BY ESTHER F. BUBLEY

"THE first week I worked at the mental hospital I was scared," he said. "It had taken me a year to make up my mind to take the job, and, when I got it, I wished it had taken me another ten.

"Every time I went into the ward, I got a creepy feeling. I hated to turn my back on the patients—anything might happen, I thought. There was one big man in particular. He had been a cop before, and the other patients called him 'the Pest,' because he talked so much. I'd been watching him and I'd noticed he held his right arm in a funny sort of way. We were going back from the dining room one night and he happened to be walking right in front of me when, without thinking, I put my hand on his arm and said, 'What's wrong with it?'

"He pulled away from me, and I started to duck. Then I noticed he was ducking too—and he had one arm up like a fighter protecting himself. It struck me, suddenly, that *he* was scared of me. I was so astonished I couldn't speak for a few moments. I looked around at the rest of them, and I had to laugh. They were all scared of me—scared I wouldn't like them and be kind to them, just like I was scared they'd be hard on me.

"It was quite startling. After that I started thinking of them as human beings, and it was amazing how well they responded. One boy had been living in a world all his own for two years. He was considered hopeless. I talked to him for weeks like he was normal and then, suddenly, one day he looked at my cigarette and said, 'Smoke?' I gave him one—from then on he talked to me. In six months he'd improved enough to go home. He works in a tie shop now. And that cop I spoke of, he turned out to have a dislocated shoulder—and after I got him treatment for it, he turned out to be a nice guy too. He's back on his beat now—and we're still friends.

"There's no good reason why it should have astounded me so to discover that the people we call 'crazy' still have hearts and minds that work, but it did. I wish everyone could find it out, for there certainly would be a change not only in our attitude toward the mentally ill but in their chances of recovery too."

This man spoke from his heart. It was a combination of circumstances which brought him into contact with the mentally ill: he was one of the conscientious objectors who were offered jobs as attendants in mental hospitals as an alternative to camp labor. He found the conditions so appalling that he decided at the end of the war to stay in the field and do what he could. Today he's on the staff of the National Mental Health Foundation—a three-year-old organization founded by four other former CO's and dedicated primarily to bettering conditions and facilities for the mentally ill.

In their aim, they are like the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, the Group for the Advancement of

(Continued on Page 129)

There's a Man in the House



By Harlan Miller

I rebel against a code of etiquette slanted for the ladies. It seems my wife properly can (and does) invite attractive males to our parties. But if I asked a few pretty girls to drop in, people's eyebrows would go up a foot. Maybe it's time for a revision of Emily Post.

✧ ✧ ✧

Our youngest has heard war talk and issued his first orders: "Daddy, if there's another war I don't want you to go! Last time I was little, and I didn't know you very well, and didn't miss you. But now I know you better and I want you to stay home." Full of blarney, aren't they?

✧ ✧ ✧

One objection to "grounding" our teen-agers from the family car is that we're forced to run our own errands, and struggle with traffic ourselves instead of letting them pick us up in real grandeur.

✧ ✧ ✧

I'd take it calmly if for a moment your genial husband is absent-minded to you or gruff to the children. His secret reason may be that an old tune he's forgotten suddenly reminded him of a boyhood sweetheart whose name he can't remember.

✧ ✧ ✧

A woman far too honorable to kiss a man merely to ascertain if he's been drinking isn't above giving her small boy a good-by hug, just to see if his neck and ears are clean.

✧ ✧ ✧

My next-door neighbor's daughter contends there's more privacy in a one-room apartment in a big town than in any house on a fifty-foot lot. "The question is," ponders her father, "how much privacy does a girl want?"

✧ ✧ ✧

My priceless tip to this month's bride is an old recipe I inherited from my grandmother: Three kisses a day guarantee a happy marriage, and twice as many on Sunday.

✧ ✧ ✧

Perhaps the brightest family idea I ever spawned was to buy two small houses, connected by an arcade, one for the children and one for ourselves, instead of one larger house. But we blushed at what the neighbors might say, and my Dream Girl would have none of it. Just a whim that might have made history.

We shipped home three bushel orange baskets full of sea shells, from our third honeymoon on a Florida beach. Not banal souvenirs; we're breaking 'em up to mingle with the gravel in our garden path, as a faint reminder of the distant blue ocean.

✧ ✧ ✧

I was trying to sell our two older children on a vacation trip to the far Northwest.

"Maybe Vancouver'd lure you away from your chums for a few weeks," I said hopefully.

Our nine-year-old was lying on the floor, looking up "planets" in the cyclopedia. "I can be lured," he said, without looking up.

✧ ✧ ✧

Our locker-room cynic at the country club thinks men with pretty wives ought to keep an eye especially on their intimate friends. "I've never seen any woman," he drawls, "dillydally much with her husband's enemies."

✧ ✧ ✧

Occasionally I swear off smoking awhile, just to prove I'm a stout fellah. I don't know which gives me more satisfaction: the absence of smoke from my bronchial tubes, or freedom from pipes, cigarette cases, holders and lighters in my pockets.

✧ ✧ ✧

My grandmother claims she scooped Salvador Dali by a generation. She was using conch shells for decoration in her parlor and garden thirty years before he ever painted a picture; and she insists grandfather (no artist) was always leaving his dresser drawers open.

✧ ✧ ✧

I'm amazed they've never built a kitchen refrigerator that can be locked after dinner. It might put a stop to my midnight raids on the leftovers—provided I didn't have a key. (Maybe it ought to be a time lock.)

✧ ✧ ✧

"No woman's ever more grotesquely funny," says Betty Comfort, removing an anonymous tricycle from the driveway, "than one who's suddenly discovered sex and acts as if she invented it. If the men could only see how screamingly funny!"

✧ ✧ ✧

I used to argue that a man could be lukewarm about fishing without revealing himself as a rotter. But now I've got to talk enthusiastically about fishing or my wife's family might think her marriage was a mistake. (They catch 'em but won't eat 'em.)

✧ ✧ ✧

The man next door tells me his son wants to get married as a college freshman, arguing that "Two can live as cheaply as one" on the campus. "I wonder," muses my neighbor, "whether it's too late for me to sell grandpa on that idea."

✧ ✧ ✧

No military hero is ever so triumphant as a woman who finds dust under another woman's furniture. "Yes," corroborates my wife, "it's a point of honor never to leave a guest room neater than I find it."

✧ ✧ ✧

When we were courting all we needed for a picnic was two sandwiches, something to drink and a book of poems. Now we often take along seven different kinds of pickles.

✧ ✧ ✧

The newlywed bride in our block says she never listens to soap operas, but likes to have 'em turned on. "It's kinda company," she says, "while I'm washing the dishes, and it's even better if I can tune in two stations at once."

✧ ✧ ✧

My wife now admits that my doctrine of inconspicuous stowage enlarges every room in the house. My basic theory: If you keep your dinguses a foot lower the room seems two feet longer.

✧ ✧ ✧

When your wife insinuates an extra egg mercifully into your reducing diet . . . when your daughter phones you "Happy Birthday" from college, and the call doesn't come collect . . . when junior okays your taste in neckties and political views by adopting 'em all, then a 100-watt bulb flashes on in your chest and you know family life will still be mankind's bulwark when they're scooping up the pyramids with a teaspoon.

✧ ✧ ✧

New decree on our imaginary family bulletin board: Our youngest must now try on all of junior's outgrown garments once a month. Otherwise he outgrows 'em, too, without ever wearing 'em.

✧ ✧ ✧

My neighbor in the disguised duplex complains that he and his wife aren't invited out to dinner so often lately. "And all I said," he confides, "is that my wife's friends seem just like sisters to me!"

✧ ✧ ✧

So far I've found only one successful way to deal with my wife's occasional blunders in new hats: I hide 'em.



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, MELLON COLLECTION



THE SUITOR'S VISIT

PAINTED BY GERARD TER BORCH—1617-81

For brief story of artist and his work, see Page 170



a changing world, faced with bewildering and complex
oblems, Cynthia Barnes thinks she knows what she wants.

PROFILE OF YOUTH



JACOBI



MARGARET MEAD: "When mothers cease to say, 'When I was a girl, I was not allowed . . .' and substitute the question, 'What are the other girls doing?' something fundamental has happened to the whole culture."



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER: "Today the business of living is far more complex than it was in my boyhood."

ALFRED C. KINSEY: "Individuals in our American society rarely adopt totally new patterns of sexual behavior after their middle teens. It would appear that the changes that do occur represent departures made by . . . adolescent children from the patterns of their parents."

WHAT are the facts about our 15,372,000 teen-agers? What is their life—and their future—as they see and live it?

What do they themselves think about morals, religion, politics? What do they like to eat, to wear, to do? These questions are important because they help us determine what America will be like in twenty years.

Some argue that there is no stability for our youth because of the threat of future wars; others declare that the dangers around them have brought them to early maturity. Some say they have no knowledge of sex; others, that they have too much. We are told they need to get married young—and, at the same time, that they don't wait long enough. Statistics show that only two or three out of each ten high-school students go to college; that another two or three drop out of school when they are sixteen. But statistics don't show why. It is said that careers for women, and the many doors now open to them, are creating a new kind of girl—and a new boy-girl relationship. But is it true?

To answer these questions, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is compiling this report on American youth. In this and forthcoming issues, we will present, objectively, findings on the individual lives of twelve different high-school students, report the group life which they share, and the problems that worry them.

We have chosen our young people from the North and South, the East and West; from the hangouts and libraries; from the popular and aloof, the leaders and followers. Some are planning professional careers; others are preparing themselves for marriage; some just want a job—any job. You will meet a small-town boy from Iowa; an ambitious career girl; a trade-school boy; a teen-ager from a broken home; a boy pointing for one of the professions, among others. None is typical—yet all are typical. We have made no attempt to separate the things we approve from the things we disapprove. We are presenting them as we found them—twelve Profiles of Youth.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Profile
of
Youth

"The first time I ever really cried was when my older sister got married last year. I didn't even care that it meant I could have my own room."

My year of decision

CYNTHIA BARNES is a lucky girl. On June second, at eight o'clock in the evening, she will be graduated from Woodrow Wilson High School in a white-lace-and-organdy formal, with two baby orchids for her hair, a B average in grades, and a date for the Senior Party, a traditional all-night dance that lasts from diploma time to a sunrise breakfast in a local restaurant at seven A.M. By the time her last dance program is pasted in her scrapbook that June morning, seventeen-year-old Cynthia will have used her $275 graduation wardrobe (two evening dresses, a Senior Day outfit with hat and gloves and six summer cottons with accessories) to attend fifteen dances, twenty Coke parties, twelve teas, eight luncheons and six open houses, besides herself entertaining with a backyard barbecue for the staff of the Senior Annual, of which she is coeditor, a luncheon for twelve friends in the pink-and-blue plushness of a downtown hotel dining room, and a dance for the whole senior class sponsored with a group of girl friends, at one of the city-owned clubhouses along White Rock Lake, outside Dallas. Best of all, The Gabby Tabby, the senior humor publication distributed on graduation day, will feature her name in a weak-humored but all-approving item: "What if Cynthia were



"Dad was a freshman at Baylor and mother was just 17—I guess that's why they think it's good for us to fall in love and marry young."



Average movie-and-malted date costs boy $2.00; part-time jobs net from $24 to $76.50 per month.

a stables instead of a Barnes?" As a student and as a personality, Cynthia Barnes "belongs."

Woodrow Wilson, a rambling red-brick building, as carefully landscaped as the suburban homes around it, is a school that puts strong emphasis on good grades, special talents and constructive discipline, and enjoys watching its students grow up and out as individuals highly social and conscientiously schooled in a special kind of Southern gallantry and charm. The faculty is a sophisticated, teen-wise group alerted to keep up with the varying needs of over 1400 students ranging from those whose families came to Dallas for factory jobs in the war boom to teen-agers with rooms of their own, $15-a-week allowances and families who keep "three in help."

But Woodrow Wilson is not a "country club" high school. Most of the students are faithful churchgoers (Sunday-night church services are a favorite date activity), and many of the girls hold Saturday jobs as models or department-store clerks, while the boys have early-morning paper routes and work as "packagers" at local self-service markets. The school itself has the progressive atmosphere of a small college. The upper halls are hung with Monet and Gauguin prints; on Friday afternoon Maurice Evans and Laurence Olivier records are played in the school library. Every morning, to start the day, a student reads a self-selected passage of Scripture over the school's $3000 speaker system (a gift from two senior classes of past years) connected with all classrooms. Last year the Woodrow Wilson football team, cocaptained by hulking, sixteen-year-old Bill Forester, R.O.T.C. colonel, member of the National Honor Society and ex-class president, took city championship, and next fall the team, accompanied by the coach, the school nurse, a Spanish teacher *(Continued on Page 82)*

Cynthia picks Senior Speech as favorite class, spends one hour a day on other homework. Math is hardest subject; biology themes are easy. "Almost everybody just copies the facts out of the encyclopedia."





Most girls spend $1 to $5 a week, not including clothes allowance. After-school soft drinks cost 25c a week; 25c a day buys sample plate lunch of meat loaf, black-eyed peas and corn bread in Woodrow Wilson cafeteria.



"Down here we don't just get married young—we all get married when we get asked." Cynthia hopes to have three children; is willing to start out on $200 a month.

"Driving a car is the way I like best to get exercise." But, as a good sport, Cynthia tries hard in gym class, will play softball with girl friends but prefers miniature golf "if we *must* play something on dates."





"Tummy-busters" for two: five flavors of ice cream, four kinds of sauce, a banana, whipped cream, nuts and cherries cost a dollar apiece, and "they're ace keen!"



Too Typically Texas



IN Texas, fads and fancies tend to be extreme. Dallas teeners paint jalopies in polka dots and stripes, drive a 1927 hearse. Their language is vivid: "She's just out to get your votes" (trying to be popular); "He drags a rough reputation" (a wolf); or "Sit down, you've got your votes" (stop showing off).

They like salted peanuts in Cokes, strawberry-sundae sauce floating in root beer, or ice cream between soda crackers, but will settle for hamburgers and Suzy Q potatoes. One of their hangouts has a bell system which warns teen customers when a study period is over and next class begins; another gives free chocolate sodas to any kids sporting all-A report cards.

They love to dance: one high school even sponsors two *before*-class dance sessions at 8 A.M.; another holds after-school dances in the library. Answering the phone, teeners say: "Shoot, it's your nickel"; "State Prison, Inmate 13"; "This is heaven, which angel do you want?"; or "I don't care if you did call, I don't want to talk to you"—with a quick bang of the receiver.

Their slang is so complicated that even teeners themselves, changing high schools, sometimes need an interpreter. A "lotus" is a boy; a "lotus blossom" is a girl. If a girl "courts to get her votes," she necks to be popular. And if she "courts up a storm," she necks heavily. A boy without money is "broker than the Ten Commandments"; a "lovely" is homely; "saggy" is tired, but "soggy" is dull. "You're all right in your place, but they haven't dug it yet" or "You're a neat guy, but there's just no demand for them" is a brush-off. A boy trying to get a date with an extra-popular girl may find it's "as easy as stacking greased BB's with boxing gloves on."

"Race night"—on week ends Dallas boys say they take their family cars to a straight stretch of road just 7/10 of a mile long, race at 85–95 mph. Result: thrills and cops getting caught.

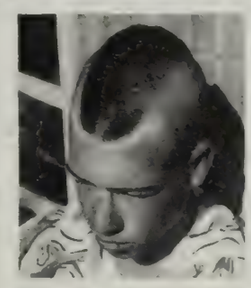
Everybody's doing it . . .

. . . Dallas boys are sporting boogie haircuts (short on top and long on the sides), burr cuts (clipped to within an inch of the scalp) and even Apache cuts (which, unlike boogie cuts, leave a ridge of long hair on top of the head). The Hollywood cut (long on the sides and sweeping back to a "duck point" low on the back of the neck) is even more striking with long sideburns. With peroxide, ammonia and an old toothbrush, many boys have bleached their forelocks blond; one school's baseball team turned their burr cuts a bright, straw yellow. Hats may be Army fatigue hats, floppy, visored golf caps in loud checks and plaids, striped railroad engineers' caps, and pastel felt "zoo" hats with a four-inch brim and a foot-long pheasant feather. Yellow or lime shirts with big collars and print Tarongs (small piece of tie silk which hooks under the shirt collar) add more color. Knit ties are either tied in exaggerated Windsor knots or flipped beneath the shirt collar and not tied at all. But Texas boys really prefer open-neck sports shirts and cardigan jackets because they hate to wear ties—"the terrific heat, you know."











Going steady . . .







. . . may be a matter of love ("We're engaged to be engaged"), pride ("He wanted me to wear his R.O.T.C. cross guns") or, for most kids, merely Saturday-night social security—"so you always have a date for big doings." Athletes are most sought—a "really popular" girl may end up going steady with a football player, a basketball player and a baseball player the same year, in each one's big season. Steadies exchange class rings (taped in to fit) or I.D. bracelets; appear in identical reindeer sweaters, turtle-neck **T** shirts or bright Argyle socks. An athlete's girl wears his gold football or baseball on a thin chain around her neck, sometimes even his bulky "letter" jacket. While some couples go steady only a week, the average last three months. A few serious couples marry soon after graduation. On dates they flock to "mean movies" and good Westerns; hoot and whistle when Texas is mentioned. They like *very slow* dances involving low, deep knee-bends and the Sunset Stomp, a fast cross step; are reviving the Charleston, but can't whip up much enthusiasm for jitterbugging and jazz. Smooth tunes are "fine like wine"; Western songs are "ginger peachy."

Fast footwork . . .

. . . At sock hops, and even formal dances, teeners line up their ballet slippers and "bold look" shoes (thick leather with extra-heavy soles) at the door while they dance smooth numbers in their Argyles or bare feet. Square-dancing clubs meet every Friday night: girls wear pony-skin loafers and fringed suède jackets or long billowing gingham skirts (maybe matching their steady's shirt); boys (who usually wear tight blue jeans low on the hips with no belt) are fancier still in tight-fitting "frontier" pants with fancy pockets and embroidery, equally decorative Texas shirts and high-heeled cowboy boots—"because they make lots of noise when you dance." A few even bring sheepskin-lined slippers to wear *between* square-dance sets. One school's football team wears big black Stetsons for identification off the field; another team started a new fad when they appeared in identical blue-and-white-striped bib-front overalls—known ever since as "cheat pants" because the white stripe could be ideal for writing exam "crib notes." Overalls are "climbing the ladder of success."











Sex freedom and morals in the United States

THROUGHOUT the country, sex, according to high-school students, is the most important personal problem facing teen-agers today. Every boy and girl wants to be popular, and the mark of popularity is frequent dating. These dates mean a new personal freedom and endless hours spent alone together in movies, at dances and in parked cars, with the privacy and opportunity to "go ahead." The resulting conduct, if found out, is mercilessly censured.

Sexually, adolescence has *always* been a troubled time, but teen-agers today in the United States have a sex problem much greater than any equivalent that faced their parents at the same age. Social customs have changed. For too many, religious restrictions no longer exist. Proper sex education in the school or in the home often gives specific biological facts, but neglects to offer necessary psychological props. In short, teen-agers have been given freedom, but are expected not to use it. The result is that with many high-school students there is, often, a vast and disturbing difference between what they are "told to do" by parents and "what the crowd really does."

Because of the increasing importance of this problem, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL decided to study it at its source, by reporting, objectively, the attitudes and reactions of teen-agers themselves in every section of the country, North, South, East and West. The following information was obtained through personal interviews with many students. Most of them talked frankly—in their homes, after school, and in the favorite drugstore hangout; many were eager to discuss conflicts which had worried them for some time. For even among boys and girls whose backgrounds and family incomes warrant a certain social security, and who have benefited by a progressive and intelligent sex- and health-education program at school, the handling of sex is admittedly a definite problem.

The date life in most large high schools throughout the United States follows a set pattern. Most of the seniors have been dating

High-schoolers to whom sex decisions have become an immediate problem believe that help must come chiefly from their own homes. A few feel that parents *do* understand what their children are going through.



" . . . Why couldn't you answer the important question I wanted to ask you without my asking?"



Many states forbid sale of liquor to persons under 21, but "anybody can find a friend who *looks* 21."



"Any fellow needs a few courting experiences to find out what's true love and what's just a high-school escapade."

for the past three or four years, beginning at 13 for "movie dates" and 14 for "car dates" as a general rule. About 20 per cent of the high-school seniors "go steady." This is a figure hard to compute, since the paths of young love are rough and "going-steady" bliss may last anywhere from a week to the full three high-school years.

That "first date" at 13 or 14 was usually a timorous or boisterous attempt at a Saturday-afternoon movie. An awkward afternoon theater party given by a girl in the grade school was remembered by several boys as their "first date." One girl said that she attended her first formal at 11, had her first "mad crush" at 12, and by ninth grade "was just an old hand at anything." A socially cognizant boy took his first date to dinner and an ice-hockey game at 12, "though it was really sort of a business obligation of my father's." Most high-school students of 17 or 18 who go in for dating at all say they date two or three times a week, at the week ends. A few of the steadies fit in five dates a week, counting Sunday-morning church and Sunday-evening services as separate dates.

For most young people, Friday or Saturday night dates mean a neighborhood movie followed by a malt and hamburger at a restaurant hangout, a private dance, or an evening at a favorite juke-and-jive dance spot on the edge of town. And, according to the students, the most important part of every "car date" is the forty-five minutes to two hours spent in "courting." As one boy explained, "With some girls, courting comes *before* or *after* hamburgers. And with some girls, it comes *instead*."

And what is meant by courting? A few generations ago, it would have meant "spooning" in the more intimate stages. Currently, in most high schools, it is termed "necking," and in many parts of the South and West it is called "courting"—"just a lot of hugging and kissing," "a little talk,

(Continued on Page 86)



With help from her family, a pregnant girl may just "go out of town"; another must wait for child in a foster home.

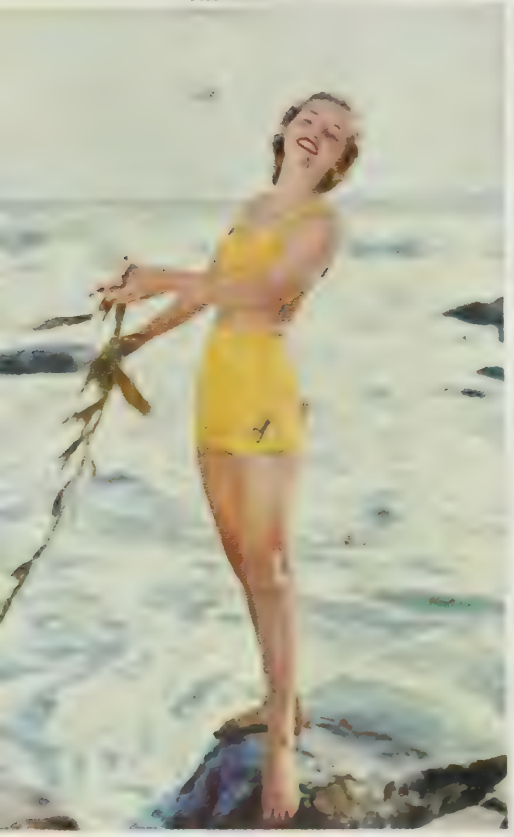
Sex classes brought just one parent's complaint: "I didn't want *my* child to hear the word 'pregnant' till she married."





ersucker shorts and bra for the beach, 95, combine with skirt and jacket.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



shion in lemon yellow—young, two-piece, n-hipped swim-suit by Mary Ann Deweese.

SUMMER TRAVEL COAST TO COAST

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Seer-sucker skirt, perfect "separate," easy to wash, $7.95; white piqué hat, $6.95; blouse, $5.95; shantung scarf.



For travel by car and seashore resorts: skirt, $7.95, and jacket, $8.95, part of the four-piece seersucker outfit, by Stephanie Koret.

Clothes that are good travelers have a far-flung life. A seersucker casual is right in a thousand settings; a shantung suit or chiffon evening dress at home in cities a continent apart. This year we're giving you a long-range plan, choosing from California-designed fashions for their fresh outdoor look, their easy-to-pack-and-to-keep fabrics, their enormous adaptability. Emphasizing seersucker—a four-piece wardrobe-within-a-wardrobe, cool and wrinkle-proof for hot-weather travel, sight-seeing, days on the beach. Doubling on shantung—a suit and a dress in the natural raw-silk color. Stressing the importance of something with a bare top and wisp of a jacket that multiplies its uses—a brief, quick-drying bathing suit, a slimmest-of-the-slim lightweight wool suit, a fleecy-warm throw-over-everything topcoat. See how they're worn, how they go together.

SUMMER TRAVEL COAST TO COAST





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Natural silk pongee dress, around $15, with straw belt and straw pumps. By Joy Kingston.

Shades of gray in sheerest chiffon, light to pack, little pressing; around $49.95. By Charles Sorel.

Coast-to-coast wool coat, $69.95, for everything. By Alfred Simmons.



Straw pumps and bags are the fashion, light in your luggage, right for silk shantung or cotton seersucker. The small cloche is the travel-perfect hat—white piqué for cottons, natural string or soft felt for wool or silk suit. Gloves are white cotton or chamois doeskin, scarfs gold and turquoise shantung, jewelry coral and turquoise beads, pearls and gold bracelets. Add brown calfskin pumps and a big barrel bag for en route, air-cool dancing sandals, white-linen or spectator pumps for destinations.



Bare-top seersucker dress and bolero, straw belt, white accessories, $35, by Helen Gudgell.





BAG BY MATTHEWS

Travel topcoat for a wardrobe based on beiges can be red or blending beige, $125. By David Isaacs.

Natural rayon shantung suit, hand-finished, around $50. Raffia pumps, straw bag, veiled cloche. Suit by Louis Gerst.
HAT BY REX

Checked wool suit by Louis Gerst, around $65.
HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS



Toast-color piqué, $22.95. By Murray Goldstein.



Rayon with jacket, $39.95. By De De Johnson.





What can you do

when your landlady

has you at the end

of a lease?

"THE trouble with the war was it changed everything," Pauly philosophized plaintively while opening another can of shrimp, "even us."

"Don't you think Chi ought to get a little credit for you, darling?" I murmured as I poured cocktail sauce into the fluted little glass in the center of the big solid-silver canapé dish. I always feel very tender toward Chi, even if he is married to Pauly. Back in our youth he was the first boy I ever despised.

"Hey, Maudie," Davy, my dear helpless husband, yelped from the stove at the other end of Mrs. Roberts' vast kitchen, "the bacon won't wrap around these cheese things. It just buckles."

"Take it easy, loved one," I soothed him like the good wife I try to be. "You'll last longer."

" 'Take it easy,' she says! Listen, toots-face, I ask you a simple question and do I get a simple answer!" Davy strode across the kitchen and masterfully stuck a plateful of lovely crisp bacon under my nose. "Let's just see you take it easy and wrap that!"

Davy can be about as sharp as a marble sometimes, I've discovered after being married to him for the worst part of two years. I'm not sure if it's just him or if like they say men are dreamers and what's wrong is when they're awake.

"Um, it's yummy," I said, nibbling a piece. "Nice and crisp the way I like it. I'll just eat it all myself while you cook some more half raw so it will wrap."

"Trichinosis specials they'll be," Davy muttered darkly, as he went back to the stove.

I didn't have time to explain to him the difference between bacon and fresh pork because Pauly was pleading for the second or third time, "Do I show? Rigor mortis, do I show that much?" Pauly is sensitive about being on the nest again so soon.

"Don't worry, dear," I said truthfully, "in these uniforms neither of us shows whether we're a boy or a girl or how many."

Davy always said Mrs. Roberts' maids were built like lady hammer throwers, which was just Davy trying to be funny until, alas, that's just about what happened and at such a time, with a formal dinner all planned in honor of wonderful Colonel Davisson, our future governor—after the election he would be, that is—and Mrs. Roberts too unnerved to decide who she was for, the cook or the waitress. So then they both left—the maids, I mean. Although the maid problem is one problem that Davy and I don't know about, I could see what a crisis this was turning out to be, even if Davy couldn't.

I'm afraid Davy is politically not very mature, because the way he talks you get the idea he thinks he's running the country, instead of the top name on the ballot where you put the X. I myself am a Young Republican. I don't exactly understand the difference between Democrats and Republicans, but it makes poor daddy so sad every time the Democrats win that as soon as I could vote I just naturally decided to be a Young Republican and do what I could to help. Mrs. Roberts is a Republican, too, and a perfect love, even though of course, poor dear, she can't be a Young Republican.

"Well, well, you dear child," she said the first time she came to call and I was putting Bruce, our baby, into his bunting. "Another little soldier in the crusade." Meaning Bruce.

I said yes indeed—only of course I didn't mention how Bruce had to be a sort of part-time soldier on account of Davy is a Democrat. Bruce is a strong baby, Davy says—he's got a two-party system. That's Davy for you, the wit.

Well, this time Mrs. Roberts mentioned working—not fighting—for the party, and believe it or not, that was just exactly what she meant literally, when she came to tell us about the maids. She was absolutely desperate—she said she'd even make it a buffet supper instead of a formal dinner, except the wrong people would be sure to monopolize Colonel Davisson. It was perfectly natural for her to turn to me for help because besides being a Young Republican, Davy and I live in the apartment over her garage, so she's always sweetly asking us to do things and we're always cheerfully doing them, the way you do these days when somebody has you on a month-to-month lease.

But this time I could smile without trying when Mrs. Roberts distractedly patted her lovely white curls and said, "My dear, I wouldn't ask you if it weren't for the cause."

(Continued on Page 132)

By Graeme and Sarah Lorimer



"Okay," Davy said. "Sacrifice me." For the moment, love was to me just the tenth word in a telegram.

ILLUSTRATED BY

It takes time to tell a love story,
perhaps even as long
as twenty-five years.

Silver Wedding

She saw
her daughter's wide, startled eyes,
and a wave of color swept into her face.
"Do I look nice, Ginny?"
she asked shyly.





By Dorothy Thompson

ARRIVING at his office at nine in the morning, Henry Maynes, fifty-five-year-old Chicago lawyer, saw at once the date at the top of his engagement pad. He was appalled. "Is this the twenty-seventh?" he asked his secretary.

"Why, yes, Mr. Maynes," Miss Smith answered wonderingly. "Why?"

"I grow senile," he said. "I thought it was the twenty-sixth." He reached for the telephone, but put the receiver back without dialing. "Will you call my wife, Miss Smith, and tell her I shall be home early—around four o'clock? It is my wedding anniversary—the twenty-fifth. I want to surprise her. Now, what must I do today that cannot possibly be postponed?"

Miss Smith told him that apart from rechecking a brief and dictating answers to a dozen letters, there was nothing absolutely urgent.

Henry Maynes applied himself to the brief, and told Miss Smith to check the theaters and find out what was on.

"There's an opening," she interrupted to say. "Katharine Cornell in Antony and Cleopatra. I'm afraid it is sold out, but I'll call the agencies."

"Call Tom Blakelock," he advised. "He's got money in the show. Tell him it's my silver wedding."

Two hours later he said, "You have good taste in clothes. Is there anything in your contract that forbids you to help me shop—for a lady?"

"Oh, I'd love to," said Miss Smith, her eyes sparkling.

They visited a fashionable Michigan Boulevard shop. There Henry bought a white dinner dress; a short, sable-dyed-kolinsky cape; a handsome costume-jewelry bracelet; a complete set of French-imported ninon underwear; a silver evening bag, evening slippers of silver leather, and six pairs of almost invisible nylons.

When his purchases were complete, and while he was waiting, he took a good look at himself in one of the long mirrors near him. He saw a well set-up gray-haired man, a bit thick around the waist, but no paunch; sound, square, white teeth; a straight nose; a network of quizzical, humorous lines around gray eyes; when he smiled a cleft, definitely a dimple, appeared mischievously in one cheek.

The saleswoman, returning with the boxes and observing his checkup, remarked, "The lady who gets these things has a distinguished husband."

This made him absurdly merry. As he went down in the elevator he tried to remember how he had looked twenty-five years ago. Very slim, he remembered, with thick, brown hair Gertrude had loved to smooth back from his temples. "It's lovely—like bronze wings," she had said foolishly. He remembered his face as it appeared on the wedding photograph. *Callow, definitely*, he said to himself. *Not at all distinguished.*

Quite otherwise, in the taxicab, he remembered Gertrude. She had been beautiful! That narrow little face, that soft little mouth, pink it was—and what had happened to girls' mouths, in the meantime? he wondered to himself. Did they deliberately paint 'em big beyond their natural boundaries? Darned if he knew, but he thought of Ginny. Ginny had a mouth like that. Crimson, wide, and with sharp edges over square, brilliant teeth. Ginny was his daughter, aged twenty-three, and mother of a three-month-old son. He smiled quite tenderly as Ginny passed through his mind, but astonished himself by muttering, "Not my type. Definitely not. Takes after my Aunt Hat."

Aunt Hattie had been the bane of his childhood—his father's sister and a much-admired career woman. *Handsome but bossy*, he recalled. Ginny wasn't bossy—not exactly—but why did she always say "co-operate" when she meant "lend a hand," and why did it always turn out to be a one-way co-operation—Ginny's way? *Not considerate*, he remarked to himself. *Good girl, but not considerate. Not like Gertrude.*

He halted the taxi to stop at a florist's and bought an orchid—a big white orchid, with touches of pale green. White, green, gray, light red—those were Gertrude's colors. Brown eyes were rarish, he thought, with *(Continued on Page 178)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS



Sheer brown-and-white voile makes the most feminine of afternoon dresses: white organdy tie and cuffs. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6781, 12 to 20. Matching gloves.



The ever-popular shirtwaist dress in linenlike cotton. Vogue Design No. 6767, 12 to 40.

Mauve chambray "slip dress" has its matching striped jacket. Vogue Design No. S-4988, 12 to 20.
HAT BY BETMAR

NEVER have cottons been more beautiful. Never have they looked newer. They lend themselves to precise tailoring or to subtle draping . . . they wash like hankies. Sheer polka-dot and printed voiles, chambrays in plain colors with stripes to match, crisp piqués, blends of cotton and rayon—all in heavenly colors. Cottons at home in the city or country . . . made crease-resistant by new methods and careful manufacture. You will find cottons one of the easiest fabrics to sew . . . inexpensive to buy . . . and comfortable to wear.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.*)

CAPTIVATING COTTONS

By NORA O'LEARY



Cotton combines with rayon in beautifully textured green butcher linen. Accent with yellow. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6778, 12 to 40.

HAT BY IRENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



Crisp embossed piqué in a one-piece, buttoned classic. Plunging neckline, kimono sleeves. Vogue Design No. 6792, 12 to 20.



Gingham, piqué and velvet ribbon combine on a summer day. Junior Vogue Design No. 3286, 9 to 15 years.

Pattern for navy ribbon beret and gingham cartwheel, No. 2542, can be ordered from Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pa., for 10c.

Other views, yardage and prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 166.

© VOGUE



Through the window you see a comfortable corner for meals in a house without a dining room. Serving counter and storage for china and silver at left. Fun to eat here!

The Pink of Perfection

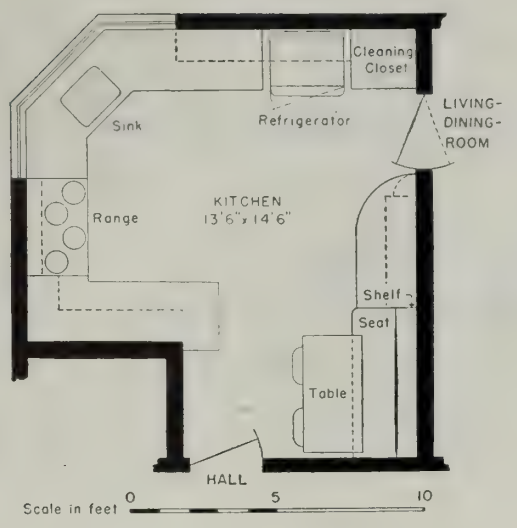
By GLADYS TABER

Even in January it will still be June in this charming kitchen which weaves new patterns



PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON

Sturdy pull-out shelf provides sit-down work space every woman wants for odd jobs.





THE white picket fences of New England are freighted with red ramblers and pink Dorothy Perkins and little delicate silver moon roses. In the Midwest the great fluffy peonies spread their lavish petals, the spiked delphinium stands in proud rows. In the South the whole world is flowering, and in the West the color of the bright sky is repeated in a million sunny blossoms. For this is the lovely, the romantic month—June!

What could be more natural than that the Journal should build for this month a romantic kitchen, a kitchen that is "such stuff as dreams are made on." It is not a temporary budget kitchen, it is a kitchen to work for and plan for and save toward. The bride who is cooking on a hot plate can tuck this kitchen away in her scrapbook with the *(Continued on Page 185)*

In the kitchen of your dreams you can now have steel cabinets with a durable baked-on enamel finish in soft clear colors.



lor and convenience.

Have a Nice Week End

To enjoy the week end as much as your guests do, keep the food simple, decide on a two-a-day meal plan and make some dishes do double duty.



EARLY LUNCH

Serves Six

Fresh Pineapple and Strawberries

Baked Deviled Eggs and Asparagus

Garden Salad

Blueberry Muffins Honey But

Coffee

SUPPER
Serves Six

Vegetable-Juice Cocktail

Potato Chips **Avocado Spread**

Chicken Pie **Peas**

Hot Biscuits and Gravy

Jellied Cherries and Cottage-Cheese Salad

Coffee

PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER

By ANN BATCHELDER

ALTHOUGH there's a rare crop of June weddings round about, and at several I shall be "among those present," don't get the idea that June, for me, is going to be devoted exclusively to listening to the Wedding March and eating chicken salad and ice cream. It isn't. There are other activities on my agenda, and prominent among them is preparation for the summer week ends. Among my friends are a goodly number of born week-enders. I used to be a pretty good one myself. Aside from the board and luxurious surroundings for two or most likely *three* days—that old Friday-to-Monday business, you know—I loved the packing up and leaving the "don't-leave-milk" note for the milkman. I loved to think of the Sunday papers that would stay right where they were heaved on the steps, except for the funnies which the neighbors' children helped themselves to.

(Continued on Page 152)



LINE A DAY

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 Talk about the housing shortage—there isn't any at my place, let me tell you. There are several little houses in the "woods section," all occupied. The three-story wren house atop the porte-cochere; the robin house near the patio; and among the big rocks, every wood-flower family has an apartment. Everything rent free.

2 This is the time of year when folks think up ways to do things with three of spring's best vegetables—new potatoes, garden asparagus, and green peas.

3 A vegetable dish you won't forget in a hurry: Take two or three cups of cooked green peas and a cup of asparagus tips. Only the *tips*. Heat them together in a little butter or margarine. Season, and pour over them a cup of scalded cream.

4 Little new potatoes are best boiled in their so-called "jackets." Then the jackets come off without paring, and you've *got* something. Roll them in butter and chopped mint or chives or water cress. Toss them in scalded, seasoned cream, if you'd rather. Either way they're delicious, and be sure not to cook them too long.

5 Red caviar? That's what they say. But it has about as much to do with real caviar as a sunflower has commerce with a regal lily. It's only salmon eggs. Don't let the word fool you.

6 Now red caviar is very good indeed in certain ways. Not much to eat on a canapé, but try mixing a little with mayonnaise, and use with fresh boiled (frozen, maybe) shrimps. Dress or dip, as you like.

7 Looking for a little different dessert these days? Bake some custards in cups. Divide the mixture, and flavor some with vanilla, some with caramel and some with coffee. Bake, setting the cups in hot water, until a silver knife comes out clean. Takes about 30–35 minutes in an oven at 350° F.

8 *Next chapter:* When they are cold, cut out a piece from the centers, fill them with flavored whipped cream, and return the little tops—or top each one with a meringue shell. Serve in the cups, very cold.

9 Try toasting some coarsely chopped walnuts—and adding them to chicken salad. That different touch that wins applause.

10 Now the jellied-soup season begins in earnest. Garnish your jellied consommé with finely minced parsley and chopped chives, mixed together. Don't forget the lemon.

11 When your cheese soufflé is on the menu, add to the soufflé mixture some finely chopped green onions and some crumbled, crisply fried bacon.

12 Combinations are good. But has anyone thought up a combination can opener and paring knife for picnic purposes? Never mind. Someone will. I myself am working on it.

13 What is known as Oriental Salad, in the circles in which I move, means a sort of salad *and* dessert in one. That's a combination for you. Choose the very hearts of fine lettuce. Make into cups.

14 *Chapter II.* Fill them with dates stuffed with nut meats, prunes filled with cream cheese or Roquefort cheese, slices of preserved ginger and sliced kumquats. Now add stiffly whipped cream to mayonnaise, then a little ginger sirup, and dress the salad—or pass the dressing, as you please.

15 *From an old cookbook:* "Many cooks depend on very unreliable kitchen aids, one of the worst being kitchen scales. Who knows what tampering may be done to these by the children, such as weighing the cat, etc., thereby putting them out of gear. Depend only on measures, not weight." Weighed *my* cat in the pantry. Seven pounds.

16 Always experimenting, I took on baked tomatoes a short time ago. You know how I do them. Nice firm tomatoes, plenty of bread crumbs, butter and basil, with salt and pepper. But—just to see, I added a little orégano and a touch of marjoram. Made good in a big way.

17 A truly great dish is macaroni au gratin, and the gimmick here is—mace. That old-fashioned spice—mace. Only a little. Don't go berserk. Watch the reaction.

18 For the cold-meat platter: Spread cold boiled-ham slices with seasoned cream cheese and roll them around thin slices of dill pickles.

19 In case you think a coupe is always a motorcar, it isn't. Get a quart of vanilla ice cream. Serve it in *coupe* glasses, pour over each serving a lavish pour of apricot sirup. Garnish with apricot wafers. Add some grated chocolate—and what a *coupe*. It's a coup!

20 A pretty nice jelly dessert is this: Mix two cups of grape juice with two cups of ginger ale. Add the juice of a lemon. Set with unflavored gelatin. Serve with cut fruit—might as well make it in a ring mold and fill the center. Serve with cream-diluted mayonnaise.

21 When you start broiling a steak, try spreading it with some chutney. What a flavor! And another little chutney thought. Serve your hot Welsh rarebit as usual, then add a spoonful of chutney in the center of each serving.

22 One of the simplest and one of the nicest supper dishes is only this: Hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters, peeled mushrooms and flaked sardines, all in a rich cream sauce in a casserole, covered with cracker crumbs and grated Parmesan cheese, baked, eaten.

23 What is a vogue? Skirts go down, then up they go. The boyish bob, then the girlish blob. That's vogue. But vogues in eating don't go that way. Witness the ham and eggs, the corned-beef hash, the blessed old chicken pie. Keep it in mind—you can't beat that vogue.

24 A cheese sandwich without mustard is like a dowager minus her emeralds. But, put a little mustard on the cheese in your sandwiches. Then dip them in egg beaten up with a little cream, and fry them in butter or margarine. Have them hot.

25 Creamed lobster on rice is epicurean. Same goes with chicken. A garnish of cut almonds and coconut helps.

26 Shad roe may be broiled, spread with butter or margarine, seasoned with salt and pepper, garnished with crisp bacon, and served with fried hominy, accompanied by sautéed pineapple. This is a real treat.

27 Take your fish-ball mixture and mix with it about half as much finely flaked lobster or fresh crab meat. Beat in an egg to bind, and add a little cream. Make up in finger-size cakes and fry in deep fat. How good, how wonder-working as an appetizer.

28 Halve some fine ripe cantaloupes. Chill them very well. Fill the halves with vanilla ice cream and cover with crushed ripe raspberries.

29 Try a molded cheese salad, garnished with nasturtium leaves, water cress and little white grapes. This is something out of a dream book.

30 Now is the end of the day and the end of this contribution to good eating. But if I don't get busy right away, I won't eat trout tonight.

I LISTENED

Oh! when was I as young as now?
I cannot quite remember—
I listened to a lover's vow—
That must have been December.

I listened to a lover's vow
But never spoke my heart.
For I was older then than now
And we are years apart.

So many years have passed us by
And he is old, but young am I.

BORDER DESIGN BY JOHN A. TERRY

Seen throughout the old French Quarter of New Orleans are a variety of graceful iron "lace work" grilles. This one is reproduced from a balcony on St. Charles Avenue.

Campbell's take pride

in bringing you this famous soup of old New Orleans





Old New Orleans can't be beat
For gaiety and fun;
For truly wondrous things to eat
From morn to setting sun!

A different, delicious CHICKEN Soup adapted from a cherished old Creole recipe

You're bound to enjoy Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup. You'll relish the rich chicken stock, crammed with a wealth of luscious things: green okra, red-ripe tomatoes, fluffy rice and tender pieces of chicken—all seasoned with savory herbs.

Just try this fine soup soon. Probably you'll see it become another family favorite. Be sure to get some at your grocer's!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

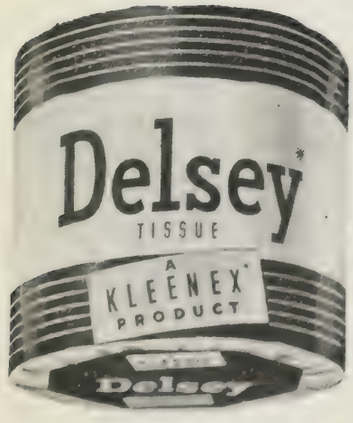


A soup to remember . . . and look for

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO SOUP

Hey Mom!... Better get Delsey—it's soft like Kleenex Tissues!





Delsey toilet tissue

A KLEENEX PRODUCT

Double ply for extra strength!

* U. S. PAT. OFF.

LET LOVE COME LAST

(Continued from Page 39)

as did Chauncey. Eugene had a vast respect for money, whereas Chauncey only desired it as a thing valuable in itself.

When the first days of danger arrived for Chauncey, Eugene knew it. The financial catastrophe was no shock to him, as it was to his father. He had listened to Chauncey's incoherent denunciations of William Prescott. He had seen William often in Chauncey's offices, and had recognized William's tremendous vitality and force; he knew that here was a man of ambition and imagination, a man who could not be stopped.

A month before the final collapse of the American Lumber Company, Eugene had said to his mother, "Papa doesn't see that Mr. Prescott is a man who knows what he wants, and intends to have it. I can understand that. In his place, I'd do just what he is trying to do."

Alice was more than a little shocked. "But, my dear, Mr. Prescott is a very unscrupulous man, and a bad one."

Eugene knew it was all inevitable. But when Chauncey returned home ill, in a state of collapse, the boy helped put his father to bed. It was Eugene who sent for a physician and insisted upon sitting by Chauncey's bed, while his father slept fitfully under the influence of sedatives.

EUGENE looked about the richly furnished bedroom. All this would have to go, of course. He, Eugene, no longer would be respected in his school as the son of Andersburg's richest citizen. His pony would be sold and the servants dismissed. Temporarily, at least, the family would retire to poverty.

For a few moments Eugene allowed himself to feel hatred for William Prescott. But he knew that this was foolish. His father had been a fool, unable to see what was right under his nose. Eugene had always known that William hated his employer. If Chauncey had chosen to be complacent, blind and condescending toward the man who was out to ruin him, he had no right to complain over the result.

Eugene was only twelve years old. But he began, as he sat by his father's bed during the nights that followed, to plot the destruction of William Prescott.

The day that William and Ursula were married, Chauncey Arnold died. Eugene did not cry at the funeral services, or at the cemetery. At his own request, he spent the night on a couch in his mother's room. He did not sleep till morning, but pretended to do so, in order not to disturb Alice. He lay awake, listening to her helpless, half-stifled sobbing. He was still young, and he loved his mother, and his hands gripped the quilts fiercely. The dark house lay empty about them. His father was gone. It was not until Eugene himself wept a little that he could sleep.

A week later Eugene said calmly to his mother, "I suppose there is enough left to see me through school?"

"Yes, of course," she said. "There is a fund set aside for your schooling, dear. Papa arranged that only two months ago. The courts cannot take that away from us. And I still have my own income. It's not much, but it will keep us alive until you are able to make your own way in the world."

Within ten days, a check for two thousand dollars arrived from William Prescott, accompanied by a note of condolence. He hoped Mrs. Arnold would not hesitate to call upon him if she at any time needed assistance.

Alice read and reread the note. The check slipped to the floor. Suddenly she began to weep again.

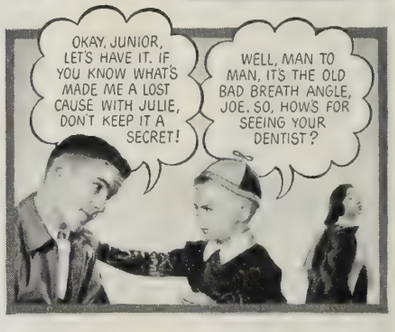
Eugene picked up the check and looked at it. "This money?" he said.

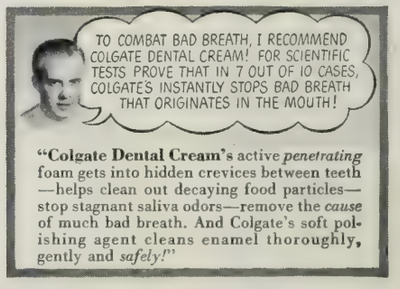
"I must send it back at once, of course."

Eugene gave her the check. He loved his mother. Once he had thought of her as a wise woman, but now it was only too evident that she was a fool. He accepted the fact. One always had to accept facts.

Ursula's wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bassett was celebrated with as much







"**Colgate Dental Cream's** active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before every date

pomp and lavishness as could be arranged on short notice. Mrs. Bassett was horrified when the bride insisted upon being married in the "homemade" blue dress which she had already worn. Ursula was obdurate about this. But she allowed Mrs. Bassett to fill the guest list with the town's most prominent people. She also relented to the extent of having her wide straw hat engulfed in yards of blue veiling, which was to cover her face during the ceremony.

William's wedding gift was a necklace of magnificent pearls. After seeing them, Ezra Bassett examined William's new bank account at his establishment. The money for the gems had not been withdrawn from this account. Mr. Bassett was both relieved and annoyed. Obviously the lumberman must have large deposits in other cities. However, so impressed were the wedding guests by the emerald ring and the pearls that the Bassetts glowed, as if they themselves were responsible for all this magnificence.

After the ceremony in the Bassetts' drawing room, appropriately banked with spring flowers, William Prescott stood beside his wife, talking pleasantly to her friends. He drank half a glass of champagne. Only Ursula knew that he was embarrassed to the point of agony, though he had approved the plans for such an elaborate wedding. He talked with his new directors and officers, but with such a wary, arrogant manner that she suffered for him. It would be a long time before he would be at ease with them, she knew; he would never trust them. And he could never like anyone whom he could not trust. He did not eat any of the postwedding dinner; instead, he waved the waiters away impatiently.

The wise man delights in water, the good man delights in mountains. For the wise move; but the good stay still. The wise are happy; but the good, secure.

—CONFUCIUS.

He was easily the most impressive man present, in his broadcloth cutaway and striped trousers, well-folded black cravat and black pearls. She stood beside him, straight and tall, her pale face resolute. She was committed; this was the thing she wished to do. If she was frightened, she would not permit herself to acknowledge it.

Oliver and Lucy were at Ursula's house. They were to remain there with Mrs. Templeton for several days after the ceremony. Ursula and William were to go directly to the Imperial Hotel. Later, he had promised, there would be a trip to Europe.

The wedding had taken place at five o'clock. It had been a warm, rainy day. At sunset, just when dinner was over, the rain ceased. But the oppression remained. Ursula slipped through the groups of friends, found her way to a window. The windows had been shut against the rain. Now the house was warm, the air heavy with perfumes, the odors of food and wine and flowers.

Ursula felt that she must open the window, but the catch resisted her efforts. She turned, looking for assistance. It was then that she saw Doctor Banks speaking to William.

She thought she saw a change come over his face. A servant had just finished lighting the enormous chandelier. Its glaring light fell on William's face. Perhaps it was that which made him appear suddenly to lose color. Everyone else was laughing; champagne corks popped. But William had turned away. He was speaking to Mrs. Bassett.

Ursula heard the crunch of wheels on the gravel below the window. Suddenly she saw that the whole roomful of guests had turned toward her, with laughter, with glasses upheld. She looked at them and at William. She had been right about it; his face was white, his lips set. Something was certainly wrong.

THE lobby of the Imperial Hotel was paved with squares of black and white marble, ablaze with crystal chandeliers, crowded with gilt and red plush. Ursula had never seen the rooms above the street floor, but she suspected that the same decorative scheme would prevail there.

She was right, she saw, when she and William were ushered into their suite, attended by subservient employees in uniforms. The servitors disappeared; the manager, Mr. Ogden, remained for a few moments. Flowers were everywhere. Red plush curtains had been drawn across each window. Ursula had never cared for red; now, no matter where she looked this color assaulted her eyes. There was no escaping the massive gilt, either.

Her two modest trunks had been deposited in one of the bedrooms. She fled into this room, while William conversed with the manager, who seemed in no hurry to leave. Perhaps William was detaining him, thought Ursula. If so, she was grateful. She hurriedly unpacked the trunks; their contents scarcely made an impression in the enormous drawers of the walnut bureau. She saw her face in the mirror; it was pale and tight. The mirror also reflected the blue of her dress. The red of the room made this blue intense and startling. Her first impulse was to remove it. But she stopped with the initial hook; for the first time she was shy and embarrassed. She took off the yellow hat and placed it in the walnut wardrobe where she had hung her cloak.

NOW she saw William's tall chiffonier near the dresser. On it were his brushes topped with silver, and a dispatch case. She stood looking at them and all at once her eyes filled with tears. She gently opened one of the drawers, saw William's stiff shirts and cravats, his socks and handkerchiefs and underwear. She had seen her father's intimate things like this. Gently, she closed the drawer.

Ursula looked down at the wedding band upon her finger. Then she threw up her head and went into the parlor with a bright smile. She thanked Mr. Ogden for the flowers, and inconspicuously dismissed him. The door closed after him.

Ursula sat down on the red sofa, looked at her husband, and again smiled. But William continued to stand before the fireplace. He was very white, and there were lines about his lips.

He said abruptly, "There is something I must tell you."

"Yes, William." Her hands tightened together.

"Chauncey Arnold died this afternoon."

Ursula did not know what to say. But she knew she had to say something, and it must be at once. "I told you before, William, that I never liked him. I am sorry he is dead. But I did not like him. My father despised him."

"Someone said that his wife was a particular friend of yours."

"I've liked Alice; I still like her and I am sorry for her. It is too bad that Chauncey has died. Perhaps his—his loss may have hastened his death. That is something I can't tell."

He stood there stiffly and now he thrust his hands into his pockets. "I shall send Arnold's wife some money," he said.

"She will return it."

"Why? She'll need money, won't she?"

"Nevertheless," said Ursula wearily, "Alice will return the money. Why should she take it from a stranger? Have you ever met her?"

"No."

Ursula smiled without mirth. *This is my wedding night*, she thought. *And here we are, talking of a tragedy, and my husband looks at me as if I were a disliked and suspected stranger.* All at once, she felt completely exhausted. William had not kissed her, had not spoken her name. He had been carrying on a disturbing conversation when he should have been speaking to her with tenderness. She despised herself and William too.

He must have seen some of this in her face. "Why are we talking about these things?" he mumbled. "I had ordered a little dinner and champagne, at ten. It will be that soon."

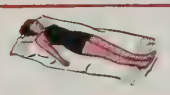
Her hate subsided. She laughed. "I don't want anything to eat. And, frankly, I have never liked champagne."

He appeared relieved, moved to the bell rope and when a boy appeared canceled the order. Then he closed the door and returned to stand before the fireplace. Now he began to stare fixedly at Ursula.

FIRST AID
for Summer Emergencies

Last year more than 10½ million people were injured by accidents—an average of one every 3 seconds. There were undoubtedly many million more minor accidents which were never reported.

Many types of injuries occur most frequently in summer. Knowing First Aid, including what to do until the doctor comes, may prevent complications and save someone's life. To help you meet such emergencies, cut out this chart and place it in your First Aid kit. In case of a serious accident, however, it is always wise to call a doctor at once.

INJURY	FIRST AID TREATMENT
 Cuts, scratches, or any small wounds	Clean the wound with mild soap and water and apply antiseptic. When dry, cover with sterile dressing.
 Minor burns	To relieve pain, apply burn ointment or petroleum jelly, and cover with sterile dressing.
 Sunburn	Treat like any minor burn. If sunburn is severe, call a doctor.
 Sunstroke	Lay patient on his back in cool, shady place, apply ice bag or cold cloths to head. Do not give stimulants.
 Drowning or when breathing stops	Start artificial respiration *immediately*. Keep victim warm. Send for a doctor.
 Sprained joints	Keep injured joint raised and apply cold cloths or ice packs for several hours.
 Strained muscles	Rest the affected muscle. Apply mild heat if needed to relieve pain. If pain persists, call a doctor.
 Ivy, Oak, and Sumac poisoning	Wash with soap and water immediately after exposure. If redness and blisters appear, apply calomine lotion or use compresses soaked in cold baking soda or epsom salts.

If you would like to learn some of the more important First Aid techniques, ask your local Red Cross about their First Aid classes. In addition, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet which describes methods of handling many injuries. To get a copy, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

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Please send me the free booklet, 69-J "First Aid."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!



Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

It's so *easy* to possess this dainty allure . . . this lingering fragrance men love!

Bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap . . . and you'll surround yourself with a romantic fragrance! Yes, a *captivating fragrance men love* that comes only from a wedding of rare perfumes far more costly than you would expect to find in any soap! For 80 years popular girls everywhere have known this secret. Do as they do. Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap in *your* daily bath . . . and for your complexion, too!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

"My name," she said, faintly smiling, "is Ursula."

He frowned. "You tell me that so often, Ursula." He paused. "It doesn't suit you," he told her.

"Nevertheless, it is my name. I really should like you to use it, William."

She stood up and lifted her arms toward him. This man had known nothing but struggle all his life. He had never had roots; this was the impulse behind his dynamic insistence upon success at any price, and money. It also made him dangerous. Perhaps if he knew himself loved and established firmly, it might still be well with him, and with her who had married him.

"William!" she cried. She ran to him, and threw her arms about him, holding him close. For several moments he stood rigidly in the circle of her arms. She cried, "My dear, my dear, it doesn't matter! Nothing matters!"

Now his arms were about her, holding her close.

"Ursula!" he said, his lips in her hair. "Ursula, Ursula!"

When Ursula awoke the place beside her was empty, but she heard William giving orders for breakfast. She rose and put on a white wool peignoir with black velvet ribbons. Calmly, without embarrassment, she went into the parlor.

William was completely dressed. He did not look at her directly as he said, "Breakfast will be here in a few minutes."

Ursula sat down on the crimson couch. Someone had brought him the morning paper and he rustled the sheets around him.

Finally he said, in a tone of satisfaction, "There is a long article here about our marriage."

"Is that important?" Ursula could not keep the acid from her words.

He dropped the paper to stare at her. "Of course it is."

"Why?"

"If we are going to live here, it is important that our existence is noticed."

"I never particularly wanted to live here," said Ursula. She was weary of this childish battle of words. She went to the window, pushed aside the draperies and looked down at the street below. "What am I going to do while you are away most of the day?"

"I thought that you might visit your friends."

"Good heavens, they certainly would not expect it of me!" She was amused.

"I don't intend to leave you today." Obviously he was embarrassed. "I thought, if it cleared, we might go for a drive. I'm sorry we couldn't get away for a trip. But perhaps you can read, or something, while I am away a few hours during these next few days."

It sounded absurd to her and she laughed. "Don't be concerned about me. I should have enjoyed a honeymoon. But it is only delayed." She waited. "I suppose we could call around and see Oliver?"

To her surprise, he replied, "No. Not for a day or two. I suppose Mrs. Templeton told you I have asked her to be our housekeeper when our home is built?"

"No!" cried Ursula in exasperation. "You didn't tell me, and she didn't! Really, William, should I not have been consulted? Why should we have a housekeeper? I am quite competent, I assure you. I presume there will be other servants besides Lucy, but I can manage them. A housekeeper! How ridiculous!"

He sat down heavily. "Ursula, I intend to have a large establishment, the best and most formal in the city. There are a few families here who have housekeepers. There are others who come here in the summer; they are not provincials. They have fine homes, conducted in the best style. I do not intend that they shall surpass me."

Ursula considered this. She had a moment of pleasure in contemplating the fact that William was richer than she had supposed. But she was still annoyed. She said, "Let us put aside the discussion of future grandeur for a little. Let us consider Mrs. Templeton. I have nothing against her, except that she and I would get on each other's nerves."

"I find her very capable and I have noticed that she can manage servants." William's tone was obdurate.

"You mean Lucy? Why, Lucy is a far better person than Mrs. Templeton. She understands children. She is much more intelligent than Mrs. Templeton."

THERE was a knock on the door, announcing breakfast. William rose to greet the two waiters. He said as the door opened, "Nevertheless, I want Mrs. Templeton to be our housekeeper."

Ursula kept her peace while the breakfast was being arranged on the table. William retained one of the waiters to serve them. It was done, she saw, to avoid further controversy with her. This amused her. He might not be a gentleman, but he knew she was a lady. She would not be contentious before servants.

She decided, however, to be perverse. He had not kissed her this morning; he had shown her no tenderness. He had arbitrarily thrust Mrs. Templeton upon her. She would punish him.

She sat down at the table, allowed herself to be served, and repeated, "Mrs. Templeton annoys me. If we have to have a housekeeper there must be someone else."

"Why discuss it just now?" asked William, giving his napkin an irritable flip. "Is that bacon crisp enough?"

"Of course. But I want to discuss Mrs. Templeton."

He looked up at her suddenly and she was startled. His rage was all out of proportion, she thought. It was not hatred because she was embarrassing him; it was a fury that she had dared to oppose him.

"I said"—he spoke quietly—"that we shall have Mrs. Templeton."

Ursula glanced at the waiter. "That will be all," she said. The man bowed, and left.

There was silence in the room. William ate his breakfast slowly and deliberately. Then he put down his knife and fork.

"I want you to know," he said, "that when I make up my mind I do not intend to be opposed."

Fear, anger, affront tightened Ursula's heart. But she spoke resolutely: "Don't speak to me like that, William. This is our first day of marriage. You have forgotten, I think. But this must be settled now. You must not speak to me as you have just now. I won't have it."

He said, "You have always had your own way. You are my wife now. I have no time to engage in domestic arguments with you. You must learn that I intend to have my way."

Ursula's finger tips pressed the tablecloth. She could not speak. Then, while she watched him, his expression changed. She did not know that her own face had startled him with its pallor and rigidity. He was not turned from his purpose, but still he was ashamed.

"You are thinking that I have no manners," he said. "Perhaps you are right." He paused. "I haven't forgotten that this is our

(Continued on Page 70)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Robert, Walking

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

Robert's on his feet at last;
All about the town
He darts and reels with drunken joy—
(He's up! . . . He's down.)

Touched by winds, bewitched he is,
Ecstatic as a pup!
The world awaits his bouncing step—
(He's down! . . . He's up!)

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Everywhere—lovely hands agleam with this pure, pure, *pure-luxury* polish!

Beautiful NAIL BRILLIANCE BY CUTEX *only 25¢* *



Talk about Brilliance (and smart women do), isn't this a brilliant idea?

A polish that's *all* luxury, from the top of its graceful "artist's" brush to the last long-wearing drop in the bottle. Yet the cost is a mere 25¢.

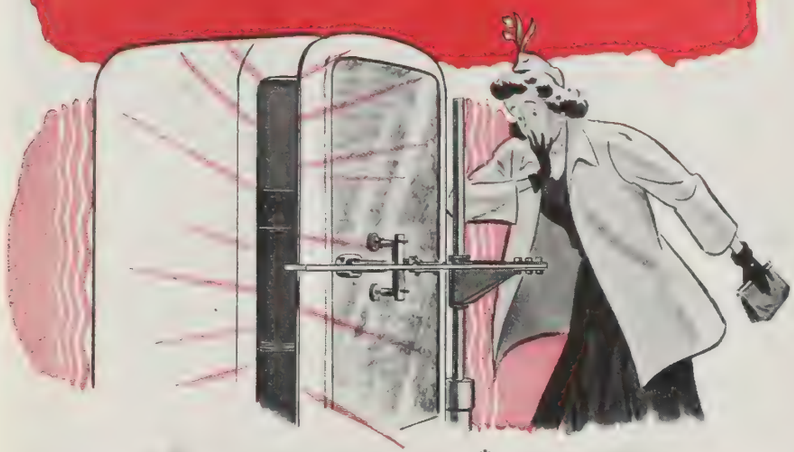
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Never before, a polish so completely pure and harmless. Even women whose skins are allergic to other polishes tell us that they can safely use Nail Brilliance.

Now—lovelier lips, too! New Cutex Lipstick has everything you long for in a lipstick. Silk-satin texture! Clinging-vine *cling!* Colors to harmonize with those heavenly Nail Brilliance shades! Only 49¢* in the large size. Now—also in new "purse" size for 25¢.* *PLUS TAX

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- A standard refrigerator door is faced with clear plastic so you can see the insulation . . .
- Slammed more than 150,000 times by a special door-slam machine . . .
- And the Fiberglas Insulation remains unaffected. Not the slightest sign of settling or breaking down.



To get the best buy in a refrigerator or freezer, remember this door-slamming demonstration . . . and remember Fiberglas.

Under vibration, which causes most materials to pack down, Fiberglas Insulation actually tends to *fluff up and become more efficient.* Age and moisture can't harm it, either. In any insulated appliance, Fiberglas Insulation gives you more for your money. That's why it is used today in the finest refrigerators, freezers, ranges and water heaters. Ask about it before you buy.

Fiberglas Insulation contributes to better food protection and lower operating cost because its extremely high insulating efficiency lasts for life.

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THERMAL INSULATION

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(Continued from Page 68)

first morning together, Ursula. At least, I am remembering it now. Probably my manner to you has been unpardonable. Shall we forget it?"

There was no humility in his voice, but she knew he was ashamed.

"Yes."

He smiled. "Then, won't you eat your breakfast? I'm sorry you don't like Mrs. Templeton. But I'm afraid that it's too late to make any other arrangement. I asked her the other day."

"I don't care about Mrs. Templeton," said Ursula, speaking through the pain that would not leave her throat.

He got up from his chair, came to her, and put his hand on her head. "Ursula, believe me, it won't happen again."

She reached up, touched his hand gently. A shaft of pale sunlight came into the room, lighting up the garish furnishings.

"We shall have our drive after all," said Ursula.

The rest of that week William was gone each morning until noon. Ursula felt some comfort in being lazy, even in the florid atmosphere of the hotel suite. She breakfasted alone; and late. She read and planned the furnishings of the new house. When William returned for luncheon, to spend the rest of the day with her, she greeted him with calm and tenderness. She saw he was grateful for this. In the afternoons they would drive through the country, return and have dinner served in their rooms. It was the hours after dinner that were the longest. She came to be glad that William, after the first few nights, opened his dispatch case and set to work over thick sheaves of paper. Then she could read, and watch him furtively over the top of her book, while only street noises could be heard, and the rustle of the papers.

Someone asked Thorvaldsen, the noted Danish sculptor: "Which is your greatest statue?"

He promptly replied, "The next one."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

When William showed Ursula the architect's plans for the new house she studied them with amazement and misgiving. The house would be the most imposing and enormous structure in Andersburg.

She said, "But why do you want such a huge house? A ballroom! None of our acquaintances have ballrooms. And here are two drawing rooms, each one tremendous. This reception hall is almost as large as the drawing rooms. And the dining room is too large. It would seat at least seventy-five people. Are we to have a hotel?" She took up another page of the plans, for the second floor. "Fourteen bedrooms, eight with dressing rooms. Linen closets to store enough linens for a hundred years. Then, on the third floor, six more bedrooms. How many servants are we to have?"

"About eight or ten," replied William.

Ursula gasped. "William, have you really decided upon such an enormous household? Have you counted the cost? Even if you have, why do we need it?"

His dark face tightened. "I told you that I intend to have the finest house in this part of the country. As for the cost, I assure you, I am well aware what I am doing." He studied her somberly. "Did you think I wished to build a cozy little cottage where you could potter about with a housemaid?"

Ursula had another frightful thought. "What about the furniture? When is it to be bought? Will you let me help choose it?"

He frowned, then said absently, "The furniture has already been ordered. I chose it a month ago in New York."

She cried with spirit, "But William, am I not to be consulted at all? I am to live in this house. I think this is most inconsiderate of you! I had thought of moving the best in my own house to our new one. How can I visualize it there if I have not seen the furniture you have bought?"

He folded his hands together. "I do not intend that you shall bring any of that furniture to my house," he said coldly.

"But why? You once said it was beautiful. Besides, it belonged to my parents, and they had taste!"

"It is not mine," he replied with brutality. He glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. "It is almost eleven and I am tired. I must get up early." He rose and without glancing at her, left the room.

A few days later Lucy and Oliver returned to the hotel. Mrs. Templeton was to stay in her own home until the house on Schiller Road was completed. Ursula welcomed Lucy and Oliver with pleasure and relief. Now the days would not be so empty, the after-dinner hours so taut and filled with apprehension. William and Ursula began to be invited out to innumerable dinners and receptions. They were part of the community now. They were "settling down."

In June and July William made several business journeys, returning with an air of victory and satisfaction. She would listen to his reports with eager attention. But the lumber business remained always, for her, a complete mystery which she had no desire to penetrate or understand.

In August, the hotel suite began to oppress Ursula unbearably. The weather had become humid and hot. She longed for her garden with a passion that approached desperation. The house was up for sale. More than once Ursula went there on foot, to sit in the quiet rooms and wander in the garden. Once she found herself weeping uncontrollably in the small and charming parlor. She was shocked at her tears, and sternly reproached herself. It then occurred to her that she was pregnant.

She visited Doctor Banks, who assured her that her suspicions were correct. She returned to the hotel somberly. She felt no happiness, but, instead, a sudden upsurge of fear.

William was in Michigan. It had been Ursula's intention to tell him the news immediately after he returned. But he entered the suite looking so stern and abstracted that she decided to delay the telling for a while. She had expected to be ill during this period. But, to her surprise, she remained conspicuously well.

A day or so later when William suggested that they should drive out to see his sawmills, she consented at once. They set off, with John driving. William was in exceptionally good spirits and Ursula felt his elation and high confidence.

Four years before she had accompanied Alice Arnold on a visit to these mills, which had been the property of Alice's husband. Now, as the carriage approached and Ursula saw the mills again, she was astonished. The original buildings had become only the nucleus of a larger, much more imposing aggregation, all, apparently, having been built recently. Some were still unpainted, others in the process, still others had been finished.

Full of pride, William told John to halt the carriage a little distance away. "Well, what do you think of it all?"

Piers along the river were lined with flatboats and barges, some being filled by workmen with sawed lumber, others waiting for cargoes. Smoke was pouring from high smoke stacks and the deep throbbing of the steam-driven saws came from within the mills. The air was pungent with the smell of sap and rosin.

"Astounding!" Ursula exclaimed. "How much you have accomplished in a short time. Why, as I remember these mills, they were small and insignificant."

"We have made progress," admitted William, smiling. He looked with satisfaction at the huge sign, "The Prescott Lumber Company."

On one of the smaller buildings a workman was beginning to paint out the faded words, "The American Lumber Company." Below the painter stood a tall thin boy, leaning

(Continued on Page 72)









RICE KRISPIES...just one "star" in Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE!

Swing your "breakfast partner" out of Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE! *What* a choice of favorites—from 10 generous boxes, 7 *different* cereals. In nourishing wheat, rice, corn, soya. Crisply shredded, flaked or popped! ALL KELLOGG-FRESH! Picking your *own* better breakfast is packs of fun! And KELLOGG'S VARIETY is *the* favorite assortment, because...



More women choos



TO flatter AND thrill

Don't despair when good living runs high. Fostoria's inimitable *American* pattern solves everything in tableware. Each piece captures the brilliance of the fire that gave it birth . . . then moulded and finished by hand with that exquisite artistry which only skilled craftsmanship can control. And so astonishing! You get so much for so little. For gifts or for keeps, *American* is the most complete crystal available. Over 180 open-stock items are now available. You'll find *American* or many other equally lovely Fostoria patterns at the better stores everywhere.

FOSTORIA

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY · · · MOUNDSVILLE · WEST VIRGINIA

(Continued from Page 72)

Alice did not immediately speak. Then she said gently, "It was kind of Mr. Prescott to send me that check, Ursula. But, of course, it was not possible for me to accept it."

"William sent you money?" asked Ursula, in a stifled voice.

"Yes. You did not know?"

Ursula could only move her head in the negative.

"Please, then, do not tell him I told you."

Ursula shook her head wearily. "It will make me happy to know that you are here in this house, Alice. I hope you will let me visit you sometimes. It is my home; and no other place will ever be home to me."

She sat for a long time alone after Alice had gone.

The middle of December the Prescotts took possession of their new home. Ursula had carefully refrained from visiting the house during its construction. Everything was now complete, even to the six servants, whose hiring William had delegated to Mrs. Templeton. When William reproached Ursula for her lack of interest, she had pleaded her "condition." This was substantiated by Doctor Banks, who had recently expressed a faint concern about her.

Accordingly, she had great curiosity about the house as she accompanied William through each room. Nothing had been spared to make this a magnificent house. The vast reception hall had a floor of black and white marble, and marble paneling covered the walls. The shadowy ceiling had been painted in a muted garden scene. Yellow-glass candelabra, circled with many prisms, stood on the mantelpiece. A tremendous grandfather clock stood against one wall. As Ursula entered, the clock boomed out the stroke of two with so deep a note that mournful vibrations echoed for some moments.

"There," said John Quincy Adams, pointing to a bust of Washington, "there was a fool who made a great reputation by keeping his mouth shut." —A. G. GARDINER: The War Lords (E. P. Dutton & Co.).

Ursula and William entered the first of the drawing rooms. The walls were hung with rose satin damask. The incredibly high ceiling had been painted to resemble white marble, with black veins. Never had Ursula seen such mammoth furniture, such gigantic fireplaces.

Chairs covered with rose damask stood against the walls. Other chairs of turquoise and emerald were grouped around circular tables of mahogany. The floor had been covered with a huge rug of dull green. There was a fireplace at each end of the room, made of rosy marble surmounted by Venetian mirrors of an ornate design.

The second drawing room, by contrast, appeared delicate and restrained. But there was no escaping the rococo effect, for wine-red velvet draperies hung at the windows and rosy chairs mingled with the paler sofas. The Aubusson rug was excellent, even to Ursula's stunned eyes.

THE gold satin and antique white of the music room lifted her spirits for a moment. Yet the ivory piano managed to give a florid air to what otherwise might have passed as elegance and restraint.

By this time Ursula was completely oppressed. The inspection of the house acquired a nightmare quality. Slowly she mounted the marble staircase which rose from the reception hall to the upper regions. She visited guest rooms and dressing rooms, all furnished with a crass magnificence. William was to have his own bedroom and dressing room, and so was she.

She did look at her own apartment with more interest. William, remembering her tastes, had insisted that the decorations should be subdued here. The walls had been covered with a pale yellow satin. The curtains were of Cluny lace. A white marble fireplace had been installed, and a fine Aubusson covered the floor. The canopied bed dripped with delicate Brussels lace. A beautiful Venetian mirror hung over the dresser and a chaise longue in soft blue stood near a window. William had believed she would adore this room, and she turned to him almost passionately.

"It is beautiful!" she exclaimed. She caught his hand and held it. "It is the most delightful room in the whole house!"

William had begun to smile; but as he heard her last words he said coldly, "You have no high opinion of the others?"

A tremendous weariness flowed over Ursula. But she said, "You don't understand. I love this room because I can see that you planned it so carefully and chose what you knew I would like."

He was pacified. He said, "Almost everything you see was imported from France or Italy. There is a fortune in this house."

Ursula's thoughts had begun to spin. Yes, a fortune was in this house. Was it a mortgaged fortune? She had no way of knowing, and she dared not ask. As if in a dream, she saw Mrs. Templeton in the doorway. Suddenly Mrs. Templeton loomed beside her. She heard her voice and William's from a distance. She did not remember much after that, but when she opened her eyes again she was in the bed with the Brussels-lace canopy.

DOCTOR BANKS was disturbed. He said that Ursula must remain in bed for at least ten days. She had overtired herself. The excitement of moving to her new home had been too much for her and she had almost miscarried. Thankfully, Ursula lay in her bed until Christmas, attended by Mrs. Templeton, who depressed her but who nearly won her regard by her devotion. On Christmas Eve she was allowed to go downstairs.

By the end of January Doctor Banks was forced to consider twins. William, informed of this, was delighted. February found Ursula lethargic and ill. Not even little Oliver could draw her long from an apathetic seclusion. Lucy sat beside her bed, when Oliver slept, sturdily knitting or sewing. William spent as much time with her as he could. She wanted him desperately these days. They could hold no conversation together which interested either. His world and hers lay inexorably apart. But she loved him, and never so intensely as now. It was comfort and strength to have him beside her.

There was no doubt in William's mind that the children would be boys. "I want them to have the names of Doctor Cowlesbury," he said. "Matthew and Thomas Cowlesbury Prescott."

On the twenty-ninth of March the children were born, and as William had predicted, they were boys. They were fraternal, not identical twins. The one to be christened Matthew was delicately formed, with a light fluff of hair and slender face. Thomas was sturdier and shorter, with reddish hair.

William's pride reached a peak of stern frenzy, and Ursula, from her pillows, smiled weakly at him. She had begun to love her children. She decided, however, that Matthew would probably be her favorite. He reminded her of her father.

Now began for her, for a few weeks, a time of real happiness. William approved of her enormously. The children were good, Lucy reported. They were lovely children. Admiring visitors came and went. The christening was an important event in the city. Gifts heaped the tables everywhere.

It was not until the middle of the summer that she became aware suddenly that William was not displaying his former interest in Oliver, and that he sometimes admonished the child harshly for playing too noisily in the hall outside the nursery where his sons lay. On these occasions Oliver would become completely silent, following his foster father with a long, slow glance.

The knowledge came to Ursula with the force of a blow. There was no use telling William that he was being cruel and obtuse. For William would not believe that he had changed. Nevertheless, it was true. At times he displayed an irrational irritation against

(Continued on Page 76)





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Dear Sirs:

I am using your new Swans Down Instant Cake Mix for all my cakes these days, and I want to say it is "*the*" finest product of its kind on the market today. It is definitely a "homemade" cake in a package.

MRS. DELBERT BOOSTROM,
Victoria, Ill.

That "homemade" quality in Swans Down Instant Cake Mix comes from using ingredients as fine as you'd use yourself, Mrs. Boostrom. Egg whites that taste farm-fresh, prepared by an exclusive process. Long-keeping, all-vegetable shortening. Delicate, home-type flavoring. And most important of all, Swans Down Cake Flour.

Dear Sirs:

I just felt I should write you a note to tell you how much I like your Swans Down Instant Cake Mix.

I had used two boxes and baked a big cake to take to a reunion. Everyone raved about my wonderful cake, and a lot of women came to me for the recipe. It sure didn't take me long, as I said to them, "Just go to the store and buy two boxes of Swans Down Instant Cake Mix."

MRS. GLENN B. BARNER,
Lemoyne, Pa.

We hope, Mrs. Barner, that your friends won't all start using two boxes at a time. We have a hard time keeping stores stocked!

Dear Sirs:

I am a mother with two children and one is just a baby. So you see, it's hard to make cakes the old way, as it takes away valuable time. But now it's 1-2-3 and you have a cake, and I must say it's even better than one can make herself.

MRS. JOHN YANUZZI,
Cleveland, O.

When you say it beats your own, Mrs. Yanuzzi, you're in good company—a lot of prize-winning cakemakers say the same.

Were there ever such raves about a mix?



1 box Swans Down Instant Cake Mix
1 cup milk

For glorious white cake, add ½ cup milk to contents of box, blend, beat 1 minute. Add remaining milk, beat 2 minutes. Bake, following package directions. **For other delicious variations, see recipes in box.**



• The only cake mix made with Swans Down Cake Flour

Swans Down Instant Cake Mix

Product of General Foods

(Continued from Page 74)

Oliver, and called for Lucy to take him away. There were days when he did not even inquire about the boy.

Lucy had married John in October, and they occupied rooms on the third floor. There Oliver would play, and sometimes sleep. Now Mrs. Templeton began to see what was happening. She reprimanded Oliver with severity, even in Ursula's presence, and it was only when Ursula angrily expressed indignation that she became silent, or apologized.

William did not appear concerned. He approved of Mrs. Templeton's discipline and said that Oliver was sorely in need of it.

John opened the carriage door for Ursula and Oliver before the old house on Beechwood Road. "Meet me here in about an hour," said Ursula, and he nodded. It was an old formula, this monthly visit on a Sunday afternoon. Did William know of it? Ursula had become certain he did, and that, in his obscure way of thinking, it pleased him, just as he had been impelled to send money to Alice Arnold after her husband's death. Ursula had developed a strong intuition of her own; through this intuition, quite devoid of logic and reason, she could understand her husband. It was only when she attempted to analyze him that she became baffled. He was as irrational as a storm, and in his way as powerful and devastating.

The day was brilliant and cool, the last Sunday of October. Scents of burning wood, of apples, of drying grass and spicy leaves filled the cold, sharp air. Ursula's cloak blew about her; she had to bend her head against the skirling wind.

Oliver, at six, considered himself almost a man, and sworn to protection of his mother. He held her elbow firmly; he was a tall boy, reaching almost to her shoulder. Solicitously he watched every movement of her heavy body. Ursula had already informed him that within another four months he would have another brother or sister besides Thomas, Matthew and Julia. Oliver had accepted this with his customary gentle gravity. But he knew that Thomas and Matthew did not know as yet. After all, they were only four, while he was approaching seven. As for Julia, she was hardly more than a baby, still toddling about in the imperious bad temper of her twenty-four months of life. Oliver had already learned that he was of but not in the Prescott family circle, in so far as William and the servants were concerned; that only Ursula accepted him as a beloved son.

Ursula paused a moment before the house, and looked up at its green shutters and shining windows. She said, "Yes, it's my home." Tears smarted in her eyes as she mounted the steps and lifted the knocker.

ALICE ARNOLD, in her neat black bombazine, a trifle rusty at the seams, opened the door for them and said, "I have been watching for you. I have made your favorite tarts, Ursula. With plums from your own tree."

Ursula sat down and the tenseness in her tired body relaxed. Oliver sat near her on a footstool. He looked with pleasure at the shining tea things glimmering in the firelight.

"It is the nursemaid's Sunday off, and the twins were a little obstreperous," said Ursula, removing her gloves. "At least Tommy was"

Twice, in the past year, Ursula had brough her boys to this house, but the last occasio had not been a pleasant one. Matthew h sat solemnly in a corner and whimpere Thomas had raced about, behaving like t spoiled and demanding child he was.

"How are the children?" asked Alic beginning to pour the tea.

"They are very well," said Ursula. Th was not quite true. Thomas and Julia we invariably in the best of health, but Ma thew was less robust. He was thin and pal and too quiet and solitary. She adde "Matthew has been a little feverish with cold. He is better, however. And how a you and Eugene?"

"I AM always well," answered Alice, lo ing at her friend and smiling. There was c siderable gray weaving its way now throu her fine light hair, and she was more slenc than ever. "As for Eugene," she went on," he is the same. He is working at his lesso today, though I have urged him to go o for a bit into this wonderful weather. He quite relentless about his schoolwor

"He finishes in t spring, doesn't h Will he go on to university?"

Alice gave Olive glass of milk, and fered him the ta She waited until child had accep both before she s "I have talked to about a univers He says he prefers to go." Alice put her hand and so brushed her fin over Oliver's h "Would you like see the garden, de It is beautiful now."

Oliver went at o to Ursula, to help rise, and they all w through Ursula's s ing kitchen. The per and brass, the floor and the w all gleamed. Ur looked about her w nostalgia. Then t stepped into the den.

She had scarcely lieved it when A had assured her, y ago, that Eugene a devoted gardener. But she had become vinced. Never, even in her most industr days, had her garden looked so beautiful. a weed marred the smoothness of the g though it was the time of falling le hardly a leaf cluttered a hedge or the fla walk. At the end of the garden, the wall was almost entirely covered by clim vines, brilliant as red fire. A bed of zin and asters, cannas and salvias flamed ag the green grass; the apple tree near the was rich with crimson fruit. A breeze through the garden, languorous with late and the smell of burning leaves.

A door opened and closed and Eugen peared. He was almost a man now, seventeen, tall, moving quickly. He Alice's lean elegance, but it was a hard gance. And his eyes, though he smiled litely, expressed nothing at all. He was sidered handsome by many people, de his colorlessness, for his manners were cellent. He greeted Ursula with dignity

She wanted to leave; she did not talking to Eugene. She took Oliver's hand; it was warm, and had a reass strength of its own. "I hear very good re about you, Gene," she said. "Will you b ing to the university in another y

"I have not made up my mind."

"I think you should. You would d guish yourself, I'm sure."

They all walked along the path towar street.

(Continued on Page 78)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Games

By Elizabeth McFarland

Love in her summer bodice comes
Between the dusk and cricket thrums,
Her firefly eyes alive with light
And her hair as rich and dark as night.

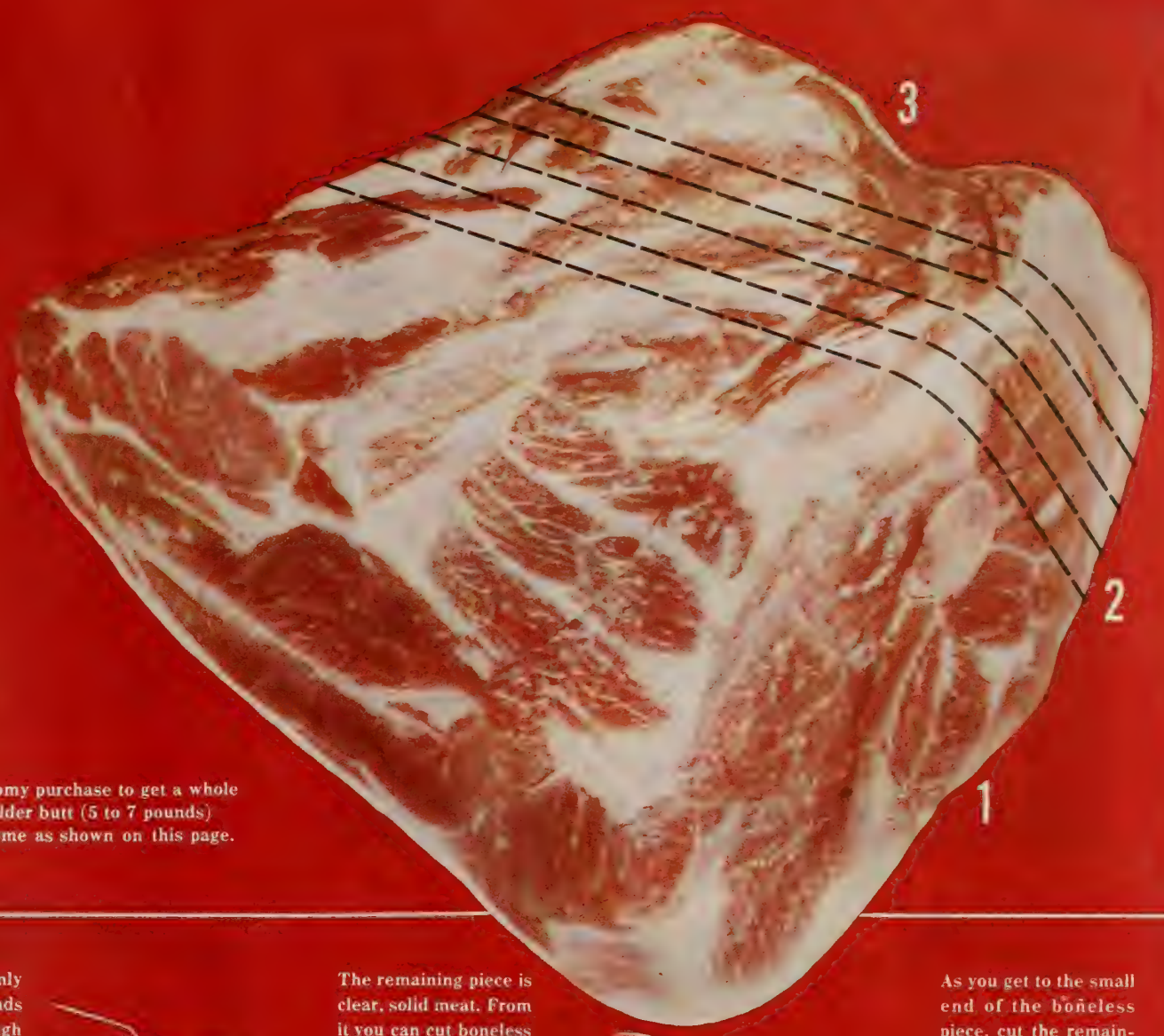
She leans at ease on the sun-warmed sill,
Calling us home to our childhood's hill,
To the barefoot lane and the bent-pin creek—
Leapfrog, King's Choice, Hide-and-Seek.

Like moths in our moon-bleached frocks we ran,
Shouting with joy when we Kicked-the-Can.
Love, after summer who wins the race?
Red Light, All Out, Prisoner's Base.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

the Meat page

how to make three fresh-cooked meals from one pork butt



It's a real economy purchase to get a whole fresh pork shoulder butt (5 to 7 pounds) and cut it at home as shown on this page.



A pork butt has only one bone. It extends only part way through the piece. Cut with a sharp knife, as shown in diagram, to divide easily into two pieces.

The piece with the bone is your smaller, one-meal roast.



The remaining piece is clear, solid meat. From it you can cut boneless steaks about one-half inch thick.

Braise your pork steaks just as you would pork chops. Make a panful of gravy with the drippings.



As you get to the small end of the boneless piece, cut the remaining meat into small half-inch cubes.

Use your diced pork for a meat-stretching dish of chop suey or, if you prefer, a casserole of corn and pork.

1 Roast Pork



2 Pork Steaks



3 Chop Suey



There is thrift in the use of meat as well as in the buying. Any cut of meat, of course, offers complete, high-quality protein—the kind children need to grow on, we all need to "go" on. But ideas like those above can help you spread nourishing meat and that good meat flavor through more meals of the week . . . appetizingly and thriftily.

P. S. Illustrated booklet, showing 52 "thrifty use" ideas like this, yours for 5c in coin sent to Dept. H-53, Chicago 77.

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AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE *Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.*

(Continued from Page 76)

Ursula put out a hand to Alice. "I must really go now. It is getting quite late."

Alice Arnold took her hand. "Eugene will go with you," she said.

"Oh, no! Oliver will take care of me, won't you, love?" Ursula looked down at the child, who was holding her arm tightly.

Eugene smiled, but did not add his own urging to his mother's.

The carriage was now rolling down Schiller Road. It was amazing how this lonely and barren stretch had taken on beauty and richness during the past five years. William had been right: This section was considered the most desirable in the whole Andersburg area. William had made his profits from this land. What had been desolation, forlorn hovels and ruined barns, had taken on dignity and opulence. In the midst of it stood the Prescott mansion in a fifteen-acre park. The stone wall surrounding it permitted a view of green lawns, arbors, summerhouses, hedges and ponds. Nothing, however, could add loveliness to the huge house, despite the ivy which had been trained to climb over it, and the evergreens which surrounded it. It might be impressive, but it was hideous to Ursula.

The gates opened and the carriage approached the porte-cochere. John leaped down to assist his mistress from the carriage and she and Oliver entered the tremendous reception hall.

William, of course, was in the nursery. It was Lucy's afternoon and evening off. The lights would be low; a fire would be burning on the hearth. Julia would be seated on William's knee; Miss Andrews, the governess, and Mrs. Templeton would be lurking respectfully in the background, and a maid would be laying the nursery tea. The boys would be on the floor at William's feet, listening to his tales, which had been laboriously learned.

Three rooms had been thrown together to make the nursery. Ursula had objected to this. The Prescotts had frequent and important visitors, and she felt that they should have the most impressive rooms. When Jay Regan, of New York, had visited them, William had relinquished his own bedroom rather than disturb the children. Ah, nothing must disturb the children! Ursula frequently shuddered at the memory of formal dinners disrupted by overturned milk glasses, shriekings, roars for attention from servants, impudence, cries and weeping.

"It is good for children to learn how to behave themselves in adult company," William had said angrily when she had suggested that the place for the children was the nursery when entertainment was under way. "Mr. Regan was very much entertained by them. He told me so."

"Mr. Regan is a gentleman," said Ursula. "But it is my opinion that he considered this a madhouse."



Set No. 3462/5. Table size 34x62" extended; 34x50" closed. Colors: Table—white or canary. Chairs—seats and backs richly upholstered in canary, red or black; seat and back panels in gleaming white Arvinite

New "Miracle" Leaf... Exclusive Arvin Features



New "Miracle" Slide-Away Extension Leaf

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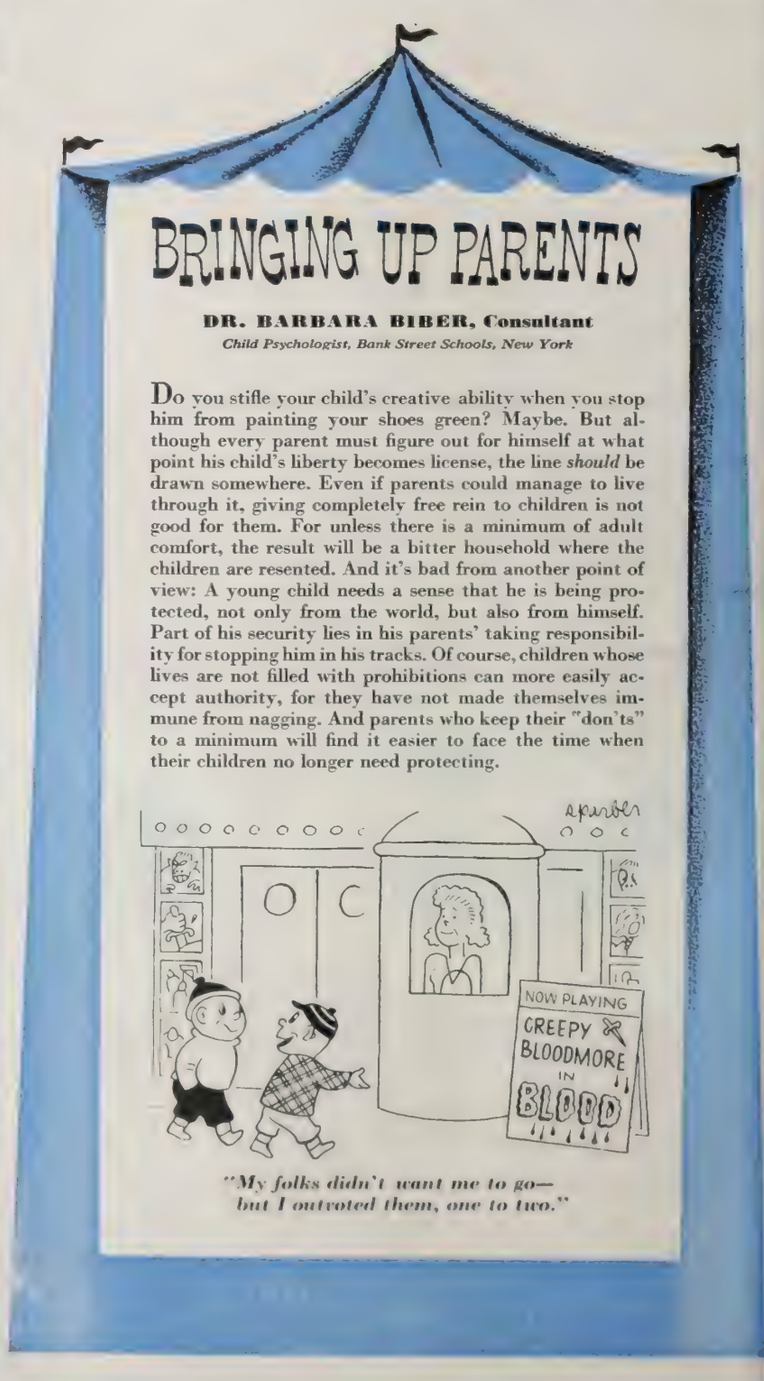
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You'll marvel at every outstanding feature of this De Luxe Arvin Dinette Set—for it combines the very latest in smart modern styling with the utmost in practical convenience. The "Miracle" Slide-Away Leaf saves space, time and effort, and when slipped into place your table serves eight! The new long-life Arvinite finish, another Arvin "first", holds a lovely lustre and resists chipping, cracking, acids, alcohol and boiling water. The chairs are a revelation in greater comfort, with their richly upholstered seats and form-fitting backs, easily removable for different color combinations, and covered with scuff-proof Vinyl fabric. The exquisitely designed semi-oval table that provides extra knee and leg room, the beautiful colors, the brilliant lustre of chrome-plated legs and trim, together with sturdy, first quality construction throughout, will make you forever glad you chose an Arvin!

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DINETTE SETS
with the Miracle Leaf

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC.
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William had flushed darkly at this. "You do not seem to understand that children are more important than their elders."

"Mr. Regan does not think so. Neither does anyone with any sense at all."

But these exchanges were infrequent. Ursula had learned not to quarrel with her husband. It was useless to point out to William that other parents kept very young children decently secluded in nurseries, where they could not annoy visitors. It was even more useless to inform him that his sons and his very small daughter were beginning to display toward him a certain contempt and disregard, and, to their mother, a resentment bordering on childish hatred, because of her attempts to control them in the face of their father's indulgence.

The nursemaids occupied adjoining rooms to the nursery. William paid the highest wages, but in spite of this nursemaids came and went with monotonous regularity. Ursula did not blame them. The children, who should have been the delight and happiness of the household, had made of this magnificent house a place of quarreling and unhappiness and tension.

URSULA, as a sensible woman, had attempted to salvage what she could from the fiasco of her marriage. She proposed small journeys for herself and her husband. Very rarely, he agreed. But when they were alone in some luxurious hotel in Washington, Chicago or New York, she was aware of his restlessness. They had nothing to say to each other. There were moments, however, when he looked at her and his small hard eyes softened involuntarily. These moments were few. But she cherished them. She remembered them when he informed her, usually on the second or third day, that he was lonely for the children, and wished to return home.

A less intelligent woman would have come to resent the children who had deprived her of her husband and ruined her marriage. But Ursula was too intelligent for this. If William was destroying her happiness, he was also destroying his children. She had many sleepless nights when she stared at the shadowy corners of the room and wept for her children. What was to become of them? What would be their future, so undisciplined, so bad-tempered, so greedy?

Ursula had need of all the patience and calmness she could command. When she was well, it was not too hard. When she was pregnant and weary, as she was now, it was almost more than she could bear. Sighing, and accompanied by Oliver, she entered the nursery.

Everything was exactly as she had expected. The large and beautiful playroom was dusky, full of firelight. Near the hearth sat William, Julia upon his knee, Thomas surlily tearing apart a toy at his feet. Matthew sat by the darkening window. A nursemaid was laying tea on a table. Near by sat Miss Andrews and Mrs. Templeton.

Ursula exclaimed, "Dear me, how dark it is in here! Sally, please light a lamp or two. How are you, William? Tommie, look what you are doing to your lovely jack-in-the-box, and papa only just bought it for you. Matthew, why are you sitting alone at the window?" She did not wait for a reply, but went on cheerfully, "Oliver and I have just returned from visiting Alice. A delightful day for driving."

"You are late," said William. But his tone was not accusing. "I decided to have tea about an hour ago."

Her smile remained unchanging. "I am sorry. I did not realize it was late. I can have a tray in my room."

But William was staring at Oliver. The boy went to him without hesitation. "Good evening, papa." He smiled at William, and touched his shoulder lightly.

"Good evening," replied William shortly. "I gave you a gold watch for your birthday, Oliver. Surely you could have taken note of the time. You and your mother are nearly an hour late. You ought to have reminded her."

Ursula sat down. "It was my fault, William. We went into the garden with Alice, and talked too long."

(Continued on Page 81)



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Her mirrors shine like new!



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That's all you have to do!



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The "Fresh Up" Family Drink!

So pure.. So good..
So wholesome!



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(Continued from Page 79)

At this moment, Julia kicked furiously at Oliver's knee. "Go 'way!" she screamed.

"Hush, love," said William tenderly to his little daughter, and stroked her head. "You must not talk that way to your brother."

Julia screamed again, writhing on her father's knee. She turned her small, pretty head and bit his hand.

Ursula sprang to her feet. "Julie! You dreadful child! Nancy, take her away immediately." Ursula went as quickly as her heavy body would permit to William, and caught his hand. The teeth marks were deep and reddened, and one was beginning to bleed. Apparently William was astounded.

Julia screamed louder and ran, howling, to Mrs. Templeton. The housekeeper did not know what to do. She stood helplessly while Julie tugged at her skirts. Miss Andrews had also risen. Neither woman touched the shrieking child, who turned in fury from one to the other.

Then William snatched his hand from Ursula. His face, so deeply lined though he was not yet forty, flushed an unpleasant crimson. "Why make such a fuss? Julie is only a baby. She does not understand."

But Ursula, seeing only the torn and bleeding hand, was not to be quelled. She went to Julia and slapped the child strongly on the cheek. "Nancy," she said, "take Julie away at once and put her to bed. She can have her tea alone. No, Mrs. Templeton, do not touch the child, nor you, Miss Andrews."

The maid, carefully avoiding looking at William, picked up Julia, who screamed and struggled. Her sturdy feet flung themselves out spasmodically and vindictively. Ursula caught one of them and administered another sound slap on the child's thigh. Julie subsided instantly, then burst into sobs.

"Take her away, Nancy!" Ursula's voice was firm. But Nancy was already scuttling from the room. The door closed behind her and the squalling child.

William could not speak, though his cheek twitched. He was remembering that Ursula was pregnant. After a moment he said hoarsely, "How dared you strike that child? You know it is against my orders."

"Your orders!" exclaimed Ursula. She had won a victory. She would not be able to hold it, but she had won it for a little while. She was not a woman to plead illness or incapacity in order to get her way. But she did it now. She put her hand suddenly to her side.

William saw the gesture. His rage was still high, but he was frightened. "Ursula, sit down at once. Mrs. Templeton, bring a cup of tea for Mrs. Prescott."

URSULA accepted the tea, but she could not stop the trembling of her hands. To her amazement, William awkwardly held the tea for her. She looked at him, and her eyes filled with tears. Her chest ached suddenly and fiercely. A tear slid down her cheek.

"William," she whispered, "let us go into my room."

"Drink your tea," said William sternly. But there was a kind of helplessness in the gesture with which he touched his temple.

Ursula obediently drank the tea, slowly. She was not really hysterical, nor had her sudden loss of self-control been more than a flare. Calmness returned to her. She stood up and said to her husband, "William, I am going to my room and I want to talk to you. It is important."

In her own apartment, Ursula excused herself and went into her dressing room, where she changed her dress for a light silk robe of lavender. She applied firm palms to her wings of russet hair, made herself as still as possible, then went into her bedroom. William was standing at the window, looking down at the garden below. He had not heard her enter.

"Please sit down, William," she said.

He did not accept her invitation immediately. They stood and looked at each other in silence, and the thing that always sprang up between them sprang up again, armed and watchful, dividing them. Then he sat down heavily in a finely carved chair covered with damask, and she sat opposite him, crossing her ankles neatly, folding her hands in her lap.

"WILLIAM," she said, "I think we should speak honestly to each other. I suspect there is something wrong in your affairs. I think I have the right to know."

"My 'affairs'!" he exclaimed. "What can you know of my 'affairs'? Is there something you need which I have denied you? What do you mean?"

Ursula was silent a moment. Then she said, "Perhaps I have no reason for my uneasiness. But our way of living is becoming even more opulent. I was brought up to despise waste or extravagance. I do not know whether all this," and she gestured briefly, "is 'waste' or 'extravagance.' I have never known anyone who lived as we do. But I wonder if we need so many servants. Why a nursemaid, when we have Lucy? She is capable of taking care of Julie and Tom and Matthew. Indeed, she often complains that she has so little to do."

He waited until she had finished. Then he said: "This is miserliness. I have told you, over and over, that I can afford what we have. Why do you try to undermine me at every step? It is hard enough to maintain my place in this community, but it is harder still to have a wife who has no faith in me."

Ursula sighed. "Well, then, I can only ask you to forgive me if I have offended you. After all, I cannot rid myself of the habits of a lifetime."

Whenever she apologized like this, it only excited him the more. He did not accept apologies with gratitude; to him, they were breaches through which he could carry a victorious attack. He exclaimed, "You resent our children having the best I can give them. You'd prefer them to suffer privation, no doubt, for the good of their characters!"

Goaded, in spite of herself, Ursula replied, "Something should be done for their characters!"

"Oh, I understand! If it were left to you, they'd live on bread and water and live in a garret. It never occurs to you that we owe our children everything, because they did not ask to be born."

Ursula sighed. "We shall never agree about our children. But I want you to know, William, that my children are less important to me than you are. That is why I asked you to come here tonight. I had to tell you that I can't stand by and watch Tom and Matthew speak to you so contemptuously. If they have no respect for you now, how will they regard you when they are older?"

"The children don't have contempt for me. That is only your jealousy speaking. They are cold to you because you don't understand them. You resort to discipline because you have no imagination."

She turned to him quickly. "What nonsense you are talking! Did you see Julie's face tonight when she bit you, William? I am not blaming Julie; I blame you. If she is an arrogant little animal, it is your fault. And you've made Tom quarrelsome, without the slightest consideration for anyone but himself. And by indulging Matthew in everything, you have robbed him of interest in anything. You are ruining my children."

William flushed. "You accuse the children because you don't like them. You don't understand children."

"I am not blinded by sentimentality. Children are not a special species apart from the human race. They are only people. My children's lives are chaotic. And you are the cause of it. For instance, the boys should be in Sunday school. They are going on five.

WITH THE CHILDREN

"Goody, you're humming; that means we can do extra things."

"Did you watch grandma all the time you were growing up? You did? Well, why aren't you as nice as she is all the time?"

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.





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Oh, I know your arguments—that religion is superstition! But it does have a restraining and comforting influence upon children. We have no right to deny our children this influence, which may, at some later time, give them consolation and hope."

"I am not going to have my children's minds polluted by any superstitions. They are going to be free individuals. Anything else is hypocrisy, and dangerous. You shall not make weaklings of my children, with your 'form' and your discipline."

Ursula sighed. "It is not I who am making our children weak. It is you. You are not preparing them for life. When they encounter it, it will destroy them, for they will be too weak to fight."

He said again, "You dislike our children. You care for none of them, except Oliver."

She turned to him incredulously. "How can you say that? I love them! That is why I am afraid for them. Oliver? Yes, of course I love Oliver too. William, why are you so antagonistic to Oliver? You hardly give him a word and you used to adore him. Why?"

Again he was furiously excited. "I never distinguished between him and my own sons. But I have noticed that he avoids me. Young as he is, he is ungrateful. He is not too much older than the other boys, but he scarcely notices them. He is indifferent. And you are the cause of that. You have turned him against me."

The accusation was so absurd that Ursula could not answer. She sat down and closed her eyes wearily. They had talked so much, but William had not understood a word she had said. It was no use.

She heard the bedroom door close behind her husband, but she did not open her eyes. Depression weighed her down. She was not given to crying, but now the tears ran down her cheeks. They were not tears for her children, or even for Oliver. They were for William.

(To be Continued)

MY YEAR OF DECISION

(Continued from Page 45)

and the school band, will travel to Mexico City for a Saturday-afternoon international match. Boy and girl students are allowed to hold hands while walking through the halls, sit together in the cafeteria if they wish (though no one ever does) and go through the usual high-school motions of falling in and out of love. Personal lives are left private unless a special student seems to need help, but discipline in regard to studies and conduct in school is strict.

Principal G. L. Ashburn, who took over as principal in the new building 21 years ago, is a weather-beaten, gray-haired man who is almost paradoxically loved and feared. In the school Annual he is affectionately called "Pop" Ashburn (he once served as a football coach in his early teaching career), but when he is acting as disciplinarian and principal of his school, no student will take a visit to his office lightly.

With the largest percentage-enrollment R.O.T.C. unit in any high school in the country, the Woodrow Wilson boys switch to plaid shirts and blue jeans on Friday, but wear Government-provided khaki uniforms and maintain military discipline and courtesy the four other days of the school week. (The 2 or 3 per cent of the male student body who are not R.O.T.C., from preference, or because they have been dropped for poor grades, insubordination or other reasons, are dubbed "gangsters" by the other students because "they can wear flashy clothes every day of the week.") During lunch hour, R.O.T.C. officers are posted at the front doors of the school to check student permits for leaving the school during those hours (students are required to eat lunch in four shifts in the school cafeteria); a careful file of parents' signatures is kept in the dean's office to check against written absentee excuses; and minor offenses such as chronic tardiness, suspected smoking in the girls' washrooms or talking in class are punished by half-hour detention periods in the study hall after school.

More serious breakings of school rules are handled by Mr. Ashburn as he sees fit. A flash-fire epidemic of students writing "Sam Spade ♠" on the blackboards of empty classrooms was simply overlooked; once an overgrown, trouble-making sophomore was "sentenced" to report to the coach for football practice and later carried the ball for a twenty-yard winning touchdown in a game against Waco; and recently a junior boy who tried to organize a student walkout to get a juke box installed in the cafeteria spent a half hour in the principal's washroom scrubbing out the ink-written motto, "Arise, comrades, revolt!" and went back to class with a wet shirt.

At school, Cynthia Barnes has never been a teachers' problem. A brother and sister, both now married and living in Dallas, went to Woodrow Wilson before her. Teachers who knew Janette and Robert and their parents just expect good grades and good behavior from "little Cynthia." She takes her schoolwork seriously, and last year went to summer school to take a special course in automobile driving and geometry, always her weakest subject, so she would have less worry and more time for extracurricular activities in her senior year. In junior year, however, Cynthia—who has an appealing Jean Arthurish kind of voice—was almost expelled from biology class for talking. "The teacher told me that if I didn't stop talking in class she'd send me to Mr. Ashburn or else get me taken off the Annual staff," she explained. "That made me nervous or something and I just talked all the more!"

Independent, strong-willed and with a small but sudden temper (she gets particularly angry when her fourteen-year-old brother, Don, sits in the chair she usually studies in, or won't give up the Sunday funny papers until he's read them all through), Cynthia is not a disciplinary problem at home either, because, though both parents are strict, so much freedom is allowed that the small, unbreakable rules just don't seem important. Mrs. Barnes, a bright-eyed, energetic woman in her middle forties, has taken care of children since she was fifteen, when her mother died leaving her to take care of nine brothers and sisters.

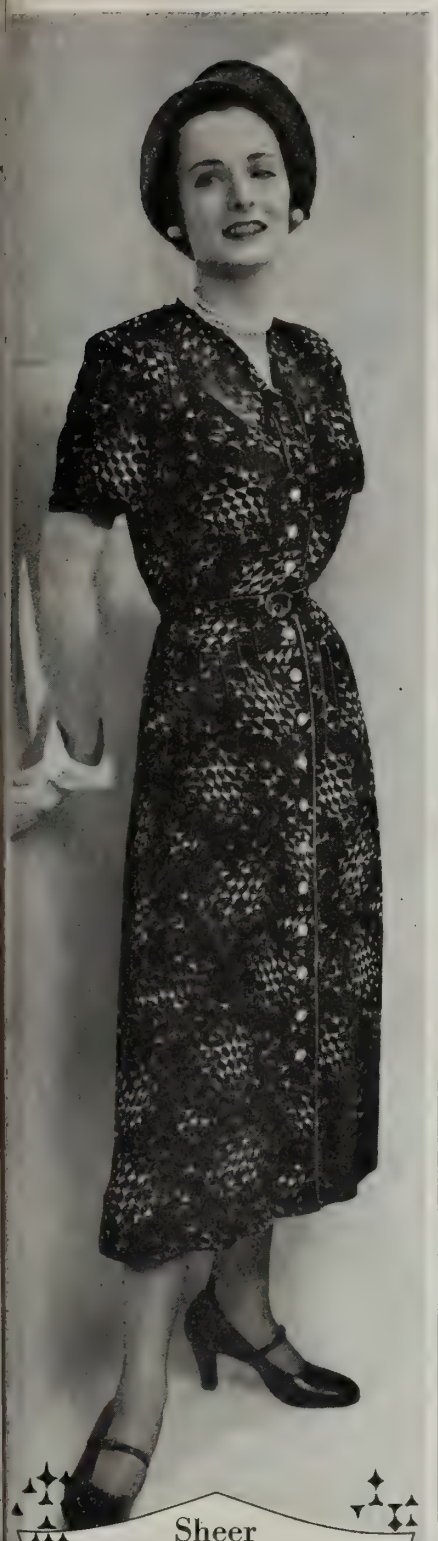
"I just never worry about whether or not there are hurt feelings. When I say no to the children I tell them it doesn't make sense to let a whole life be spoiled by teen-aged foolishness."

Last year, when her mother was in the hospital for an operation, Cynthia tried to peroxide a "sun streak" in her brown hair and showed up at the hospital during visiting hours a light honey blonde.

"We just laughed about it," said her mother, "though I told Cynthia she shouldn't have taken advantage of me that way—but she really looked prettier with light hair."

Only when it comes to dating do Mr. and Mrs. Barnes lay down rules against which Cynthia might possibly want to rebel. Though she is allowed to have two or three dates a week (always over the week end) and can stay out till twelve o'clock on ordinary date evenings ("It used to be eleven-thirty but I just started making it twelve by myself and nobody said anything"), she is not allowed to do three things: drive out of town on dates, go to Louann's in the evening, and stop at Harrell's drugstore after school without special permission. Only the two last rules cause Cynthia any brief discontent.

Harrell's, the Woodrow Wilson drugstore hangout, located about six blocks from the school, is a social "must" for most of the senior class. For the past twenty-one years between 200 and 300 fellows and girls have jammed the store every school day between four and five o'clock to make over 200 daily phone calls on the free phone, drink 220 Cokes a week and discuss their love troubles or even "borrow a quick buck" from owner "Doc" Harrell to cover a last-minute date



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Rowdiness and coarse language are not tolerated, and to be barred from Harrell's can be as socially disastrous as being tossed out of the Stork Club, so most of the students are well behaved. Mrs. Barnes, however, has given the veto to Harrell's. "It's just that I think Cynthia should *do* something—not just hang around." So from four to five each day, Cynthia works at school directing photography on athletic activities for the school Annual, planning layout or just gossiping with the rest of the staff.

Louann's is a different problem. A sprawling, low-ceilinged "night club" type of date hangout on the edge of town, Louann's features dim lights, tables with red-checked cloths and a microphone with mistress of ceremonies to make the recorded music sound like the firsthand product. Though beer is served to those of age, and setups provided for liquor brought in in bottles by the patrons (all according to Texas state liquor laws), teen-agers are allowed admittance and are served soft drinks and potato chips on order. It has just the right crowded, low-lighted atmosphere to make it romantically exciting. But for Cynthia, Louann's is off limits. Though it may mean changing the plans for a whole carload of fellows and girls if she is double-dating, and though she would undoubtedly sometimes like to go along with the crowd, Cynthia doesn't. "Oh, mother thinks a lot of places are bad that really aren't," she commented with a kind of impatient resignation; but even without

I wonder whether patients with little to do and a lot of time in which to do it ever realize how much time they make one waste, by their efforts to keep on chattering. It's a fact that one of the most difficult things a doctor has to do is to get away from a patient without giving offence. —DR. ANTHONY WEYMOUTH: Who'd be a Doctor (Rich & Cowan, Ltd.).

Louann's and its equivalents, Cynthia's date life is full enough.

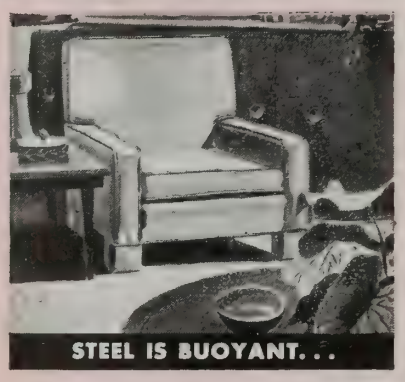
Every Tuesday night she and her friends, boys and girls, meet at one another's homes for a Young Life meeting, a nonsectarian religious youth organization that teaches young people the study of the Bible and the basic rules of Christian living. The meetings are always crowded, attended by even the most popular students at school, who discuss salvation or join in silent prayer with the same crowd with whom they dated on a previous evening. One night a week Cynthia and a group of her best girl friends are taken to a local movie by Mr. and Mrs. Barnes ("Daddy and I have always made that a habit, even with Janette and Robert. I know adolescents get so restless and one evening with us just helps to tire them out") and the week-end evenings are reserved for dating.

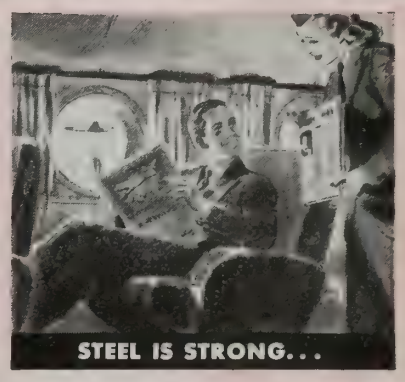
Cynthia, who has been dating since she was fifteen, is popular enough to turn down dates with boys she doesn't want to go out with, or refuse second dates with boys whom she disliked for some reason the first time (one was "so polite he was boring," and another embarrassed her by putting his arm around her at the evening performance of the class play in the school assembly). On one occasion, Cynthia became the awkward fourth part of a love triangle intriguing enough to flatter an international beauty. A jealous teen-ager, daughter of an out-of-town oilman, called a second girl and, pretending to be Cynthia Barnes, threatened slander and warned the girl to keep away from a certain Woodrow Wilson senior whom all three had been dating. The second girl tearfully called Cynthia to discuss terms—and the plot was off. "I think it all started just because he had an ole green Cadillac convertible," Cynthia commented shrewdly. "I know we didn't all *like* him that much."

On an ordinary date Cynthia, whose wardrobe is about average in size compared with other girls' in her high-school class, might wear any of her twelve skirts or fourteen

(Continued on Page 85)











ANY TIME you see a U·S·S Premier Spring Wire Tag on mattresses, bedsprings or upholstered furniture, you know, *for sure*, that the innersprings they contain are made of quality steel wire. In beds, chairs, sofas and gliders at home, in the seats of railroad cars, busses and airplanes and the berths in Pullman cars, well-made innersprings of Premier Wire are proving every day that the "softest thing you can sleep on... or sit on... is steel."



This label is your guide to quality steel!

The U·S·S label shown here is one of a family of U·S·S labels. Some say "Stainless Steel" or "Cyclone Fence" or "Vitrenamel"... but all have the big letters U·S·S prominently displayed. Whenever you see these letters U·S·S —the trade-mark of United States Steel —you know the steel is good.

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USS

UNITED STATES STEEL

Mealtime Adventures

by Beatrice Cooke





FOR JUNE—AND JOYOUS OCCASIONS

Always something wonderful happening in June! Graduation parties . . . homecomings . . . showers . . . weddings! A gay month! And I'd like to contribute to the gaiety with the smoothest, most delicious party treat that ever graced a happy, grand occasion! How about this?

Meadow Gold Double Strawberry Shortcake

(Serves 8)

1 pie crust (your regular recipe)
2 pints Meadow Gold Strawberry Ice Cream (brick style)
1 cup Meadow Gold Whipping Cream
4 tbsp. granulated sugar ¼ tsp. vanilla
2 cups sliced, sweetened strawberries

1) Prepare pie crust as usual and roll out very thin.
2) Cut with pastry wheel into sixteen squares or oblongs, about ¼ inch larger than ice cream slices.
3) Prick thoroughly with tines of fork and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) about 10 minutes. Cool.
4) Beat cream until it begins to thicken. Add sugar gradually. Continue beating so cream holds shape. Add vanilla.
5) Cut ice cream into one inch slices and place each slice between two squares of pastry.
6) Top with strawberries and whipped cream.

This is such a delightful dessert that I always make it with the finest ice cream I can buy. And for me that's MEADOW GOLD—because I've always found it so smooth and mellow and *naturally* creamy. Try my recipe, hm? And with MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM. You'll like it tremendously. I know! What's more, you'll find buying MEADOW GOLD very convenient. For each flavor has its own special package color. You can buy the flavor by the color. So next time you shop, do look for this wonderful ice cream!



..AN UNUSUAL CHINESE RECIPE BOOK

Like to try a Deluxe Mushroom Chow Mein . . . Lotus Blossom Salad . . . Egg Foo Yong? Then I know you'll want that book of 27 recipes called "The Art and Secrets of Chinese Cookery." Exotic! Oriental! Excitingly different! And illustrated with color photographs! It's free. Just write today to Dept. J-3, LaChoy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Archbold, Ohio.

When you're making magic with these Oriental dishes, I know you'll want to use LaChoy ingredients. Better grocers carry them. And you'll find LaChoy Bean Sprouts, Chinese Mixed Vegetables, Chow Mein Noodles, Soy Sauce and other preparations are the most dependable you ever tried!

A gift to you from Montezuma

"Chocolatl", the Aztec emperor called it—which is why you and I still call it "Chocolate"! Today this marvelous drink the Spaniards found in the New World is a favorite the world around. And I think you'll find it in its very finest form in CHOX—the most delicious instant hot chocolate I ever tasted! CHOX is thrifty, too, because whole milk and sugar are already in it. Ask your grocer for a box today. Add only hot water. Then settle down to enjoy a cup of rich, satisfying CHOX—the chocolate that's truly fit for an emperor!



This salad's smooth as a cool June breeze!

Plenty nourishing, too . . . if you're sure to make it with mineral-rich MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE. I suggest MEADOW GOLD because I know it's a *creamed* cottage cheese . . . creamy, cloud-soft *without being watery*. And as attractively snowy in appearance as it is firm in texture! Now, here's the salad.

Mauna Loa Rings

Spoon cottage cheese between slices of pineapple—fresh or canned. Top with an extra spoon of cottage cheese and garnish with chopped parsley and a maraschino cherry. Simple to fix—and very delicious!

This reminds me to remind you . . . If you have a pet salad that calls for a Salad Dressing, pick up some MEADOW GOLD next time you're at your food store. You'll find it exceptionally smooth and creamy. With a fine, bland flavor I know you'll enjoy.



Do you make a fine art of cooking?

If you do, I'm sure you'll agree: On food or *in* food, there' no substitute for the quality *butter* gives. And I'm convince —you can't buy better butter than delicate, fragrant

Meadow Gold Butter



This delicious, high-score butter is churned fresh daily a rushed to food stores in special insulated trucks. Also, many localities, MEADOW GOLD is specially wrapped in flave saving aluminum foil which keeps its churn-fresh goodne *twice as long*. Very likely that's why world-famous eati places—such as the Empire Room in Chicago's Palm House—serve you MEADOW GOLD BUTTER. Ask for a pou today at your store. Discover how extra-delicious butt can really be!

© 1949, Beatrice Foods

(Continued from Page 83)

sweaters, one of the five wool sport dresses that hang in her closet, or the dark blue silk with the bolero, or the black with pearls. Though she owns six pairs of dress shoes, she would probably choose sport shoes, if possible, because she is self-conscious about her height.

Most dates start with a movie at a near-by theater and end with a cheeseburger and a vanilla malted at a popular near-by restaurant called Sammie's. Occasionally the date is for a private dance at one of the clubhouses on White Rock Lake, rented for $40 for the evening, with music on records, and refreshments provided by the teen-aged hostesses.

Boys like Cynthia "because she's so durn pretty" and because "she can always come back with a better wisecrack." Typical wisecracking date conversation:

BOY: If you hear something rattling, it's not my head—it's the car.

CYNTHIA: Don't try to impress *me*—I've been out in Cadillacs.

BOY: Well, lu-ucky you. Let me touch you!

CYNTHIA: Chaaarmed, I'm sure.

Girls like her because "she's just plain nice" and "won't say anything catty about anyone." All agree that "she's easy to take because she doesn't try to get your votes," a Woodrow Wilson compliment to any student who is relaxed, natural and unaffected, without the usual "personality act" of the high-school politician.

Around school Cynthia has always had the reputation of being a girl who "just won't court," which means that she has never gone steady nor liked any one boy well enough to park along the shores of White Rock Lake for an after-date session of hugging and kissing. When she was younger, Cynthia went to "lots of silly ole parties where we played 'go walking' and 'spin the bottle'"; but now, if she even kisses a boy good night, the other students just have never heard about it.

One boy, after a date, told some friends at school that Cynthia was a "door pusher," because she sat so far over on her side of the car when they were driving that she almost pushed open the door. That made Cynthia so angry that she hung up the next time he called for a date.

At this stage in her crowded life, Cynthia is busier daydreaming about romance than she is in actually falling in love. Blithely, she expects to get married next year or the next (her mother was married at seventeen, her sister at nineteen), but has no special boy in mind. With straightforward candor, she will admit that she now has "such a crush I can't even talk to him" on one of the big Woodrow Wilson athletes, the Doak Walker of this year's football team. Last year she kept a scrapbook about him, with clippings and pictures from the local and school papers. "He's just so darling I know everybody would be surprised if we walked into Harrell's together."

Sex has never been a particular problem to Cynthia, because it is discussed with frequency and frankness in the Barnes home. The happiness of the Barnes marriage is obvious; the household is always being visited by young cousins and aunts in varying stages of pregnancy; and a frank though old (1920) book on the biology of sex has always been a part of the Barnes family library, sandwiched between Poems of Longfellow and Zane Grey. Besides, sex curiosity seems to lose its urgency for Cynthia when she hears her family talk with relaxed confidence about the not-too-distant time "when Cynthia gets married."

Just why does any seventeen-year-old girl add up to the buoyant, satisfying personality that is Cynthia Barnes? Probably because she has been given, accidentally or deliberately, all the possible props that make any girl attractive and confident.

Her home, a modest six-room white house with a year-old cocker barking behind the fence and a barbecue pit in the back yard, is a comfortable, happy place. Mr. Barnes, a superintendent for a paving company, earns $150 a week, plus a $70-a-month car allowance.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes have friends in frequently, and no one thinks it unusual or nerve-racking if Cynthia gives a pajama party for nine girl friends that starts with a Mexican dinner of enchiladas and beans at six and dies down with a last tired giggle at four in the morning.

In education, Cynthia has had about the best that American free education can offer: grade school a few blocks away from her home, and seventh to ninth grades at Long Junior High School—just one block from Woodrow Wilson, where she is finishing her last year. School authorities, through close contact with the parents and through the usual school records, have known and watched her since first grade. When her brother Robert was held prisoner in Germany during the war, kindhearted teachers knew and sympathized with bad grades which would have flunked Cynthia in a



"With a wife and three daughters I got into the habit of shaving this way!"



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AND BE PLEASED WITH YOURSELF FOR YEARS

Be happy with your choice for its enchanting beauty—for its jewel-like brilliance that mirrors bright breakfast faces. Know that your selection is sound as you see it pop up perfect toast every time. And enjoy all this satisfaction endlessly with the famous "Toastmaster" Toaster. For lots of folks tell us how pleased they are with "Toastmaster"* Toasters they've had for *twenty* years—and longer! So be proud of your choice. Make yours *America's most-wanted toaster* and be pleased with yourself for years. Be sure to . . .

Look for the TOASTMASTER *name on your toaster . . . others will!*

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The Modern Way to be



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Strawberry Jam

that rates an extra kiss!

● Lucky the man who feasts on homemade jams and jellies put up by his little beloved herself. But *smart* is the wife who uses Certo. For Certo is a highly concentrated fruit pectin—the natural "jelly-ing" substance in fruits. Certo means *better* jellies and jams and *more delicious*—just 15 minutes after fruit is prepared. Over 80 recipes included with every bottle—try one *today!*



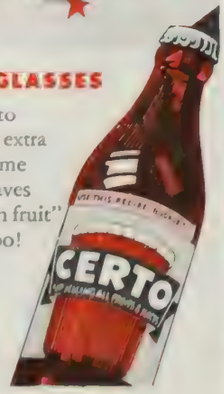


EASY! QUICK!

Simply boil the berries and sugar for one minute (see recipe for amounts). Remove from heat and stir in Certo. Stir and skim to cool, pour into glasses and paraffin. How's that for ease and speed?

4 EXTRA GLASSES

The short-boil Certo method averages 4 extra glasses from the same amount of fruit! Saves that luscious "fresh fruit" color and flavor, too!



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strange school. Her aptitude and I.Q. tests are on file.

Just before graduation, she will have a private conference with Mr. C. L. Ford, guidance counselor, as the school's final step in preparing her for a nonschool world.

As a family, the Barneses are deeply religious people. Besides the Tuesday Young Life meetings, Cynthia goes to Sunday school and church every Sunday, says her prayers kneeling at her bedside every night, and usually reads a page from the Bible before going to sleep. Through her religion, Cynthia believes, she finds it "easier to be nice to people. I really believe God meant us to be equal—that's why it seems to me so serious the way we make Negroes live."

Though she has no set allowance, she gets money as she needs it and usually spends between 50 cents and $2.00 a week. Each summer the Barneses go on a three-week vacation, either to a nearby lake or on a car trip to the West Coast or Mexico. Cynthia and her mother often spend Saturdays clothes-shopping together, and in her closet hangs an $877 school wardrobe, all bought in the last two years because she has grown so fast. "Cynthia's always been a pretty girl," her family explains. "We like to keep her that way."

Aside from school and dating, Cynthia is kept busy at home. Every Saturday morning she bakes a batch of chocolate-chip or oatmeal cookies for her and Don's lunch bags for the week, almost every evening she makes biscuits for the family dinner (she colored them alternately pink or green for a while till her father tactfully explained that "green biscuits sort of *tasted* green"). Doing the dinner dishes each night, cleaning her own bedroom and doing half of her own ironing, even though Mrs. Barnes has a cleaning woman twice a week, keeps her handy and responsible around the house.

All the Barneses, from fourteen-year-old Don to Mr. Barnes, a tall, lean, outdoorish type of man who collects screw pencils as a hobby, behave and are treated as individuals. Both Don and Cynthia have their own rooms, while the older Barneses share a large upstairs bedroom, with a special corner for Mrs. Barnes' hobby of drawing floral patterns with wax crayon on taut white organdy, to be framed and hung as pictures. Cynthia's pride is a collection of sixty-three small clay jugs and vases—"the most rare came all the way from New York"—kept in a break-front cabinet in the living room. The top shelves of her bedroom closet are jammed with boxes of letters from boys, old dance programs, two dried baby orchids on a green satin ribbon, three movie scrapbooks with pictures ranging from Betty Hutton to Billie Dove and Anna Q. Nillson, clipped from her mother's adolescent collection. In the Barnes household, few ideas are laughed at, no interest is considered trivial or insignificant.

But perhaps most essential of all, in her seventeen years of existence, Cynthia's mother and father have shown her a way of life that seems to her both happy and important. During the war, when Mr. Barnes traveled through Texas paving runways at airfields, the children were left uncomplainingly at home in charge of a maiden aunt, because "we all knew mother would rather be with daddy." With a refreshing lack of concern, Cynthia can laugh away the possibilities of Texas oil or cattle enriching her future, but hopes to marry soon—"It will probably be just some ole boy I knew at school all the time, or maybe I'll meet someone next year." Her aims and her needs, probably fixed now as a life pattern, are clear and near at hand. She may never do the exotic, eternal things that color the dreams of many teen-agers, but she will probably have a ranch-type house of her own, with favorite blue on the walls and azaleas in the yard, school friends stopping in for lunch, Sunday drives to Fort Worth for Mexican suppers, and neat, pretty children setting out each morning for the red brick schools of Dallas. And for Cynthia Barnes, that is quite enough.

While editor of the Carson, Nevada, Appeal, the late Sam Davis was given a special assignment by the San Francisco Examiner. Following instructions, he met Sarah Bernhardt at Reno and traveled with her to the West Coast. A jolly, likable fellow, Davis so endeared himself to the great actress that they were reluctant to separate. But the inevitable moment came, and "The Divine Sarah" put her hands on Sam's shoulders and kissed him three times.

"Once for yourself, my friend, once for the Carson Appeal, and once for the Examiner," she explained.

Davis took a deep breath. "Madam," he blurted, "I also represent the Associated Press, which serves 400 papers west of the Mississippi River."

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

SEX FREEDOM AND MORALS IN THE U. S.

(Continued from Page 49)

radio music and you know what" or "making love just as fast and as far as you can!"

For a more objective explanation, courting or necking might be explained simply as the current and totally prevalent teen-age custom of talking, hand-holding, kissing and occasional petting made possible on almost every date through the convenience of the parked car. In considering whether or not "courting" is good or bad, it must be realized it is an accepted part of teen-age dating all over the country, and every girl asked for an evening date realizes that sooner or later she will be "tried," whether she and the boy fall in love or not. Students insist it is not a thing that "some girls do, but nice girls don't"—almost everybody does it.

Everything, of course, starts with a first date, a first kiss and the conclusions about whether or not a fellow and girl "like each other." The question of a good-night kiss on a first date is usually predecided: it is generally conceded that the boy will *try* and the girl will say *no*. Though a girl may kiss a boy a dozen times on a third or fourth date, one kiss on a first date may damage her reputation as a "*really* nice girl." Usually she will wait for several dates to feel assured of the boy's genuine interest and "to be sure we like each other." As a rule, courting might start anywhere from the second to the tenth date, with the fourth or fifth date considered about average. Girls who don't court may be popular, but usually will date many boys for a comparatively short time each, for as one boy said, "If I take a girl out five or six times and she doesn't want to court with me, she just doesn't *want* me—or else there's something definitely lacking in her personality."

Some popular girls who are now high-school seniors said they have courted with four to fifty boys so far, with about ten the average number; some popular boys have courted with five to over fifty girls, with about fifteen the average number. Of course, some of the students have fallen in love, but most of the girls, except those now going steady and thus "faithful," say they expect to court several more boys before they finally marry, and certain boys optimistically look forward to courting as many as twenty-six to thirty girls before selecting one to marry. In some localities the students expect to get married at comparatively early ages: 20 to 21 for the girls, around 22 for the boys.

Just how is there time and place for such active courting? Although many of the students questioned come from families well up the economic scale, with attractive homes, they explained that they hold few parties at home. Most of these parties are "hens" or "stags," and almost all boy-girl parties are

(Continued on Page 88)



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with Amazing *Dual-Purpose*

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COOKING and TABLE SERVICE EQUIPMENT
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Yes, Dexter Twin washes, rinses, wrings all at the same time—it actually cuts your washing time in two. The reason is Dexter Twin is the *only* washer with *two washing tubs. Double Sudsing* turns out a tubful of super clean clothes—ready for the line—every four minutes. It eliminates soaking, hand rubbing, and pre-treating. Saves soap, hot water, electricity. It's *Today's Biggest Washer Value*—gives you a lifetime of trouble free, efficient service.



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AMERICA'S FINEST TWIN AND SINGLE TUB WASHERS SINCE 1894

(Continued from Page 86)

closely chaperoned, with the time spent in dancing or listening to records. Occasionally there is a party at home when the parents are out; then the crowd comes in for dancing, courting—and sometimes a little drinking.

One boy told about a beer party staged recently at a summer home just outside town and closed for the season. The evening was arranged as an ordinary date by each couple but they went to the party instead, got home about the usual time—and no questions were asked.

A few months ago, however, in an Eastern university town, such a party resulted in hospitalization of a high-school girl and charges of criminal rape against five youths. A small Middle Western town has reported a similar incident. In another city a high-school boy whose home is in a wealthy residential section had a party for his girl and another couple. His parents were out of town. Late in the evening a youth came to the front door looking for a friend; the host knew the boy and let him in. A few moments later, six other boys followed the first into the house, bringing a keg of beer, which they set up in the kitchen. According to the host, he repeatedly told the group to leave, but they ignored him and romped all over the house. The other couple were in another part of the house when the group arrived. It was said that the uninvited guests located the couple and forced the escort to leave the room while four of them attacked the girl. The girl's escort ran downstairs and out of the house to call the police. By the time the case reached the grand jury the total charges stood thus: six youths, ranging from 18 to 20, held for rape, one 19-year-old held for false pretext and swindling in obtaining two kegs of beer. All seven posted bonds, and the 15-year-old girl in the case returned to her high-school classes.

This party was a real shocker to both the parents and students in the community. At high school the general attitude was reflected in such comments as: "My mother is just too sharp for such things to happen round our house" or "I never had a party like that—it's asking for trouble."

Wiener roasts or "blanket parties" are popular, however, everywhere. Almost every town has a river, a lake or some wooded spot that is popular for picnicking. Sometimes the same crowd will have two blanket parties on one week end. Supper is a wiener roast around a big fire just as the sun goes down; someone brings a portable radio and sometimes somebody manages a case of beer. In most states, beer cannot be served or sold to anyone under 21, but a "doctored-up driver's license or an older brother can do it," and everybody brings a blanket. As a rule the parties break up by 11:30 or 12, with the couples arriving home at the prescribed zero hour.

Part of the unwritten code of dating is that if a boy and girl "really like each other" they will not court with anyone else; but if both are dating other people, they admit each is allowed the privileges of experimental courting, sometimes with three or four people on successive dating evenings. As one boy explained, "A fellow has to do a lot of courting to get a cross section of what he likes best in girls." The girls who will court "just anybody," however, are set off in a separate class by themselves; nevertheless, if one of these girls happens to be also "a nice girl, generally well behaved, from a nice family," she is not considered "cheap" but just "a very affectionate or passionate girl."

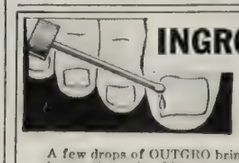
One student in a Southern state defined a "big court" simply as "a case of roaming hands." The students vary widely in their estimate that 10 to 70 per cent of both the fellows and the girls go in for "a big court" at some time, with about 20 per cent "big-courting" generally conceded as a fairly accurate average. Only two general rules hold here: "It's not too terribly wrong if you're in love"; and "A decent fellow won't tell on a girl if she does." Held in disrepute, however, is the teaser, a girl who "courts up a big storm" (kisses a boy until he is passionately aroused). Except with a very small and very fast crowd of girls at school ("Boys always know who will and who won't"),

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SPRAY DEODORANT
IN THE MAGICAL "SELF-ATOMIZING" BOTTLE



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Fibs* is the Tampon with Rounded Ends
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Next time try Fibs (internal sanitary protection)
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a certain amount of honest affection is supposed to precede any big-court session. As one boy explained, "Sometimes a girl acts like she's interested just to keep a boy—but after a few dates it gets tiresome just pretending."

In almost all cases, the boys feel it is up to the girl "to keep things under control." She should know how and when to say stop, for "after all, it's just *natural* for a fellow." But it is the *girl* who should pick the right moment to say, "I think it's time for me to go home"; "Let's just listen to the radio awhile"; or perhaps, in a lighter mood, use the standard, popular joke: "If you don't stop, I'll call a member of my family." Then as the boy kisses her again: "Oh, bro—other!"

But the whole thing must be handled with tact, no one made to feel guilty or to blame. If, by mutual understanding, the evening has been predecided for only casual courting, a simple remark can bring it to an end since, as one boy explained, "I know nothing's going to happen." But if the feeling is deep, a boy and girl may talk over their aroused emotions and admit them as a mutual problem. One girl explained, "I was only tempted to go too far once. But we stopped in time, spent about two hours talking it over. He wanted to be a doctor and we both knew we just didn't want to spoil our futures. So we've been dating each other, without trouble, ever since." Though many of the students are faithful churchgoers, attending Sunday-morning service and Sunday school, few said they had any guilt feelings about petting itself, for "after all, you wouldn't very well think about religion at a time like that." But with many boys and girls the major problem, one usually worried over in silence but often discussed among friends with surprising frankness at bull sessions or pajama parties, is not whether or not to pet, but whether or not "to go all the way."

The majority of students say that they personally prefer to reserve sexual intercourse for after marriage, either because it's "what the Bible says we should do"; "I think that's the way boys really want it"; or "I know both my girl and I would be happier that way." These tend to be the more emotionally tranquil or more reserved, from home training or from personal reasoning. Boys estimate that about half the 18- and 19-year-old boys have had sex experience. They say, too, that a certain number of the couples who have been going steady for a long time either have intercourse regularly or have had at some time. Talk about intercourse brings a variety of reactions: "Some boys just do it once or twice for the novelty of it"; "I wouldn't believe it myself except some

(Continued on Page 91)

PERFECT MOMENT

Of all the duties fatherhood has brought me, the task of taking my three-year-old son to the bathroom each night at eleven has somehow become the most important. I catch him under the armpits and heave him to my shoulder with a smooth, practiced swing. He whimpers like a puppy, grabs my neck with his little old arms and snuggles his head in the curve of my shoulder. Then he sighs and I can feel him go limp in a sort of trustful relaxation, as if he might be having that "feeling of security" they mention in the child-rearing manuals. I stand there a long moment in a kind of beatific stupor, patting his rear end with my free hand. Then I sigh, too, and march off to the bathroom.

I can't say that my morals undergo any repairs during the moment. Nor am I fired with any lofty ambitions. I can't say that I think at all. It's just that however worried I may be by finances or my job or the state of the world, I've got one minute every day when everything seems to be pretty darned all right.

—G. B. LOGAN.

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WRITES MRS. DONALD BUTLER, WAYNE, ILLINOIS



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**"Genuine Ice" is the pure, crystal-clear, taste-free, hard-frozen kind supplied exclusively by your local Ice Company*

(Continued from Page 89)

of the girls tell about it"; "If I know a girl has done it, I feel so funny about her, I just couldn't date her again"; or "It's all right if you're in love."

Whatever the situation as to sex relationships, few pregnancies are reported to school authorities. Occasionally a girl suspected of pregnancy by her classmates just "takes a trip" and returns to classes. Among the 1948 seniors in a Western city, one girl was married just after graduation, had her baby and was divorced by late fall. In another high school last fall the story went round that one of the girls had been found in the bathroom by her parents, with both wrists slashed. No one ever "knew for sure." Preventive responsibility is considered the boys' problem, and though many cities have ordinances prohibiting sale of contraceptives except by doctors and pharmacists, they may be bought in almost any drugstore by anyone presumably of age.

Even among the boys and girls who show at least a verbal tolerance for petting and sexual intercourse for unmarried fellows and girls "in love," pregnancy itself is still considered a social disgrace and a personal horror. That fear alone (as it probably has done through all generations) is often enough to keep many couples within conventional bounds. One senior boy, for instance, has been going steady for two years, expects to get married in another three. His comment was, "I just love her so much I couldn't think of doing anything to get her in trouble." Others are more fearful of the disapproval they would arouse at home: "It would disgrace me with everyone—and father thinks I'm just about perfect right now"; "I'd be so frightened I wouldn't want to live—they'd never want me at home again"; and "I'd never get back into the house if I got a girl in trouble. I know my mother!"

Though according to latest statistics, there are in the United States about 39 illegitimate births out of every 1000 each year, society as a group has little sympathy for the unwed mother. For instance, in one city of 300,000 there is no licensed maternity home for unmarried mothers, though 553 illegitimate births were reported there last year, with the largest number falling in the 16-to-25-year age group. A teen-ager whose pregnancy plight comes to the attention of school officials may be referred to a welfare association, which, in turn, will help the child to break the news to her parents, check marriage possibilities with the boy involved and, if marriage is not feasible, suggest living arrangements until the child is born.

Girls from wealthier families rarely seek aid outside the home, according to school nurses. These girls usually "go away for a long vacation or spend a few months with an aunt in another part of the country—no one really hears about it." But for those girls who *do* need help, financially or personally, the future is less simple. These girls may be placed in a charitable institution, to be trained in sewing or a trade while waiting out the birth of the child. Most commonly, however, a girl is placed in a local foster home where she must draw what companionship and consolation she can from strange surroundings until the baby is born. Then the young mother may choose to keep the child or turn it over to be given out for adoption while she attempts to retrace and reconstruct the pattern of her life.

Among the high-schoolers of the country to whom sex decisions have admittedly become a definite and immediate problem, the opinion is that help must come chiefly from home. A few feel that their parents *do* understand what they are going through. One girl said, "It always makes me kind of proud that my mother told me everything. It makes it easier for me to talk to her now"; and a boy, one of the most popular in his senior class, explained, "Maybe it's easier for me because I'm an only child, but I don't have to wait for a baseball game or something, to get to talk to my father. I see him every day; he's frank with me—he tells me it's hard to live a good life."

Others feel they have been left alone, forced to keep up a front for the family, while trying to puzzle out sex problems by themselves.

Factual explanations of sex, given at school to separate classes of boys and girls by doctors as part of school health-educational programs, have proved not enough. These courses included studies of the anatomy and function of male and female sex organs, presented objectively as biological studies and health courses only. Most of the students felt that these courses were of some help, since, as one boy put it, "I knew it all before, but the doctor showed me that I was kind of mixed up on the details." But the more general evaluation of the sex instructions is reflected in the comments of a senior girl: "I read all about that in a book when I was eleven. But nobody ever told me I was going to get so emotional about it."

What the students feel they need most is constant, sympathetic attention and acceptance of the fact that things *have* changed since their parents were at the same teen age. They need the freedom to talk with someone, preferably someone at home, "if it's not too late to get my parents to understand."

As one boy said, "I'm tired of being considered a child. Why do they have to think I'm always the 'good boy'? Why should I be different from everybody else? You'd think families would be able to catch on to what kids are like and what really goes on." **THE END**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Class Picture

BY MAE WINKLER GOODMAN

Here they are, in row on awkward row
Precisely placed, the tall ones at the rear,
Standing stiffly, with their wide-toothed grins,
Tricked by the camera in that magic year.

I see them all: the pigtails and the curls,
The crew-neck sweaters and the lumberjacks,
Posed self-consciously, their wind-brushed hair
Across their eyes, the school behind their backs,

The teacher smiling her indulgent smile,
The twins placed neatly in the center row;
Nothing can change it now, that day, that hour,
That priceless morning from the long ago.

Where are they now? Each gone his separate way,
Yet for a moment time forgets to pass,
And once again, within this faded print
I join my playmates in the third-grade class.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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And the budget is down
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Cooks in just 7 minutes!





Easy Recipe

Peach Icebox Pie

Three favorites in one! Cookies! Jell-O! Luscious canned cling peaches!

1 cup fine vanilla wafer crumbs
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
12 to 15 whole vanilla wafers
1 package lemon Jell-O*
2 cups hot water
6 canned cling peach halves
6 maraschino cherries
Whipped cream

Blend crumbs and butter together. Pat firmly into bottom of 8-inch round dish or layer cake pan. Stand whole wafers around edge of dish pressing firmly into crumbs. Chill. Dissolve the Jell-O in hot water and cool until slightly thickened. Arrange well-drained peaches and cherries in crumb shell; cover with Jell-O and chill until firm. Cut into wedges and serve with whipped cream. Serves 6.

Picnic Supper Dessert (below): Cool, colorful sliced cling peaches spooned right from the can. Serve them plain, or make peach sundaes. Your grocery money cannot buy bigger, better, prettier peaches than California clings! Leisurely tree-ripened until they're deep golden yellow and bursting with luscious juicy peach flavor. These are the tender beauties you want for salads, desserts, and baked goods. A smart buy, priced right, easy to get. Wonderful work-saver in the summertime. Keep several cans handy!

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Quick & Easys For Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

LUCK is in your pocket if you're a 1949 bride just learning to cook. There are quick-to-fix products by the hundreds for you to pick and choose from. Few men turn down a good cake, and until such time as you have the leisure to practice cake-making, there are many superb mixes. It's the crust that makes the pie! That you know and you know, too, that you can buy the makings in a package and devote your time to learning to roll out the crust—crimp the edges—the final flourishes. You'll learn to make a good French dressing for simple bowl salads—the only salad worth eating, as far as men are concerned. Very likely you've already learned that good coffee helps start the day right and finish a good dinner. There's a basic you'll really want to perfect! Don't try to absorb too much of this cooking business all at once. Take it easy. A simple meal on the table is worth more in the business of living than being able to make perfect *crêpes Suzette.*

When You are Three

Ham with Apples
Green Beans with Celery
Asparagus Salad
Honey Custards

Some recipes work out better for threes than twos. Custards, for instance, and you never did believe in dividing eggs. A thick slice of ham serves three. You don't always want to choose between having a skimpy-looking slice and having leftovers. So plan your meal for three. Good night to ask a lonesome office friend for three-handed bridge.

HONEY CUSTARDS

Grease 3 custard cups. Divide ¼ cup honey between the 3 cups, putting it in bottom. Beat 2 eggs slightly. Add 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon mace or nutmeg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, a pinch of salt and 1 cup scalded milk. Mix well. Pour it over the honey, pouring it slowly against a spoon so it won't mix with honey. Set cups in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven—350° F.—30 minutes or until firm. Test with a knife. If knife inserted in center of custard comes out clean, custard is done.

Chill in refrigerator. Lay a towel under cups so they will not crack. They'll be cool enough to serve when the rest of dinner is ready.

HAM WITH APPLES

Have a slice of ham cut about 1 inch thi
Slash the fat around the edge. Brown
both sides in a hot skillet. Drain off f
Sprinkle lightly with cloves and cinnam
Open a jar of pie apples. These are
cooked and in nice pieces—meant for ma
ing pie but fine with the ham. Heap th
on top of ham slice. Sprinkle with bro
sugar. Put lid on skillet and simmer 20–
minutes.

Low Point in the Budget

Frankfurters and Rice
Vegetable Salad
Stewed Cherries—Cookies

Dinner can be the same high point in t
day it always is, even if there isn't mu
food money left in the week's kitty. Fra
furters and rice costs little to make but
has lots of flavor. Cherries are ripe. F
and stew them with sugar and lemon a
a little water. Serve hot or cold. Dre
up your table the night you dress dow
the menu.

FRANKFURTERS AND RICE

Slice 3 frankfurters into ½-inch circl
Brown with ⅛ cup raw rice, 2 tablespoo
finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon gre
pepper in 2 tablespoons bacon fat. Stir co
stantly to prevent sticking. Then add 1 c
condensed tomato soup and ½ can wat
Season with a dash of garlic salt and a da

of cayenne pepper. Cover and simmer until rice is cooked and has absorbed most of the liquid. Reseason to taste and add a little more water toward end of cooking if it seems to need it.

One-Dish Dinner

Tongue-and-Spinach Brûlée
Green Salad
Spongecake—Raspberries

You're making a collection of one-dish casseroles (meat and vegetables all in one) that you can serve with a salad and light dessert on busy nights. Double the quantities for this little meal and you'll have the type of dinner easy to serve two guests—with little effort on your part. The tongue is canned, the spinach frozen. You'll buy the spongecake, and everyone knows how little there is to fixing fresh raspberries. Just wash, sugar and chill. Add ice cream or sherbet to the menu, if you like.

TONGUE-AND-SPINACH BRÛLÉE

Open 1 jar canned smoked beef tongue. Cut 4–6 slices—whatever you think you'll eat. Cook 1 package frozen spinach, according to package directions. Make 1½ cups cream sauce, using 3 tablespoons butter or margarine and 3 tablespoons flour and 1½ cups rich milk. Season well with salt and pepper. Drain spinach. Season. Arrange in bottom of shallow casserole. I use an ovenproof glass pie plate for this dish for two. Lay the tongue on the spinach. Pour the sauce over the tongue. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese. Place under low broiler heat about 10 minutes, so the tongue will heat through and the top will become bubbly and brown.

Quick Pickup

Clam-and-Mushroom Chowder
Stuffed-Tomato Salad
Vegetable Relishes

It's warm tonight. You don't want to do much cooking—but you don't want to resort to the delicatessen either. An interesting, quick-to-put-together soup and a hearty salad requires little actual cooking and is a refreshing choice for a summer evening. The portions on the soup are ample for second helpings. It's your main dish.

CLAM-AND-MUSHROOM CHOWDER

Open 1 can minced clams and 1 can cream of mushroom soup. Cut 1 slice bacon into small pieces and fry with 1 small onion, chopped. Drain off fat. Add the minced clams and juice and the canned mushroom soup. Dilute with milk to the consistency you like best. Season with salt and pepper. Serve in deep soup bowls with water crackers.

STUFFED-TOMATO SALAD

Skin 2 large tomatoes. Best way to do this: Spear tomato with a fork—twirl it over direct heat until the skin blisters and cracks. You don't want it to cook. Skin will peel off easily. Cut slice off top. Scoop out the centers and chill while you make the filling. Combine ½ cup cold cottage cheese with ½ cup cold, drained, crushed pineapple. Add a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Fill tomatoes with the cheese and pineapple. Serve on lettuce leaves with a sprinkling of chopped chives over the top.

Lead Up to Shortcake

Supper Eggs
Green Salad
Strawberry Shortcake

Soon the strawberry season will be over for another year. Though frozen strawberries will be around all year through, you want one more shortcake made with local fresh berries—the hot-biscuit kind, buttered and dripping with strawberries that have been mashed and sugared so they are really juicy. You never really enjoy your shortcake following a regular dinner. It's too much. It should be the star performer in the meal and served in deep plates with plenty of cream. To make way for this treat in both kitchen time and gastronomical capacity, have a rather simple dish, such as supper eggs and a green salad, to precede it.

SUPPER EGGS

Warm a bowl over a boiling tea kettle or in the warmer, if your range has one. Chop enough scallions to make ⅓ cup and put in bowl with ⅛ pound butter or margarine. Hard-cook 4 eggs. Peel while hot and put in bowl. Cut up eggs in bowl with knife and fork. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Mix up well and serve warm with a tossed green salad.

Saturday in the Sun

Broiled Lamb Chops
With Snappy Sauce
New Potatoes and Peas
Fruit Towers

Saturday is usually your big cooking day. It's the only day you have time to play around the kitchen—prepare a dish that takes two hours to cook—bake a pie or cake—a batch of rolls, using part of dough for coffee cake—whatever suits your day-at-home mood. But now that the weather lures you out-of-doors and to other kinds of fun than cooking, you settle for the kind of dinner that requires no advance preparation—one that you can whip together in less than an hour before dinner.

SNAPPY SAUCE FOR LAMB CHOPS

Heat ⅛ pound butter or margarine in small pan. Add 1 tablespoon dry mustard, blended with 2 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, a dash of Tabasco sauce, salt and pepper. Heat when ready to serve. Add ¼ cup chopped parsley or water cress and pour over chops.

FRUIT TOWERS

Arrange canned cling-peach halves on slices of canned pineapple—one for each person. Fill peaches with vanilla ice cream. Top with a spoonful of apricot jam and a sprinkling of chopped nuts.

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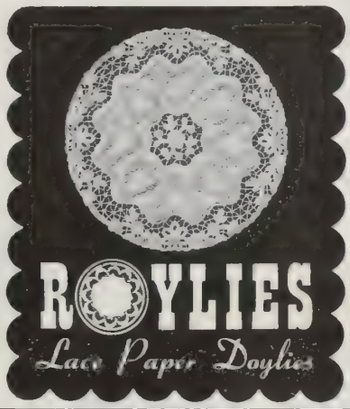


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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN CALIFORNIA

(Continued from Page 36)

I proposed to her again the next Monday and was turned down again. She was leaving the following day. The next morning it tore the heart out of me when I saw her packing her car. I came back from the office at noon and she was getting ready to leave. She came over and rang my front doorbell. I went out to the car with her.

"You've been awfully nice," she said. "I'll never forget it and I'll never forget you. Forgive me for being mean about California. I'm sure it's a wonderful place, but it just isn't for me."

She put her hands on my cheeks and kissed me on the mouth. Then she turned and ran over and got in her car and the gears clashed and she was on her way.

I stood there and the golden sunshine of California shone on me, but it didn't warm me up. The mountains were majestic in the distance, but they didn't give me any uplift. As far as I was concerned I might as well have been back in Glutenberg, Iowa.

I drove to the office and made up my mind. I went in to see my boss, Mr. Fifer, who was putting a poppy in his lapel.

"Mr. Fifer," I said, "may I have some time off to try and get married?"

"What do you mean, try and get married?" Mr. Fifer—he came from Massachusetts—said. "Do you have to tree this girl like a possum?"

"Well, sort of," I said. "She doesn't like California and she's on her way back to New Jersey. I want to try and persuade her."

Mr. Fifer dropped the poppy. "Impossible," he said. "Everybody likes California. California has everything. You forget this weird character, Joseph, and stay right here and marry some nice wholesome California girl. California raises the most beautiful, the healthiest and shapeliest girls in the world."

"Yes, sir," I said. "All very true, Mr. Fifer. May I have some time off, please?"

He didn't like it, but he saw I was determined. And I was the best real-estate salesman he had. Mr. Fifer always said that I had a contagious enthusiasm that communicated itself to the clients. After a couple hours out with me, Mr. Fifer said, the client would be happy in a converted chicken coop.

He let me go, but I was worried about my car. My new one hadn't come through, and Betty had an hour's head start. I gave it the gun and headed out for Pomona and Riverside. I picked up Route 99 at Beaumont and kept the gas pedal down on the floor, busting through the heat of the desert and keeping that lead foot there until I hit Blythe.

I had an idea she might have holed up there, not wanting to drive after dark, and sure enough I saw her car in front of a motel. I managed to get the next cabin. I got a hamburger and went over and sat on my cabin steps, and a little later Betty's door opened and out she came. She saw me and yelped.

"Why, Joe Tindall," she said, "you scared me half to death. What are you doing here?"

"Well," I said, "you heard of Lochinvar coming out of the west. I got a beat-up tin Lizzie instead of a white horse, but I do the best I can."

"Joe," she said, "you shouldn't have done it."

I went over and sat beside her on the porch steps. We sat there and watched the cars coming in, and the people getting out, dusty and tired.

"Look at them," I said, "people from all over the land coming to California to find peace and happiness. We could find that happiness. I know a new development. Little ranch houses with picture windows. We could ——"

"You mustn't talk that way," she said, and put her hand over my mouth. We sat there and I slid my arm around her waist. She leaned against me for a minute and then she said, "This is wrong, Joe. You go over and sit on your porch steps and I will sit on mine and we will talk across. It's much safer."

She went in to bed a little later. I watched her lights go out and thought of her lying there probably thinking of that fellow from New Jersey.

I woke up at seven the next morning. I shaved and dressed and went outside and her car was gone. The proprietor was in the driveway. I asked him when she pulled out.

He looked mean. "None of your business. Listen, bud," he said in a tough voice, "out here in the West we respect women. You leave that kid alone."

"I only want to marry her," I said. "She's going back to New Jersey to marry some guy there. I'm trying to persuade her to marry me and stay west."

"She's going back and marry a guy in Jersey and stay there?" he said. "Holy Pete. I know just what'll happen. She'll lie awake nights kicking herself for being such a sap. I know just how she'll feel; I come from Connecticut myself. She figured on throwing you off the trail today if you followed her; she's going up to the Canyon."

"Thanks, pal," I said. "I bet she won't take that short cut from Aguila over to Congress Junction. That'll help."

I gave the old buggy the business. It was tearing the guts out of that car and I had to stop a lot for oil, but I poured it on. I made Williams finally and swung off Highway 66 for the road up to the south rim.

No one agrees with other people's opinions; they merely agree with their own opinions expressed by somebody else.

SYDNEY TREMAYNE: Tatlings.
(John Lane: The Bodley Head Limited)

I found her car parked beside one of the Bright Angel cabins. I got another cabin near by and started looking for her. She was standing near the rim, feeding graham crackers to a deer.

"That double-crosser in Blythe," she said. "And he seemed so nice. It was for your own good, Joe."

We looked out at the Canyon. The sun was sinking and the colors changing.

"It's breath-taking," she said with a catch in her voice.

"Nothing like this in New Jersey," I said.

That broke the spell. "We have wonderful cranberry bogs," she said, and went up to the lodge for dinner. Afterward we walked along the rim until dark and then once again I watched the lights go out in her cabin. No progress.

We started off the next morning in tandem formation, Betty leading. I rode along behind her, admiring her left arm whenever she put it out the window for a signal. Only I had to keep stopping for oil. I would drop behind and then catch up with her again.

She stopped late in the afternoon in Albuquerque. I got the next cabin. We had dinner at a café next door and then came back. She started to get her luggage and I took it and carried it into her cabin. I had just put it down when the phone rang. Automatically I picked it up.

"Hello," I answered, and a man's voice said:

"I want Miss Elizabeth Drayton's cabin."

"This is it," I said. "Hold the phone."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Who are you?"

"My name ——" I began, but Betty snatched the phone out of my hand.

"George, dear," she caroled. "Oh, him." I didn't like the way she said it. "Why, George," Betty said gaily, but she was looking daggers at me, "he just carried my bags in here." She laughed again and gave me the business with her blue eyes.

I faded out of there and a few minutes later Betty came outside on the steps.

"George worries about me," she said. "I'd wired him that I was planning to stay here tonight. He's so sweet and thoughtful to call up."

(Continued on Page 96)

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Picnic at home with this summer-bright Daystrom furniture that's made for modern living. You'll love the new settee! In three units, its personality changes to suit your whim. Fit it flat against a wall, curve it around a corner, or make three chairs of it! New, too, is the cordial club chair that's welcome in bedroom, living room or den. All richly upholstered in gay-hued Duran, so handsome and long wearing. Washable, too! Settee, $134.50*. Club chair, $27.50*. Stool, $8.95*.



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Foreign Sales Representatives: H. A. ASTLETT & CO., 27 William Street, New York 5, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 94)

"I guess he was upset about me," I said, "answering the phone that way."

"Oh, no," Betty said. "George never loses his temper. He's very calm. Nothing excites him. George says you never gain anything by losing your temper."

"Very interesting," I said, and we parted on that note.

I was getting worried. If I had been George on the long-distance phone I'd have blown my top. But George was too smart for that, and I began to get a picture of him I didn't like. For the first time I began to get scared that this wouldn't turn out right after all, that she was really going east to marry George.

We took off about eight the next morning. I plugged along behind her through New Mexico into Texas. Then suddenly the car began going *arrah-arrah* and then *clunk-clunk*, and I rolled into a gas station sounding like a boiler factory on wheels. I sat there in my beat-up old jalopy watching Betty disappear down the road.

A MECHANIC came out and gave me the bad news. "You burned out a bearing," he said. "You can rest easy for a spell and enjoy the great state of Texas."

"You put this car in shape," I told him. "I'm going to hit the road. I have to catch up with a girl I'm trying to take back to California."

"Luck to you, boy," he said. "Only why go to California? Stay in Texas. Texas has everything. The biggest ——"

"Yeah, I know," I said. Texans are nice people, but the way they brag about their state, it's a crime.

I went out to the highway and started flagging cars. I waited quite a spell before anyone took pity on me, then finally a car stopped and I got in. The fellow who picked me up drove like mad. I didn't know where Betty would be stopping, and every little town we hit I almost snapped my head off swiveling it from one motel to another, looking for her car. It got dark finally and I gave up and leaned my head back against the cushion.

The next thing I knew the sun was shining. The driver said, "A fine guy you are. I pick you up so I'll have someone to talk to while I drive all night and you calk off as soon as it gets dark."

I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes. There was a lake on my right. "Where are we?" I said.

"Oklahoma," he said. "That's Lake Overholser."

We rode on and at the outskirts of Oklahoma City we came to an alternate route around the town.

"Let me out here," I said.

Betty was somewhere west of me, I knew that much. She had to come along 66. She might go straight through the city or she might take the alternate road around through Britton. All I cared about was that she had to go past the road where I was standing.

I put my suitcase down on the ground and sat on it. I didn't dare get something to eat, because I might miss her. I sat there and starved and every car that came by dropped a layer of dust over me. I sat there and the cars went *z-z-zoom* by me and I almost began to think I should have stayed home and married a wholesome, shapely California girl.

I finally got groggy looking for New Jersey license plates. I was seeing double and my eyelids had lead weights hanging on them. My head was bobbing up and down and then suddenly the car backed up and there was Betty staring down at me, her mouth a big round O, and she was more beautiful than ever.

"For heaven's sakes alive," she said.

I stood up and threw my suitcase in the car and climbed in. I sat down and the dust flew off me the way it does from an old sofa. "If you'd married me in California," I said through the dust, "we could have avoided this."

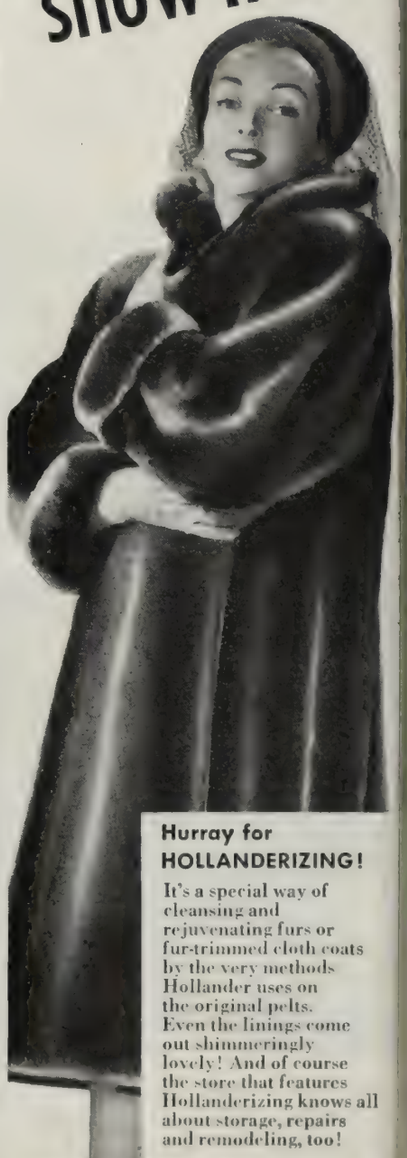
"Joe," she said, "you're getting to be quite a problem."

She drove on and I sat back and watched her hands on the wheel. Small, square, capa-

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ble-looking hands. But I'd have preferred watching them picking oranges in California.

We stopped at a motel finally and the manager was very cordial. Then he noticed that Betty didn't have a wedding ring and he got excited and said he ran a respectable motel.

I slapped some dust off my pants. "You never catered to a more respectable couple," I said. "I have chased her across the desert and over the mountains and haven't even kissed her. Give the lady a cabin and give me one."

He was confused, but he rented us the cabins. A shower washed the Oklahoma terrain off me. We went out and had dinner and Betty was very pensive when we came back.

She sat on her porch steps studying road maps. She was planning to stay in a small-town hotel in Illinois the next night. She had wired George to that effect.

"He worries about me," she said. "He was scared of my making the trip alone."

"Well, call the guy up," I said. "Tell him I'm with you and he won't be scared any longer."

Betty looked thoughtfully at me. "I'd rather have him scared," she said.

We pulled out the next morning, left Missouri in the afternoon, crossing the river into Illinois, and finally reached the hotel Betty had wired for reservations. It was a mistake. The clerk sat back of the desk, hands hooked in his suspenders. He tossed a couple of keys on the counter and allowed as how his sciatica prevented him from showing us our rooms.

We left the luggage upstairs, had dinner in a drugstore and then went back to the flea bag.

Betty said, "Do you think there are bugs? I'll be afraid to go to sleep."

"Let me take a look," I said. I went in and turned on the lights and pulled back the bedcovers. No bugs. I took off the sheet and looked at the mattress, and removed the mattress, and scrutinized the frame. No bugs. "Nothing to worry about," I said, and the telephone rang. I picked up the receiver. "How yah doin', George?" I said. "I'll put Betty right on."

I handed her the telephone.

"George," she said. Her face turned red and then she was glaring at me. "Did it sound like the same man, George?" she said. "Well, George, dear, I'm afraid it was the same man. I know it sounds incredible, and of course I can explain everything. . . . It's sweet of you to say you trust me ——"

I went out and closed the door behind me, letting the lovers chat in privacy.

We left early the next morning and went on across Illinois and Indiana into Ohio on Route 40.

"How do you feel about me in Ohio?" I said. "Do you love me more in Ohio than you did in Oklahoma?"

She looked at me and shook her head. "What in the world am I going to do with you in Plainville, New Jersey?" she said. "What will my mother and dad think?"

"George was mad last night, wasn't he?" I said. "I bet he carried on something fierce."

"You just don't know George," Betty said. "Of course he was very curious. But he never screams or shouts. I told him all about you, and he just laughed. He thought it was very funny."

"Oh, he did?" I said, and I felt the self-confidence oozing out of me, and it wasn't just because I was a long way from California. This George was turning out to be a bear cat.

Betty was very quiet. Maybe I was preying on her mind. She kept studying me sideways and sighing to herself, and I was thinking of George with those nerves of steel and feeling lower by the minute.

After a long time Betty said, "Well, I guess we're getting into Pittsburgh," and some time after that I said, "Well, now we have Pittsburgh behind us."

That was the way the dialogue went. Not what you would describe as the clarion call of hot-blooded youth.

It kept up that way until about three o'clock in the afternoon a day and a half later when Betty began getting excited as all get out. Her eyes lit up and then suddenly she squealed and shouted, "We're in New Jersey. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Lovely," I said, and reached forward and turned on the windshield wipers. "It might be pretty," I said, "if I could only see it."

"Just a shower. It won't last long."

It lasted for about two hours and then the sun came out and we passed a sign which read "Welcome to Plainville."

"What in the world am I going to do with you?" Betty said.

It seemed like a problem and I didn't really have any suggestions. I couldn't think of a darn thing.

"Your folks have a spare room?" I said.

She shook her head and sighed. "I've been trying to think how to explain you to mom and dad since Joplin, Missouri," she said, "and I haven't got anywhere."

She turned a corner and pulled into a driveway before a small Colonial house. The front

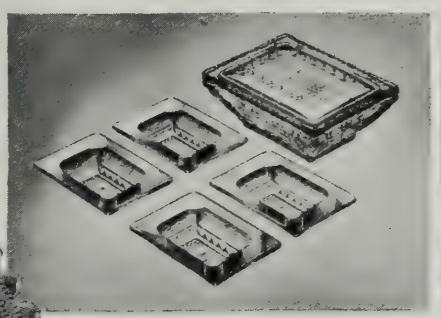


"I've got bad news for you—school holidays begin a week earlier this year."

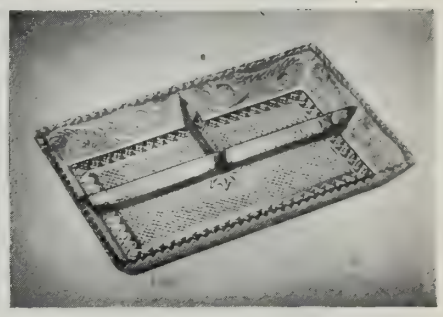
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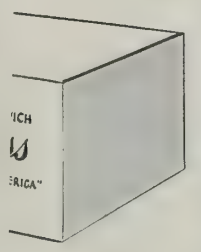
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or opened and a buxom, motherly-looking oman came flying down the front steps, fol- "awed by a stooped old man with a pipe in his outh.

hi Betty landed in her mother's arms, and hi len her father's. All three of them were chat- lo ring like magpies, then suddenly the con- ersation died and they were all staring at me.

or Betty swallowed a couple of times. "This is Ir. Tindall," she said finally.

or "How do you do?" I said. I shook hands mith both of them. They didn't say anything. ar hey just stared at me.

lil Then Betty's father recovered his powers tlf speech. "George will be over in about three thinutes," he said.

G "Heavens, I look a fright," Betty said, and an into the house.

I Her mother took another look at me and Mhen ran after Betty. Her father just kept btaring at me.

ar "Well," I said, trying to make conversa- bion, "we had quite a trip."

bi "Oh, you did, hey?" said Betty's father. dHis eyes got a little red.

He didn't seem to want to talk about the Arip, so I changed the subject. "Don't you nhink Betty looks wonderful?" I said. "Cali- "ornia was certainly good for her."

gi "Well," he said, "mother and I were thinking of going out now that our little girl is go- "ng to be married. In fact, I had it all ar- wanged, but now mother says she won't go. foShe says she can't bear to be three thousand miles away from her gittle girl."

ev "You'd love it out here," I said. "And pe have just the place stor you. A lovely two- edroom house in a flaine neighborhood anvith a view of the stnountains. They're masking sixteen, but I Bhink I can get it tcor you for twelve svhousand."

in Betty came out uthen with her mother, cand just then a car pulled up and a man Tumped out of the car.

ySomehow I had pictured George as a dman who would be bad for Betty. But gthis fellow made me feel like a junior in high school. He was tall and lean and it was wtrue he was older than Betty, but he was just sold enough to look dignified. He looked past me as though I were a tree growing on the hlawn and then went over to Betty. He put his arms around her and she kissed him.

h Well, I thought, this was it. I had chased a agirl three thousand miles to watch her kiss somebody else. I went over and shook hands with Betty's father. I shook hands with her tlmother.

m "I guess I'd better be getting back home," mI said. "Can anyone tell me which way is BCalifornia?"

g GEORGE gave me an amused look. "Are you sathe young man who kept answering the bophone?" he said. "Do you mean to say you stnade the trip all the way across just to turn around? Why?"

ca "To try and persuade her to marry me," I toaid.

ri I still thought Betty and I were right for each other, but you can't kidnap a girl—not lichese times. I had done everything I could.

ey "Well, Betty," I said, "so long. And good Muck with George. I guess he's all right; anysuway, you think he is. That's what counts."

Be Maybe he was engaged to her, maybe he rouas going to marry her—I didn't care. I eveidn't care that he was standing right beside 's. I gave Betty a kiss that she'd remember Intil I got west at least as far as Ohio.

anc I pulled away from her, and even though off George did have nerves of steel, he wasn't youking it so well. George had pushed his jaw thrut at me.

this "Relax, George," I said.

"I wanted to make one of those fast-getaway a pmarks, I wanted to leave them laughing.

Sut I couldn't get any words past the lump her my throat. I stood there like a dummy and took a last look at Betty before heading for the setting sun. Betty's eyes were like saucers.

George laughed again; he had recovered his good humor. "I guess that's the typical Hollywood touch, Betty," he said. "Chasing you all the way across the country for a final kiss. Pretty corny, if you ask me."

"It was not corny," Betty said. She was excited. "It was the most beautiful thing that ever happened to me. I could cry, it was so beautiful."

GEORGE still smiled, but he looked a little annoyed. "Now, Betty," he said. "I know you. You're very impressionable. Don't build this up into life's great romance. After all, the whole idea of your going back there to live is preposterous."

"Why is it?" Betty said. "Why shouldn't I live there if I want to? You've never even been there, George Willoughby, so what right do you have to stand here and say nasty things about California?"

George was beginning to look a little harried. "I didn't say anything nasty. You hate the place, you know you hate it. Every letter you wrote you said you hated it."

Betty's father and mother hadn't said a word. They just stood there looking confused.

"Well, George," I began, trying to be helpful, "you see by now Betty has a different perspective ——"

"You keep out of this," George snapped. "I'm just saying that Betty hates California I'm just ——"

"I heard you the first time, George,' Betty said. "You don't have to keep standing there and repeating like a parrot that I hate California. I'm not going to argue with you about it, George. It's just too silly for words. There's no reason for you to fly off the handle."

George was breathing hard. "I'm not flying off the handle," he said. "I was only saying you hate ——"

"There you go again," Betty said. "You keep repeating yourself, George, and there's no sense ——"

"Will you kindly allow me to finish what I'm saying?" George said.

Everyone was quiet. George got very calm again.

"I know you, Betty," he said. "You have a very sympathetic nature. You've been engulfed in this romantic haze, and the only reason you're defending California now is because you're sorry for this young man." George was very impressive. He sounded like a district attorney summing up a case for a not-too-bright jury.

Betty had listened intently. Then she put a hand on his arm. "You've almost got it right, George," she said. "It isn't California I'm defending; you're right about that. It's Joe. But I'm not sorry for him." She came down the walk toward me. "I'm going with you, Joe," she said. "Where thou goest, I will go. Even to California, Joe."

"Betty," George said, "you ——" Then he stopped, because he saw it was no use, and went over to his car shaking his head.

I felt a little sorry for him. He was a nice guy, but set in his ways, as an older man will get. He was probably insisting to himself as he drove off that Betty hated California. A fellow like that, he'd be a little tough to live with for a vivacious girl like Betty.

Betty's parents were still mixed up, but they got over it. They were over it completely two weeks later when the four of us landed in California. They fell in love with the Sunny Southland as soon as they saw it, and said so.

"We'll be very happy here," Betty's father said.

Betty looked up at me. She smiled and started to say something and then instead she sneezed. She was still the most beautiful girl in the great state of California.

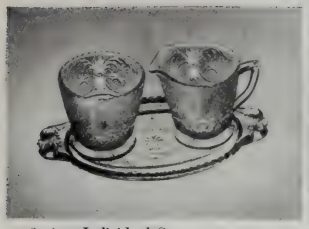
THE END

Bargain in a Garden

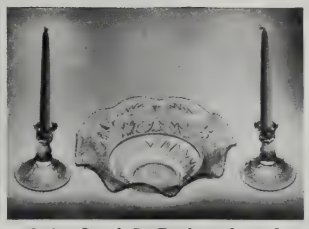
By Julie Sloane

If I, O Lord, divide the roots
And add, O Lord, the seeds,
Wilt multiply, O Lord, the shoots . . .
If I subtract the weeds?

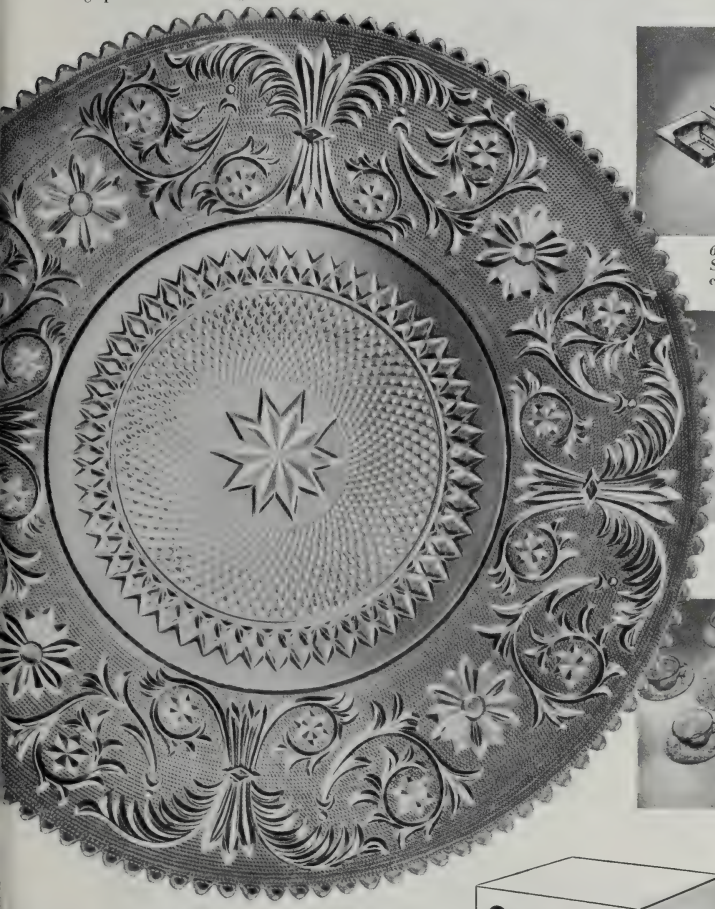
DUNCAN'S Sandwich *Lace Glass* in Golden Gift Boxes



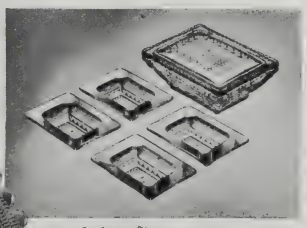
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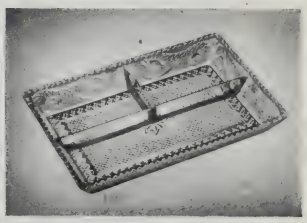
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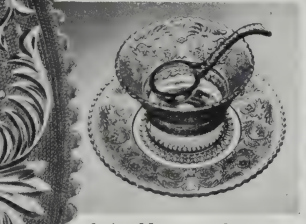
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Chicken Supreme—alternate layers of chicken, ham, water chestnuts and peas.



Date-and-nut lemon soufflé—a sure success.

Conversation Piece

Serving the first course outdoors gives variety of setting, is easy on the hostess.

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

A BIG workout, followed by a keen appetite, followed by the satisfaction of a delicious meal—that's a good formula for a June party. In fact, it's a good formula for a party any month, weather permitting. Good, that is, for everybody but a hostess who has to run out on the games early in order to do her kitchen work; but if she can play as long as anybody, and then whisk up a meal that has everyone goggle-eyed, she can enjoy the formula as much as her guests do. The trick is to plan a meal so that if you are the hostess you can stay on the tennis court or wherever until the last minute, and need no more time for your own *(Continued on Page 102)*



ONCE upon a time Goldilocks was out buying her silverplate and she came to a store that showed her three spoons. One spoon was an ordinary spoon with no form of wear protection at all.

THE next spoon she saw was one of the extra-plated kinds.

BUT the third spoon was something special. It had these...



It was a Holmes & Edwards Spoon... and like all the most used spoons and forks in this really finer silverplate—it was inlaid with two blocks of Sterling Silver at the backs of bowls and handles to stay lovelier longer.

When she heard *this* Goldilocks ran all the way home... *with* her chest of Holmes & Edwards, of course!

Goldilocks *and the* Three Spoons

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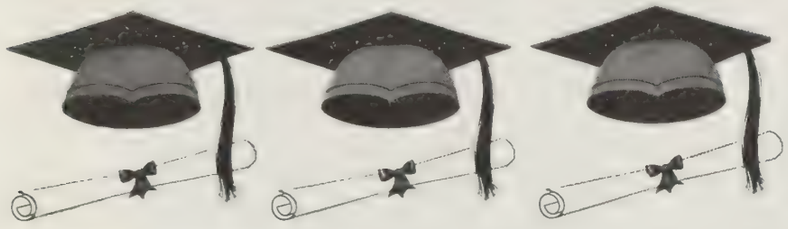


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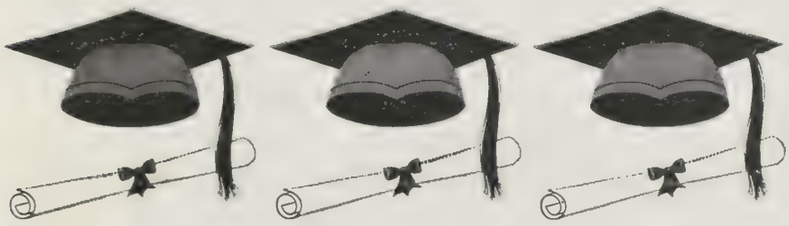
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AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 100)

special part of the program than the others need for cooling off, changing, nose powdering or what not. Well, the menu I'm going to give you will turn the trick neatly.

We'll start, California style, with a salad, a big mix-your-own affair. There will be a lovely bouquet of salad greens flanked by bowls of strawberries, melon balls, grapefruit and orange slices and squares of frozen-cheese-and-pineapple salad. And we'll have both French dressing and a spicy boiled dressing so that everyone can please his own taste. Everything on the salad tray will be icy-cold, of course, and what a refreshing start this is to a meal on a warm summer day.

After the salad we'll need only one main dish, chicken supreme. It combines chicken, ham, water chestnuts and peas, all built up in layers, and it can be baked either in one large casserole or in individual casseroles. I use individual casseroles often, especially for buffet parties, because they keep the food piping hot and make the service quick and easy. With the chicken supreme there will be a hot eggplant relish—hot in temperature, I mean, although it's fairly highly seasoned too—and thick chunks of herb-buttered bread.

Now the dessert—and this is one of my stand-bys: date-and-nut lemon soufflé. Maybe someday I'll find a customer who doesn't like this dessert, but that hasn't happened yet, and "like" is a decided understatement. Delicious and spectacular as they are, most soufflés must be mixed just before they go into the oven and eaten the minute they come out of it, which makes them completely impractical for our prepreparation pattern. But this soufflé can be served *cold* or hot, whichever you prefer—in this case we'd better prefer cold—and it won't give you a single anxious moment, because it's a sure-fire success every time.

If you like, you can turn this into a half-indoor, half-outdoor service deal; and I'll talk more about that later. The recipes are planned for six or eight people.

SALAD

Get as wide an assortment of salad greens as you find available in the grocery store or your garden. Boston lettuce, escarole, water cress and chicory are all good, and if you happen to have spinach or mustard greens growing in your garden, a few very young and tender leaves of these should be included. Their tangy flavor does a lot to pep up a salad. Be sure that all the greens are washed and chilled in advance.

FROZEN-CHEESE-AND-PINEAPPLE SQUARES

Let 9 ounces cream cheese stand at room temperature to soften. Drain juice from 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple. Soak 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in 3 tablespoons water, add 3 tablespoons pineapple juice and set this over steam or in a pan of boiling water until gelatin is dissolved. Mix this with remainder of pineapple juice, add cream cheese, stir with a fork until fairly well mixed, then beat with rotary beater until smooth. Add ¾ cup mayonnaise, the crushed pineapple, ¼ cup finely chopped green pepper, 3 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 teaspoon salt. Whip ¾ cup heavy cream and fold this into cheese mixture until thoroughly blended. Pour into ice-cube trays to the depth of 1½ inches, and freeze about 4 hours in freezing compartment of refrigerator or in a freezer unit. I always use the freezer for frozen desserts or salads, to avoid changing the temperature control of the refrigerator.

STRAWBERRIES, MELON BALLS, GRAPEFRUIT AND ORANGE SLICES

Get fine big strawberries, wash and stem them as nearly the last minute as possible. Put them in dishes in which they are to be served, and store in refrigerator.

Using a ball cutter, cut balls of honeydew melon. Put them in dish in which they will be served and store in refrigerator. (Making melon balls is a wasteful business unless you use what is left in the melon after the balls are cut, which is quite a lot of melon, as you know. I always scrape every bit of it out,

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mash it and combine it with strawberries, raspberries or blueberries for dessert or first course of another meal.)

For the orange and grapefruit slices, use 1 large or 2 medium grapefruits and 3 big navel oranges. Cut the rind from the fruit—don't peel it off—and cut out the sections with a very sharp knife. Put the grapefruit slices in the center of the dish in which they will be served and surround them with orange slices—or vice versa, whichever you think looks prettier—and store in refrigerator.

SPICY BOILED DRESSING

Boil 1 clove garlic chopped and 1 tablespoon pickling spices in 1 cup water for 5 minutes after boiling point is reached, and strain. In the top of a double boiler melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, add 1 tablespoon salad oil and blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Slowly stir in the hot spiced water and add ¼ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon paprika, ⅛ teaspoon red pepper, and 1 scant teaspoon dry mustard blended with a little water. Set over boiling water and cook, stirring often, until smooth and thick. Chill and stir in ¾ cup sour cream.

FRENCH DRESSING

Use jar French dressing, which can be made as far in advance as you like.

To assemble salad, cut frozen pineapple-and-cheese salad into squares, put them in serving dishes and garnish with water cress. Stand greens in a fairly deep bowl so that they will look more or less like a bouquet, and put the bowl in the center of your salad tray. If you are using a small round table instead of a tray, put bowl in the center of that. Surround it with the dishes of fruit and frozen-cheese salad and you'll have a very pretty picture, good enough to eat, fortunately. The salad dressings can be served in separate bowls; or if you have a two-way bowl, use that. If possible, have your salad plates in the refrigerator a long time so that they will be cold also.

CHICKEN SUPREME

You can use either a stewing or a roasting chicken for this dish, and it should weigh about 4½ pounds after it is cleaned. Put it whole, breast down, in a pot, cover with boiling water and cook over high heat until boiling point is reached. Lower heat to simmer, cover pot, and after 1 hour add 1½ teaspoons salt. Continue cooking until chicken is tender. Stewing chickens require more cooking than roasting chickens, and young birds, whatever the kind, cook quicker than old ones, so it's impossible to be exact about timing. Just poke gingerly with a fork and you can tell. When cooking time is up, remove chicken from pot and, when cold enough to handle, slice meat from bones. You'll get nice, neat slices from breast and second joints, and snippets from the other departments, but get as many neat pieces as you can. Return bones to pot and boil at least 45 minutes longer. If it looks as if you would have more than a quart of broth when finished, remove the lid so that evaporation can reduce the quantity. Strain broth, and when cold, skim off fat from top.

Cut 1 pound precooked ham into cubes about ½ inch square. You can buy cold boiled ham for this, or you can boil the ham yourself. Cut 20 to 25 water chestnuts into thin slices. If you can't get water chestnuts, blanch 1 cup almonds, cut into slivers the long way, and cook in butter or margarine until delicately browned.

Now for the sauce, which is very important to this dish. Delicately brown 2 minced cloves garlic in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, add 3 cups chicken broth, 2 cups top milk, 2 tablespoons catchup, ¼ teaspoon saffron, 1 teaspoon mono sodium glutamate (I'm going to stop calling that "gourmet powder," or any other fancy name), ⅛ teaspoon sugar and ⅛ teaspoon cayenne or Nepaul pepper. (Saffron imparts a delicate but delightful taste and a lovely yellow color to the sauce, but it really isn't essential, so don't worry if you can't get it. Try, however, because it's a good thing to have on your shelf.) Bring mixture to a boil. Skin 4 tomatoes, remove seeds and watery pulp and cut them into small pieces. Add tomatoes and stir in 10 tablespoons cornstarch mixed with ½ cup milk. If you like, mix cornstarch with ½ cup sherry instead of milk. Stir constantly until mixture boils. It will be quite thick. Taste sauce for seasoning. It may need a little more salt and a pinch more of sugar.

In a large casserole or individual baking dishes, put a layer of chicken slices, a layer of ham cubes, a layer of water chestnuts or toasted almonds and a layer of sauce. Repeat these layers until casserole or baking dishes are full, finishing with the sauce. I always put the scrappy pieces of chicken in the bottom and save the best-looking ones for the top. All this can be done the day before the party. The job is finished except for a border of cooked peas and a good heating in the oven before serving.

The peas should be cooked as nearly the last minute as you can manage—that is, the last minute before guests arrive. Put ½ cup chicken broth in top of double boiler over direct heat, and when it reaches the boiling point add 2 cups frozen peas—about 1 package—or 2 cups fresh peas, place top of double boiler over boiling water and cook until peas are tender—11 or 12 minutes. This, by the way, is an excellent method for cooking peas, I think. It makes them puffy and it eliminates the danger of burning, which is something of a menace when it comes to cooking this vegetable. If you have never burned a pot of peas you're a better



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Swift's Premium

The Bacon with the sweet smoke taste!

man than I am. When peas are tender, stir in 1 teaspoon cornstarch mixed with a little water, bring to a boil, and spoon the peas in a border around the rim of the casserole or individual baking dishes.

Now you can forget the whole deal until you come into the kitchen to arrange your salad. At that time put the chicken supreme in a moderate oven—350° F.—and by the time you've finished eating the salad, it will be ready to serve. If you're using individual baking dishes they'll need a shorter heating period than a large casserole, naturally, so if you find the salad course becoming too merry and lengthy you may want to turn off the heat a little sooner. The oven will retain enough heat to keep them piping hot.

EGGPLANT RELISH

Put 3 tablespoons salad oil in a skillet, add 2 cloves minced garlic, 1 cup finely chopped onion, and cook to a golden brown. Add 2 cups eggplant cut into tiny cubes, 5 whole pimientos cut into small chunks, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons catchup, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dried tarragon or 2 teaspoons chopped fresh tarragon, 1 teaspoon prepared horse-radish and 1 teaspoon sugar.

Cook, stirring often, until eggplant is tender but not mushy. Make the relish a day or even two days in advance and reheat before serving—and do try it sometime with boiled beef.

HERB-BUTTERED BREAD

This is a perfect meal for a loaf of herb-buttered bread, and we'll cut the loaf so that it can be torn apart in sticklike chunks, which will be handy for mopping up the delicious sauce of the chicken supreme. That thing of not wasting a drop of sauce is a French habit which I strongly endorse.

In making herb butter, there should always be some fresh herbs, even if they have to be supplemented with dried ones, so I'm going to suggest parsley, chives and sweet basil in this recipe. All of us can get parsley with no trouble at all; most of us can get chives, and if not, we can substitute the delicate green tops of small scallions; and if fresh sweet basil isn't available, the dried will do very well in this company.

To ⅓ pound sweet butter—you *can* use salt butter, but it really should be sweet—add 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 heaping tablespoon finely chopped chives or onion tops, 1 scant tablespoon finely chopped fresh sweet basil or ½ teaspoon dried sweet basil, and a few drops of lemon juice. Cream until soft and thoroughly blended.

Remove crusts from a loaf of bread and cut bread into thick slices, almost but not quite through the bottom. Spread each slice generously with the herb butter on both sides, press back into loaf form, and cut again through the middle the long way, being careful not to cut through the bottom. Wrap the loaf well in two thicknesses of brown paper and tie it with twine so that it will be airtight. If you do this the day before, keep it in the refrigerator so that the butter will remain fresh. As you know, sweet butter turns very quickly.

When you are ready to serve the salad, stick the bread in the oven with the chicken supreme. It will be hot when you unwrap it, and if there's any left when the meal is over, I'll be surprised.

LEMON SOUFFLÉ

This recipe will fill a 2-quart baking dish, which can be glass, earthenware, copper or what have you. Sift together 2¼ cups sugar, 5 tablespoons flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add 5 tablespoons softened butter or margarine, and cream until blended. Beat 6 egg yolks until light, add 2 cups milk, mix with sugar and flour and blend in ¾ cup lemon juice and grated rind of 3 lemons. Beat 6 egg whites until stiff, fold them into mixture and add 1 cup chopped dates and ¾ cup broken nut meats. Pour into lightly buttered baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake in preheated moderately slow oven—325° F.—50 minutes.

The soufflé will rise some during baking, but don't expect it to rise high above the rim of the dish as some soufflés will do. When done, the top half will have a fluffy cakelike consistency and the bottom will be a gooey lemon sauce with the dates and nuts swimming around in it. Let it cool and put it in the refrigerator an hour or so before serving time. And do try it hot sometime when your convenience needn't be so carefully considered.

Service. This meal is so perfect for buffet service that I'm not going to waste words on how it could be served at the table, although it most certainly can be served that way if you like. What I do want to suggest is that you try serving half of it outdoors and half indoors. That program will provide variety of setting and it's so easy on the hostess, I think. If the salad is eaten on the terrace or the lawn, you won't be missed while you slip away to get the hot food set out on a table in the dining room or living room. And the remains of the first course can be removed by you, or your helper, if you're lucky enough to have one, behind the scenes. The fewer obvious mechanics involved in serving a meal, the better—and this one deserves a blue ribbon.

Whether or not you use individual baking dishes for the chicken supreme, the main course needs only one plate. The eggplant relish can be served in butter chips or any quite small dishes, or it can be put directly on the plate beside the chicken, and there will be plenty of room left for the bread. If you bake the lemon soufflé in a glass dish, you can make it look very pretty by wrapping a brightly colored napkin around the dish. Fold the napkin on the bias into a band a little wider than the baking dish is high, pull it around tightly, letting it extend slightly above the rim of the dish, and pin it in place. Probably you've been doing this for years, but anyhow it's a good stunt and the napkin does double duty as decoration and insulator. Enough said—I'm off.

NOBODY'S THAT SPECIAL

(Continued from Page 34)

didn't know what a real treasure was, that she had powers of discrimination beyond others'. Of course she didn't say that, but that was what went on in her young mind. It was the beginning of her real aloofness, for up to that time she had been part of the family, even if she couldn't see a joke.

If Peter ate his bread into a shape like a giraffe, and called the family to see, she sat eating neatly and thought he was silly. And when her mother said, "Good heavens! Don't let him get that red apple in the top of our tree!" she gazed at them both as if they were too young to notice.

Peter was a charmer from babyhood. "Mummy, you're pretty. You're pretty as Babar!" he would say. Babar was his toy elephant that he always took to bed.

"Ah, and you have eyes as blue as Gammy's! You little philanderer!" his mother would say, swooping him up with laughter and swinging him to where he could look into the blue eyes of Gammy, the pig that was his penny bank. And they would both giggle.

It wasn't that Eliza didn't think her mother pretty, but she could not make pretty speeches, and she didn't see why her mother was pleased at being told she looked like an elephant. She thought her mother was like a buttercup, but she never said so. She was hurt by not being able to say it and at the same time proud that she knew more what prettiness was than Peter did.

It was that pride that was both her defense and her undoing, for it grew on her in a secret way and became bigger than her love. She wanted to be loved, but there was no compromise in her. Cajolery, flattery were not for her. She knew early that she was dif-

erent, and she hugged her difference and ncreased it in a thousand small ways. But vhen Peter flew to his mother's arms or limbed on his father's shoulders or gave his breathless accounts of his daily adventures, he knew what envy was. Yet when her nother said, "And what have you been doing all day, darling?" she would say, "Oh, nothing."

Her mother certainly tried. She had parties for Eliza, she tried to play games with ier, she used her very considerable charm to charm her daughter. She made her little gray pinafores to match her eyes, she praised her papers from school, she tried to tease her ovingly. But with Peter she laughed aloud nd did all sorts of nonsensical things. It was his easy, natural laughter that made Eliza eel she wasn't loved as much as Peter.

When she was eight she told her mother he didn't want a party that year.

"But what do you want to do, darling?" ier mother asked anxiously.

"I want to go to the graveyard," Eliza aid.

"The *graveyard?*" her mother exclaimed. 'Good heavens, Eliza—what *for?*"

"I want to look at the names by myself."

Her mother gave her an odd look, but she aid, "Well, it's cheaper than a party," and vhen the day came she took Eliza to the ittle old cemetery in the Episcopal churchard, sat on a bench by the gate and left her here for an hour and a half. And Eliza, as oon as she cast off the uncomfortable sense f her mother sitting there waiting, and naybe laughing at her, wandered among the tones blissfully. She vasn't morbid and didn't hink at all about the people's bones whitening nder the ground. She vas perfectly truthful vhen she said she wanted o look at the names. It vas the carving of letters nd sometimes the little lowers or lambs or angels on the stones hat entranced her.

When she joined her mother, Mrs. Beck aid, as if she could hardly keep from laughng and yet as if she loved Eliza tenderly, 'Well, have fun, darling?"

"Yes." Eliza said.

That night Eliza got up to go to the bathoom and on the way she heard her mother ay, "You'll never, never believe how I spent he afternoon!" She didn't hear any more xcept laughter. She could hear her father's hout above everybody's.

I hate you. I just hate you, Eliza said to herelf in bed. It was love she felt, really, and oneliness. But she didn't know how to show ier love and so she went into her fortress of pride in her difference and stayed there.

For all that other children admired her nd even tried to imitate her, she had few riends. She didn't speak the language of hildhood. She was at the head of her class, nd without great effort, but children bored ier and they knew this and gradually left her lone.

Once she planned a beautiful valentine for ier mother and spent hours making it. Then n Valentine's Day, Peter left a comic valenine on his mother's plate, a picture of a pinsterish schoolma'am and a priggish little oy saying "I'm teacher's pet." He had printed on the bottom "Guess Who?" and is mother kissed the top of his hair and said, '*My* pet never had *that* clean a face!" And Eliza left the beautiful valentine with the ace paper and ribbon in her desk drawer and never put it in the mailbox as she had inended. It was too plain that her mother had oved that awful valentine of Peter's, and if o, she couldn't possibly like the one Eliza nad made. They were not of the same world. '*My* pet," her mother had said, in her careess loving voice. And he *was,* Eliza knew, her pet.

So she had to build up her own inner pleasures, and she did. She loved words and phrases. Not the epic poem, not the great, the spectacular. No, never those, but the perfect word, the small lyric poem, any small pithy bit of wisdom. And she loved the world of nature. Not mountains, not the sea, not great rocks or giant trees, but a leaf floating on the water, a single violet come on suddenly, the face of a Johnny-jump-up, dusk falling and closing in and in till she was alone, little and yet powerful in the middle of it. She had a dress of dotted Swiss and she took a sensuous delight in wearing it and feeling those tiny little dots all over its crispness. She learned to make very small letters and she was proud of her writing. She loved the little notebooks that she filled with microscopic drawings and in which she sometimes copied poems in a space too small for imagining. She often found a perfect pebble, pure white or perhaps with streaks of pink, and these she would carry in her pocket like talismans.

Her mother and father tried, they really tried to make her happy, to include her in their fun. Often they talked about her when they were alone, worried about her.

"I know, John—I know," her mother would say. "I keep telling myself that I mustn't try to make her personality over. But she breaks my heart—really she does, John. She doesn't have any *fun.* But I can't make her friendships for her—I can't make anyone like her. She has to do part of it. It isn't that we don't make youngsters welcome—you know we do. Heavens, the place is always a bedlam with Peter's gang here—but no one comes to see Eliza, no one at all."

"She'll have to work it out for herself," John Beck said. "It's too bad, but I don't just see what we can do. Any more than we have done. She's at the stage where she thinks she knows a lot more than we do—she'll outgrow that."

A man who boasts about his ancestors confesses that he belongs to a family better off dead than alive.

—OSCAR WILDE.

"I wouldn't be surprised if she *did* know a lot more than we do. Sometimes she looks as if she knew *everything*.... I want her smart—or I guess I do—but I want her happy more than anything."

"Maybe she's happy in her own way. I'll admit it doesn't show much, but maybe she is. Don't know how we got a kid with such an I.Q. anyway!"

He grinned at her, trying to comfort her, but he was troubled over Eliza too. He loved her, but he couldn't get close to her. He could take Peter to a ball game, joke with him about a thousand things, but there seemed to be nothing at all that you could do with Eliza that would give her pleasure. At night she always said she had to study, though she didn't, and they knew she didn't. She would go up to her room and make pictures in her notebooks, or read, living as best she could in her secret little world.

She never knew of how her mother said sadly to her father, "Somewhere I've done something wrong. She tells me nothing—absolutely nothing. I haven't the slightest idea what she's thinking."

"Probably just as well," John Beck said dryly.

"But why? *Why* is she like this? You'd think we didn't love her—that we'd been cruel to her or something."

"Well, we haven't," he said. "Put it down to growing pains."

"But how did she get like this? I can't stand it—I really can't, John."

"Maybe we ought to send her away to school."

"Oh, no—then she could say we were cruel. No, I couldn't do that."

But the next week she did ask Eliza if she wouldn't like to go to camp. "You don't have to, you know," she said lightly. "I just thought maybe you'd think it was fun."

"No, I don't want to go to camp," Eliza said. Her voice left no room for argument.

Nor did Eliza see her mother sitting with Miss Murdy, the guidance teacher, one day. Miss Murdy said, "I want to talk with you about Eliza, Mrs. Beck."

Mrs. Beck sighed and said, "Yes, I expected so. But it won't do any good, I'm afraid, Miss Murdy."

"Then you realize there is a problem?"

"Oh, yes. I realize it," Mrs. Beck said.



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Ham and Egg Shortcake

Biscuit dough for 12 biscuits
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
½ cup milk
¾ cup diced cooked ham
½ diced pimiento (optional)
3 hard-cooked eggs

Heat oven to 450° F (hot). Roll biscuit dough; cut with 2-inch cutter. Place on baking sheet; bake about 15 minutes or until done. Put soup in saucepan; stir until smooth. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly; heat. Quarter the eggs; add ham, eggs, pimiento. Simmer a few minutes.

Split biscuits and pour about ⅔ of creamed ham and eggs over bottom layer. Replace tops and pour on remainder. Makes 6 servings.

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Grilled Cheese and Tomato Sandwiches

6 slices bread
6 slices bacon
½ pound American Cheese, sliced
¾ can of Campbell's Tomato Soup

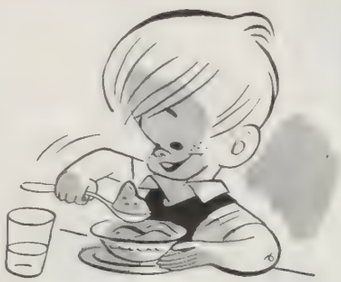
Toast bread on one side under broiler. Cut bacon slices in two, cook until half done. On untoasted side of bread arrange slices of cheese, 2 tablespoons tomato soup (just as it comes from the can), and 2 half-slices bacon. Place under broiler, turned low, until cheese melts. Makes 6 open-faced sandwiches.

● Clip these suggestions for your recipe file





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"That's half of it, then," Miss Murdy said. "It's not her work, of course. She learns so easily that I think she is often bored."

"I know exactly what Eliza is like, Miss Murdy. I know she's asocial—I know how hard our system is on asocial children. Normalcy in that respect seems to be put far ahead of intellectual progress. But I can't help you, because I have already tried to the utmost of my powers and failed."

"You look like a normal social being," Miss Murdy said.

"Oh, I am. Perfectly normal. And so is my husband. We love people, and fun. But Eliza doesn't—and won't. That seems all there is to it. I'm sorry."

"Why don't you send her to camp? Girls like camp in spite of themselves, once they get there."

"Camp? Do you think I haven't suggested camp, Miss Murdy? No camp—no Sunday school—no parties—no friends at all. . . . And I do assure you I make friends welcome in my house. . . . Please, Miss Murdy, let's just skip it, shall we? I'm entirely on your side, but I can't do anything about it. I've been trying for thirteen years."

"It's a pity," Miss Murdy said slowly. "She has such a fine mind. She's very talented at drawing."

"I know. I know. . . . But she's not even interested in boys. She's self-sufficient—and a girl of thirteen who's self-sufficient is a frightening creature. I'm afraid of her. . . . And Peter is so completely gregarious that it makes it all the more frightening. It's as if we loved Peter *more*, because we understand him—but we don't, Miss Murdy. There's nothing we wouldn't do for Eliza, if she would let us."

"I understand," Miss Murdy said. "I understand better perhaps than you imagine. When Eliza looks at me, I feel like an ignorant child—though I'm not, you know. And yet—and yet, I feel forever compelled to try to reach her, to try to be her friend. She won't let me and it's become something of an obsession with me. I like her, you see. It hurts me, personally, to have her reject me. So if I, a teacher, can feel that way, I can imagine how much more deeply a mother might feel it. . . . I'm glad you came in, anyway. Perhaps nature will take care of it, Mrs. Beck. Some boy will come along soon and she'll be a child again. It nearly always happens, whether we want it to or not."

They shook hands and parted, friends already, but without any solution for their mutual problem.

WHEN Eliza was fourteen, her mother invited her Cousin Peggy for the summer. It was not a success.

"Eliza," her mother said, "Peggy's your guest. You can't push her off on Peter all the time."

"Oh, she doesn't mind. And I didn't invite her," Eliza said.

"But you're rude to her."

"She doesn't care—she *likes* going with Peter. I don't."

"Well, you ought to. You'd think you were planning to be a nun, Eliza. Why, when I was fourteen ——" Then she stopped, knowing Eliza would only scorn her mother's gay, carefree life at fourteen. "Even if you want to be an artist, darling," she stumbled on, but with more tenderness, "you have to know people and life. You really do, you know. Even if you just look on—well, you must *see* life, at least."

Eliza looked almost interested. But she said, "I do see it."

"You can't, poring over a book or drawing all day. You can't, darling. You don't even know what Peggy is *like*."

"I do too. She's pretty but she's awfully stupid. She just likes to make eyes at the boys—and they're stupid enough to think it's cute. She—she doesn't know *anything*."

"That's where you're wrong. She knows how, as you said yourself, to make eyes at the boys. And in the long run, you'll find that's an achievement. You see, darling, the world is made up of men and women, and sooner or later you'll want to marry yourself and you'll find that if you don't so much as learn to smile at a man, no man will smile at you."



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"I'm not going to ever marry," Eliza said.

Mrs. Beck gave up. But she did give a stern, backward-flung, "You split an infinitive, darling."

Eliza did envy Peggy's popularity, but she would have died rather than admit it.

She was forever stumbling against laughter, being bruised by it, retreating, building up defenses. She drew, she made her little poems. She discovered the Japanese hokku and the tanka.

"Darling, did *you* write this?" her mother said.

> *"Oh, gray mole creeping*
> *At the roots of the green grass,*
> *Safe in your long room*
> *That is black and warm and still:*
> *I would I were a gray mole."*

Her mother read it out loud. "Why, it's lovely!" she said. "Sad, but it's lovely! But do you *really* wish you were a mole, honey?"

Eliza reached for the paper with trembling fingers. "At least moles can be *private*."

Her mother reached out and put a hand on her hair. "Oh, my darling little mole!" she said gently, but there was laughter in her voice and Eliza could not bear it. She locked the drawers of her desk after that.

The time came for the senior dance, the school picnic of her last year in high school.

"But, Eliza, you ought to go," her mother said. "You're *special* in your class with the awards and everything. You don't want them to think you're a little snob, do you?"

"I don't care what they think," Eliza said.

We see our old age coming—on the faces of our friends. —MARY LAFON.

"You ought to care. At least, you might go to the dance for a little while."

"Why?" Eliza asked.

"Why? Why? Well, I'd at least feel that all the money I spent for dancing lessons wasn't wasted. . . . And you know the yellow organdy was for the dance. You let me get it."

"You got it so I'd have to go," Eliza said truthfully. "I told you all the time I didn't want to go. Besides, no one would dance with me and you'd hate that—you know you would. I don't care, but you'd hate it."

"Yes, I suppose I would," her mother said tiredly. "I suppose I would. But there'd be plenty to dance with you if you'd let yourself be liked. You—you'll have to learn sometime, darling, that you have to give something of yourself if you want to be liked. Maybe you think it isn't important to be liked—but it is. It's terribly important."

"Oh, mother, don't be so *emotional* about it!" Eliza said. "We just happen to like different things. You don't *know* how silly they are in East High. I—I just want to be let alone, that's all." There was something young in that last cry and her mother turned away with tears in her eyes.

"Perhaps everybody will," she said. "I could wish nothing worse for you, but perhaps everybody will."

They tried again that summer, Mr. and Mrs. Beck, to make Eliza a gift toward happiness. They told her they were going to let her go to art school. Her gray eyes widened a little and for a whole minute she said nothing.

"Isn't that what you want?" her father asked then uncertainly.

"I wanted to go to college," she said.

"College? But they tell us you've got such talent for drawing—we thought you'd want to go on with it."

"I haven't got much talent," Eliza said. "It's easy to be good enough for high school, but that doesn't mean you're *really* good. . . . If it won't cost too much, I'd rather go to college."

They had counted so on her joy and had bent all their efforts toward her acceptance in art school, that now they had some trouble about arranging for her entrance into college, but they managed it at last.

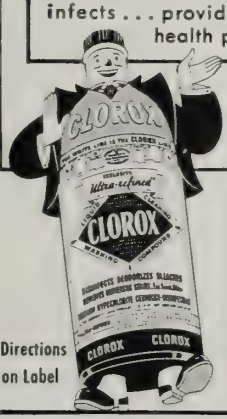
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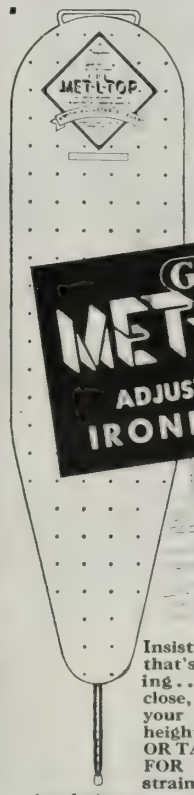
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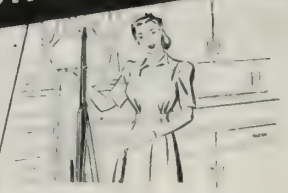
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Strawberries, cream cheese, salad greens

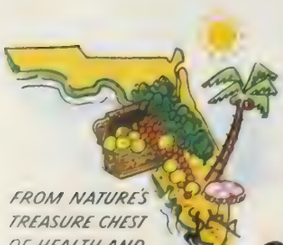
Drain grapefruit sections; measure syrup and add enough grapefruit juice to make 3½ cups. Soften gelatine in 1 cup of the liquid. Heat remaining liquid. Add softened gelatine, sugar, and salt; stir until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 2 cups grapefruit sections. Turn into 1¼-quart mold, or individual molds; chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with remaining grapefruit sections, strawberries, cream cheese balls, and salad greens. YIELD: 8 to 10 servings.



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FLORIDA

"You see?" Mrs. Beck said sadly to her husband. "I don't know what she's *thinking* at all."

"Well, maybe college is the best thing after all," he said. "Maybe it'll knock some of the nonsense out of her."

No, they didn't know what she was thinking.

The truth was that she did think she had talent and that she was determined to be an artist. But it was like all her treasures: it must be kept absolutely secret. She winced away from the thought of drawing in a classroom, of exposing her treasures to the comments of teachers or classmates. All great things, she thought, were done in absolute secrecy, on one's own. *Look at Van Gogh!* she was wont to think. *He didn't have teachers—he worked alone and suffered awfully, but he was great.* And she would be great too.

So she went to college. But college didn't seem to be the broadening experience her parents had hoped for. She had already become too ingrown, too secret in all her approaches, too proud of her own difference. It was plain from her looks that she was somebody, and the usual attempts were made to secure her for this sorority or that. But she said flatly that she didn't believe in sororities and so she was at last left alone. She didn't believe in them. She thought them childish, unworthy of minds adult enough for college. And yet she did have some small hope that somewhere in college there might be *someone* she could talk to. But friendships rarely grow one-sidedly, and Eliza made no effort at all toward friendship.

One night a girl came to her room and said, "Look, how about a double date? Sally's got one of those seminar things on at Prof. Debb's—she said to get you. He's Psi U and really special!"

"Oh, does being Psi U make him special?" Eliza said. "No, thanks. I've a paper to do." And she was so cool that the girl didn't urge her.

But afterward Eliza didn't write her paper. She felt restless and went out for a long walk alone in the dark around the stadium. There was a chill wind, but she liked it.

When she went home for vacations her mother tried to get her to tell about her friends, her classes.

"Oh, you know what college is like, mother," Eliza said. "It's just like more high school, really. No one seems much more grown up."

Till she was a senior she was sent off hopefully every fall, with lovely dance dresses, soft gay sweaters, a new suit. But the la fall Eliza said:

"Mother, there's no need for party dresse I just don't go to parties much. You're was ing money. . . . I—I wish you wouldn't *ca* I don't, and you ought not to either."

"All right," her mother said without arg ment. "No party dresses."

It was plain enough that the old ones h never been worn, except one of peach chiff that had a tear in the skirt. Eliza explain that another girl had borrowed it.

She did work at drawing. She worked qui systematically. But she joined no art class talked with no one about her drawing. S kept her work in neat portfolios and when s came home, packed them in the bottom of h trunk where no one would come on them u expectedly.

Quite a few people thought her beautifu but that was as far as it went. Once a b from a class of hers walked down the hill wi her. It was a late-fall afternoon and the leav were drifting down over the campus a the moment was full of the special poignan of autumn.

"They tell me you're an awful touch-m not, Beck!" he said cheerfully. "But wi that Botticelli look, or whatever it is, y ought to be open to a Coke at the Corn Store, seems as if. How about it?"

"No, thanks—not today," Eliza said.

"Why, this is the *very* day!" he conti dicted her. He had come to the front of t dormitory now and he put a hand on her a as if to draw her with him toward a no booth in the Corner Store.

She pulled her arm away. "Don't be silly

He grinned at her, but not so cheerful "Beck," he said, "a Coke is a very harmle form of propositioning. It's my *most* han less. I wasn't going to lay a finger on you. . What *do* you do in your spare time?"

She turned angrily and went into the do mitory without answering him. He went whistling, but it was a long time before t red died down in her cheeks. An echo of t laughter of Adams Street reached her ev here.

The boy always grinned at her after th when he met her, and once in class he wink at her. She disliked him intensely, but s remembered the "Botticelli look" all t same. He never "propositioned" her agai even by so much as a Coke.

Then in her senior year she fell in love wi a professor. He taught English poetry a he read very well and had a lean, disti

(Continued on Page 110)

★ ★

Beauty Alone

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

In time of trouble when I walk alone,
Nobody caring where I go, or why,
No crust of love to keep me, no gnawed bone
Of faith to stay my hunger lest I die,
I still have left to me one source where I
Can turn for help, however deep in debt
I am already with both ear and eye:
Beauty alone has never failed me yet!

Frail lichen lace on pointed breasts of stone,
A wayside pond's wind-polished lazuli,
A field with yellow sunflowers overgrown,
The old carved cameo of cloudy sky,
A hilltop's crown of forest worn awry,
Stars captured in a leafless tree's black net,
A full-rigged moon in silence sailing by:
Beauty alone has never failed me yet!

The night's dark tapestry of quiet sown
With narrow threads of cricket lullaby,
Fringed with the purple of frog baritone,
The silver of a tree toad's thin reply;
And with the day's returning, from some high
And sun-gilt weed, a moment's minaret,
The faithful meadow lark's ecstatic c
Beauty alone has never failed me y

In time of need I have one stanch all
Who will uphold me when most sore beset,
The only one on whom I dare rely:
Beauty alone has never failed me yet!

"Conversation Pieces" from the KRAFT kitchen

There'll be a hum of conversation when you bring on this lovely salad . . . conversation of a most complimentary kind. And there'll be compliments, too, for the *mayonnaise.* Delicately piquant (Kraft adds a touch of *pure lemon juice!*), it accents the fruit flavors to perfection.

Leaf lettuce
Large prunes stuffed with Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
Strawberries
Orange sections
Grapefruit sections
Peeled avocado wedges, dipped in lemon juice
Kraft Mayonnaise

Arrange the lettuce on an attractive tray or chop plate. A leaf-shaped wooden one like this is especially nice. Choose and group fruits for color contrast—brilliance of strawberries setting off the dark-and-white of stuffed prunes; oranges and strawberries accenting the pastels of grapefruit and avocado. Serve with true mayonnaise at its finest—*Kraft* Mayonnaise.

Fiesta fruit tray



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(Continued from Page 108)

guished, academic look. Well, she thought it was love. She waited for the class and she thought of him constantly and was always imagining meeting him and talking with him. It was plain that he liked her. She always turned in perfect papers and her opinions on poetry were discriminating and well expressed. He often read something that she had written before the class, and if she came in early he always had a special greeting for her.

Then one day he asked her if she wouldn't like to help him with some of the papers for a freshman class. He said he liked to give students the chance to earn a little money when possible.

"I'd like to," she said more warmly than she usually spoke.

"Then come to my office on the fourth floor Saturday, if you will," he said.

So she looked over papers for him. She found them boring, but she did them and joyed in doing them, because sometimes he came in and sat on the desk and talked about poetry with her. She looked beautiful in those days, young, as she was supposed to look, warmer, her eyes brighter, her mouth softer.

Once he said to her, "You must come from a family of scholars, Miss Beck."

"Oh, no!" she denied quickly. "My people never *look* at a book."

Which wasn't quite true, but the book of the month didn't count, she thought, and certainly they never read poetry.

"Really?" he said. "You don't often find such a knowledge of poetry unless there's been a background for it."

Then one day, one awful day, she was in his office and he came in and began to talk about a poem they had discussed in class. The snow was falling outside and they seemed very much alone up there on the top floor of Liberal Arts.

When everything seems to be going wrong it pays to look for the one little thing that's wrong.

—RUSSELL PETTIS ASKUE.

"It discourages me," he said. "I do it every year and it discourages me. I want them to know it's trash and every time I see their faces lighting up as if they'd discovered a new Dante or a new Shakespeare. I don't know why I bother with teaching—if they can't see at this stage that that is false emotionalism, that no one ever felt about a friend like that —— Even you looked a little dewy-eyed, Miss Beck. I'm ashamed of you."

And Eliza, who worshiped truth, even though she was so stingy with her own small truths, said, "But I don't think it was false, Professor Carter. It's the way I feel about you."

What she expected from the professor, it would be hard to say. Perhaps she thought sitting on the corner of her desk and chatting about poetry indicated a grand passion. She was painfully innocent for a girl of twenty, though she thought she was terribly wise. But she was not prepared for the flush that went up the professor's face, the quick removal of the professor from her desk.

"Good heavens!" the professor said protestingly. He started out as if he were running away, but at the door he turned and came back. "Look here, Beck, whatever made you say such an idiotic thing? I'm a married man and I love my wife and I've certainly never gone around making passes at you or any of the students. I thought you had a little sense. You've embarrassed the living daylights out of me. You're what—twenty? I'm thirty-six years old and I've never had a yen for children to play with. Now you skedaddle back home and I'll finish those papers. . . . Good heavens!"

She put on her coat, but her hands fumbled at the buttons. "I thought ——" she began, but he looked up from the papers and his eyes were sharp with annoyance.

"Pardon me—you didn't think at all," he said. "Oh, I'm sorry. Don't, for goodness' sake, cry."

"I'm not crying," she said stiffly, and walked out of the office, never to enter it again.

She went out into the snow and the professor watched her, a small girl in a leopard coat, crossing the campus. He had been terribly embarrassed and hadn't quite known how to handle the situation. That he had admired her and thought her beautiful added to his embarrassment, and he tried to remember all he had ever said to her, trying to be fair, but finding himself not guilty in the least.

So between Christmas and the spring holiday that year Eliza had her odd little love affair that was no affair at all, suffered greatly in her pride and, she thought, in her heart. When she went home in the spring her mother said, "You're thin, darling!" She was a little proud of suffering to the point of thinness.

But she didn't tell her mother about the professor. She told no one about him, and bit by bit she bolstered up her pride in her own courage during that awful, humiliating scene, reminded herself that all great people have tragedies in their love affairs, and used her own little tragedy as proof of inner greatness. She never looked over papers for the professor again and he never read any of her papers in class. She carried her head a little higher, withdrew still farther into herself, felt herself set apart for great sorrows, great joys, great accomplishments.

Meanwhile her brother Peter's life was going on, quite separate from hers. He was also in college, but not her college. He was only a year behind her and he was tall, merry-eyed, full of a vast gusto for life and love. He often brought someone home with him for holidays and there were great goings on at such times. He made one or two tentative offers to include Eliza in the parties and dates that were the order of his days.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't have anything to say to a football player," Eliza said once, turning down an invitation.

"Oh, don't be such a drip, Liz!" he said carelessly. "He's a wiz at science and doesn't talk about football at all. He's doing you a favor if you only weren't so high and mighty not to know it. He's a good egg and has had lots more amiable girls than you. Relax, kid—relax!"

"College hasn't done a thing for her, not a thing," Mrs. Beck said to her husband.

"Maybe we can't see what it's done," he tried to comfort her.

"No, it hasn't done anything. She—she's *set*, like a spinster."

"Well, Peter more than makes up. I've never seen such a Lothario!"

She laughed, but her heart was still heavy for her daughter, whom she loved so deeply but never helped or came close to.

Her folks came for commencement, though she had tried to convey to them that it wasn't at all necessary. But they came, were proud of her *cum laude* and her award for work in English literature. She went home with them.

"And now what?" her father asked.

"Oh, I'll get a job," she said.

"What sort of job do you want? I imagine you could get into the library if you wanted to. They don't pay much, but you might like it."

"No, no library," she said. "Don't give it a thought—I'll get something."

She did get a job, with no help from anyone. It was in, of all places, a real-estate office.

"But that seems so . . . *dull*," her mother protested.

"It's all right," Eliza said. "A job's a job."

Eliza didn't find it particularly dull. There were plenty of days when Mr. Hendrick was out with people to look at houses, and in those hours she had a chance to do her own work. The office work was simple enough—a couple of hours a day would see her through it. She kept books with great neatness and efficiency and she made, so Mr. Hendrick thought, a nice front for clients.

Then one day Mr. Hendrick said, "Can you drive?"

(Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

"Yes," she told him.

"Then how about going on a scouting expedition for me? There's a place up Church Hill Road that I hear's going to be on the market. Old Miss Lindstrom's house. I've got three people from New York who'd snap at it. Needs a little fixing, but essentially it's a fine old house. I've got to stick here for that Mrs. Pilgrim, so you go up and do a little snooping, will you?"

So she took the little automobile that was Mr. Hendrick's wife's car, but sometimes served in business, and drove up into the country and found the old Lindstrom house. Old Miss Lindstrom took a fancy to her and said she could see the house.

"I wanted to die here," Miss Lindstrom said. "I was born here and I wanted to die here. But my eyes are going and my knees are too stiff for working in the garden. But I want you to get someone who'll love it as I do, someone who won't think it needs a swimming pool. You see to it personally, child. You'll know the right kind."

So Eliza had her first taste of real business and she took it seriously. Hendrick was pleased with her.

"The Unwins will take it in a minute," he said. "I'm going to wire them."

"No," Eliza said, "not the Unwins. They're the station-wagon, swimming-pool kind."

"Well, so much the better. They'll pay the price and they'll make a good thing of that place—and draw good neighbors. The whole section will pick up," he told her.

"Let me find someone," Eliza said. "But, please, not the Unwins. I don't think she'd sell to them. She wants someone . . . different."

Sympathy is what one girl offers another girl in exchange for the details.

—BRANDON SUN:
Quoted in Modern Digest.

"Well, if you've got a cash customer up your sleeve, go ahead," Hendrick said. "But I'm not going to fool around with it. Once winter comes along, there won't be a chance before spring. You know how city people are—they overlook all the difficulties of bad roads and bad furnaces when they see a lilac bush in bloom or an old maple in the fall! You have to strike in the right season."

"I'll find someone," Eliza said.

She did find someone, a professor with five children and a wife who loved gardens. And she found more than that—she found a hope of one day having one of these remote country houses for her own, of breaking away from her family for once and all, of being at last alone in her own place, where laughter could not touch her, nor what she considered duty try to push her into a life that was not her own. She had no money; she would ask for none. But she began to save.

"You ought to have a new suit," her mother said.

"Oh, this one's perfectly good yet," Eliza told her.

"Why don't you do your room over, darling? It's such a little girl's room," her mother said another time.

"It's all right," Eliza answered.

She would have a room, but not here, not now, not where laughter could strike even against her taste.

So she saved, she waited, and she one day saw her schoolhouse. It was one big room, built of brick and painted white. There was a pump at one side, and two outside privies and three old beech trees, their leaves all yellow, in the yard overgrown with tall grass and goldenrod. The windows were boarded up. *That's it. That's my house,* she said. It was something no one else would buy or want. It was something she could make peculiarly her own. It was on a lonely back road, with no near neighbors. She would have to have a car, but the schoolhouse surely wouldn't cost much. She was more excited than she had been since she saw the snow falling past the professor's face in that top room long since. It was, in its way, her second falling-in-love.

She went about it quietly, secretly. She looked at secondhand cars. She found out in a roundabout way that the schoolhouse would sell for six hundred dollars—less than the car. She found out how much a bathroom would cost. She found out that there was a stove in the schoolhouse and how much wood or coal would cost.

It took months. It took a sale of the hopeless old house on Shale Road and a bargaining about the commission. But she bought it, her schoolhouse. Her ivory tower, her refuge against laughter and all the bruises of life. Then she told her family she was going to move.

"A schoolhouse?" her father said. "That's the most impractical thing I ever heard of!"

"It's not impractical at all," she said. "It's exactly what I want. It's all arranged and I'll go next week."

When Eliza said anything was arranged, it was arranged. She did move the next week. The bathroom wasn't in yet, but it was begun that same week, and wood was delivered and the old school seats taken out and the blackboards down.

At the last minute her mother fluttered about, finding this and that she thought Eliza would like—the little old knobbed cream-and-sugar set, a tea strainer, a broom. She presented them anxiously.

"It sounds so . . . *lonely*," her mother said at last. "But if it doesn't work out, you know your room's here. I—I know you like that sort of thing, but we do hate to think of you up there on that hill, all alone, at night."

"But I like being alone," Eliza said. "I don't mind it a bit. I'm not afraid of anything." She couldn't tell her mother that it was ecstasy she felt at the thought of being alone, that what fear she felt was here in this house, with everyone intruding, trying to peep into her thoughts and her emotions.

"I'd like to give you something awfully *special*—for a housewarming present," her mother said. "Tell me something you want awfully, Eliza."

Eliza tried to think of something she could accept, something that would make no mark on her house. "Well, I'd like another cord of wood," she said at last. "I've got some, but it'll take a lot for the winter."

"A cord of wood?" her mother said a little blankly. Then she laughed and said, "All right. A cord of wood it shall be."

For some reason or other Eliza remembered the long-ago birthday when her mother had taken her to the graveyard. The memory made her curiously uneasy and uncomfortable, but she went briskly at the end, saying, "Be seeing you!" and driving off quickly.

"I wish she'd have let me help her settle in," Mrs. Beck said to her husband. "But she didn't want me."

"Oh, it's one of those things people in ivory towers like to do," he said. "When it's twenty below zero, I imagine we'll be seeing her back!"

"But she's all alone—she hasn't even got a telephone."

"She'll probably get one. She's hale and hearty, she'll have fun for a while."

"Fun?" Mrs. Beck said doubtfully.

He started to leave for his office, then turned and said, "We haven't seen the Dennisons for a dog's age; let's have them over tonight."

"All right," she said.

She didn't look at her husband, neither did he quite look at her. The Dennisons were the liveliest friends they had—they talked a good deal, liked an argumentative game of bridge, laughed with no inhibition, liked to begin a good sing after coffee at midnight. The Becks both knew that it was going to be nicer having the Dennisons in without Eliza up there in her room, annoyed by the noise and the frivolous conversation. But they were ashamed of their knowledge, not really happy about it, for they did love Eliza.

So Eliza took possession of her schoolhouse. She didn't have much furniture. A studio couch. A plain chair covered in red leather that she had picked up at an auction

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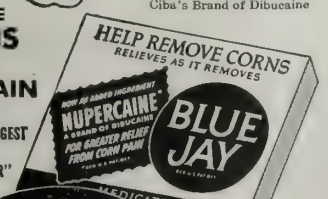
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sale. A few dishes and kitchen utensils. She wasn't in any hurry about furnishings. She knew how she wanted her room, but she wanted to spend time on it. It was to be austere, not arty at all. A place in which to work and think. Oh, with certain fine small treasures, but *not* arty. There was an old bookcase built into one corner, crude and painted a dull blue. She left it there and put her books into it. There was still the low platform where the teacher's desk stood and she did not have the platform taken out. At one end of it the new bathroom was under way. She planned to paint it blue like the bookcase. The desk was perfect for drawing. It was old and flat-topped and had little drawers down one side. It was scarred with the bold knife marks of old pupils and had one bad inkstain. She liked it.

Indeed, she loved the whole room, and when the plumbers had departed that afternoon and she was really alone in it, she was terribly excited and happy. She lit her oil lamp, made some rather dull sandwiches, drank some milk and surveyed her domain with complete contentment. There was such a stillness as she had never known. Only an occasional cricket or a rustle of leaves, that was all the sound there was. Here she would live at last, really live, *free*. Oh, the work she would do here! She felt as if at last her life was really beginning.

Still, after she was in bed, the lights out, the night black as velvet beyond the windows, she did not sleep at once. She kept listening for the crickets. *I'm tired*, she even said to herself. Tired of the long, long struggle to keep herself to herself.

But in the morning she was not tired. It was all perfect again, with the sun on the yellow beech trees, the men driving in to work on the bathroom, and the pile of wood stacked against the wall. She made herself coffee, ate corn flakes, drove down the hill to the office, longing already for the day to be done so she could come back to her place.

It would be nice to say that Eliza hated her ivory tower once she possessed it, that her very youth refused it, that she was lonely beyond imagining; but it wouldn't be true. She loved it. She loved owning it all alone. She loved its very drawbacks. She liked building a fire. She liked coming back to it at night, even when the dark had already fallen before she reached it. She saw that she would have to have coal if she was to keep a fire going through the day, so she had a little shed built on at the back and ordered coal. She wasn't really good at cooking, but she managed meals of sorts and always had a good lunch in town. She painted the bathroom herself, and the wainscoting around the room. She took a few of her best drawings out of their hiding place and hung them between the windows and they pleased her. No one came to see her, but she liked it that way.

Her folks had, of course, wanted to come, but she had discouraged them. "Wait—wait," she said. "I want it all perfect first." She meant she didn't want them ever to see her sanctuary. To fend them off, she came every now and then to her old home, made herself as agreeable as she knew how to be.

But one Sunday in late November her people did drive up, came to her door and called out, "Oh, Eliza!"

She had to let them in, though it hurt her to do so. She saw them trying to like it, trying to see how she could possibly have left her good, warm, pretty room at home for this, trying to pick out its good points, trying not to quiz her too much.

"The views are lovely," her mother said.

"H'm," her father said. "Maybe, in the spring—a little bleak right now, I'd say."

"Did you do these, darling?" her mother said, walking up to one of the drawings. "Why, it's lovely! It's really lovely!"

She said only, "Yes," though she wanted to deny she'd done them.

"Look, John!" her mother said.

"Not bad," her father said. "Don't suppose this floor is insulated, is it?"

"It's plenty warm," she said.

They weren't comfortable and neither was Eliza. But she tried to welcome them. She

(Continued on Page 115)

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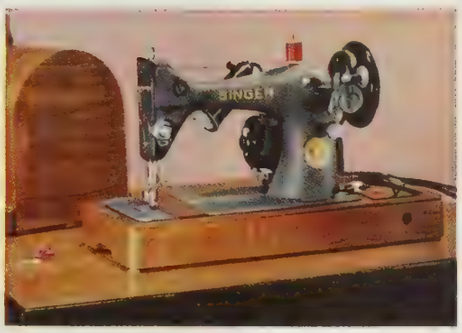
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SINGER SEWING CENTERS

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(Continued from Page 113)

new they were decent people, that they hought they were fond of her, but she saw hem from far off, almost as if they were trangers, not of her blood at all.

"Do you remember that old tea set of Grandma Beck's? The brown vine one?" er mother asked. "Would you like it for up ere? It would be nice with the blue cup-oards."

"Why, if you want to spare it," Eliza said.

"I don't use it," her mother said. "You night as well have it."

She knew her mother prized the tea set, hat she was trying to give her something me, but she wished no one would give her nything. She saw them go away with relief.

The next time she went home her mother aid, "I've got the tea set all packed, Eliza. Do you want to take it today?"

So she took the dishes and they did look ice in the cupboards. But she didn't use hem often, for she didn't fuss over her mea-er suppers.

She didn't leave her house for the winter, hough her father said, "Look, puss, be sen-ible and come to own for the next hree months. We lon't want you get-ing pneumonia—r even chilblains!" No, she stayed on nd her delight did ot lessen, even when she had to get shoveled out a num-er of times and when coal didn't ome once and she ad to get along with wood for three days. Physically, the life was very good for her. She had to get outdoors and she had to build fires and she had to learn how to keep house. She believed in cleanliness and she kept the school-house spotless. There were so many little things to see to that she didn't get quite as much time for drawing as she wished, but she did have long eve-ning hours and sometimes worked away there at the flat-topped desk after midnight. She had had a plan of doing drawings for a child's book of poems and she had done hundreds of suitable pictures, but when she thought of taking or sending them to some publisher, she could not bring herself to do it. She couldn't seem to bear letting anyone see her work, perhaps not see it as beautiful as she saw it. It seemed to her no one in the world could possibly know quite how perfect it was.

"My husband looked at me and said, 'I hear we have another child.'"

THESE are the words of a mother who turned her family of three kids into a family of six almost as fast as you can multiply three times two. The extra three were foster children, known to the world at large as "problems," and to the Roses themselves as Jane, Joey and Jimmy John. Other mothers asked Mrs. Rose: Isn't it hard work? How could you afford it? Weren't your own children jealous? and Wouldn't you rather take a new baby to raise than a half-grown problem child? The new mother-of-six didn't pretend to know all the answers, but she knew where to find them—with the children themselves!

JIMMY JOHN

By Anna Perrott Rose

Complete in the July Journal

PETER was out of college now and had a job in New York. At Christmas he was home for a few days and he liked kidding Eliza about her house. The day before he went back he came up to see it. He sat on the desk and smoked and chattered about a good many unimportant things. But at last he said:

"You want me to get out, don't you, Liz? Well, I will soon. Wanted to see your hang-out. I don't like it much, Liz."

"It couldn't matter less," she said sharply.

"I know. Still, I do have opinions and like to air them as well as the next one. . . . It'll make you queer, this sort of setup."

"Queer? Well, I don't mind."

"If you were a gangster and wanted a hide-out, it would be very nice. . . . Or if you were sixty, with all passion spent, I could see it. But you're almost twenty-three, Liz, and if you've ever spent any passion, I haven't noticed it. What's it all for?"

"For? It's for me," she said.

He gave her a grin, but not a friendly one—mocking, rather, and almost pitying. "For you," he said, then no more while he lit another cigarette. Then he said more briskly, "Look, Liz, why don't you take a few days off and come down and let me show you the town? I know a nice crowd . . . yes—don't lift your brows like that—they *are* nice. They've even got brains. You're a darn good-looking gal, you know—I'd like letting them look at you."

BUT she said no, she couldn't leave her job and besides New York wasn't any attraction to her. "I *like* it here," she said.

"All right. All right. . . . But remember my words, kid—you're going to get queer, sure as fate. It's what I call 'an unnatural life.'" She didn't answer and presently he went on stubbornly: "You're smarter than I am—you don't need to look down your nose at me like that, sis—I know that. But I do know something you don't know and that you're going to be very sorry to find out one of these days. And that is: Smartness isn't enough."

"It depends on whether you're smart or not," she said.

He slid off the desk and she saw that he was angry. "I'll pop along now," he said.

She tried a little to make amends. "Don't worry about me, Peter. I know I don't have fun in your way—but in my own way, I do. I don't try to change your life, do I?"

"No," he agreed shortly.

"I don't see why everyone tries to change me, then."

He was quite sober, for him. "No, I don't either," he said finally. "I don't think anyone ever will. I'm sorry." He went off through the snow to his car by the road. He looked back once, his face still sober.

She felt ashamed as well as resentful after he had gone. She resented that he should feel sorry for her, should try to make her over. But she was ashamed of having been so rude to him. He couldn't help what he was. She even thought that maybe she might go to New York for a day or two, just to show him that she hadn't meant to be mean.

But the winter went by and she didn't go to New York. She went to the office, where there was little work in the severe months, came back to her house on the back road, drew her fine, small pen-and-ink sketches, wrote an occasional poem, read. She grew used to people's asking if she wasn't lonely up there. "Not at all," she always answered.

In March she began to be anxious for April, however, for the chance to start her garden.

In March her mother had guests, an old schoolmate, her husband and son. "Darling, *will* you come down for dinner? I really do need someone young," her mother said.

She went and was polite enough, though the young man bored her. Then he asked if he couldn't drive her home—he'd like to see her house. "Oh, no, thanks. I have my own car," she said. She saw her mother's face grow disappointed, hurt, but she couldn't be nice to that dull young man.

It was in April that she saw the sandbank on a crossroad and thought, *I am going to get a little of that sand and make me a Japanese garden.* She wondered why she had never thought of it before, for it was just the kind of miniature perfection that she loved. She took a pail to the sandbank and brought the sand home, found a big, round, flat flower dish of gray and filled it with sand. She made a tiny bridge out of twigs, a very small pagoda.

(Continued on Page 117)

Are you in the know?



What about a gift for your weekend hostess?

☐ *Bring it with you* ☐ *Send it later* ☐ *Either is correct*

When guesting, remember your friend's mother with some wee giftie. You can bring it, or send it later. Either's correct. But you needn't flourish the present the moment your foot is in the hall! What's more, you needn't postpone your visit—just because "that" day is nigh. For the new Kotex keeps you *comfortable.* Gives you *softness that holds its shape* . . . (this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it.) And mind, your new all-elastic Kotex Sanitary Belt fits snugly; doesn't cut!



To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest—

☐ *World's tallest building*
☐ *Great Britain*
☐ *Good camouflage*

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, give careful thought to your wardrobe. If you've figure faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the highwaisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested femme. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no *telltale* line with Kotex. For that, you can thank the *flat pressed ends* of Kotex . . . they *prevent* revealing outlines. Try all *3 absorbencies:* Regular, Junior, Super.



After a late date, should a damsel—

☐ *Invite him into the house*
☐ *Say goodnight at the door*
☐ *Thank him*

When the night's no longer young, there's no call for your date to linger. Dismiss him graciously at the door. (Your family will appreciate it!) And—no "thank-you's," either. "It's been a lovely evening" will do. You can always be sure of a pleasant evening, when you're poised—free of "problem time" worries. That's why you'll want to be sure to choose Kotex. Because of that special *safety center,* you can count on *extra* protection with Kotex.

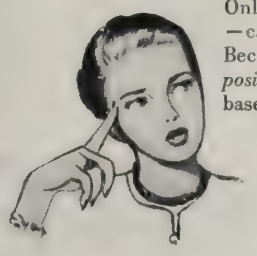


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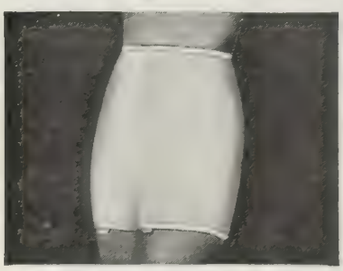
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(Continued from Page 115)

There was a path, and little mounds of hills at one side. And then she saw a wild-plum tree in bloom at the edge of the woods, went out and brought in a tiny spray and stuck it in beside the path. She looked at it with delight. It was beautiful, and the wild plum was the simple, right, finishing touch. In the morning the plum blossom had wilted and she was somehow dismayed. She went out and found a twig of cedar, but it wasn't just right. But she left it and all day kept searching for just the right thing to put in its place. On the way home she saw a shadbush in blossom and stopped her car to get a bit of it.

It was odd—or perhaps it wasn't odd—but she found an immense satisfaction in her little artificial garden. She seemed to have almost forgotten her plan for a garden of perennials by the wall. She tried all sorts of simple but delightful arrangements. She kept the garden on her desk, though it was in the way of her working. But she couldn't seem to let it go beyond her hand.

She was busier at the office now, but she did her work in a daze of impatience. She was more than ever anxious to get home.

In May her mother came one Sunday and found her fussing over the garden. She had put apple blossoms in today, but they seemed too big, too earthy somehow for the little fantasy she was creating.

"Whatever are you doing?" her mother asked, and then took in the gray bowl. "But how sweet!" she said.

Eliza turned away. "Oh, it's nothing. . . . Come out on the step. It's nice today."

So they sat on the step and her mother said, "Peter's bringing a friend up. A newspaperman. I don't suppose you'd want to grace the family board Saturday night?"

"Not much," Eliza said. Then: "Mother, why do you try so hard? You know I wouldn't like him, nor he me. You think unless I find a mate, just like all the animals, that I can't possibly be contented. But some people just don't need mates, mother. I'm one of them. Why don't you give up on me?"

"Well, I don't happen to believe there are any people like that," her mother said, trying to give her a whimsical and loving smile. "I'm not asking you to marry the boy, you know. It's just—oh, I like a *family* in the house, is all. I like young people there for young guests. And we miss you."

Eliza almost said, *You're glad to have me gone. You know you are,* but she didn't. "Peter'll drum up somebody," she said. "I'll come if it's essential, but honestly, it isn't."

Her mother didn't say it was essential, didn't urge her any more at all. She didn't stay long, but before she left she came back into the house and took a package wrapped in a napkin from her bag.

"Fresh rolls," she said. "With cinnamon in." Then she gave a little frown at the garden and said, "Forget-me-nots would be nice there. I saw some by the brook as I came up."

After her mother was gone Eliza went down to the brook and got the forget-me-nots and they were perfect, though she hated to take her mother's advice in the matter. She thought, *I ought to get the earth turned over for my garden,* but she didn't. She thought toward evening of a new pagoda painted in Chinese reds and blues and she told herself she would make it the next night. She did make it. It was so small, so entrancing when it was done and had its lacquer on it, that she stood and smiled at it as if it were a friend. But then, she saw, the bridge wouldn't do, and the next night she made a bridge to match. But now, she realized, the bigger, showier summer flowers were coming on, and it would be hard to find the right things for the garden. She got out her catalogues that she had neglected, began to hunt for the small, the exquisitely small blooms.

The next day she had a long trip to make with a client and as she paused at the top of a hill she saw in a farmer's badly tended garden a touch of blue.

She said, "Would you wait a minute, please? I have an errand here." And she went to the back door and asked the farmer's wife what the little blue flowers were.

"Grape hyacinth," the woman said.

"Thank you," Eliza said.

"If you'd be real careful, I guess it wouldn't hurt to transplant a few," the woman said. "Just wait, I'll dig up a basket for you. There's plenty and to spare." She came with a basket and trowel and dug deep into a patch of the flowers. "Some people never dig up a blooming flower," the woman said, "but I never take any notice of that, so long as there's plenty of dirt at the roots. Here you are, miss."

"That's kind of you, awfully kind," Eliza said. She put the basket in the back of the car, and every time she got out of the car all day she looked to see if the little blue spikes were still upright and safe.

That night she had planned to work, but she planted her flowers, stealing one small spike for her other, precious little garden. She got out her drawing materials, but then she thought that the line of the path in her garden was not just right, not in harmony with the line of the bowl. She removed the pagoda and the bridge, began to change the path with sure, skillful fingers. She heard the twitter of birds in the woods close by and the sound was like a part of the Japanese garden—she wished she could fix it, soft and eternal, in the pagoda.

Strange week! Strange last week of Eliza Beck's youth. All her secrecy, all her obsession with the miniature, the unique, flowing into this tiny, formal fantasy of beauty.

She didn't go home for dinner Saturday night. On Sunday morning she sat and wrote an order for plants. She heard a car drive up her hill, pause, and she looked out through the front windows and saw that it was her mother's little car. She sighed, laid a sheet of drawing paper over her order blank, stood up and moved toward the door.

She opened the door thinking to keep her mother outside her sanctuary, and it was not her mother at all coming up the two short, deep steps to the little porch of the schoolhouse, but a strange, tall young man. He was dressed carelessly in a corduroy jacket and brown slacks and wore no hat. His hair was reddish and thick and he had blue eyes that were skeptical and somewhat ruthless, and his face was bony and irregular and more lined than most young men's faces. He

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Child in the Grass

By Pauline Havard

Still as a cricket in the tall, gold grass
The small girl sits, preoccupied with little
Happenings of wonderland where beetles pass
With jeweled backs: a snail shell is a brittle,
Patterned toy she has not seen before;
Each grassy mound a fairy's emerald dwelling;
While you, too big to enter through that door
Can only wait the tales she will be telling
Of her green meadow-town. If you are wise
You'll listen earnestly to all she says,
Before time dulls the dreams in her bright eyes.
Oh, help her store up wonder for the days
That adults know; when she has grown too tall
To enter the town where miracles befall!

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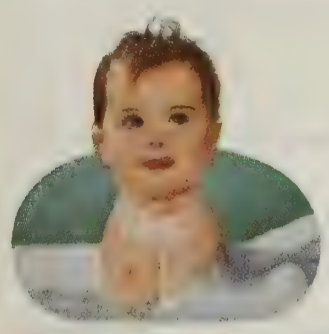
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looked as if he had been around—as, indeed, he had.

"Hello, Eliza!" he said boldly.

"How do you do?" she said coldly, no welcome in her voice at all, only a waiting for him to state his business and be gone.

"Aren't you going to ask me in?" he said. "I'm Peter's friend, Tobias Jones. Call me Toby."

She stiffened with distaste and said, "Is anything wrong at home?"

"Not a thing, so far as I know. I've just come calling. Are you going to shut the door in my face?"

"Come in if you like," she said. "But I am pretty busy." She let him in, and nothing was ever the same again.

He sat down in the leather chair and looked around curiously. "Not bad. Not bad at all if you like the hermit life."

She was still standing, not wanting him there, yet not quite rude enough to put him out. "I do like it," she said.

"Really? You *are* a cool piece, aren't you? Peter said you wouldn't be my cup of tea at all. . . . Your picture's on the piano at home, you know—and very intriguing it is, I may say. It flatters you, but not too much. 'She lives in a schoolhouse and she's not your cup of tea,' Pete said. So one thing led to another and I came to see for myself, never having been one to let others choose my tea for me. . . . *What's* the idea of the schoolhouse, if I may ask?"

"It's my home," she said.

"Or your fortress?" he asked. "Your island, perhaps? I used to have a taste for islands myself—but that was before the South Pacific era."

"Is there anything wrong in wanting a fortress?" she demanded. She knew at once that she shouldn't have said it—it only gave him the chance for further inquisitiveness.

"Oh, I suppose not. Not in wanting it. But Maginot Lines have been a dime a dozen of late. Sit down, why don't you? You make me nervous—you act as if you were waiting for me to go. And I'm not going yet."

"But I do have work to do," she said stiffly. "Sundays I do like to work."

"On the Sabbath? Why, Eliza! . . . What kind of work?" Then he gave a quick but seeing look about the room, got up and walked toward one of the pictures. "Do this?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I say! You are good, aren't you? Very nice Oriental effect. You know: 'Bird and Plum Blossoms'—that sort of thing. . . . Could be you do need an island. Sell much?"

"No. I don't sell anything."

"Oh. Just art for art's sake, eh? And after you're dead, they'll be discovered and you'll be a genius. What do you live on? Your folks?"

There was something so rude about his voice that she was moved to anger. "I have a job," she said. "I sell real estate and I earn my own living."

He turned and grinned at her. "Ah, but do you live?" he said boldly. "I think it's my mission in life to teach you that islands are a thing of the past. . . . Don't you like your family?"

"Of course."

He wandered over to the desk. "What's this gimcrack?" he said, putting a finger on the edge of the gray bowl.

She said, quickly, like an angry child, "Don't touch that!"

He turned and stared at her, then looked down at the garden with its spikes of blue grape hyacinth. "Don't touch me, eh?" he said more slowly and thoughtfully. "That's a very outdated complex, Eliza; don't you know that? A psychiatrist would have a field day with you. Pete tried to tell me about you, but I had to see you to believe him. Nobody's so special he can't be touched, you know. Nobody. Remember the Snow Queen? Well, I had no passion for Andersen when I was a boy, but I remember the Snow Queen and her heart that turned to ice. To think that I should live to see a fairy tale come true!" But he wasn't smiling. He was speaking seriously, accusingly, and as if he suddenly did not like her at all.

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"You are being unpardonably personal and rude," she said.

"Am I? Well, you're a very beautiful girl, Eliza, and I'm glad I saw you for myself, but I'll admit that Pete was right—you're not my cup of tea at all."

"Since you've discovered that, maybe you'd let me get to work now," she said.

"Yes, I might as well. So long, Eliza."

He moved toward the door and she stood still by the desk. Suddenly he made a quick turn and came back to her. He seemed very tall, very angry, very ruthless, advancing. When he came near, he reached out a strong hand, took her hand and pulled her toward him. She stumbled on the edge of the platform. He let her stumble but not fall, pulled her toward him and kissed her, on the mouth, a long, hard, violent kiss. He took his arms away quickly at last, and she almost fell. Her eyes on him were blank with fright.

"Just so you'll know what it is to be touched," he said.

He went now, not looking back at her. The door slammed. She heard the car start.

So the fortress fell, the fortress built up over so many years, fell completely, became dust. Twenty-three years of building—the time of one kiss for falling. Not that Eliza admitted its destruction immediately. Oh, no. She began, frantically, to put on more stones, pretending that the base was still there, pretending she was not building on air. She sent in her order for little flowers. She planted those flowers. She tended the Japanese garden with passionate care. She got out her drawings again and worked till very late at night. But sometimes, unconsciously, she put up her hand to her mouth, as if to cover a bruise. And sometimes she couldn't work at all and walked up and down her long room, pretending she was thinking.

Have a grudge against yourself but not against life. —HUGH WALPOLE: The Inquisitor (Doubleday & Company).

And after she was undressed, tucked under the blanket of her studio couch at night, she kept hearing words in that bold, intruding voice. "*Nobody's so special he can't be touched, you know. Nobody. . . . You're not my cup of tea at all. . . . It flatters you, but not too much. . . . Maginot Lines have been a dime a dozen of late.*" . . . It infuriated her to remember this man Toby Jones, to remember his voice, his words. And that last violent moment—that she refused to remember, or thought she did.

Toward the end of that week her mother came up, bringing some rhubarb-and-strawberry jam Mrs. Grimsby had just made. Mrs. Beck didn't go outdoors today. She sat on the studio couch and seemed a little more quiet than usual. Eliza had had a supper of cereal with bananas sliced on it, and the dish still stood on the desk. She knew her mother had seen the dish and that the thought of a skimpy supper would be paining her.

"Nice to have the days so long," her mother said almost idly.

"Yes. Though I like long evenings, too," Eliza answered.

"Well, I do too. I suppose I like almost everything as is," her mother said. "Maybe I'm just too contented."

Eliza smiled her agreement with that, but said nothing.

"How'd you like Toby?" her mother said then, trying to speak casually, but in spite of herself letting a faint anxiety creep into her voice.

"Toby? Oh, Peter's newspaperman. I didn't. . . . I dare say he told you I wasn't very hospitable."

Her mother didn't look at her and that made Eliza uncomfortable. "Well, no, he didn't quite say that, darling."

Without warning, Eliza felt her cheeks suddenly burning hotly. "We didn't get on," she persisted.

"Oh?"

"What's that 'Oh?' for?" she demanded, wanting to stop this conversation but unable to do so.

"Why, he just didn't tell it quite that way," her mother said. "Do you want to know what he said?"

"You're bound to tell it anyway," Eliza said, though that wasn't at all true of her mother.

A little line showed in her mother's forehead for an instant. "I'm a fool, darling, I really am. I've been worried about you," she said. "About that Toby. . . . Of course you know all the facts of life—you couldn't go through college without knowing them. But you do keep things to yourself—you know you do. For all I really know, you might still believe in the stork. . . . But Toby Jones; he saw your picture, you know, and he was entranced by it. He kept looking at it—Peter warned him off, but I could see he was determined to see you. Well, when he came back, Peter said, 'You didn't stay long. I told you she'd give you a quick brush-off.' Toby just grinned and Peter said, 'She isn't the sort you kiss on the first call.' Toby said, 'Oh, we're way past the kissing stage!' and he didn't say another word about you."

"Disgusting!" Eliza said, but she knew her face was still red.

"Disgusting? Oh, no—it wasn't that. I don't know why I worried; you certainly do know how to give a—a brush-off, as Peter calls it. Only—well, Toby Jones is a man the like of which you may not have come across before. Foot-loose, a kind of adventurer, I'd say. I like him, understand—if I were young I'd probably like him a lot—but I doubt if he has much *conscience* . . . about girls, I mean."

"You *are* silly," Eliza said, but not angrily. "As if a man like this Jones could possibly interest me!" She knew she ought to stop this talk at once, but something drove her on—she couldn't stop.

"I almost wish he could," her mother said. "I know you think I'm always trying to make a match for you, but I'm not—not really. But I wish you did like *someone*. . . . Maybe not Toby, for he's the kind that kisses and then vanishes. But *someone*."

"I'm contented," Eliza said. "Perfectly contented, without anyone, mother. And Toby Jones is the last person on earth I could ever like—so rest your mind on that score."

But after her mother had gone down to her car by the roadside and driven off, Eliza Beck stood in the doorway and had a wild wish to call her mother back and tell her just what had happened in that visit of Toby Jones'. Not since she had been a little girl had she so longed to tell her mother anything. But so set in her ways of secrecy was she that she knew she could not now break them.

This was her first admission to herself that she thought of Toby Jones at all. Now she had made the admission, she thought of him a good deal, angry at herself for doing so, but doing it nevertheless. That "Oh, we're way past the kissing stage!" came into her mind many times every day, and the thought of sharp and wicked words to answer it, but there was no one to whom to say them. And she knew the statement was, in a way, true. Not in any physical sense, but things had been said that took them far past the bounds of any ordinary first conversation. It had been the strangest talk she had ever had with anyone, even her professor. He had jumped feet first into her inmost self, seen what she was like, why she wanted her schoolhouse—well, he seemed to have seen everything there was to see of her. And he hadn't liked it. He seemed to think she had no *right* to her fortress, that she was an escapist. . . . "*Nobody's so special he can't be touched.*" . . . Those words came to her unbidden over and over. She thought up a great many withering replies to them, but again there was no Toby Jones to whom they could be delivered. *I am special*, she told herself over and over, proudly, stubbornly.

She stubbornly tended her little garden, though it had been put in so late that the days of rain had passed and she had to carry water often to keep the plants alive. Stubbornly, too, she kept the little Japanese garden fresh and beautiful. But something had

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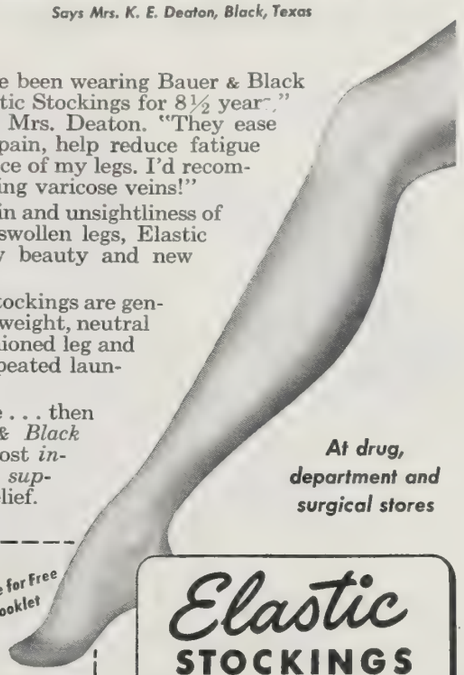
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gone out of her fine, single purpose, something had gone from her possession of the schoolhouse, something had gone from her proud loneliness.

Two weeks later Hendrick said to her, "You look a little peaked, Eliza. In love, maybe?" He rarely said such personal things to her, for she was cold enough with him, too, and he sometimes told his wife that if she weren't so good in her job, he'd fire her—she made him uncomfortable.

"Hardly," she said briefly.

"When you want your vacation? Not now, I hope."

"No. Winter'll be all right. Maybe Christmastime," she said.

"Fine! Fine!"

She applied herself to her job harder, sold the Timkins place.

One night she tried to work at her drawing and sat staring at the page for a long time, not able to do a stroke. She made an effort at last, but her hand was unsteady. She put her pen down, stood up and walked out of the schoolhouse, got her car out and drove home. Her mother and father were playing bridge with the Dennisons.

"Why, darling!" her mother said, putting down her hand. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Not a thing," she said. "Don't stop playing. I'll watch you."

It was the first time in her life that she had ever sat down and watched a bridge game.

"Draw up your chair," her father said. "You are about to see me go down three!"

She sat there, unhappy, and yet glad to be there. She had a wish that she might go up and get into her old bed and sleep and sleep and sleep.

They almost seemed to forget her. They played a lively game and had a familiar patter of good-natured insults. Eliza had always despised bridge as a complete waste of time, but she seemed tonight not to mind it much. She did not know why she had come or why she was glad to be there in the red chair at her father's elbow. After a bit her mother made coffee and she drank some and just sat there till the Dennisons went home.

"Well, I'd better be on my way," she said at last.

Her mother said quickly, "Oh, why don't you stay? It's so late now. I'll even bring your breakfast up to bed!"

"That's an inducement," she said. "I forgot bread and I wouldn't have any toast for breakfast."

"Good! I'll get you a pair of my pajamas."

So she did sleep in her old bed. For the first time in weeks she fell asleep at once, sinking down with something like ecstasy into darkness and emptiness and thoughtlessness.

In her father and mother's room, her mother said quietly, "Something's wrong with Eliza."

"Wrong with her?"

"You know it is. She's acted up to now as if it were a tremendous favor to give us a minute of her time. She—she came in as if she were running away from something."

"Well, I told you she'd get tired of that setup. Maybe someone was prowling around up there and she got scared."

"She looked so strange when she came in," Mrs. Beck persisted. "She looked . . . *haunted*."

"Don't stew over it, honey," John Beck said. "You ought to know by now we can't do much for Eliza."

She lay quietly in the darkness and said no more, but she was troubled and could not forget her first glimpse of Eliza's face when she had come into the bright living room. She thought, too, of that day when she had talked with Eliza about Toby Jones and of the red that had come up in a tide and stayed so long on Eliza's cheeks. In the way of women and mothers, she tied them together, though she had no real reason to do so.

But in the morning Eliza seemed quite her old self and went off to the office without giving any reason for her visit, or showing that it had meant anything special to her.

It had had its effect, however, though Eliza herself scarcely knew it. But she had slept that night, and she had hardly realized how many hours she had lain sleepless in her schoolhouse of late. She had begun to wish for some other Utopia, some other sanctuary, hide the truth from herself as she would. No, the effect went even deeper than that. She was uncertain of herself for the first time in her life. She wasn't certain of her talent or of her future greatness, as she had once been. And she couldn't work.

Sometimes, to reassure herself, she took out her drawings and looked them all over critically. They were good, she told herself, truly good. But the third time she did this, they seemed curiously monotonous to her—very fine and perfect, but monotonous. She thought again of her old plan to try them out on a publisher. She began to hunt for poems that the pictures would fit, copying them all, arranging them in book form with the pictures. She even took down the names of authors and publishers, knowing there were copyrights that would have to be respected. But then she did nothing more. She did not want to admit that Toby Jones' words had influenced her to such an extent.

One day she was taking a very nice woman from Philadelphia on a little tour of the countryside, looking at old houses. And when it was lunchtime she said, "I suppose you're getting hungry. We're quite near my house—why don't you stop and have a bite with me and then we can go up to this place on Copper Hill I wanted to show you?"

"Why, that's awfully nice of you," the woman said. "It would be fun."

So she took a guest, voluntarily, to her schoolhouse. She got down the old dishes with the brown vine, made sandwiches, scrambled eggs, coffee.

A man can spit at the world if he wants, but if the world spits at him he drowns.
—ANON.

The woman was enchanted with the schoolhouse and said, "How clever of you! If I do find a place, you must help me with it. *Will* you help me, if I find something possible?"

"Why I'd like to—though I'm no architect," Eliza said.

"Where did you ever find these dishes? They're exquisite!"

"They were my grandmother's."

That doesn't sound like much, but it was a good deal, really. It marked the spot where Eliza Beck admitted the need of someone in her house with her, and her remark about the dishes marked her first pride in family.

In midsummer Peter appeared at Hendrick's office one Friday afternoon and said, "Mom says to bring you home for supper. She's making raspberry shortcake."

"All right," she said and came with him. "Did you walk over?"

"Yeuh. Where's your car?"

"Right at the corner."

Inside the car Peter said lazily, "Toby sent you a message."

"Toby?" she said, as if she didn't know the name.

"Toby Jones. Don't tell me he made no more impression on you than that! I must remember to tell him!"

"I remember him," she said stiffly. "He was very impertinent."

"To say the least," he agreed, laughing. "Good guy, though, Toby is. One of the best." She didn't answer and presently he went on: "He said to tell the Snow Queen—that's what he calls you—that he might drop in one of these days and clear up the unfinished business."

"There isn't any unfinished business."

"I told him he would be wasting his charm. Bad medicine for each other, you two would be."

They had come to the house and she didn't need to reply. She sent no message. But her mother eyed her from time to time troubledly.

"I wish you weren't so thin, Eliza."

"I like to be thin," she answered.

Even if he is an unsettled, wandering sort of man, I wish she would see him again, her

(Continued on Page 122)



He's so helpless—so dependent on you to keep him comfortable all the day through

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You take special care of his soft little shirts—see that they're scrupulously rinsed of every bit of soap residue. His skin is so tender—so easily irritated—everything that touches it must be soft as down. Your baby's skin really is thinner than a grownup's — skin studies show it would chafe quicker. He needs all your loving care to keep him comfortable all day long.



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(Continued from Page 120)

mother thought. *Even if it turned out badly. He did make an impression on her, though she'd die rather than admit it. . . . She's going to get old and spinsterish and never know what it is to love anyone.*

And when Peter left, she said, "Why don't you bring Toby up again? He was fun."

"I'll do that, maybe," Peter said. "To tell you the truth, he hinted that he come this time—but I didn't want to bring him."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it's just a notion I've got—about him and Liz. He was taken with her—you know that. But you know Liz. And I know Toby. I don't want either of them to get burned. Liz isn't good enough for him. Sounds nasty, but she isn't, mom. She's got looks, but that's all she has got. He's a hellion with the ladies—but he's got a heart. He wouldn't marry her in a thousand years. I don't think he'll ever marry anyone, but he certainly wouldn't marry Liz. I suppose she was rude as all get out to him and he can't take it—that kind of tactics draws 'em on, at first. Well, I just don't want to be in the middle of a mess like that might get to be."

"Still," his mother said slowly and gravely, "I wish you'd bring him."

"Be it on your own head!" Peter said lightly, but his eyes were a little puzzled at his mother's attitude.

Two weeks later Eliza went out one early morning to take in her milk and Toby Jones was sitting on the front step, smoking.

"Coffee ready?" he said, not moving.

She felt anger flow through her in a great tide. It was like the anger she had used to feel toward Peter when he snooped in her poems. Then she felt something else mingled with the anger, something strange but equally powerful, to which she gave no name.

"Mr. Jones ——" she said.

"Toby," he interrupted. "Just Toby, Eliza."

"*Mr. Jones,*" she began again, "I might as well be quite frank. I don't want to have coffee with you. I don't want to see you or talk to you."

He still sat there, his back to the wall, lazily, quite contented. "Well, we wouldn't have to talk," he conceded. "But you might spare the coffee. After I've risen at dawn to come see you."

SHE turned, went swiftly into the schoolhouse. She poured a cup of coffee, carried it out to the steps, handed it to him silently.

"Oh, thank you. Thank you very much," he said.

She went back inside, prepared her own breakfast, sat at the desk with it. But when she lifted the spoon to sugar her cereal, she spilled the sugar across the desk. She couldn't eat. She drank her coffee, poured another cupful. She had with unsteady hand poured a third cup when the door opened and he came across the floor with his cup.

He stood by the desk, looking down at the soggy mess of her cereal. "No appetite? Tchk! Tchk!"

"If you'd go away so I could eat in peace, I might have some appetite," she said.

"Oh? So I disturb your peace?" he said. "That's interesting. That's very interesting. Let's just have a few words about that, shall we?"

"No," she said.

"How final," he said. He sat on the corner of the desk and she remembered the professor. She wanted to order him off the desk, but could not. "Do you know, Eliza, I've given some thought to your case, and I've come to the conclusion that you're something of a fraud. You really warm up, given the proper emotional stimulus. I'm not bad at being a stimulus and I've had a feeling it was my duty not to quarrel with you—just gently bring out your latent possibilities."

"YOU can take your stimulus elsewhere. I'm just not interested, Mr. Jones."

"*Toby,*" he corrected her automatically. Then he said in a speculative tone, "Maybe it's some childhood complex. Maybe we ought to dig into your past and find out what makes you tick. Maybe you've got a father complex, though I'm sure I wouldn't see just why—your dad seems like an awfully decent, normal sort of man. But maybe it's that—or maybe you're jealous of your mother's charm. Did you ever consider that one?"

"No, I never did," she said. "And I haven't got a father complex—nor am I jealous of my mother. Why in heaven's name should I be? I'm just a human being who likes privacy. You wouldn't be able to understand that."

"No? You'd be surprised at the odd things I understand. I could even tell you why you might be jealous of your mother, enough so you'd want to make yourself over in the opposite image, if you'd care to hear. . . . She likes people and people like her. They love her, because she's got the gift of giving herself to all and sundry. She's gay and she's got a kind of sweetness, old-fashioned you might call it, that you don't see much any more. And your father's still in love with her, after twenty-five years or so of marriage. . . . Yes, I can see plenty of reasons why."

"That's absolute nonsense," she said. "I've never had the least desire to be like my mother. I—I love my mother, but we don't have much in common."

"I see," he said. He leaned over and put a finger in the sand of the garden, traced a line parallel to the path. She wanted to scream at him but she was not one to scream, and she was inhibited by the results of her last command not to touch the bowl. It seemed to her, though, that he was deliberately goading her by his act and she wanted to do or say something terrible, shocking. He made the line very carefully, then he looked up and smiled at her, and the smile admitted that he had done this to annoy her. "So you love your mother, do you?" he said.

"Naturally."

"Oh, it isn't so natural as the storybooks make it out to be," he said. "I know plenty of people who loathe their parents." He looked down at the bowl as if trying to think of something else he could do to the garden. His hand moved toward it, paused, then pro-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Early Morning Ballad

By Nathaniel Burt

I went one morning early
Down to the railroad track.
The dew lay thick and pearly,
The railway long and black.

The birds sang all around me
As far as I could hear,
And way off down the valley
The morning train drew near.

At first I heard in warning
A whistle sad and clear;
I saw the white smoke lifting,
The engine front appear.

With an approaching thunder
The train bore down the line
And passed me in a wonder
Of noise and steam and shine.

I shouted at the engine,
I waved to all the crew,
And every man waved back at me
The way they always do.

Cinders flew up behind them,
The bushes bent and shone;
With all the birds still singing
They left me there alone.

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Good Eating!
How long since you've enjoyed 'em? Get some!
Ripe Olives
from CALIFORNIA

ceeded to the pagoda, picked it up and scrutinized it. "That's not absolutely authentic."

"I assure you it is. Put it down, please."

He grinned at her, put it back, a little crookedly. She couldn't help herself—she reached out and straightened it.

"Finicky," he said lazily. "Regular old-maid finicky.... Do you read Sanskrit?"

"Sanskrit?" she ejaculated. "No."

"Me, either. I take mine translated. Just wondered if you knew that one that starts every stanza with 'Even now.'"

"Mr. Jones ——" she began in helpless protest.

"It's in that green Anthology of World Poetry," he went on as if she had not spoken. "Look it up sometime. Of course the circumstances are a bit different—odd, though, how little circumstances have varied since the eleventh century or whenever it was, isn't it? The way he said 'my girl' might have been said by Pete, or anybody right now."

"What has that to do with me, Mr. Jones?"

"What?" He raised his brows. "Why, everything. I'm trying to convey to your thick head that that's the way I feel about you. I haven't gone to prison and I'm not going to die for you, but I'll go this far: you've become my haunt. And I've lost my zest for more-willing females. Somebody's got to wake you up—it might as well be me."

"I'm not asleep."

"You're absolutely dead to the world. Look at me."

She tried to bring her gaze up quickly, indifferently, but when her eyes met his blue, mocking glance, she dropped her head. He laughed and she felt her face grow hot as it had that day with her mother. She stood up, her hands on the desk, and cried out, almost incoherently, "Go away from here! Go away! I don't want you here! *Put that down!*" for he had picked up the pagoda again and was looking it over in that critical fashion. He dropped the pagoda, but picked up the whole bowl and dropped it with some violence on the floor, where the bowl broke into a great many parts and the bridge was squashed as flat as if made of paper.

HE had slid off the desk. He looked down at the ruined garden, then at her. "Sand and sticks," he said. "Just sand and sticks.... We *do* quarrel, don't we?"

She was trembling. She thought she was going to faint, but she stood there erect, scornful, and did not speak.

"I *could* kiss you again," he said. "But I don't think I will, even if you would like me to. Abstinence makes awfully good fuel.... One of these days you'll ask me to."

She thought she said, *I'd rather die!* and then realized she hadn't spoken at all.

He said, "So long, Eliza," and this time he did not come back.

Suddenly she went down on her knees by the bowl, began to gather the pieces toward her, the flattened little bridge, the pagoda that was still unharmed, the little stem of white phlox. She began to cry, holding the things against her knees, feeling the sand on her fingers. She couldn't seem to stop crying. She did not even pretend they were tears of anger, though in a way they were—anger at herself because she knew it was true that she had thought he might kiss her and that something had curled her heart up like death when he had not. She was shocked at the knowledge and for a few moments she loathed herself, then she sat down there on the floor and simply cried.

It was now that she knew the tower had fallen, now that she knew she dwelt in a lonely place, now that she knew she neither loved nor was loved, now that she knew her feeling for the professor had been nothing, nothing at all but a little fantasy of her own childish heart, no real tragedy, no real cause of suffering, now that she knew what her mother had meant when she'd said long ago, "I could wish nothing worse for you. But perhaps everybody will."

The destruction of her self-sufficiency was the greater because it had been so nearly complete, just as no one can be so devout as a convert who has long been a sinner. Eliza fell a long way that afternoon. Perhaps she really fell weeks before, but now she ac-





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knowledged the fall and she felt lost with a terrible lostness, nothing firm to her touch, no line of trees familiar, no goal in sight.

It would be better not to watch Eliza Beck through the next weeks of her life. Better not to watch her garden neglected, the dust gathering on her drawings, on her furniture. Better not to see her at the library table, staring down at the lines:

Just for a small and a forgotten time
I have had full in my eyes from off my girl
The whitest pouring of eternal light.

Better not to watch her standing in the crude little bathroom in her schoolhouse, looking at her face in the mirror, searching for any light in her gray eyes, finding it not. Better not see her, walking away from her schoolhouse into the woods, walking, walking, till she was so tired she could walk no more. Better not see her lying awake, aware of night black and sinister all about her. Better not to know of her longing to go home, be comforted by her mother's affection, fearing the affection gone after all its rebuffs.

She walked into her old home one late afternoon. It was Mrs. Grimsby's day out and her mother was in the kitchen. She went out to the kitchen and her mother looked up from her work and saw her face, eyes wide, sunk back into her face, mouth tight and strange.

Eliza sat down on the kitchen stool. "Remember how we used to have fried bread and jam Friday night always?" she said. "Couldn't we have some tonight?"

Mrs. Beck had been starting a salad, for the night was warm, but she began to clear the ingredients away. "Why, of course," she said. "That sounds perfect. We haven't had fried bread in a long time." She turned to the refrigerator for milk and eggs, got out the iron skillet. She was stirred deeply by something in Eliza's voice, but she tried not to show it. "I thought we'd eat out here," her mother said. "Want to get the yellow cloth?"

Eliza went to the sideboard, came back with the yellow cloth.

"You might call dad," her mother said.

But Eliza didn't eat much, after all. She drank two cups of coffee, answered questions but volunteered nothing. Her father had an errand and went out, and Eliza lifted her cup toward her mother for more coffee.

"You're drinking a lot of coffee, darling. Should you?" her mother said.

"Probably not," she said. "I—I'm just awfully tired, mother."

"Well, you look tired. Why don't you run up and crawl into bed?"

"I think I will, if you don't mind."

She went slowly out of the room and up the stairs while her mother stood still in the middle of the kitchen, looking after her. After Mrs. Beck had washed the dishes she went upstairs, stood a moment outside Eliza's door, then walked in.

"Feeling rested any?" she asked gently. She came and sat down beside the bed, and to her astonishment Eliza reached out a hand and took one of hers.

"I'm just so tired," she said. "Sit there a while if—if you haven't anything to do."

Mrs. Beck sat quite still, letting Eliza's hand rest in hers. She wanted to cry, but she didn't. She knew she had been right, that something had happened to Eliza, but she knew she had almost given up hoping that anything would happen that would let Eliza cling to her like this.

It was a long time later that Eliza said, "Did you ever think I was jealous of you?"

"Of me? Heavens, no! Quite the contrary!" Mrs. Beck said.

"I don't think so, either. It would be funny to find it was so, though."

"Well, I don't think you'll ever find it was so. Whatever made you think of such a fantastic notion?"

"I just wondered."

Presently Mrs. Beck saw that Eliza h fallen asleep. She looked young, oddly fenseless, but some of the tiredness linge even in sleep. The tears did spring to M Beck's eyes, but she sat there a long ti Eliza's hand still in hers. Then Eliza tur a little, drew her hand away. After a Mrs. Beck got up and walked softly out down the stairs. John Beck had come b and sat in a corner of the sofa with the ne paper. She sat down close beside him, put head against his shoulder.

"Oh, John," she said, "what do peo *do*—how can they bear it if they can't t to anyone? What would I do if I could talk to you?"

He dropped the paper, put his arm arou her. "Why, sweetheart—what is it? Yo crying! . . . Is it Eliza?"

"I guess so. . . . It's everybody that's locked up. . . . Yes, I guess it's Eliza."

He didn't tell her it was nonsense. He d her closer, put his cheek down against hair. "Yeuh—it's tough. It's tough."

In the morning when Eliza woke in old room she didn't know for a moment wh she was. She looked for the line of the wo and saw instead the peak of the Ainsl house next door and a branch of the elm t on the border line between the houses. had always had an amazing health, felt long legs to be like supple steel. Now she as if her whole body had turned to sawd Still, she knew that at nine o'clock she m be in Hendrick's office.

Adversity has made many a man great who, had he remained prosperous, would only have been rich.

—MAURICE SWITZER: Meditations of Marcus O'Ralius (Kelly-Springfield).

saw that she had flung suit across a chair, so thing she had never d in her orderly life shocked her. There w small blue clock on her reau and she saw the h sliding mercilessly do past eight, but she did move. The faint tick of clock made her rememb

"Maybe we ought to dig into your past find out what makes you tick—if you do tic

"I don't tick. I don't tick at all," she s Yet she knew that she had once felt ful purpose, sure of her goal, pleased with severance from her family. "I did tick— I don't now," she said.

She got out of bed. She seemed to st and walk, yet felt it strange that she She even took a shower, found an old carded but clean blouse, put it on with wrinkled suit.

Her mother said, "Oh, I hoped you'd t a day off. You were *so* tired last night, ling!"

"I'm all right," she said.

She went to the office, went through tasks in a kind of numbness, then drove h to her schoolhouse. She saw it looked desol For one thing, the grass was too tall. She had a farmer come and cut it for her, but weeks now it had grown unhindered. garden looked dry and forlorn, and w she opened the door, the air of the r seemed stale, dead. There was dust on ev thing. She stood looking at the desola where once all had shone with cleanlin

There's nothing to do but go on, she told self. *Nothing at all to do but go on.*

She took off her suit, put on slacks an old sweater, began to pump water for flowers. But when she reached the li flower bed, the blooms all looked sickly, dead. She went for a trowel and begar loosen the earth about them. She worked it was nearly dusk. Then she went in began to clean the room, dusting, wash dishes, tidying, till it had a semblance o former brightness. She made a cup of tea had some bread and jam with it. She wor stubbornly, but without heart.

As she ate she saw in the wastebasket broken bowl and the sand and she shiv a little. She knew quite well in that w moment that she would never see Toby J again. She might haunt him, but he was with her—unless she asked him to com her. And she knew she could never do t never. No one with pride could do suc thing. She remembered how she had sp

"Don't suppose it could be Toby, do you?"

"I just don't know, Peter."

"I told you I was afraid of it. Toby's dyna-ite, you know. I told you that. Maybe hat's why he won't come up. Doesn't want er claws in him."

"You're making that up," his mother said. And Eliza doesn't put her claws into any-ne."

"Think not? I'll bet she could. She's al-ays wanted her own way and moved heaven nd earth to get it. . . . Hope it isn't Toby, ecause he won't be driven. Think I'll run p tomorrow and quiz her a bit."

"And I think you won't. Just leave her one, Peter. If she's in love she has to work out herself. I don't say she is, anyway. ut leave her alone."

"*Something's* hit her," he persisted.

Because she agreed with him completely, he was silent. She knew something had hit liza and she thought that something might e the violent young Toby Jones. And she nought that Toby Jones was just as Peter ad described him, that he would hate pur-uit, that he wouldn't mind a stimulating ttack on Eliza's stand-offishness, but that e would not mind going off after the little dventure and never seeing Eliza again. Her eart ached for Eliza and she longed to hand er happiness on a silver platter, but knew he never had and never could. But she had n odd resurgence of hope, because Eliza *was* ifferent, gentler, not so sure of herself, al-ost wistful. Even if she got hurt, wouldn't be a blessing? She had always been so sure he couldn't get hurt. It was wonderful, she old herself, just to have Eliza not an enemy.

It was the next week, after the first snow ad fallen, that Eliza came in on Saturday fternoon and said, "Mother, would you go elp me pick out a suit—and maybe let me et it on your credit? I don't know if I have oney enough."

"I'd love it!" her mother said, though liza had picked out her own clothes since e was twelve. "About time you got a new uit. You could do with a new coat too."

"No, I can't manage that. Just a suit and naybe a hat."

They went downtown and Eliza was very uiet on the way. She tried on suits and there as one of green, with a topcoat, pockets dged with fur. Her mother said, "That's he one!"

Eliza stood and looked at herself in the mirror. "It's far too much," she said.

"Oh, one has to go overboard once in a while, darling. Get it."

"You—you think it's all right for New York right now?"

"Perfect. Are you going to New York?"

"Yes," Eliza said.

"Fun! When?"

"Any day now," Eliza said vaguely, still looking at herself in the glass. There was something about her gray eyes in the mirror that was searching, begging for some reassurance.

"Try that little brown fur cap with it."

So she put the fur cap on and the clerk said, "Lovely! It couldn't be better!"

Eliza gave a small sigh. "I'll take them," she said. Eliza had never asked them for a penny, resented even presents. But all she said afterward was: "That's an awful lot of money. But I had to have them."

"Oh, we'll trust you, darling!" her mother said lightly. "Of course you had to have them."

On Wednesday afternoon Eliza Beck stood on the small high front porch of an old brownstone boardinghouse on 57th Street.

"Is this where Peter Beck lives?" she asked.

"Yes," the woman said, not opening the door wide.

"I'm his sister. When does he get home?"

"Sister?" the woman said doubtfully. "There's no telling. He sometimes comes in before dinner, but mostly he's out till all hours."

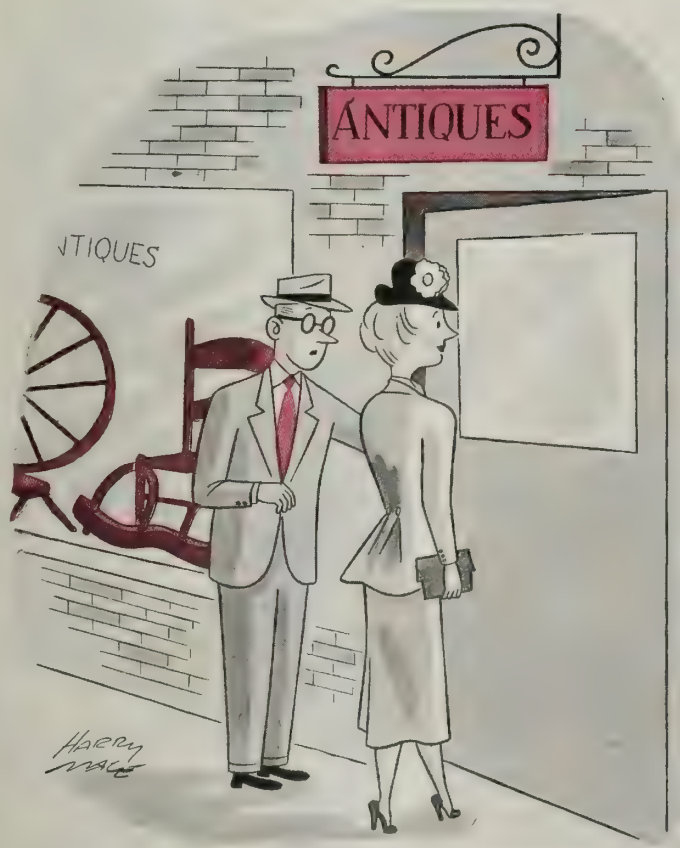
"Could I come in and wait for him?"

"You can wait if you want to, but not up in his room. I don't allow that here. . . . But he might not be in till midnight. Likely won't."

"I'll wait," Eliza said.

The woman showed her reluctantly into a big but dreary parlor. "I'll leave the door open so you can watch the hall," she did offer, that was all.

Eliza did not sit down at once. She stood there in her green suit and topcoat, the little fur cap on her head, looked slowly about the room. It was a horrible room, she thought, full of dull old oil paintings and velvet-covered chairs. It was horrible and smelled of dust and mice. But its very awfulness, its very foreignness calmed her a little. Her



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hands were cold, for she had been frightened for days now. Her face was a little pinched and her eyes seemed too big for her face.

She looked again at the chairs, but didn't want to sit in them. She moved to a big mahogany table cluttered with framed photographs, leaned against it where she could watch the hall. A young man came in and ran up the stairs, but it wasn't Peter. After what seemed a long time another man came in, looked slowly through letters on the stand in the hall, went slowly, empty-handed up the stairs.

Maybe he won't help me, she thought once, but for the most part she did not think at all, just stood there, cold, weak in the knees, leaning against the table and watching the hall. Then she heard someone come up the front steps, whistling a little, but mutedly, and she thought, *That's Peter.* She even moved away from the table toward the door, so sure she was.

But it was not Peter. Toby Jones stood in the doorway, staring at her incredulously. She stared back at him, not saying a word. It was for this she had come, but not here, not now, not *yet.* She had not dreamed he lived *here.*

"Well—Eliza!" he said, and his voice was just as she remembered it, skeptical, rude—but *his* voice. "Were you looking for Pete?"

"Yes," she said.

"Think he'll be late. Did he know you were coming?"

"No."

"I'll see if I can ring his office, but I doubt if he'll be there."

"Never mind." she said. "Never mind."

She hadn't moved. He looked at her as if he didn't know what to say next, as if perhaps he wished he were somewhere else. "Got a room?" he asked.

"No."

"Maybe Mrs. Connors can fix you up. She's got an extra or two for transients. . . . What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

He kept on looking at her, with that odd embarrassment, refusing anything but politeness. Then he came in quietly, closed the door behind him.

"Something's the trouble," he said. "What is it? Spill it—I won't quarrel with you."

"I can't," she said. Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Don't tell me you're afraid of me. I didn't think you were afraid of man or devil. . . . Have you robbed a bank? I know the chief of police like my own brother. . . . Look, I know I've got off to a bad start with you—but I'm quite harmless, really. Something is wrong, anybody could see that. . . . And why are you so thin? You'll lose your looks if you don't look out."

Even the new suit—even the little fur hat did nothing. She could see that quite plainly. He didn't even know they were new. There was nothing like—like a light from her. She had walked such a little while in the path of humility and she seemed to be lost in it, stumbling over roots, hitting into strange branches.

She said it baldly, unbeautifully. "You said I would ask you to kiss me one of these days. I came to ask you," she said in a voice close to harsh.

He jerked his head up, and into his blue eyes came a blaze of delight and astonishment. "Well, why didn't you say so?" he demanded. "Is *that* all?"

The fur hat was brushed off to the floor, but she did not even know it was gone. She didn't even think that she was at last given over to life. She just lived.

At last he put his hands on her shoulders and grinned down at her, but gently. "How's that—my girl?" he asked.

Peter said to his mother at Christmas, "I'd never have believed it—never. It'll never work out. They'll hate each other in a month. He'll never settle down and she won't take his life. You know she won't—you ought to have forbidden the banns!"

"I wasn't asked," his mother said. "But I think you're wrong, Pete. I think it will work out."

THE END

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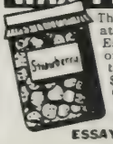
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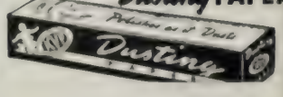
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PSYCHIATRY NEEDS YOU

(Continued from Page 40)

Psychiatry, the American Psychiatric Association and countless smaller, local groups. All these groups believe that if the public knows more about mental illness, what it is, how to avoid it, and about the methods and facilities for treating and curing it, something will be done to help its victims. The NMHF is one which came by its beliefs the hard way: by experience. When its members went through the change of attitude toward mental illness that personal knowledge brings, they became sure others could, too, given a chance.

In the last century, Dorothea Dix (the social crusader) had a similar faith: she put on a one-woman fight to get the insane out of almshouses and jails into country retreats supported by the state. She battled and won her campaign to have the mentally ill regarded as sick people, rather than derelicts. But with her passing went much of the fervor to progress farther along the road she opened. Today, we need not another Dorothea Dix, but rather 1,000,000 more who will work to get our outdated, outworn mental hospitals into step with modern knowledge of treatment, cure and prevention.

This is a large demand, but the problem is a large and important one. If you were asked what disease caused the greatest economic and social loss to our country, you'd probably guess cancer, polio or tuberculosis. But you'd be wrong. It's schizophrenia. One quarter of all hospital beds in the country are occupied by schizophrenics. Their average hospitalization runs to eight years, and only one out of two returns permanently, under present conditions. The annual cost of their illness to the country amounts to approximately $400,000,000 in hospital bills; and another $250,000,000 to $400,000,000 in earning power. The cost to the individual is horrendous: as well as the mental and physical suffering he undergoes, he also loses a good chunk out of his life; he faces a loss of half his earning power, some of his friends; and if the disease runs its usual lengthy course, his children may become wards of the state, and his wife's health may break under the strain. If the state mental hospitals cared only for schizophrenics, they would be worthy of better support, more modern equipment, more and better personnel, and greater public concern.

THE first need—but not the only one—in the battle to better our public facilities for mental illness is money. Support of the state mental hospitals comes out of taxes. Appropriations for mental hospitals are already high, but they will have to be increased, or special bonds issued, if we want to improve conditions. And still that will not be enough. More money will be needed for research, for public education, for clinics, for scholarships in psychiatry.

We "open our hearts" for heart disease; we add to the March of Dimes; we buy Christmas seals to fight TB. There is at present no co-ordinated drive for funds to fight mental illness, but there are at least four major national organizations which could put to constructive use contributions of any size—from a dime to as many dollars as you can give. These are the National Mental Health Foundation in Philadelphia, and the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, the World Federation for Mental Health, and the Psychiatric Foundation in New York. There are also many small units that do big jobs in this field—foundations like Stockbridge, Sheppard-Enoch Pratt, the Institute for Living and the Menninger Foundation, to name only a few. Why is money needed? Take the research problem alone—we are currently spending close to $90 per patient on research into infantile paralysis—but less than $1 per patient on research in mental illness. Yet there are ten times as many victims of mental illness as there are of polio. How can we afford *not* to spend more?

MORE than money is needed, however, if we are to wage a sustained and successful campaign against mental illness. Psychiatry needs a body of interested citizens behind it to do its job properly and well. The people who are mentally ill also need friends. Their humanness is being forgotten in the complexity of the problem they present. But that problem is *not* unsolvable. It has been said that psychiatry is now in the stage where medicine was when Pasteur isolated bacteria. It can glimpse over the horizon the possibilities of steady advancement in the curing of many of civilization's ills; it can look back on a short but remarkable history of progress. And all around it, it can see a crying need for help.

The field is so vast and complex that the average citizen may shy away from offering his services. But even the smallest efforts are needed—and wanted. There is a stir of activity, a pushing forward, but even the best intentions are still hampered by lack of public interest.

For instance, in one mental hospital I visited, one building stood out in startling contrast to the rest. It had recently been remodeled. It was an attractive place, with pale green walls, partitions for sleeping privacy, easy-to-clean bathrooms, a first-aid room, a pleasant dining room, a sitting room with comfortable chairs, and an occupational-therapy room with sewing and craft materials. The patients here looked interested and cheerful: the nurses said their morale had improved immensely in their new surroundings—and I could well believe it when I went next door into one of the older buildings. Here the plaster was crumbling; the windows were shadowed with bars; the bathrooms were old and the facilities few; the dayroom contained nothing but two hard benches and on the walls were the scribblings of many years and many hours of desperation—curse words and ravings, and "This is hell," and "Abandon hope." Several women lay on the floor; in one corner, an attendant mopped at a puddle. "We hope to remodel this building as soon as we can get the funds," the director said. "Until then . . ." His voice trailed off.

Merely knowing such conditions exist is, of course, no help unless you are willing to do something about them. We have spoken of the need for money. There is also a great need for contributions of cheer and interest. The recreational department or the director of the hospital can guide you on this. The needs are many, and there are few people in the field. Recently, a group of women told me how they had arranged to make their

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Queen Anne's Lace

By Clarence K. Streit

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Queen Anne's lace,
For He made it
Commonplace.

Fringing meadows
With His grace,
Nature sows His
Queen Anne's lace.

Where the needle,
Who the ace,
Who can copy
Queen Anne's lace?

Patterns perfect
Did He trace
Who created
Queen Anne's lace.

In God's acre
Mark my place
With a hem of
Queen Anne's lace.

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civic contribution a weekly visit to the local mental hospital. They made their first visit at Christmastime, armed with small presents prettily wrapped. Some were pieces of discarded jewelry; there were a few boxes of candy, some old books and magazines. One patient, tears rolling down her cheeks, told them that this was the first book she'd seen in two years. "We used to be allowed to receive magazines," she said, "but when it got so crowded there were never enough to go around and we quarreled over them. They took them away then." Every Thursday for over a year, these women have visited that hospital; they are old friends now with some of the patients. "It means so much to them," one of the women told me, "but it means more to us."

At another hospital, the relatives of the patients got together to do something about conditions in the hospital—but one of the first resolutions they made was to try to get visitors and correspondents for the patients who had no visitors and no letters. "There is so much loneliness in that place," said one man, "that once you've felt it you can't stand by and do nothing."

In another hospital, the patients had been visited by a cartoonist three weeks before—but it was all they could talk about. The pictures he had made of them were wrinkled and worn with handling, but they were still more precious in the eyes of their owners than a canvas of Leonardo da Vinci's.

These hospitals are yours. You foot the bill for them. The patients within their dour walls may someday be your relatives—or you. For if you become mentally ill, the state hospital is the only place where you will be cared for—unless you are very rich indeed and can afford one of the few private hospitals in the country, or are a veteran and can get modern service at one of the Veterans Administration hospitals.

If you have more time and effort to give than the special visit or the occasional gift calls for, ask the Red Cross whether you can join, or help form, a Gray Lady unit to work with the hospital. As yet, such units work only locally, at the request of the local hospitals, but the demands for them are growing so pressing that this program is likely to become national within a year or so. The Gray Ladies help register patients, entertain, counsel friends and relatives, run library services, and work in the occupational therapy rooms. At present, they serve in many Veterans Administration hospitals and in 32 state mental hospitals. They could work in a great many more if more women would join their ranks.

One small, pretty Gray Lady told me of how fear changed to sympathy through her work and added: "My husband is a banker. He was horrified at my working in a mental hospital. Now I think he envies me the work. His civic work is fund drives—and mine is human emotions."

For those who prefer community work, there is much to be done here too. There is a vast political and social job needed to bring our legislation on care of the mentally ill up-to-date. Too often the disturbed person is viewed as a legal problem rather than a medical problem—for instance, several states still jail the mentally ill person until it is ruled that he can be committed to an institution and receive care. And although most states are not so medieval as this in their attitude, only a few have an approach to mental illness consonant with today's knowledge of what can be done in the way of prevention, education and treatment.

Many states recognize this and are struggling to get something done. Some have recently organized—or reorganized—mental-hygiene groups for action. They include Ohio, Illinois, Oklahoma, Indiana, Kansas, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Missouri and California. Oklahoma has also appointed a commissioner of mental hygiene to speed things up. Some states are taking, or preparing, legislative action—like Alabama, California, Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska. Some—like Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, Louisiana and Illinois—have stepped up their appropriations. A large national meeting of top state officials concerned with the problem of mental illness recently gathered in Philadelphia. The National Institute of Mental Health of the U. S. Public Health Service is pushing forward to meet public needs as fast as the budget—and Congress—will allow. These are big movements, but their effects—and needs—are visible on the smallest levels.

There are also several organizations working in this field which you can join and work with. They include the mental-hygiene groups mentioned earlier and other general groups. For instance, the National Council for Jewish Women is conducting an educational program on mental illness; the League of Women Voters is studying legislation concerning mental hospitals; the General Federation of Women's Clubs is planning a survey of the incidence of mental illness. There are also many women's auxiliaries, guilds and mercy groups mushrooming up to aid the mental hospitals.

Another great hole to be filled is the lack of clinics. We have now 688 full-time clinics, and 200 part-time ones. Hundreds more are needed. Some of these should treat the sick *before* they get acutely and chronically ill; others should be available for patients *during* their convalescence; still others should be established to handle patients *after* their recovery.

The clinics which care for emotional disorders not acute enough to cause a complete breakdown may be called "headache" clinics, "problem" clinics, family-life clinics, mental-hygiene and guidance clinics, but they all serve to prevent serious illness through catching it early.

A good example of such a clinic is the Prince Georges Clinic in Prince Georges County, Maryland, set up by the National Institute of Mental Health of the U. S. Public Health Service and the Maryland health department to provide a model for other community clinics. Since it opened over a year ago, it has helped a great variety of troubled people—people whose marriages were breaking up, children with nightmares and tantrums, men and women who drank too much, elderly people who couldn't face life alone, depressed and sad people, some of whom had tried to commit suicide, people who were sexually maladjusted—the list is long, but the results have been good. The community is proud of its clinic; the civic leaders believe in its value as a weapon against juvenile delinquency, divorce and business failure. About half the patients come to the clinic on their own; the other half are referred by doctors, clergymen and teachers, who say their tasks are lightened by the clinic's help.

Twelve organizations got together to sponsor this clinic. The staff includes two psychiatrists, a clinical psychologist, two psychiatric social workers, a mental-health nurse

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and three secretaries. They work a five-day week, eight and a half hours a day. Treatment may take one or two visits—or months; it may mean testing and examination by the psychologist, home visits by the nurse, psychotherapy from the psychiatrists, guidance from the social workers.

This is, of course, a special clinic, because it is staffed by the Public Health Service and financed by Congress. But from it, and through the Public Health Service, any community can learn to develop its own clinic.

Assuming you have organized the demand, your first problem is money. It costs roughly $40,000 a year to run a clinic, but not all that need come out of the community's pocket. Under the National Mental Health Act, grants are made to states for community clinics at the rate of two dollars for each one dollar raised locally. The community's share is thus around $13,000 annually. Part of this can be expected to come in as fees, leaving only $10,000 to $11,000 to raise. And maybe you can cut further by getting free rent. You'll need five staff offices, a waiting room and a reception room.

THE second problem will be staff. This is a tremendous problem because of the shortage of psychiatrically trained people. If you cannot get a full-time chief psychiatrist, however, perhaps you can find a good general practitioner with an informed interest in psychiatry who would be willing to undertake further study to become a psychiatrist. The Public Health Service holds "demonstration institutes" where doctors can get psychiatric training; and a good use of National Mental Health Act funds would be to educate a community psychiatrist. And, if there is simply no one you can call on in your community, perhaps you can pool your plans with another community and start off with a traveling clinic that operates a part of each week in each town. It must always be remembered, however, that the selection of staff is of vital importance. Poorly trained psychiatrists, well-intentioned general practitioners and outright quacks cause more emotional problems than they help.

A third obstacle may be red tape. A few facts from the mental-illness records in your community should serve to cut that promptly. There is no place in the country where the supply of psychiatric treatment equals the demand. An average case of hospitalized mental illness costs the state around $7000. If your clinic saves only five or six commitments a year, it will pay its way.

There are other types of clinics needed too. If state hospitals had outpatient clinics their overhead would go down. The Veterans Administration has proved this. While most clinics deal largely with psychoneurotics—who rarely need hospitalization—the VA discovered that mild cases of psychoses could also be treated in clinics. This has meant not only the saving in dollars from the hospitalization which is thus avoided, but also a great saving in human values. The upheaval in the life of any ill person is much less if he can pursue a near-normal life while getting treatment—and in the case of the mentally ill, the stigma of going to a mental hospital adds an extra burden of disturbance. To get back to the dollars-and-cents saving, however, the VA estimates that a mental-hygiene-clinic case costs $44 a month, while $210 is the estimated monthly cost of a hospital case—a considerable difference. This saving comes out at both ends of mental illness too—if outpatient clinics are available for treatment in the recuperating stages of illness, the patient can leave the hospital earlier.

The "aftercare" clinic, however, must have an additional function—it must also be what is termed "a vocational rehabilitation clinic." In simpler language, this is job training. Take the man whose job has been in a factory and whose illness has left him with a sensitivity to noise, and a physical inability to stand the strain of long hours on his feet. Yet he knows no other skills. What is he going to do when he leaves the hospital? Another patient was a woman who had once been a teacher, but after she was discharged as cured no school would take her. She became a maid, but whenever her employers found

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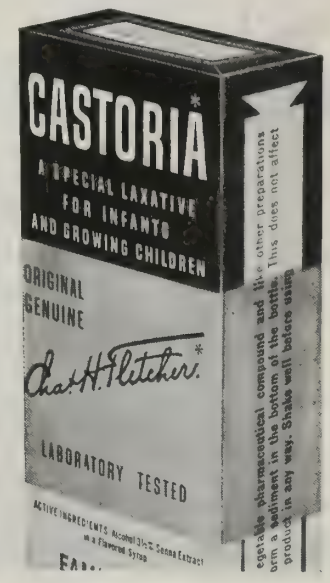
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out the truth, they let her go. She is now on relief. The discharged patient needs new and special training, and if he does not get it, his chances of readjusting to normal living are only half as good as if he is adequately prepared. If he does not readjust, he usually returns to the hospital. Under current conditions, where small preparation is made to equip the discharged patient (or educate his family and friends) for his return home, two out of every seven patients discharged come back to the hospital.

Children's clinics are also needed. Although 1000 children become mental hospital patients each year, the number of places where children can get preventive psychiatric treatment are few. The National Committee on Mental Hygiene has made special efforts to get children's clinics. It estimates that at least 700 are needed as compared with an estimated 80 full-time clinics now operating.

Dean Briggs was once one of the speakers at a formal banquet at Radcliffe College. In preparation for the event, among other things, the chairs had been given a new coat of varnish. The evening was hot and humid and, as the speakers rose to deliver their remarks, it was with some difficulty. The dean was more than equal to the occasion. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a rueful backward glance, "I had expected to bring you this evening a plain and unvarnished tale, but circumstances make it impossible to fulfill my intentions."

Other community needs are endless—classes in mental hygiene in the public schools; classes for mothers in building emotional health in children; psychiatrists in the divorce courts to help settle marital difficulties and decide child-custody struggles; courses in emotional problems for teachers, ministers and lawyers; psychiatric help for the schools who can diagnose and help the problem child—who now usually just gets expelled; "foster homes" for the convalescent mental patient; psychiatrists and/or psychiatrically trained counselors in industry who can help the worker with the social and emotional problems which cut down his efficiency; psychiatrists in the criminal courts to help determine whether sentence or treatment is needed—and what small-time criminals should be watched or treated to avoid worse crimes.

The need is so desperate that we cannot approach it in terms of dollars alone. You can't argue with a surgeon about the bill while your daughter is screaming with pain. You can't afford *not* to act. Seven million of us are expected to spend some time in a mental hospital sometime in our lives—it will be too late to get something done if we wait until we're already ill.

But no one is being asked to rush in blindly. It has been proved that preventive clinics can save mental-hospital commitments. It has been proved that modern methods of treatment are remarkably successful when used properly—we have been shown by a handful of miracles that even the cases considered hopeless cannot be given up. It has been proved that even the dread and once-thought-incurable disease schizophrenia can be conquered, and that the cases of manic depression, paresis and involutional melancholia can be cut by one half or more.

And we know better care, prevention and treatment of mental illness mean stronger men and women, more stable homes, happier children, more capable old people. They also mean shorter pension lists, less crime and vandalism, fewer failures in marriage and business, less alcoholism, fewer suicides and murders.

The number of mentally ill seeking help is increasing rapidly. Part of the reason for this is our growing number of old people, who, often lonely and feeble, are easy victims to mental disease. Part of the reason is the breakdown of family responsibility and the cramped conditions we live in, which make it more difficult for the mental invalid to be cared for at home. Part is due to the newfound hope that accompanies our recent strides in knowledge. But part is also due to the heartless aspects of our industrial civilization with its high regard for the machine and its careless regard for the man.

Like a watchful buzzard, mental disease is circling over our society. There are too many of us today in situations which strain our emotional strength—the children whose parents have small use, and less love, for them; the women who have just been asked (or have just asked) for a divorce; the families who have just been evicted from their homes; the men just fired—or retired?—from their jobs, the youngsters rejected by their friends, the old people without jobs, without families, without friends; the failures and the lonely.

Not long ago it was said that the scourges of our present society are now so many and varied that it is the "abnormal" person who has a "normal" background. There was more truth than humor in the quip. The question is: what are we going to do about it?

This is the fourth and last of a series of articles on mental illness.

PARTY MAN

(Continued from Page 54)

I just wish more causes were like Colonel Davisson—that thrilling organ voice and him a hero and a bachelor and everything. I feel about him the way I used to feel about one or two movie stars—which makes me realize how I've matured.

My heart was singing a hallelujah *him*, as I demurely said to Mrs. Roberts that of course she could count on Davy and me to serve her dinner for Colonel Davisson—if only I could get a sitter for Bruce. I wanted Bruce to be called Davy, Jr., but Davy—the brute—insisted he wanted to save his name for his fourth son. "Call Western Union if you want another boy," I protested weakly from my hospital bed, but Davy settled it by reminding me his rich Uncle Bruce mightn't live so long.

Pauly is a Young Republican like me and of course she was absolutely entranced at the idea of meeting Colonel Davisson. We agreed that she and I would be the maids, Davy the chef (that was to flatter him, because Mrs. Roberts was buying a practically prefabricated dinner from one of her clubs, and about all he had to do was warm it up), and Chi the sitter to stay home and take care of our Bruce and their Dorothy.

Davy was the big problem, the creep. I knew it couldn't be just because he was a Democrat. Davy feels about politics the way he used to feel about the Fallen Arch in his jalopy days: he'd had it a long time and put things back here and there when they fell off, and patched up the places where there was nothing to put back, and it seemed to get him where he wanted to go. But he was always very gracious to people in sedans. If he was passing them, that is. They had their car, he had his. That's how he is about Republicans.

So I couldn't make out whether he was jealous of what I tried to reasonably explain to him was my purely political interest in Colonel Davisson or whether he was such a snob he didn't want me to be a maid. He said—practically yelled—some pretty awful things that I would never have forgiven him for for several days if he hadn't finally agreed to do exactly what I wanted him to, as soon as I said, "Okay, so we don't help Mrs. Roberts. And what do you think is going to happen to our month-to-month lease—or maybe you don't care about having a roof over our heads," which is one thing Davy mentions at least twice every day. Not that darling Mrs. Roberts is the landlord type, but Davy is suspicious about anybody who has the say over where he's going to live. It's an idea he got in the war.

"All right, all right," he finally gave in. Go ahead. Sacrifice me."

"Sacrifice *you!*" I was really shocked. What do you think *I'm* going to be doing?"

"Sacrificing," Davy said. "That's what n against."

Actually I still don't know whether Davy nks or just thinks he thinks, but I have rned his weak points—that's one of the nderful things about marriage—and I can vays get him to do the right thing for the ong reason. So when I said "the roof over r heads" it was all over but cooking the ner, waiting on table and washing up erward—even if I did have to laugh po-ely one more time at Davy's pun about rs. Roberts having us on the end of a lease. We'd lived with my family for six months at seemed like years to Davy, and with his nily for six months that seemed like æons to , before we finally found the apartment er Mrs. Roberts' garage. We couldn't have lped loving Mrs. Roberts if she'd been na the Hyena, because the dear blessed man never asked us, "What did you do to-y, dear?" and didn't advise us about uce's formula; and most of all didn't—oh, ture—live in the same house with us.

Of course we aren't the only people who ore Mrs. Roberts. Everybody does. She's nice and restfully dumb I'll bet a lot of ople would go on loving her even if she sn't up in bucks, as Davy says, from in-riting absolutely millions from her dead sband.

Anyhow, as I said, everybody adores Mrs. berts, and the nice thing is she adores erybody too, so it seemed to me only nat-al that she would be giving this dinner in nor of Colonel Davisson, with people there e a president of some railroad, and a fa-us lady professor, besides lots of people I ver heard of and it seemed they hadn't ard of each other either. What a chance, I ought gratefully, for Colonel Davisson to eet the silent voter who it turns out nobody ts elected without. I found myself hum-ing happily over the shrimps.

So guess my unpleasant surprise when a harassed little man with a face full of broken commandments and looking unaccustomed in a dinner jacket burst into the pantry while Pauly was serving the third round of cocktails and I was inventing more canapés.

"Hey, sweetheart," he hissed distractedly, "I gotta phone."

"I'm not your sweetheart, *sir*," I chilled him. "My name is Maud and my husband happens to be right out there in the kitchen where all the knives are."

"Oops, my error," said this character contritely. "But where is the phone?"

"The phone for guests desiring privacy, *sir*, is in the study just beyond the room where cocktails are being served."

"There's no privacy there now," he protested, very distraught. "And stop calling me sir; my name is Kelly." He discovered the pantry phone, grabbed it and asked for long distance.

"Kelly!" I exclaimed. There are very few Kellys in the Republican Party.

"Long distance? Get me Colonel Davisson's headquarters in Harrisburg quick, sister, like an emergency, please."

"Kelly?" I repeated as I finished the dish of canapés—inventing them, I mean.

"That's right, sweet ——"

"My name is Maud—*Mister* Kelly," I said primly from a safe distance, "but how come you ——"

"Not the Boston Kellys," he said, "nor the New York Kellys. I'm a twig on the Philadelphia branch."

"But even John B. Kelly of Philadelphia is a Democrat," I said suspiciously.

"Yeah." Kelly moved his mouth sideways into a smile. "They can grow oranges and grapefruits on the same tree."

"H'm. Lemons too," I mused darkly. "You might be a spy."

"Now listen here, *Mrs.* Maud; as long as a Republican pays me to be his confidential secretary, I'm a Republican, see. Regular Republican and as honest as the day is long." He smiled the same way again.



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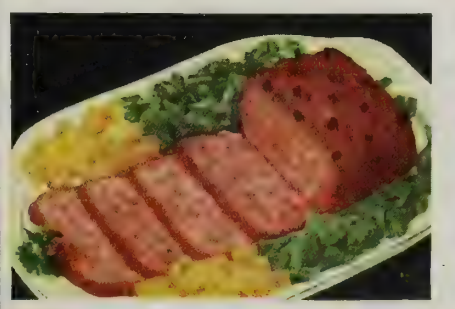
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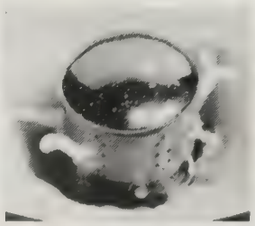
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"Come back in June when the days are longer," Davy growled from the kitchen, but I don't think this Kelly heard him because he got his long distance.

"Listen, it's Kelly," he was saying. "The boss wanted to know how things were going. Tell him so far not good, not bad—just lousy. I told him this dame with the dough would be poison no matter who she knew. And it turns out she knows everybody—including Ralph Zane, the railroad president. . . . Fine, yeah. . . . And that liberal Ph.D. dame that lectures at all the women's clubs ——"

There was a sputter over the phone.

"Right, the lefty one with the G. I. nephew in the trucking business. Phony coincidence she don't like the railroad lobby. . . . Yeah, sure we need railroad money—and women's club votes, too. . . . Of course I'll do what I can. . . . Any ideas? Well, call me back. . . . Yeah, call me anyway."

"Sounds like you got trouble," Davy noticed happily, sauntering in with a plateful of trichinosis specials.

Kelly made a noise like a snore. "I ask myself every day, 'Kelly,' I say, 'why are you in this work?'"

"And what do you answer?" Davy said. "If I may ask."

"I don't answer," Kelly said. "I'm speechless. I can't say a word. Listen." He took a fresh grip on his glass as if he might fall down if he didn't have something to hold on to. "You know what's happening in there?"

"What? Oh, what?" Pauly and I said like a Greek chorus.

"We are losing the election," stated Kelly.

"Oh-h!" wailed Pauly and me. "But isn't everybody *for* Colonel Davisson? Look what he stands for!"

"Listen, kids," said Kelly, "everybody is for theirselves. What the colonel stands for has got to be them, they figure. So we got a lefty and a big-money guy eating out of the same dish, see? The lefty says, 'This is all for me,' and the big-money says the same, and in the end they don't work it out and they go try some other dish. And the Democrats gets in."

"Hail," murmured Davy.

"What'sa matter?" said Kelly suspiciously. "You a Democrat?"

"Now Davy," I pleaded, "don't say anything—please don't say anything. Listen, Mr. Kelly, I and a lot of Young Republicans think Colonel Davisson is a divine man—his ideas and all, I mean. I mean, we are interested in good government."

"Oh," said Kelly, looking at me with a sharp look. "Young Republicans."

"Yes," I said, "and I for one don't see why you are so scared about Colonel Davisson meeting a scientific cross-section ——"

"It don't get a man elected, that's all."

"Maudie," Pauly said nervously, "Davy's bacon will be cold. Let's go, shall we?" She picked up her tray.

Kelly smiled tenderly, the way men always do when they see a woman being just a little woman with a tray. I sighed and wisely bore in my canapés. Some men you just can't teach.

In this life, if you have anything to pardon, pardon quickly. Slow forgiveness is little better than no forgiveness. —PINERO.

EVERYBODY was making a lot of noise without saying anything, the way people always do by the second or third cocktail, and the colonel was absolutely surrounded. He's so tall, though, he caught my eye right over the heads of the admiring throng and oh, bliss, he smiled directly at me, that wonderful wide white smile of his you see so often in the newspapers—only there it's for everybody. This one was specially for me. I wove toward him like a moth to the flame, my knees as shaky as a ninety-nine-cent bridge table.

"Ah," the colonel boomed as I approached, "just what I wanted. Food!" And he pounced on my tray.

It was then I realized I didn't mean any more to him than a pane of glass. He was all eyes for my canapés. Did I feel hacked!

But then I thought to myself sensibly, how can he help it? Alas, Pauly and I were anonymous in our black uniforms, and anyway our vote was safe and poor Colonel Davisson was in so much trouble, from what Kelly said, that what looked like a happy party from the outside was really him fighting for his life. *What a grisly situation,* I thought as I poked my tray under the lefty lady's cold eye, wishing Davy's trichinosis specials had not been an idle jest.

"Fancy, George the Third," said this lady whose name was Miss Phelps, peering down through her collapsible glasses which she snapped open on their chain when she wanted to look at something. "You don't see many of *them* outside a museum."

I WANTED to tell her Davy just made them fresh, but I remembered I was only a maid, and then Colonel Davisson said, bowing over the tray, "It's a rare privilege to spend an evening in this wonderland, isn't it, Miss Phelps? Horace Roberts had fabulous taste."

"And a fabulous income," spoke Miss Phelps. "Personally, I think art treasures like this tray *belong* in a museum. The public should be the custodian of the heritage of the past. Why should a few rich men pirate the nation's birthright?" She snapped up a shrimp and waved me away. It's a queer thing how the people who believe in the people often treat them like dogs.

"Don't look now," muttered Kelly in my ear as he passed me like General Patton coming to save the day, "but she et the toothpick. . . . That was an interesting fact I overheard, colonel"—he smiled mellowly on everyone—"considering the plan for a state art gallery you were working on the other night. Just a rough draft, you know, to toss to the steering committee."

"Humph!" said Miss Phelps. "A red herring, I call it. Do you realize what the duty of this legislature is, in these appalling times?"

"My dear lady, yes," said Colonel Davisson. "I just want to be sure *it* does. . . . Good evening, doctor—this is a privilege. I understand your public appearances are rare. I am honored." He took the hand of a wispy, frightened little man who Mrs. Roberts was kindly but firmly steering over from the corner where he had been brooding back of a bust.

"I just had to get you two together," Mrs. Roberts sighed happily. "Doctor Bates has such fascinating ideas about heavy water! He works all the time, you know. I just tempted him out tonight because I said, 'Fussy, the greatest man in the state is going to be at my house tonight and at *last* you can sit down and talk shop. He knows *everything!* That's what I said. He's a *great* scientist, colonel. The university financed *all* his research until the money ran out this year. Maybe the state could ——"

Kelly clutched me by the elbow. "Tell them soup's on!" he muttered fiercely. "Ring the gong."

"But we're supposed to go around one more time," I whispered back.

"Listen, you heard about Fussy's research needing state money. One more time around and some old lawyer friend of the family is going to turn up here who wants to be a judge. Create a diversion, see?"

"I'll ask Davy," I said, and I fled to the kitchen before Mrs. Roberts noticed me. It was an amazing coincidence, though, this Kelly saying that, considering what I've heard Mrs. Roberts say about her lawyer who happened to be at the dinner.

"Sure it's ready," Davy said, pouring boiling water into a giant dishpan on the floor. "It's been ready for hours."

"Davy," I said fearfully, "what is that water for?"

"For?" Davy straightened up and looked at me haughtily. "It's for washing the tools."

"But Pauly and I planned ——"

"Listen," Davy said, "I'm captain of this galley." He picked up the kitchen mop and sighted along the handle.

"Davy," I moaned, "what is *that* for?"

(Continued on Page 136)

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AMERICAN women have the biggest choice of work savers in the world to help them with their washing. The new 1950 Rinso with Solium, the scientific Sunlight ingredient, has 3 times the *whiter washing* action of any other soap. And what woman isn't thankful for the ease of her washing machine, her electric ironer or clothes dryer! Yes, new advances in soaps and new advances in laundry equipment go hand in hand to make her washday cares far lighter today . . . give her more time for leisure. Little wonder that four out of five women said in a recent survey that "for the family wash, there's no place like home."



Rinso is always her washday friend. New 1950 Rinso with Solium . . . latest triumph of the world-famous Lever Laboratories . . . will do what no other soap can do. This new 1950 Rinso with Solium gives you 3 times the *whiter washing* action of any other soap. This new washing action of 1950 Rinso with Solium makes white clothes whiter *than brand new*. Makes washable colors brighter *than brand new*.

New 1950 Rinso
is the only soap recommended by the makers of 33 leading washing machines:

A. B. C.	CONLON	HIBBARD SPEED-WASHER	SPEED QUEEN
ALLIED	CORONADO	HORTON	UNIVERSAL
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AUTOMATIC	DUCHESS	MOLA	WHIRLPOOL
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BEAM	F-M	NATIONAL	WOMAN'S FRIEND
BEE-VAC	G. I.	NORGE	YOUNG
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She has her pick of fine helpers. Only a generation ago women would have rubbed their eyes in amazement at the electrical and mechanical marvels that now make washday hours shorter and easier. Electric ironers . . . electric clothes dryers . . . and sturdy, precision-built washing machines let electric motors do the work—some so automatically that they do the whole wash while you're off shopping or at the movies.

WHAT WOMEN SAY:



"Clothes last longer," says Mrs. G. M. Souther, Flushing, L. I. "With the cost of clothes so high, I like to keep them under my own control and to be sure they get 'home' treatment. New 1950 Rinso keeps my clothes whiter and brighter than the day I bought them."



"Homewashing with New 1950 Rinso SAVES ME MONEY," says Mrs. Mary Belle Kumpfer, Lake Como, N. J. "I save so much that my new washer and ironer practically pay for themselves. With the New Rinso my white clothes come out whiter than brand new."



"I get along with a smaller stock of clothes and linens," says Mrs. Estelle M. Berger, Bridgeport, Conn. "When I wash at my own convenience, the same number of cottons and linens go much farther. New 1950 Rinso makes my washable colors brighter than new!"

Lever Brothers Company
Makers of Rinso with Solium

THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO RICE

"Uncle Ben's" and "*Converted*" are trade-marks of Converted Rice, Inc.



NEW UNCLE BEN'S RICE RECIPE

Pineapple Rice Pudding

1¼ cups cooked Uncle Ben's Rice
2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups evaporated milk
1 cup crushed, drained pineapple

Beat eggs and add to cooked rice. Stir in salt and add sugar. Add milk, then pineapple, stirring to blend. Turn into a buttered quart baking dish and bake in a pan of hot water in a slow oven, 300° F., for one hour. Serve with crushed pineapple or cream. Serves 6.

New scientific discovery, exclusive in this country with Uncle Ben's, gives extra food value to rice

The revolutionary and exclusive process used in Uncle Ben's *Converted* Long Grain Rice seals into polished rice grains B vitamins that used to be polished off.

That's not all. The grains all stand apart, white and fluffy.

Uncle Ben's Rice never gets sticky or gummy, whether hot or cold. Keeps perfectly on the shelf or in overseas packages—every grain is weevilproof. These advantages are not to be found in rice of any other brand at any price.

If your grocer doesn't have Uncle Ben's, ask him to get it for you.

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Please send me your new Rice Recipe Booklet. Enclosed is top from package of Uncle Ben's *Converted* Rice.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

(Continued from Page 134)

"Will you please go blow?" he said crossly. "Kelly needs you, I don't."

When I announced dinner Mrs. Roberts gave me an oh-dear look, but everyone started toward the dining room and Pauly and I quickly began dealing out fruit cups. Mrs. Roberts had decided not to have soup because she was afraid to trust Davy with the soup cups, which it seems Mr. Roberts bought in Paris from some ex-lord. Alas, if she could know how right she was, I thought, thinking helplessly about the dishpan and the mop. Ah, well.

Dinner was certainly a rat race for Pauly and me, rushing in and out and getting in each other's way and being nervously corrected by Mrs. Roberts for passing on the wrong side. Of course I didn't blame her for apologizing to the colonel for the kind of untrained maids you have to put up with these days, but I can't say I liked it very much either, considering how hard we were trying—particularly as the colonel politely agreed with her.

"But we can't expect too much, dear lady," he said. "These are days of transition for all of us."

"Colonel," said the man on Mrs. Roberts' left, "that's a phrase I'm tired of. It's an excuse. If we're in transition, we're headed somewhere. What we citizens want to know is, where?"

"I'm a citizen myself, Mr. Zane," said the colonel, in his grave bishop's voice, "and I'm as interested in that question as you are. What we need is faith. In this great sovereign state ——"

"Will you come down a little, please?" said Mr. Zane sternly. "*Please!*" And I suddenly realized he meant me, and he was trying to see over the edge of my muffin tray which I was just passing him, not noticing how low he was. "Green," he announced to Mrs. Roberts, jerking his head at me. "I'm sorry for you."

I went sadly back to the kitchen, not even cheered by the strange gleam I thought I saw in Kelly's eye.

"It's no fun being underprivileged," I admitted to Davy in a momentary lull before the ice cream. "I'd sooner be nibbled by ducks."

"You and the rest of us Democrats," Davy agreed, while placidly stirring the chocolate sauce.

"No cracks from the cheap seats," Pauly said. Pauly is true to the cause, no matter what.

While I agreed with her that it certainly is exasperating to have Davy be a Democrat, he was mine after all, for better or worse—and he did look cute as a trinket with a cook's apron over his Levis and his white sailor hat on the back of his head, like a chef's hat that hadn't risen.

"That man in the White House may be bred in Missouri," Pauly went on, "but he's just a crumb to those bankers and such in there." She waved the ice-cream dipper in the direction of the dining room. "Laugh or I'll say it again."

"Drop dead," Davy advised.

Pauly took the first glasses of ice cream and started for the dining room without even a sneer in his direction.

"Oh, Davy, why can't you act sensible and be a Republican like everybody else we know?" I wailed, filling my hands with Mrs. Roberts' fragile ice-cream glasses.

"I'll tell you, if you'll tell me what shape a kiss is first," Davy said, coming toward me while dripping chocolate sauce off the spoon on the floor.

"Uh, I don't know—round, maybe?" I said faintly, unable as always to resist that lovingly masterful look of Davy's.

"I don't know either, but give me one and I'll call it square." (It isn't new. We just like it.) This was definitely part of the better I'd taken Davy for, I thought, as his arms enfolded me, bulky uniform and all.

"Break it up, kids, break it up," I heard Pauly saying from what seemed a great distance. "This ice cream won't wait."

All was not well with the party at the colonel's end of the table, I realized as I followed Pauly with glasses of ice cream while thinking about my adorable Davy. Mrs. Roberts was chat-chatting along in her usual happy and relaxed way—at the moment about Russia and could they really have the atom bomb the way dear Owen thinks. The colonel on her right was murmuring sympathetically but looking at her with that blank look people get when they're really listening to somebody else. Obviously he had his ear on Miss Phelps, who was positively heckling Mr. Zane across the table about the highhanded corruption of the railroad lobby, which wasn't exactly party manners, considering that Mr. Zane is a railroad president.

"Isn't it a funny thing now," said Kelly, on Miss Phelps' right, mopping the back of his neck with his handkerchief, "what an erroneous picture we can all get out of a bunch of statistics. Here you might think from what you read a state the size of this

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THE conversation at dinner had been about operations. Finally the youngest asked his question, "Does it hurt much to have your independence cut out?"

A mother-in-law calls her son's wife, from the Bluegrass State, her Kentucky Wonder.

"I don't like her, mother—her laugh comes from where her tonsils are."

Like vinegar, a man with too much mother in him has to be taken in small quantities.

Only when the children have a long rainy day at home do we parents fully appreciate our debt to the public schools.

When a mother told her little son he must be tired from yesterday, he reasoned, "Yesterday wouldn't tire me, only today would."

The nicest women slip-cover furniture *after* it's worn out, not before.

Child helping with dishes: "It's a little like washing ears, isn't it?"

After having been told that the curlicues on the goat's head were its horns, a little girl patiently watched the animal for a long time. Finally she asked, "When will they blow?"

At the moment I can think of no more shivering experience than having the puppy lick the toes sticking out the ends of my play shoes.

Mother's definition of suspense: The moment before she reads her child's thermometer.

To remove reputation stains, make a lot of money.

Suggestion for graduating classes: Choose the girl whose husband is the most likely to succeed.

If you must have an open quarrel, close the windows.

Getting a tooth filled always gives me a purified feeling, as if I'd just had all my sins absolved.

Happy words in a family multiply like guinea pigs.

A woman's idea of thrift is to buy something at a sale she doesn't need for fear she will.

A good mother serves as the differential in a family.

appetite delighter!



Marcia Camp's

TOSSED SALAD DE LUXE

Here's THE salad of salads for your party, luncheon, shower, buffet—or any old time when you want something *new!* It's an appetite delighter de luxe—with the secret in combining luscious marshmallows with fruit and vegetables. Try it—*soon.*

- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- 2 carrots (cut in thin slivers)
- ¾ cup pineapple cubes
- 4 oz. (1 Pack-ette) Campfire, Angelus or Recipe Marshmallows
- ½ green pepper (cut in slivers)
- Watercress
- Cream salad dressing

Place cabbage, carrots, pineapple and marshmallows in a salad bowl, tossing together very lightly. Garnish with slivers of green pepper and sprigs of watercress. Serve with a cream salad dressing. Serves 5 to 6.



one could get on without a railroad or a truck highway when all the time the both of them are screaming they're overload—overworked."

He choked suddenly and why I don't know, but when he held out his hand to me behind his chair I noticed for the first time a cocktail someone had forgotten by leaving it standing in the friendship plant, and I quickly gave it to him with my free hand.

But there was no detouring Miss Phelps. She had really wound herself up, pointing her finger and shaking her sheep-dog bangs in a fury. Finally she had to pause for station identification, though, and Mr. Zane grunted, "Humph, very interesting," and quickly jumped into the Russian conversation with a question to the colonel about the possibility of Russia declaring war.

Davy says girls who speak volumes end up on the shelf, so I couldn't help feeling a twinge for poor Miss Phelps, who was a fellow woman after all, even if she did have more degrees than a thermometer, while I nearly had to quituate from Shipley School. I should have saved my sympathy; I was going to need it myself all too soon.

"What a ridiculous question!" Miss Phelps interrupted rudely, refusing to stay shelved. "Don't you realize that no country has gone through the formality of opening hostilities with a formal declaration of war in thirty-four years?"

"My old friend was just taking a conversational short cut, my dear Miss Phelps," the colonel put in quickly, smiling and pouring on the charm all around. "That is a businessman's prerogative. On the other hand, to a scholar like yourself ——" The colonel smiled again, and believe it or not, both Mr. Zane and Miss Phelps smiled back. The colonel could sell stamps to a postman.

"Well then, colonel, how do you feel about the possibility of Russia—ah—opening hostilities?" Mr. Zane asked, with a sharp look at Miss Phelps that wiped off his smile like a cloud over the sun.

"Now that's a very complex problem, Ralph," the colonel said slowly. "Of course the overwhelming majority of the Russian people don't want war any more than we do. On the other hand ——"

The way the colonel said it, it sounded positively profound and I hated to miss the rest, but I knew the chocolate sauce wouldn't wait, so regretfully out I went to the kitchen as Pauly came in with the last glasses of ice cream. Anyway, I could catch a glimpse of my darling Davy.

"About time," Davy grumbled, taking the heavenly smelling chocolate pot off the stove and filling the silver sauce bowl. "Pass fast, baby, or this fudge sauce is going to be fudge." He set the pot back on the stove and poured more boiling water into the dishpan which I had just about forgotten.

From the colonel and the Russian problem to Davy and the fudge-sauce problem, I thought bitterly as I picked up the tray. For the moment love was to me just the tenth word in a telegram.

I passed first to Mrs. Roberts as Miss Phelps crashed through the conversation again like a bulldozer with more talk about trucks in interstate commerce and national defense. Poor Mrs. Roberts tried to change the subject to the new reducing diet she was going to start tomorrow, all the while pouring a ladleful of fudge on her ice cream, but Miss Phelps rode right over her. Mr. Zane looked fit to be tied and I was so unnerved, remembering Kelly's frantic call to Harrisburg about how the colonel was going to have to please both him and Miss Phelps, that I passed next to Mr. Zane instead of to the guest of honor, the poor colonel, who was still trying to smile but in a pathetic sort of frightened way, not a bit like Errol Flynn in the dungeon with people coming out of dark corners and him gallantly fighting them all with his one sword.

It was at that exact moment that the telephone rang, and a minute later Davy appeared in the pantry door and made a pointing gesture at Kelly. Oh joy, I thought, Harrisburg is calling up with a good idea, just when we need it. My heart should have begun to sing, but somehow I felt sad.



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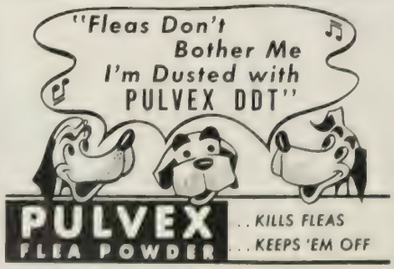


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"Will you please excuse me, Mrs. Roberts?" Kelly said, trying not to leap to his feet. "I been expecting a call."

Mrs. Roberts smiled graciously and signaled me in answer to my pleading look to go on passing the wrong way round the table since I'd started, so Pauly followed me with the cake. We were around to Doctor Bates as Miss Phelps turned on the colonel and shouted:

"The question of arbitrary and unfair weight restriction of truck loads in this state—this *one* state—has never been honestly and fearlessly discussed."

"Ah—there are so many factors to be considered," the colonel said, one eye on Miss Phelps, one on Mr. Zane—or at least that's the impression I got. "Ah—the load-capacity of the particular highway ——"

"Built with the taxpayers' money," snorted Mr. Zane.

"And—ah—the question of safety ——"

"Double talk, plain double talk," Miss Phelps said flatly. "The truth is that a G. I. trucker trying to earn an honest living, like my young nephew, can't cross the sovereign state of Pennsylvania with a pay load that is legal in New York and legal in Maryland, for just one reason ——"

"Aren't you oversimplifying just a teeny bit?" It was Kelly, bounding back into his seat like a quarterback who was just pulled out for a few minutes' rest.

"—— because of the unholy power politics of the railroad lobby in Harrisburg, that's why. Colonel, I ask you man to man ——"

Huh, no wonder she's never got married, I thought to myself as I got around to Kelly with the chocolate sauce, which was in truth turning to fudge just like Davy warned. Luckily there were only Miss Phelps and the colonel left to pass to.

The test of courage comes when we are in the minority: the test of tolerance comes when we are in the majority.
—ANON.

A silence fell, weighing many tons to the square inch, as everybody stopped talking at once the way dinner parties always do at awkward moments.

"Please go on, Miss Phelps," purred Mr. Zane. "I want to hear your question—and the colonel's answer." There was more polite menace in his voice than I've ever heard outside the movies. The colonel had given up even trying to smile and looked so pathetically like he just wanted out that I wished something would happen to Miss Phelps. Little did I guess what.

Just like in a nightmare I felt myself suddenly shoot forward, tray and all, and what was left of the chocolate sauce—it turned out to be a horrible lot—spilled all over the front of Miss Phelps and down into her lap.

MERCIFULLY I can't remember much about what people said or did in the next few minutes except for Miss Phelps' outraged scream and little Doctor Bates, the heavy-water man, trying to mop her with his napkin, but just like Davy said it turned to fudge and wouldn't mop, and then there were the colonel and Kelly on their knees scraping it off her with ice-cream spoons!

At such a time and place Pauly had to get the giggles, chasing the chocolate-sauce ladle across the rug.

"Is she browned off!" she choked in my red ear. "Is she browned off, but def!" The shnook!

Then I saw Mrs. Roberts, and on that once kindly face was an expression of outraged majesty such as I never thought I would see outside of the French Revolution. "You may go," she said and actually raised her arm and pointed to the door like when they send someone out into the night.

I rushed to the kitchen and cast myself into Davy's comforting arms. If laughing and crying at the same time is having hysterics, that's what I had. I just drew a blank when I tried to explain what had happened, and Pauly was worse, collapsing and screaming on the washbasket for napkins.

"Maudie spilled the chocolate sauce on Miss Phelps and is she browned off," she kept moaning idiotically until Davy gave her a cold stare.

"Get lost," he ordered.

And suddenly I heard a familiar voice and there was Kelly in the doorway, trying to look kind in his wolfish way. "Don't you worry about your job, Mrs. Maud," he started.

"It's not the job!" I wailed. "It's the roof over our heads! Oh, Mr. Kelly, she's our landlord—maybe I mean landlady—and did did you see her face?"

I felt so low I had to look up to see the bottom.

"LEAVE *her* to me," he commanded out of the side of his mouth. "When I tell her how a certain little gal saved the colonel from having to answer a very, very embarrassing question—never mind how she saved him ——"

"But it was an accident!" I protested, very unstrung. "It *was!* I don't know how I could have spilled that horrible chocolate!"

"Yeah, yeah," said Kelly soothingly. "It was just an accident."

I don't know why it was but all of a sudden I noticed how quiet and busy Davy was, not saying anything or comforting me any more but just putting the knives and forks in neat little piles on a tray while whistling softly.

"Davy Dillon," I said, "*was* it an accident?"

"You're asking me?" Davy said innocently. "Was I there?"

"Listen," Kelly said, "anyone can accidentally push a tray."

"*Did you push my tray?*" I demanded, sounding almost like Miss Phelps.

Kelly raised his arms weakly from his sides. "Somebody had to make a sacrifice," he said. "For the good of the party, see."

"Sacrifice—you mean he said—why that's what I said —— *Davy!*"

But just that minute to my horror Davy the fox dumped a box of soap flakes and the trayful of Mrs. Roberts' old family silver into the dishpan and began churning and pounding it around with the mop handle.

"Davy!" we all shouted over the earsplitting racket like coal going down a chute. "What are you doing?"

"I'm washing the tools," he yelled back, "like we washed them in the Navy. Very quick." And he made the mop handle growl around even louder. Then he dredged up a couple of pieces of shining clean silver and smiled happily. "See?"

"Davy," I said, "one thing I have to know."

"Now don't blow your top, sweetheart," Kelly cut in. "If you lose out here, the colonel will take care of you—he owes his political future to you. He'll take care of you all right."

Davy looked around at me from where he was piling up the silver forks and knives. "How nice that will be," he said. In his eyes was that heavenly heart-warming jealous look.

"Davy, darling," I said happily, puckering my eyebrows, "you are such a half-head."

"But such a half!" marveled Kelly. "How it thinks!"

"Only I still don't understand ——"

Pauly stretched and got up off the washbasket. "Life is just one fool thing after another," she announced. "Why don't you just accept it, Maudie?"

"And love," crooned Davy, "is just two fool things after each other. Accept that, it's more fun."

"But you're a Democrat."

"Can't I back a good Republican if I want to?"

"Oh, Davy," I breathed, "then you mean you *are* for Colonel Davisson?"

"No," said Davy, while giving me a pat where it would do the most good, "I'm for you. The only good Republicans are young Republicans."

THE END



In meetings such as this, Quakers worship in silence. There is no minister, since members believe that God is revealed directly to every seeking soul.

Meet a Quaker Family

John and Mary Hunt, of Downingtown, Pennsylvania, build a home, a profession and a faith.

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

THE road which runs along Valley Creek, in rural Chester County, Pennsylvania, has many unexpected twists and turns and many spots of beauty. It crosses ancient covered bridges whose planks rattle sharply under the wheels of modern cars. It curves around old stone mills and the new white barns of the fox-hunting country gentry. In places it is so shadowed by forest trees that it seems almost gloomy; elsewhere it breaks out into a rolling countryside of sun-swept fields and farms.

Along this road John and Mary Hunt have found, in their early middle age, a kind of happiness that always eluded them in their younger years. Their home stands beside the road; it is a small, white-stuccoed farmhouse which is none too roomy for the Hunts and their four growing children. But it is surrounded by 35 acres of land on which they grow most of their own food. A few miles downstream, and off to one side, in the town of West Chester, is the small private school where John has the perfect job, for him, of principal and teacher. Still farther down, on Brandywine Creek, in a rich setting of oaks and spruce trees, is the historic Birmingham Meeting House of the Society of Friends (Quakers), to which the Hunts belong.

PHOTOS BY MYRON H. DAVIS

Birmingham Meeting was established in 1690, later used as a hospital for both British and American soldiers during Revolutionary War. Of its 70 members, 25% are "convinced" Quakers like the Hunts, who joined the sect in 1942.



Before they settled here the Hunts, like many other Americans of their time, had led restless and somewhat confused lives. John, in particular, went from one thing to another without finding real satisfaction: at various times he was a radio announcer, Y.M.C.A. secretary, road manager for a girls' singing trio, advertising salesman, and Methodist preacher. His father was a Presbyterian missionary in Egypt.

"No one will ever know how much we love this place. Owning it is security, working it a challenge." Pride of both Tommy, 8, and John is Mary Ellen, the cow who provides famil

"Our wants are simple: to work with the soil and children, plant seeds of understanding where we can."



Marriage is happy if you know "when to be dependent, when *not* to be demanding." Hunts didn't get along on first date, but "9 years together adjusted all that."

Among John's earliest memories is the picture of his mother and himself and his four brothers floating down the River Nile in a houseboat, which stopped at every little native town while his father preached open-air sermons to the inhabitants. Statistically, at least, the results were not impressive. "I've heard dad say that Mohammedans are awfully hard to convert," John recalls.

John Legus Hunt is a curious mixture, as he is the first to declare. He has always had an urge to preach; but in direct conflict with this, he has also had the feeling that he is not quite good enough to set an example for others. "There is something about standing in a pulpit and being called 'Reverend' that sets you apart from other men," he says. "It puts a little fence around you. I didn't want that fence around me."

John is fond of the common touch. He likes to drop into a Greek restaurant at Downingtown (where the Lincoln Highway crosses Brandywine Creek) on Wednesday nights, light up a fat cigar, and watch the boxing bouts on television; he likes to load his old farm truck with his home-grown sweet corn and go from door to door, peddling to housewives. He likes to dance, especially the old-fashioned square dances, and he earns a little extra money "calling figures" at barn dances in



milk—and calves for beef.



The Hunts didn't know "even the A B C's of farming" when they purchased their 35 acres 7 years ago. Today, they raise most of own food; made profit of over $500 on summer operations in '48. Tommy waters, feeds and cleans house for "Old Girl," the sow.



Loading the manure spreader: Hunts first used horses, learned to hitch their team from a wholesale catalogue. Tough jobs on the land don't bother John, but the budget does. Farm is mortgaged for $5000, and loans for new machinery last year added $1500 to his debts.

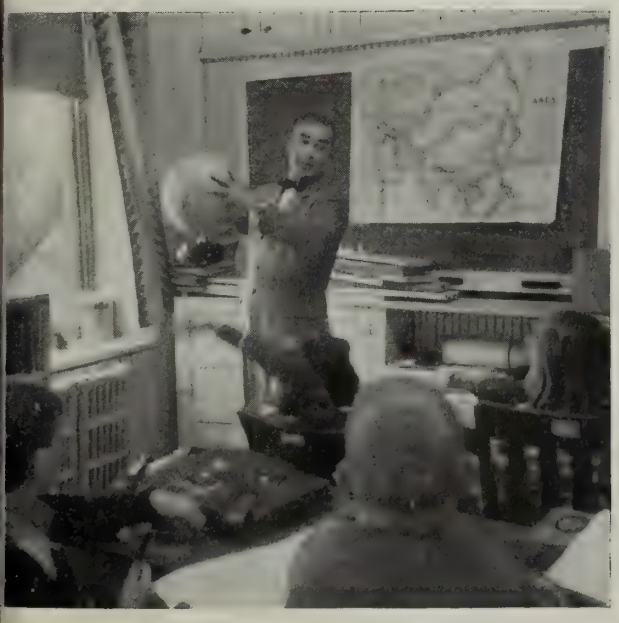
Chester and near-by counties. Every night, when he helps put his children to bed, John dances and sings a vigorous Southern folk tune entitled Scooping Up the Pawpaws. The floor boards of the old farmhouse rock and sag as he scrambles around the room pretending to pick up fallen pawpaws.

John thinks such congenial activities might be frowned on if he were an ordained minister, and perhaps he is right.

John was born at Cambridge, New York, near Albany, and was taken to Egypt at the tender age of six weeks. There he attended French, English and German schools, climbed the Pyramids, and collected a blackened mummy's foot which he sometimes carries with him in a brief case. His family returned to the U. S. when he was 11. John attended high school near Pittsburgh, and Wooster College in Ohio, where he was graduated in 1929. For a year after that he was a licensed Methodist preacher, serving four small churches in Ohio.

This was definitely a period of searching, for him—he wasn't sure what he wanted to do. Through a friend in Columbus he drifted into radio work for Station WAIU, operating the control board, selling ads, giving auditions, and announcing programs under the name of "Uncle John" (he was then 23!). He "discovered" a trio of small-town sisters who made a hit with their harmonizing on the air; when they were offered a contract for a tour, John pawned his brand-new typewriter to buy them their first long dresses. Their mother refused to let them travel unless "Uncle John" went along as chaperon and manager, so for six months he shepherded them from one Midwest theater to another. They never paid him for the dresses; he lost his typewriter, and became rather disgusted with show business in general. He left it and headed back, in a roundabout way, toward the ministry.

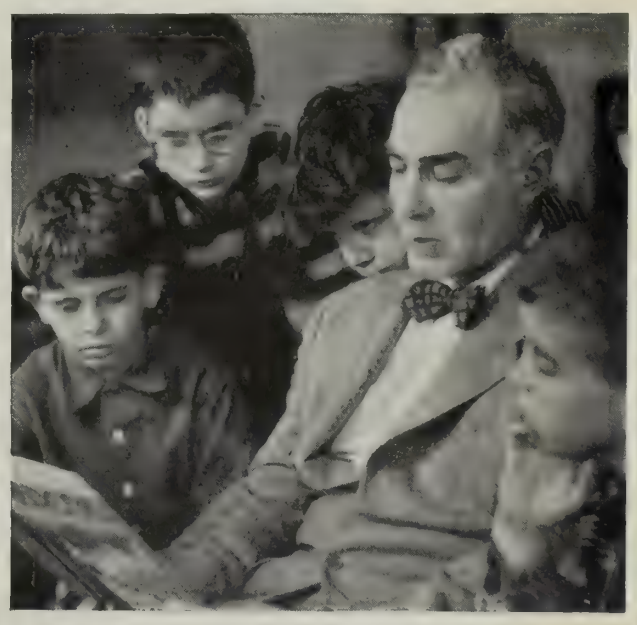
For two years he worked in a Pittsburgh Y.M.C.A. to earn tuition money, then enrolled in the big Union Theological Seminary in New York. He continued to pay his own way by working in Y's and summer camps, and selling his blood to a transfusion service, which paid him as high as $35 a pint. He finished his course in 1936 and could have been ordained to the ministry then; no less a personage than Harry Emerson Fosdick urged him to do so. But still he held back. For a while he was Y.M.C.A. secretary at the University of Kansas, then a teacher of comparative religion at Haverford School,



Out of the fields and back to class: John takes over winter job as principal and master of social studies at Friends' Community School. Salary is $3000—"but teaching as I believe is a reward beyond measure."



John likes small schools, wants a friendship with his students "that won't stop when the bell rings." There are 10 masters for 80 pupils in Friends' kindergarten classes and 6 grades. About ⅓ of children are Quakers.



"A real sense of the world and its peoples"—Quaker teaching stresses the brotherhood and likeness of all men. Even preschool children work in drives to aid needy of Asia and Europe.



Hunts fell in love with their farm "unexpectedly" when John was working at near-by Y.M.C.A. camp. Price of 200-year-old house, barn and land was $6500.

"We're raising our kids to choose their own way of life. We only hope they'll find a purpose in the world and peace within themselves."

near Philadelphia. This did not give him the answer he wanted—"I was merely talking about religion instead of doing something about it," he says.

In the meantime he had been married, briefly and not happily. His little daughter, Patricia, was living with him in a furnished room near the Haverford campus. His college classmate, Dr. Edward ("Red") Bourns, insisted that he make a week-end trip to Westfield, New Jersey, and meet a red-haired nurse named Mary Lea. John went, and even donned a Tuxedo for his first blind date with Mary, but the affair was not a success.

"I thought he was too stuffy and self-conscious," Mary says today. "And he thought I was just a natural-born old maid!"

But Doctor Bourns was determined to play Cupid, and he invited John for other week ends. A second date with Mary was arranged, with better results. This time they danced for hours in a little roadhouse; at midnight Doctor Bourns and his wife went home by themselves, leaving John and Mary to walk back in the moonlight. Mary took off her slippers so they wouldn't be spoiled, and walked along in her bare feet. When they said good night John felt like kissing her, but didn't quite dare; later on he found out that she would have been willing.

The following summer Mary went to her parents' home in Wisconsin and John drove all the way to Colorado to attend a youth conference. He wrote Mary that he would stop and bring her back East on his return—if she would pay part of the expenses.

Mary replied that she would be glad to pay for the ride, and invited him to Wisconsin to meet her family. They started off together in his car, with a big box of Mary's chocolate cake and her mother's homemade sandwiches, which were supposed to last them for two days. John enjoyed the provisions so heartily that when they reached Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, they were out of food. It was then, according to John, that Mary played her trump card. She suggested that they buy some steaks and cook their own dinner somewhere in the mountains.

"Of course it was a beautiful night and the moon was shining, and it was all very romantic," he says, winking. "That time she got kissed, and that was the end of it."

But Mary laughingly denies his insinuations. "I just thought it would be economical if we made our own dinner," she says. "And besides, who was it that drove five miles off the highway to build a fire?"

The next day they drove to New Jersey, to meet John's father, and then on to Long Island, where her brother was living. For a few lazy days they lounged in the sand and surf, and then returned to their separate jobs. In October (on Friday the thirteenth) they became engaged, and the following June they were married.

Not long after their wedding they attended a Quaker meeting together at Ithan, a little town near Philadelphia. This was in 1940, during the early part of the war, and a young man who had just returned from Europe was present. So was the Hunts' good friend, Dr. Douglas Steere, a professor of philosophy at Haverford *(Continued on Page 146)*



"He's into everything—specially everything he can eat," says Mary of blond Liggie, 2. But he also claims best disposition in family.



What's the best size for a family? "Our philosophy is just one more," says Mary, who expects a 7th Hunt this month. Clothes are main financial problem, since gardening holds food bills to low $50 a month. Last summer, the Hunts were able to can and freeze over 200 quarts of farm's fruit and vegetables.

"We may not have money, or rugs on the floors—but our roots are down in happiness." John remembers when achieving the good life meant a stint of trial and error. Throughout the '30's, he tried being a Methodist preacher, a radio announcer and advertising salesman. A brief, early marriage failed him and Patsy. Joining the Friends, he feels, gave him a philosophy to "live, not just talk about," with Mary and the kids "a sure and loving center."



Home chores are a "community project" and kids don't get paid for helping out. Patsy, 14, likes to keep house but would rather be a poetess—"if I could just earn a living at it."



Margie, 4, consoles Liggie during operation haircut. "She's more domestic than I am," says mother, who's taught her to make beds and garden. Pet job: collecting eggs as fast as the hens can lay them.



Family mathematician and master mechanic, Tommy knows how to run the tractor, likes to hitch it to sleigh for a winter snow ride. Last year, he helped harvest crops, harrowed one 6-acre field on his own.

"Our feet are in the dirt—but we can look up and see the stars."



"Meeting and liking all kinds of people"—Hunts share Sunday dinner with Penn medical students.



"'Tolerance' is a passive word—we prefer 'friendship.'" Hunts hope that guests like Clive Abdullah and Jean Sayegh will teach the kids "at home and lastingly" to judge in terms of "character," not races and creeds.

(Continued from Page 144) College. During the meeting the returned traveler rose (as is the Quaker custom) and spoke very feelingly about the things he had seen in the war zones. He recalled a religious ceremony he had once witnessed in Greece, in which hundreds of worshipers carried candles up the mountains to a little church. "Now all that is blacked out by bloodshed and barbarity," he said almost bitterly. "The candles have all been extinguished; will they ever be lighted again?"

He sat down and there was the usual Quaker period of silent thought. Then, without rising from his seat, Professor Steere uttered a single quiet sentence: "The candle of the Lord burns in the heart of every man and that light will never go out."

Those vibrant words went directly to the hearts of John and Mary Hunt—even now their voices tremble when they tell the story. It was an important turning point in their lives.

"Of These Things We are Convinced"

The Hunts are "convinced" Quakers, which means they joined the society at their own request (as contrasted with "birthright" Quakers, who are born into it). They are definitely not "converted" Quakers, for that is a word which Friends do not use about themselves. To them conversion implies some outside persuasion or pressure, and they do not believe in it. The urge to become a Quaker must come only *(Continued on Page 170)*

Barn-dance favorites make the rafters shake when John "quiets down" the small fry at bedtime. It's his idea that vocal talent is handy for parents—"Mary and I never spank the kids, but we can always outshout 'em."



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CORNPATCH CANADIAN BACON

- 1 lb. piece Canadian bacon, unsliced*
- 18 whole cloves
- 5 onion wedges
- Prepared mustard
- Brown sugar
- ½ cup syrup from DEL MONTE Apricots, Peaches, etc.
- 1 to 2 cans DEL MONTE Golden Whole Kernel Corn

Remove casing from bacon; place in shallow baking pan, fat side up. Make 5 slashes halfway through meat. Insert onion wedges in slashes. Stud each meat section with 3 cloves. Spread with mustard; pat on brown sugar to cover; pour fruit syrup over. Bake in slow oven (300° F.), basting often, about 1¼ hrs. Spoon off excess fat from sauce in pan; add corn; salt, pepper and stir. Return to oven about 10 min., till corn is hot. To carve, cut meat in thin slices. Serves 4 to 6. You'll want 2 cans of corn for 6 people.

**Great idea for dressing up canned luncheon meat, too! Use 3 onion wedges to a 12-oz. can, to serve 4.*

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PHOTOS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



"It's so easy to freeze food and we save more things we raise," says Mrs. Hunt, tipped off to advantages of freezing by frozen-food lockers in town.

FREEZE IT!

Frozen foods are assets that can be cashed as needed.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

DEPOSITING a variety of foods in a freezer is like putting cash in a bank to be drawn on at need. It's like having a private food bank, and appeals as much to city folk as to Mrs. Hunt, part-time farmer's wife. And it is just as desirable to keep an inventory of the freezer cache as to keep a checkbook up to date.

SPEED FRESH FOOD TO THE FREEZER

Fast freezing preserves the flavor of top-notch victuals, but it won't make poor food better. Fresh and fast are what it takes—fresh from the farm and fast into the freezer. Still, if you do the freezing as well as the storing at home, it's well not to be in such a rush that you neglect to follow directions. Here are some standard procedures you ought to know, and some improvisations we've tried in the JOURNAL Workshop that may have occurred to you, too, and then again may not have:



Sugared, sliced strawberries for shortcake packed in boxes with plastic tops.

WRAPPINGS SEAL THE GOODNESS IN

Zero storage is drier than dry, and wrappings and cartons are used to keep in the moisture and keep out the air. Special packaging is a must for foods to be stored for months, unless you have an Eskimo's taste for dehydrated provisions with the flavors spoiled and the fat gone rancid. If you eat out of the freezer day by day, food for two weeks or less can be packaged as for refrigerator storage. But if there's a chance it will be held longer, be certain to use materials specifically intended for freezer use. Families who don't like leftovers will be grateful for packages of one-meal size.

For meat, fish and poultry, you have a choice of aluminum foil, lami-

nated papers, cellophane (treated for freezer wear and tear), Pliofilm, or a new plastic tongue twister, polyethylene. Some wrappings have a right side to be used next the food. There are clear freezer bags that can be shrunk with a quick hot-water dip to conform to the shape and size of meat and poultry. Fold other wrappings closely so that they fit like the paper on the wall, double fold the ends, and tie or seal them well with special locker tape. Thinner wrappings should be covered with a second freezer paper or stockinet which is form-fitting and tubular and comes in rolls. Frozen meat is hard as rocks. Shuffled around in the freezer, thin wrappings may tear if they aren't protected. For individual cuts like chops or fillets or steaks, it's a great convenience to use a double thickness of the wrapping between layers. This prevents their freezing together, and lets you separate them easily later.

For fruit, vegetables and cooked foods, there are special containers. Glass jars for freezer use are as wide at the top as at the bottom, and so allow the hard cylinders of frozen food to slide out. They are re-usable, too, and so are some heavy paraffined containers, a new type of which has transparent lids. Rectangular boxes with special linings fit together compactly in your freezer. To seal their liners, heat-controlled sealers made for the purpose are easy to use. A curling iron is good, too, if you have one around. You're more likely to have a temperature-controlled hand iron. Set this at "Rayon" and seal the opening of your liner by folding it over a ruler laid across the top of the box and ironing it shut. Fruits need tight packaging, especially if they're packed in sirup. Even below zero, some sirups won't freeze solid, and a leaky container can make a mess of your freezer. Cooked delicacies can not only be frozen, but also reheated in aluminum containers. You may want to pack creamed foods or stews in layers, with double thicknesses of wrapping material between. In this way small blocks can be separated while still frozen and will heat up faster than large ones.

PREPARING MEAT

When you have the freezer space, buy meat in quantity. Go the whole hog. Get a whole side or quarter of beef, and save up to forty cents a pound on steaks, chops and roasts. But unless you're an old hand at dissecting the larger vertebrates, persuade your butcher or your locker man to do the cutting and to help in the important matter of chilling and aging.

PREPARING VEGETABLES

Vegetables should be scalded or heat-treated and then cooled before freezing, as you probably know. But did you know that when a suitable strainer isn't at hand, a coarse cheesecloth comes in handy for holding them during the operation? With peas, it's better than a wide-meshed strainer, for obvious reasons. Held by a fork, it's easy to pop into the steam or water bath, then quickly douse in cold running water or ice water for cooling. And have you tried freezing a combination of vegetables? The trick of blanching them according to their kind and then combining them for freezing is well adapted to a garden that grows only a little of each variety. There's nothing utilitarian about the way they taste later in salads and casserole dishes or eaten plain with butter. We tried peas with string beans and cut corn and cauli-

(Continued on Page 162)



Supported by ruler, iron seals package liner. The special sealers are fine too.



Between chops, double thickness of cellophane makes them easy to separate.



Squared aluminum-foil boxes make most of freezer space, have crimped-on lids.

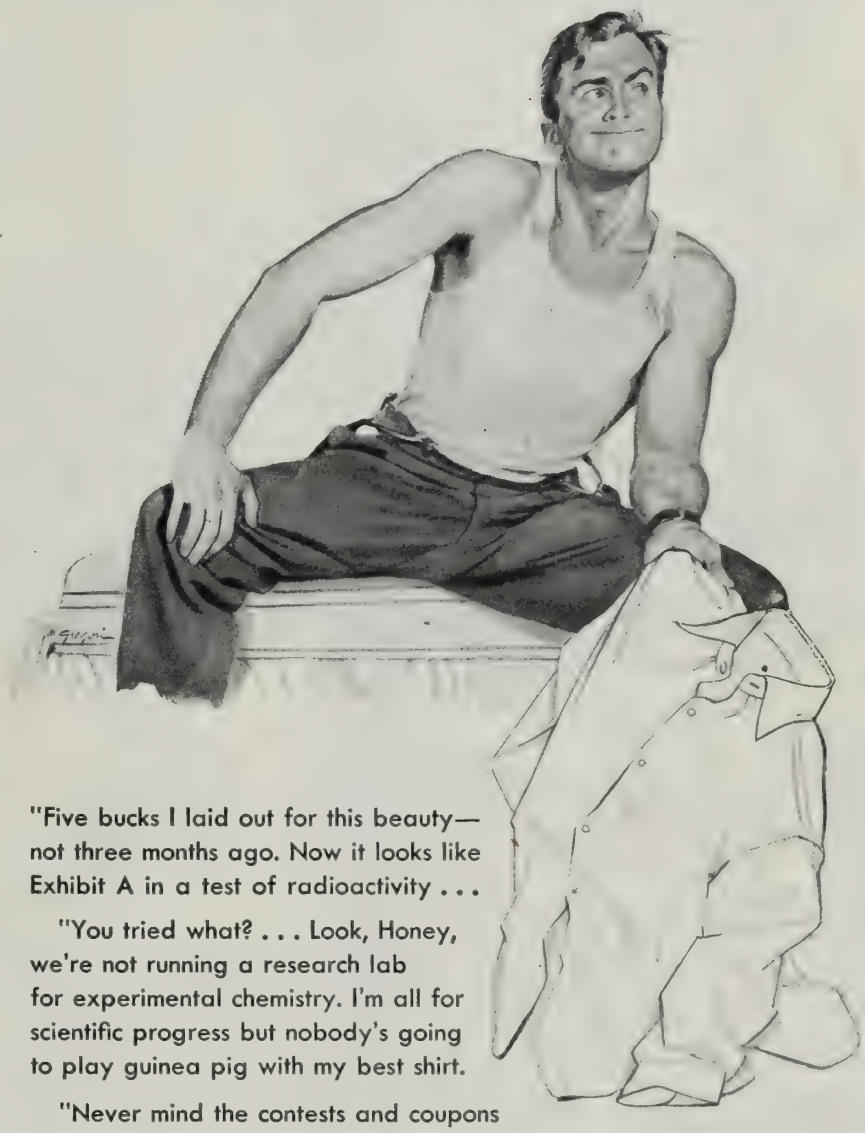


A dip in near-boiling water shrinks special bag to snug fit for chicken.



To speed thawing meat, place wrapped package on rack in front of electric fan.

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Pineapple-Glazed Ham Loaf

VELVET BLENDED WITH CARNATION MILK

1 pound ground ham, raw or cooked
1 pound ground beef
1 cup uncooked oatmeal
1½ cups Carnation Milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
4 or 5 canned pineapple half-slices
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 teaspoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons vinegar

Combine meat, oatmeal, Carnation Milk, salt and pepper. Shape into mold on shallow baking pan. Arrange pineapple half-slices on top of loaf. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 1 hour. Mix sugar, mustard and vinegar and pour over top. Return to oven and bake ½ hour longer, basting occasionally. Let stand in a warm place 15 minutes to absorb meat juices. Serves 8 to 10.

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PHOTO BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Patsy gives small new potatoes a good scrubbing. They'll be cooked in their jackets and served with a dressing of sour cream and chopped chives.

Well-Dressed Vegetables

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

VEGETABLES can be dull or dramatic! You can't expect your husband and children to eat them just because of their nutritional importance unless they are interestingly cooked. The whole idea in a pea pod is to follow simple rules to save their food value, then season and serve them so attractively there'll be no refusals—only compliments to the cook.

The Hunts are fortunate in having their own garden. Keeping up with their seed-packet plunder is an all-summer marathon, just now beginning. If you have a garden, go through it with an expectant eye. Pick vegetables young and tender—when they are succulent miniatures—if you missed this stage last year. The quicker the transition from garden to table, the better. The Hunts do this and reap the best flavor.

But most of us have to shop for our vegetables, and if they're not garden fresh at the market, we're licked before we start. Vegetables must be crisp and fresh and young to taste really good cooked—no matter how many seasoning tricks you use. Snap beans should really snap—tops of root vegetables should look fresh—not tired and wilted. Pods of peas should be firm. In other words, choose the vegetables that have the look of youth.

KEEP THAT GARDEN FRESHNESS

There are really only two simple rules to remember when cooking vegetables in water. First, cook tightly covered in a size saucepan suitable to the quantity of vegetables—preferably a heavy pot with a lid that fits tight. Use as little boiling salted water as you can get by with and cook quickly until just tender but still firm textured. Serve immediately. Vegetables cooked hours ahead to save time, then reheated, never have the flavor of a fresh-cooked vegetable.

BEAN TEAMS

There are so many good ways to dress up green beans, your family will never tire of them. Frenched (cut lengthwise in slices), quickly cooked and dressed with mustard sauce, they are something special. . . . Or cook and bake under a soft blanket of cheese sauce and crumbs. . . . Adding a clove of garlic to the water in which you cook green beans adds a new flavor blend for family comment. Or heat the garlic in the butter or margarine for dressing the beans, if you wish. . . . Sometime try adding 1 green pepper, seeded and diced, or ½ cup minced celery to the green beans just before they finish cooking. Both pepper or celery and beans should still be sort of crispy before you add the ubiquitous butter or margarine, salt and pepper. . . . Team cooked green beans with sautéed almonds or mushrooms for texture and flavor. Combine them with young peas and Lima beans for a French panaché. . . . Go Dutch and serve them sweet-sour with a dressing of sugar, hot vinegar and bacon fat. And for a special dish, try this.

GREEN BEANS WITH SOUR CREAM

Cook 1 pound green beans, French cut, or if they are succulent, tiny ones, leave them whole. While they cook, sauté 1 onion.

chopped, and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Work in 1 tablespoon flour and ½ cup bean liquor. Cook a few minutes until smooth. Season with a good pinch of dried or fresh dill, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt and pepper. Add drained beans and stir in 1 cup thick sour cream.

CARROT CHARMERS

The first young carrots from the garden make a memorable dish—even the deceiving ones you pull up by mistake. Scrub these little fellows—don't scrape. Cook them whole and dress with butter or margarine, salt and pepper and add a frippery of chopped parsley, water cress, chives, fresh thyme or mint from the bed under the lilacs. Lemon butter—the same kind you make for fish—is a real carrot cosmetic. . . . Combine carrots with peas or tiny whole onions. And speaking of onions with carrots, here's praise for panning—panning vegetables, we mean—an easy and delicious way to cook some vegetables without any water at all:

PANNED CARROTS AND SCALLIONS

Chop 6 scallions—tops and all. Scrape 5 young carrots and shred or slice thin. Cook scallions in ¼ cup butter or margarine for 1 minute in a not-too-large saucepan over low heat. Add the carrots. Season with salt and pepper. Cover tightly and steam until tender. Wonderful flavor, as there's no dilution with water.

BEAUTY FOR BEETS

To keep the complexion of beets when you cook them—do not peel unless you're cooking them in a special way I will tell you about later. Leave 2 inches of top on beets too. A little vinegar or lemon juice added to the water in which you cook them heightens the color.

Some like beets sweet-sour, such as Harvard beets, or glazed with currant jelly. Never combine beets with cream sauce unless the clash of pink and red does not jar on your aesthetic senses. The beets bleed into the sauce, producing the wildest, weirdest pink you will ever want to see in a food. Clear sauces are best. Here's a way with orange sauce:

BEETS IN ORANGE SAUCE

Heat 1 teaspoon grated orange peel with ½ cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Mix ¼ cup sugar with 1 tablespoon cornstarch and ½ teaspoon salt. Add to hot liquid—stir constantly until thickened and clear. Add 3 cups diced cooked beets and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine.

TEN-MINUTE BEETS

While whole beets shouldn't be peeled before cooking, here's a quick-cooking way you might like to try. Peel 1 bunch young beets and shred. Put 2 cups water in pan. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon salt. Let it come to a boil. Cover tightly and cook over high heat 10 minutes. If you use a heavy pan and refrain from peeking, they will cook in even less time. You may think with this much water there would be considerable left, but you'll be interested to discover that there will be just enough butter sauce left in the pan to pour over the beets—thus saving the valuables. Season with salt and pepper and a little more lemon juice. Besides the saving in time, they become quite a new dish—one well worthy of your acquaintance. There's only one drawback to this method, if you consider it so—peeling and shredding the beets does stain your hands—but lemon juice takes care of that.

TOPS ARE GOOD TOO

Beet tops, if young and fresh, are more favored by some than spinach or other greens. Cook, chop and dress with butter or margarine and seasonings. Add a little vinegar and garnish with sliced eggs—another vegetable for your menu for free. . . . The thin-outs in the garden make a delectable mess of greens. A piece of bacon cooked with them does wonders. Cook tops and roots separately. Chop both and combine before adding seasonings.

GLORIFY GREENS

Salad days are here and greens go first in the bowl. But there are many tempting ways to serve cooked leafy greens too. Thank your stars if you have an herb garden or a row of fat little jars of dried herbs on your cupboard shelf. Savory, basil and rosemary blend their flavors best with spinachy greens. Try spinach or chard cooked with parsley, scallions, a little rosemary. Add salt, pepper and butter or margarine. It tastes better than spinach or chard ever tasted before.

Ever think of cooking lettuce, spinach, beet and radish tops together? It's really good. Mushrooms and horse-radish add their blessing to cooked greens, and, packed in a ring, greens make a trim hedge for creamed eggs, fish or another vegetable. Cooked greens wearing a cloak of lemonaise—mayonnaise heated in a double boiler and thinned with lemon juice—add a tart accent for the vegetable plate. . . . Or here's one: Heat ⅓ cup French dressing. Add 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped, and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour over drained greens before serving.

FAVORITE CREAMED SPINACH

Wash 2 pounds spinach in several waters. Cook covered with just the water that clings to the leaves, adding ¼ teaspoon salt, until just wilted. Drain and chop fine. While spinach cooks, melt 2 tablespoons bacon fat in small saucepan. Add 1 onion, minced, 1½ teaspoons flour and the liquid from the spinach. Cook until smooth and thickened. Add ¼ cup heavy cream, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg, the chopped spinach and salt and pepper to taste. Serve garnished with tiny cubes of bread fried in butter or margarine.

CORN WILL SOON BE RIPE

A hectic rush between garden and table—that's the way to get the best of corn on the cob. Might even put the water on to boil before you slam the screen door. If you're not lucky enough to have a garden, buy corn from a grocer you know has "fresh" corn—kernels so plump with milk they pop when you cut into them. Moist the ears should be—not dry. Once it's in the pot, don't let it stay there more than 6–8 minutes. Half milk in the water does something for corn, and don't forget a little sugar. While real corn lovers do most of their eating off the cob, there are other ways, if you should tire.

Cut corn off the cob and go in for succotash with Limas, peas and string beans. Have a batch of corn oysters now and then or temper its sweetness with green pepper. Corn pudding adds up to a pretty sum. . . . So does corn when made into a mélange with string beans, tomatoes and cheese—baked as a scallop with a frilled edge of mashed potato—as a one-dish vegetable dinner.

VEGETABLE VARIETY

There are numerous other ways of preparing these same vegetables—most common in the markets most times of the year (with the exception of corn, soon to come for a short stay). When we get to thinking about tomatoes, peas, Swiss chard, potatoes and mushrooms, we want to go on and on. Then there are the special vegetables—the many members of the squash family—asparagus, with its season just past—the exotic artichoke—the uniquely flavored eggplant—and later in the season, broccoli, cabbage and cauliflower. Well, don't let's get started—there will be another time!



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DRINK SANKA COFFEE

Sanka is a real coffee . . . a delicious-tasting coffee—that you can drink and enjoy without worrying.

Sanka is rich and full-bodied, with all the satisfying flavor, with all *the bracing cheer*, that only real coffee . . . and only fine coffee . . . can give.

REAL COFFEE-97% CAFFEIN-FREE

You can drink as much Sanka as you want—any time you want. For Sanka Coffee is 97% caffein-free. There's no need to limit yourself . . . no need ever to go without the pleasure of a good cup of coffee.

Start drinking Sanka and see for yourself. You have nothing to lose, and possibly a great deal to gain.

Sanka Coffee

Real coffee with the worry taken out. Drink it and sleep!



Products of General Foods

Betty Crocker uses Wesson Oil for this

Glamorous Chiffon Cake!



AMERICA'S MOST TALKED-ABOUT CAKE!
Extra-light! Extra-luscious!

ALLEGRETTI CHIFFON

Heat oven to 325° (slow moderate). Coarsely grate 1½ sq. (1½ oz.) chocolate (sweet or unsweetened).

1. In first bowl, sift together:
- 1⅛ cups (1 cup plus 2 tbsp.) sifted Softasilk cake flour (spoon lightly—don't pack)
- ⅞ cup (¾ cup plus 2 tbsp.) sugar
- 1½ tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt

Make a well and add these:
- ¼ cup Wesson Oil
- 2 unbeaten egg yolks (medium)
- ⅜ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.) cold water
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- grated rind 1 orange (about 1½ tbsp.)

Beat with spoon until smooth.

2. In large second bowl, put:
- ½ cup egg whites (4)
- ¼ tsp. cream of tartar

Beat into stiff peaks, *stiffer than for meringue.* DO NOT UNDERBEAT.

3. Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over beaten egg whites, gently folding with rubber scraper just until blended. DON'T STIR. Sprinkle with grated chocolate; fold in with a few strokes. Pour immediately into *ungreased* loaf pan (5" x 10" x 3"). Bake 50-55 minutes at 325°, or until top springs back when *lightly* touched. Turn pan upside down, resting edges on 2 other pans; let hang free of table. When cold, loosen sides with spatula; turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Frost with—

ALLEGRETTI ICING: Cream 3 tbsp. vegetable shortening (such as Snowdrift)—or butter; blend in 1 egg yolk. Stir in 2 tbsp. cream, 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla, beat well. Add more cream if needed. Frost cake. Melt 1½ sq. (1½ oz.) chocolate with ¼ tsp. Wesson Oil over hot water; cool slightly. Pour over top...let chocolate trickle down sides.



THE most sophisticated cake you can serve is Chiffon! Entirely new! Frothy as angel food, yet different...rich, moist and luscious! All Betty Crocker's* Chiffon recipes call for light, mild Wesson Oil. So—to have that special texture and delicate flavor in your Chiffon cake—use Wesson Oil. Clear, sparkling Wesson Oil is famous for making other good things to eat, too, such as crisp and digestible fried foods and delicious home-made salad dressing.

*Of General Mills, Inc.

Wesson Oil—for making good things to eat

SHRIMP SALAD CREOLE
Grand with this home-made Wesson Dressing

Thinly slice 2 green onions, including tops—mince ¼ cup celery. Add ¼ cup delicate Wesson Oil, 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper; beat together. Add ½ lb. cooked fresh shrimp or 1 can shrimp; toss well. Cover; chill 2 hours, so the shrimp have the smooth zest of the Wesson Oil dressing. Mix lightly before you place the shrimp on crisp shredded lettuce. 3 servings. Delicious with potato chips. This will be a "request salad" all summer, so crisp, *so naturally* good-tasting, thanks to Wesson Oil, America's favorite Salad Oil!



NEW IDEAS! 218 recipes in "How to Win Compliments," 100-page cookbook. Beautiful foods in color. Send name, address, 25¢ in coin to Wesson Oil and Snowdrift People, Dept. A3, New Orleans 12, La.

HAVE A NICE WEEK END

(Continued from Page 63)

A few observations. I have also observed that the experienced and skilled practitioner of the art of being on the three-fifteen and heading straight for the right station wagon puts all responsibility squarely on somebody else's lap—you see what I mean? Long practice has made perfect the model week-ender. Present for the hostess, candy for the moppets—if any—one lone bag, and a fair hand at bridge and gin rummy. What more can a hostess want? Except the tacit agreement on breakfast in bed and no borrowing the toothpaste. It's an art. And like most art, it's very simple. All you need is a clear head, good legs, a tweed suit and a ticket back—and you may count on nice week ends right through from June to October and keep expenses down.

Let's consider the hostess. On Fridays during the summer as the office closes there's an exodus of people with week-end bags and parcels dashing to catch trains, and the corridors and elevators echo with their departure—"Have a nice week end!" But what about the hostess who prepares for their expected arrival at the other end of the line? Will it be a nice week end for her too? It's you who want to have everything nice, everybody to have a good time, and enjoy your guests, too, that I have on my mind.

Ways and means. When making your plans for the week end, my advice is to stick to the two-a-day. Let your guests sleep late and combine breakfast and lunch—then give them a reasonably early supper. Combining courses whenever you can saves a lot of extra fixing. Now let us speak about the late breakfast or early luncheon combination and a supper you'll find laid out for you here, both suitable for the guests who week-end and not too startling for the hostess who, should she lack a cook, must prepare them herself. And that reminds me. There are two schools of thought *and* practice—as to whether a guest should offer to help in the kitchen, or dust the living room, and so on; or should she retire to the hammock and mind her own business. An *offer* of help is one thing. The gimmick is in the nuances of the offer—the quick glance of the eye toward the shaded lawn, the half-deprecating smile: "I am not *too* efficient, maybe I'd be in the way." This is a digression, but I think it's important. For if you want help it's well to have the task determined and ready to hand lest the offer escape you. And if you don't want help have a counterplan for that too.

> A man may inherit power, not greatness. Men are not born great: they are born babies.
> —ANON.

That morning meal. What could better please eye and appetite on a warm June day than cool, delicious fruit, made to look pretty tempting and to taste even more so! There are dozens of combinations, dozens of ways to dress them up. And if time is a consideration, and you, too, would like to take things easy and have a little fun on the week end, get fruits that you may fix the day before, or fall back on fine ripe melons, and *there* you can't go wrong. But right here and now, having to begin somewhere in the long list of wonderful fruits, I give you strawberries and pineapple in quite a snazzy setting, and that doesn't mean that they won't taste as good arranged another way. Remember that.

FRESH PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRIES

Wash a fresh pineapple. With a sharp knife cut all the way around the eyes of the pineapple in toward the core—around the top row, be sure to cut in deep enough so that the top comes away from the fruit. Continue to cut down through the pineapple—loosen each segment but leave the thing whole. Carefully insert wooden picks through the center of each piece so that guests can help themselves. Prepare the day before and chill overnight. Provide whole washed strawberries, too, and little paper cups of sugar for each person. It's dip and eat. And, as we say up where I came from—"Hobson's choice." Another way, easier and not so fancy, is to cut the pineapple in fingers, arrange it alternately with the berries on a handsome glass dish, and have a bowl of fine sugar in the center.

The main chance. Having disposed of the fruit, with sighs of pure delight and satisfaction, you're about to make the acquaintance of another casserole dish—and aren't they the handy things, though, it being hot and who wants to hop around a kitchen all day when the roses are in bloom—did I hear a dissenting voice? No, that was the screen door slamming. All right, here is a casserole dish that can be put together without too much time and bother. Hearty enough to carry them through to dinnertime, and this may be the night you're all going down to the Clam House or driving up to Mrs. Parker's for dinner, anyway.

BAKED DEVILED EGGS AND ASPARAGUS

Wash 2 pounds of fresh asparagus, or use that fresh-frozen kind, if the shy youngsters aren't doing their stuff, and cut in 1-inch lengths, using just the tender portion of stalk. Cook in salted water until tender—saving the tips to add for the last few minutes of cooking. Drain. Slice 10 hard-cooked eggs in half lengthwise and remove the yolks. Mash the yolks with a fork and blend with 2 small cans (2¼ ounces) of deviled ham, ½ teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon of grated onion, ¾ teaspoon of dry mustard, 1 tablespoon of cream, ½ teaspoon of salt, a dash of pepper. Fill the centers of the egg-white halves with the egg-yolk mix. Melt 6 tablespoons of butter or margarine; add 6 tablespoons of flour and mix well. Gradually add 3 cups of milk (or half milk and half cream) and stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Cook about 5 minutes longer over very low heat. Add 2 cups of grated Cheddar cheese, ¼ teaspoon of dry mustard, 1½ teaspoons of salt and a dash of pepper. Stir until the cheese is melted. Put the asparagus in the bottom of a shallow casserole. Arrange deviled eggs on top of it. Pour over it the cheese sauce. Crush 1 cup of corn flakes. Mix with 2 tablespoons of melted butter or margarine. Spread over the top. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 20 minutes, or until the sauce bubbles and the top is brown.

Summer is salad season. Not that everybody doesn't eat salad all year around. Of course they do. But since this meal is planned for nearer noon than nine, it seems one should have some salady thing. It might be water cress only—and I'm here to tell you that cress alone, dressed in French dressing and looking so cool and self-possessed in its green leaves, spiced with some unidentified mystery from the shady waters where it grows, is an excellent choice. But here's a little summer number in which you can use any vegetable that grows.

GARDEN SALAD

Cut a slice off the top of 7 medium-sized tomatoes. Scoop out. Sprinkle the insides of the tomatoes with salt. Turn upside down to drain. Mix together ½ cup of diced green pepper, ½ cup of thinly sliced radish, 1½ cups of celery sliced crosswise in thin slices and ½ cup of diced cucumber. Mix the vegetables with ¼ cup of French dressing. Fill the tomatoes with the vegetable mixture and arrange on a bed of greens.

Relax and call it dessert. I am referring to blueberry muffins, nothing else. Made right, they needn't be sneezed at as a dessert. These are meant to serve two pur-

(Continued on Page 154)

Shower the bride with cooking pleasures!



The pleasure of seeing things turn out right!

Let a bride start cooking with Pyrex Ware. It's more fun . . . and less work! No need to lift the lid—she can see what's happening right through the top and sides. She can *see* when the soup is simmering, when sauces are done just right. Pyrex Ware cooking is *better* cooking for beginners and for experts!

PYREX SAUCEPAN 1½-qt. size **$2.25**



The pleasure of beautiful serving dishes!

Any bride will use Pyrex Ware with her loveliest wedding-gift china! Pyrex Ware is so good-looking. And it makes food look so appetizing! Sturdy Pyrex Ware holds the heat, keeps food hot for second helpings. And what a saving in dishwashing . . . she'll cook, serve, and store food in the same Pyrex dish!

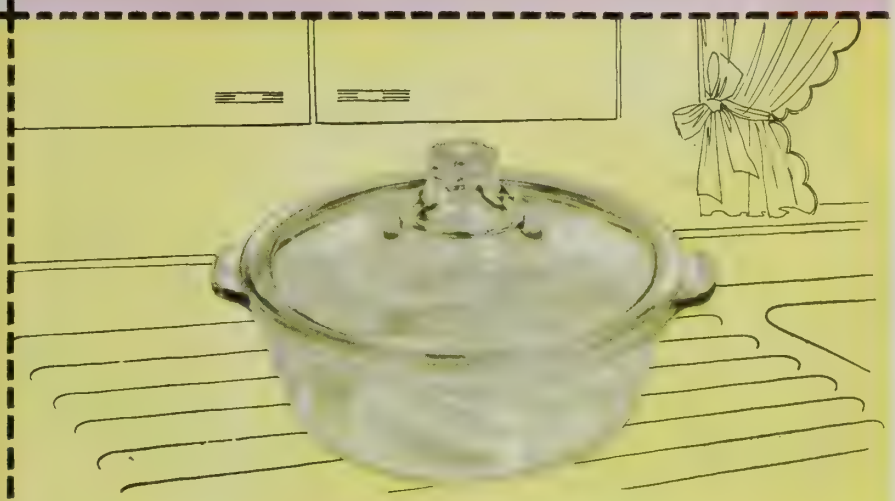
PYREX PIE PLATE 10-inch "Flavor-Saver" **69¢**



The pleasure of finding the EXTRA uses!

Give a bride a set of Pyrex Mixing Bowls. It serves as a set of baking dishes and salad bowls as well! She can use a Pyrex Percolator for cooking soup, a Pyrex Cake Dish for meats or scalloped potatoes. She can use every piece for a number of uses. For Pyrex Ware doesn't hold flavors or odors.

PYREX BOWL SET 4 nested colored bowls **$2.95**

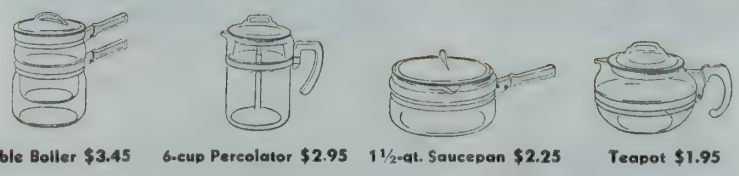


The pleasure of that sparkling-clean look!

A new homemaker never has to wonder whether a Pyrex dish is really clean. She can *see* the slightest speck, and whisk it away. Acid foods don't affect it. Coffee doesn't stain it. Gleaming Pyrex Ware is perfect for a fresh, new kitchen. And it keeps its brand-new sparkle year after year after year!

PYREX CASSEROLE 1-qt. size **79¢**

Get Pyrex Flameware for the top of your stove . . .



Double Boiler $3.45 — 6-cup Percolator $2.95 — 1½-qt. Saucepan $2.25 — Teapot $1.95

Get Pyrex Ovenware for baking and roasting.



Oven and Refrigerator Set $2.95 — Set of 3 Measures $1.50 — 8½-inch Square Cake Dish 69¢ — Well-and-Tree Platter $1.50

DOZENS OF OTHER SIZES AND DISHES . . . EXTRA STRONG FOR LONG SERVICE!

PYREX
If it's Pyrex Ware the trade-mark is on it
WARE
®

"Corning", "Pyrex" and "Double-Touch" are trade-marks in the U. S. of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 152)

poses—one to eat with the eggs and one spread with honey butter will polish off the meal along with another cup of freshly made coffee.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

Cream well ¼ cup of butter or margarine with ¼ cup of sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg and mix. Do not beat. Sift 2 cups of flour. Take 2 tablespoons of it and mix with 1 cup of blueberries. Sift the rest with 3 teaspoons of baking powder and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Measure 1 cup of milk. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Don't beat. Stir enough to mix the ingredients. Add the floured blueberries and fold into the batter. (The batter won't look smooth, for if you beat it smooth you will crush the berries and ruin the muffins.) Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 25 to 30 minutes. This makes a dozen, and most muffin pans are doled out in dozens. Custard cups bake dandy muffins too. In case—you know. Serve with honey butter. Cream ½ cup of butter and ¼ cup of honey together. Serve as a spread for muffins.

Supper is supper. This one's supper, not dinner, although it might be called that. But in the country, on week ends, unless it's in a big house with cooks and maids and butlers and all, it seems better to hear the call to supper. It has a country sound, like cowbells at dusk or the tree toads in the garden. Supper sounds more like it to me, but I guess you'll sort it out and call it what you want to.

Gathered in that lazy informality that pervades a week end in the country, it's nice to have, with whatever drinks you favor, something a little different from the usual canapé and cracker. And here you have it. All you need for serving is a bowl of potato chips. And what could be simpler than that!

AVOCADO SPREAD

Peel and remove the stones from 2 large or 3 small avocados. Mash or put through the ricer or a coarse sieve. You should have about 1½ cupfuls. Combine with the juice of 2 lemons (about ⅓ cup) at once. This seasons the avocado and at the same time keeps it from daring to turn a purplish black on you. It will if you turn your back, so hand it the lemon-juice treatment. Add 1¼ teaspoons of salt, a little white pepper, and one or two dashes of Tabasco sauce. Cut the meat off the pits of 6 large ripe olives. Chop this fine and stir into the avocado mixture. Fry 2 slices of bacon, crisp. Drain and crumble it and add along with 1 tablespoon of minced onion. Last—add the yolks of 2 hard-cooked eggs put through the sieve. Mix well. Now taste it and add more seasonings to your own taste. Serve as a dip for potato chips.

That familiar face. Reams have been written about our old friend chicken pie. I myself have contributed several reams on the subject. Always talking about it. Always admonishing, but meaning well. For it's one of my *most* favorite dishes, and one that I make as perfectly as it's possible to make it. And for occasions such as this when you have a hungry horde to feed and don't want a lot of last-minute cooking to keep you in the kitchen, I know of few other dishes that suit the purpose as well. So once more:

CHICKEN PIE

Always be sure to have plenty of chicken and plenty of gravy. Have 2 chickens of roasting size or fowl that are not too experienced, cut up into portions, as for a fricassee. Put into enough cold water to cover the chicken well, and set it on to simmer. Add a little salt. Simmer gently until the meat is tender enough to fall from the bones. Remove skin. Separate all the meat from the bones—and never, *never* cut it up fine. Leave it in pieces just as it comes from the framework. Cool the broth and "extend" it by adding chicken broth as needed for plenty of gravy. Be sure to skim every speck of grease from the cooled broth before going any





ther. Now blend to a smooth *roux* a thick-
ng of 1½ tablespoons each of flour and
ter or margarine for each cup of broth
l, when the broth is warm, add gradually
l cautiously, stirring every minute. Cook
il the gravy is about the consistency of
y heavy cream. If there's a single lump,
ain the gravy. Season circumspectly
h salt and pepper—nothing else. Taste to
that it has savor. Put the chicken por-
ns back into the hot gravy, and be sure to
p it hot. Put the hot chicken and gravy
o a casserole and cover with biscuit crust,
ing it carefully around the edges and
cking or slitting the
. Bake in a hot oven,
0° F., until crust
brown and done.
n't let the crust lean
o heavily on the
icken part. Some
ple set a cup in the
ter of the dish to
lster up the crust, but I don't. Somehow it
ways acts pretty for me, so I don't have to.
In this case we have made biscuits and
pped our pie with the biscuits, leaving
nty more to serve with the gravy. Now
e word about biscuits. (You know there
e some pretty fine mixes, don't you? Save
ne, save—well, *save.)* But—making them
m scratch—don't handle the dough too
uch. Don't be afraid of the baking pow-
r; this dough needs to be hoisted to be
ht. Roll as if you were walking on eggs.
nd bake your biscuits before you're
ady to serve your pie. Have the chicken
bbling hot, cover it with the hot biscuits
d get it on the table. Extra biscuits
e wonderful eaten with extra gravy, if
ur gravy is the kind I make. Best part of
e whole works.

> I do not care to "fool" any man. When he discovers I have fooled him, he will do me more harm than my cunning did me good. —ED HOWE.

Pretty and pert. This describes the jel-
d cherries and cheese salad. Looks pretty,
esn't it? And as looks are nothing without
od behavior, this number has both. It
akes a salad, sort of glorified, but it's a salad. And it doubles in brass by being a dessert, too, and that should be a help.

JELLIED CHERRIES AND COTTAGE-CHEESE SALAD

Soften 1 envelope of unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup of cold water. Mix ½ cup of sugar, ⅛ teaspoon of salt and 1 cup of hot water. Add the softened gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Add ⅓ cup of lemon juice and chill it until slightly thickened. Fold in 2 cups of pitted ripe sweet cherries. Pour into a ring mold and chill until almost set. While the cherry layer is setting, prepare the cheese layer, which is by way of being salad and dressing for this dish. Beat 2 eggs until light. Add ½ cup of sugar, gradually, and beat well. Add ½ cup of pineapple juice, ⅓ cup of lemon juice and the grated rind of ½ lemon. Cook in the top part of a double boiler over hot water until thickened, stirring constantly. Soften 1 envelope of unflavored gelatin in ⅓ cup of cold water and add to the custard mixture. (This means the mixture in the double boiler. As if you didn't *know!)* Stir it until dissolved, stirring all the time. Cool, but do not let it set. Fold in 1 cup of creamy cottage cheese and pour over the cherry layer. Chill until set. Turn out on a bowl or platter of salad greens—garnish with cherries. This is a dessert salad. Lets you out of making a pie or something. And very stylish it is, to boot.

A last word. Like a parlor organ at a country auction—"going, going"—I have gone. Didn't you hear the door slam? But—I shall be back soon. Sooner than you think. June has only thirty days. After I've got the week-ending job well under way, I'll be with you. In the meantime, let us think our thought for the month. It doesn't matter so much what you *make*, so long as you make it *good*.

THE END

Home-made ice cream *Easy does it!*

Velvet-smooth! Creamy-rich!

FRESH BANANA ICE CREAM

1 can Ten-B-Low
1½ cups water
2 tsps. vanilla
2 well ripened bananas, mashed with 2 tbs. sugar

(a can makes a quart)

1. Set refrigerator control to coldest temperature.
2. Place Ten-B-Low in mixing bowl. Add water, vanilla. Mix thoroughly.
3. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until entire mixture is frozen. *You need only add water and flavoring to Ten-B-Low because each can contains all the sugar, heavier-than-whipping cream, milk and egg yolks necessary for extra-rich ice cream.*
4. Break up and spoon frozen Ten-B-Low into mixing bowl, whip to a consistency a little softer than creamy mashed potatoes. Stir in bananas.
5. Return to freezing tray and freeze. *That's all there is to it — nothing to add but flavoring and the water we've removed!* Ten-B-Low is NOT a powder, NOT a so-called "mix", but genuine ice cream in heavy, concentrated form. Get several cans today!



Ten-B-Low
CONCENTRATED REAL ICE CREAM

free 20 delicious recipes, including many unusual and easy-to-make desserts. Just write Sally Ross, Ten-B-Low Co., Dept. B-96, Columbus 16, Ohio.

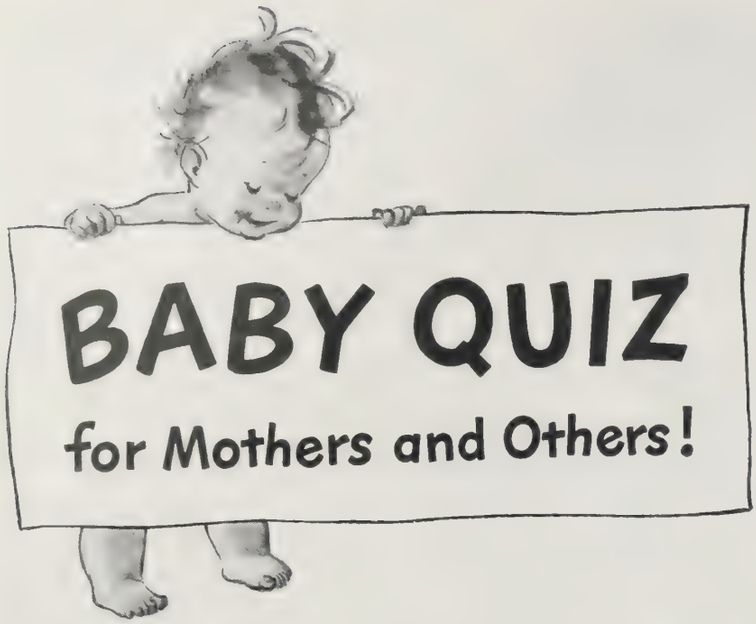


You'll know it's nourishing*

Put a serving of Corn-Soya with milk under your belt, and see how satisfied you feel! It's crisp, delicious, with real stays-by-you nourishment. You won't get hungry in a hurry. CORN brings you tempting flavor and ready-for-anything energy. SOYA brings you more body-building protein* than in any cereal. And you get whole-grain vitamins and minerals, too. Buy some at your grocer's.



* The protein value of one ounce (2/3 cup) of Corn-Soya with four ounces of milk equals that of one egg with three slices of bacon. It's real nourishment and real economy.



BABY QUIZ
for Mothers and Others!

1. Is it normal for a baby to be cross-eyed?

Yes—most babies can't focus well till they're about three months old. Those three months are important in skin care, too. Many doctors recommend crystal-clear Johnson's Baby Oil for after-bath smooth-overs, to keep baby's skin comfortable—plus Oil applications at every diaper change, to help prevent "urine irritation."





2. Will snuggling "spoil" a baby?

Medical authorities agree a baby *needs* loving. Snuggling from Pop. "Babying" when mother is caring for him. Frequent sprinkles of satiny-soft Johnson's Baby Powder are *part* of good care—helping chase chafes and prickles; keeping baby sweet.



3. Does a baby inherit a temper?

Psychologists say no. But your doctor will tell you that what often looks like temper is *skin discomfort*. Smart mothers keep both Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder on the nursery tray—to keep baby protected—comfortable—happy.

Recommended by more doctors—used by more mothers



PHOTO BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS



In most cases, mumps is just what it seems to be—an unsightly infection of glands that needs to be handled with care, but not fear.

Mumps—More to be Watched Than Feared

By ***DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN***
President, Chicago Board of Health

UNTIL recent years, mumps was generally regarded as being one of the less common and less harmful of the childhood diseases. True, the child with mumps might have painful swelling of the face for two or three days, but this was usually the extent of the trouble; when the unsightly swelling disappeared, the child was well.

Then, a few years ago, mothers began to hear stories about children whose bouts with mumps were neither so simple nor so harmless. Especially in older children, it was rumored, mumps was likely to have some mysterious effect on the sex glands—even making it impossible for some of the victims to have children of their own when they grew up.

What are the facts? Is mumps a harmless infection, or a sinister threat to normal health and development?

To the many mothers who ask me this question, I reply that mumps is definitely a harmless infection in the vast majority of cases. Once in a great while complications may ensue, sometimes involving the reproductive glands in children who are past the age of puberty at the time the infection occurs. But even in these few cases, I add, recovery without any lasting effect on the functioning of these glands is common. Sterility due to mumps is extremely rare, but the bare chance that it can happen makes it necessary for mothers to treat the disease seriously when it comes.

The first sign of infection is usually the characteristic swelling just in front of the lower part of the ear. One or both sides may be affected, and the swelling may be accompanied, or even preceded for a day or two, by fever. The swelling is caused by inflammation of the parotid gland, which normally furnishes saliva to aid digestion. The location and the function of the gland are such that swallowing may be difficult or painful during the infection. Occasionally, other salivary glands may also become inflamed, adding to the discomfort.

The cause of the infection is a virus that is found in discharges from the mouth and nose of an infected child. Thus, the disease may be spread by direct contact, as droplets of virus-carrying moisture are sprayed into the air when the child coughs or sneezes, or by indirect contact—through handling, eating or drinking anything touched by the sick person. *(Continued on Page 159)*

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



C'mon Sweetheart, it's YOUR turn to Treat!

Come on . . . let's have another big smile between spoonfuls.

That's the biggest treat you can give us, because turning out foods that make babies smile is our *only* business. And year after year millions of babies have grinned over Gerber's Cereals, Vegetables, Fruits and Desserts.

Seven new smile-getters: Strained Sweet Potatoes . . . and six Strained and Junior Meats. Babies, doctors and mothers are all beaming approval of these latest Gerber True-Flavor Foods. The "Sweets"...smooth as golden satin, teeming with Vitamin A; the Meats, prepared from Armour quality beef, veal and liver, rich with essential proteins.

We've been studying what baby likes so long, we can even make his first cereals taste good, and feel so good, too. For that Perfected-Texture of all Gerber's Foods is another plus tots go for from the start.

Gerber's
BABY FOODS
Fremont, Mich.



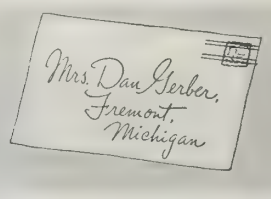
Babies are our business . . . our only business!

Mothers Club News

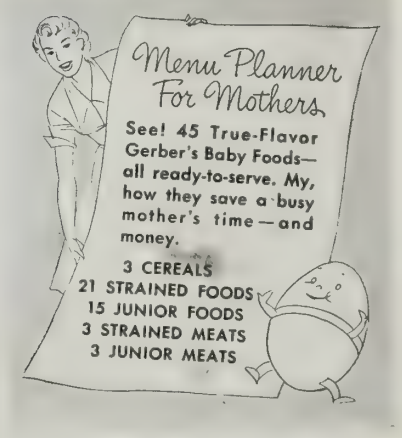


Reported by
Mrs Dan Gerber
Mother of 5

NEW MEMBER: Another mother joins our coast-to-coast ranks. From Connecticut she writes, "I love the Club News. So does our sitter. She says to remind all mothers to always leave a tasty snack for Baby's night watchwoman."



SPEAKING OF FOOD: The next item gives you 45 hints on serving Baby the tempting, well-varied meals your doctor approves.



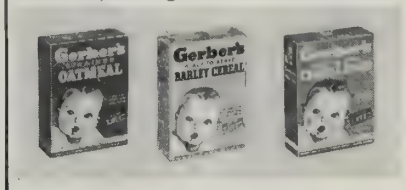
GRADUATION PRESENT: When Baby graduates from Strained to Junior Foods you pay no more for Gerber's. Same high quality—at the same low price.



NEW SHAMPOO SHADE at Department Stores everywhere. Keeps soap out of baby's eyes and looks so cute. You'll want Daddy to take a snapshot for Grandma.

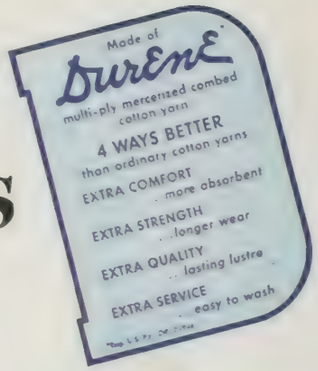
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. . . because every word on that label has been proved true by searching tests—in homes as well as laboratories. Durene is mercerized cotton. Anything bearing the Durene name—socks, undershirts, knit suits, sleepers, polo shirts—is subject to the Durene quality control plan, including regular, impartial laboratory tests. That's why the trade-mark "Durene," on any garment, doesn't just promise you extra value—it delivers it!

(Continued from Page 156)

The fact that mumps is considerably less ommon than other childhood diseases, such s measles, whooping cough and chicken pox, uggests that it is not transmitted as easily. A efinite exposure, such as prolonged indoor lay with an infected child, will almost inariably result in a child's contracting mea- es or whooping cough, for example; but ften this kind of exposure passes harmlessly n the case of mumps. Thus the child who has een exposed to mumps or gets the disease is ot quarantined, though mothers are warned o watch closely for signs of infection when xposure has occurred. It is also a good idea o put the child's teacher on guard, and to ask he doctor for instructions.

The incubation period of mumps—from he date of exposure to the appearance of ymptoms—varies from twelve to twenty-six ays; the average period is eighteen days. We annot say precisely when the communicable eriod begins, but probably it is one or two ays before the symptoms start. This period asts until the swelling of the affected glands as disappeared.

Mumps is typically a cold-weather disease, ccurring most commonly in winter and early pring, less frequently at other seasons of the ear. Incidence is highest among children five o fifteen years old; though infants and ounger children may become infected, their ymptoms are likely to be comparatively ild. Usually an attack of mumps makes the hild immune to further infection, but this is ot always the case; second attacks are by no eans rare. Mothers caring for children with umps should be careful not to expose themelves. Adults are definitely susceptible to he disease and usually are sicker with it han children are. During World War I, for xample, we had an epidemic of mumps mong soldiers living in barracks. Thousands f men became infected, and serious complications occurred in a number of cases.

Ordinarily, mumps runs its course in from en days to two weeks, with three to five days of fever and painful swelling and a week of convalescence. The sick child should be kept in bed as long as the swelling lasts—usually about a week—and guarded against overexertion during convalescence. Many mothers, and a few doctors, believe that failure to keep the older child with mumps absolutely quiet in bed increases the chance of complications involving the sex glands, but there is no direct evidence that this is the case. It is always wise to keep a sick child in bed as long as the infection lasts, but mild activity during the period of convalescence (the doctor will say what and when) will do no harm and will help the child gain back strength.

We do not know just why it is that in some older boys mumps is accompanied by inflammation of the testicles. However, at the very first sign that this has occurred, the doctor should be called at once. In these cases there is likely to be extremely painful swelling of the testicle and severe general fever and prostration. In adolescent girls, the mumps infection may also spread to the reproductive glands, with resulting inflammation of the ovaries, uterus and even the breasts. In either boys or girls, careful medical care is needed as long as this complication lasts. In a few of these children, the genital infection may result in sterility or partial sterility—affecting the ability to have children but not, as is sometimes incorrectly supposed, interfering with other sexual functions.

Other complications that may occur with mumps in rare cases are encephalitis and meningitis, in which the inflammation involves the brain or spinal cord. Headache, pain or stiffness of the back or neck, or extreme lethargy may be an early sign of one of these complications, and, again, the doctor should be consulted without delay. Fortunately, however, these are even less likely to follow than are the genital infections. In most cases mumps is just what it seems to be—an unsightly but harmless infection of glands in the face that needs to be watched but not feared.

THE END



By Munro Leaf

THIS silly-looking creature that is headed for real trouble is a Bike-Showoff. It is never happy on a bicycle unless it is riding in some way that it shouldn't. It loves to zip up too close to other riders, stand on the seat like a monkey, ride on sidewalks and the wrong side of the road. Bike-Showoffs also like to ride "no handies," and one of these days this one is going to land in the hospital with "no handies"—no arms and no legs—if it keeps on being so stupid.



Chix Chat

About your baby and you

By Louise Zabriskie, R.N., Director, Maternity Consultation Service, New York



YOUR FIRST? Then be wise buying clothes for baby. Don't over-supply. New babies grow quickly and soon need clothing in larger sizes. Buy only the essentials so you can get other items as they're needed. And here's a suggestion: wherever CHIX layette essentials are sold you'll find willing and competent guidance in picking your infant's wardrobe.

BABY'S CLOSEST COMPANION for the first year is the diaper! So choose diapers with features for baby's comfort. Best way is to get CHIX Gauze Diapers . . . the softest, most absorbent diapers ever. And they're made with pinked edges . . . no hems to catch soil and irritate tender skin.

PROPER DIAPER WASHING is important to baby's health. Wash diapers in hot water and mild soap — then rinse at least 4 times in tepid water. You'll find CHIX Gauze Diapers easier washing, much quicker drying because they're made of two layers of open weave fabric.



DIAPER DUTY! Mothers are discovering how much less washing drudgery CHIX Cottoned Diaper Liners mean. These soft but sturdy liners go inside of diaper . . . keep baby's bowel movement from touching and staining the diaper. When liners are soiled, just flush them away!



FEEL LIKE A VACATION from diaper washing? CHUX—the 100% Disposable Diaper—is a blessing on rainy or extra busy days. You just throw CHUX away when soiled! Grand during first months when diaper demand is unpredictable. CHUX needs no waterproof pantie!

EASY DOES IT! Keeping baby's crib fresh and clean is a much simpler job with CHIX Crib Pads. They wash easier . . . dry faster than quilted pads because they're made with double layers of knit fabric that lets air circulate freely. Always dry flat and smooth.



Send for a free copy of Louise Zabriskie's helpful booklet—"Common Sense in Dressing Baby"—and free samples of CHIX Cottoned Diaper Liners. Address CHIX, Department LH-3.

This advertisement read and approved by a well-known Professor of Pediatrics.

CHICOPEE MILLS, INC.

47 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.



PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

Carol Janeway, who has made decorating news with her enchanting tiles, produced the fireplace above. The average setting of 64 tiles can be made right over an existing facing.

Room Re-created

A little back porch became this inviting dining space when finished off and gaily decorated.



By HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

A ROOM doesn't ever really belong to you until you have re-decorated it yourself. This makes a roomful of used furniture a welcome sight to a decorating-conscious woman. Now she does not have to take the standardized choice of colors and textures offered on new pieces. She can do what we did in the picture: combine all her favorite elements into a room both charming in effect and modest in price.

The room itself looked hopelessly standard. Lining the fireplace wall with bookshelves is the most effective device for imparting atmosphere to a room that we know. As beautiful as a fine original painting, but less expensive, the blue-and-white tile sea-gull fireplace, designed by Carol Janeway, sets the color and the style keynote of the room.

The cottage-type construction with its random plank walls suggested gay flowered chintzes in shades of delphinium, larkspur and violet. The walls were whitewashed to allow just a hint of the pinky brown of the wood to show through. The linen-weave curtains picked up the blues in a plaid for contrast.

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FREEZE IT!

(Continued from Page 149)

flower; Lima beans with cut corn and peas and string beans; and we had a hard time telling which we liked better. You may find other medleys that you like even more. And did you know that if you wash spinach in warm water, it will shed its sand faster? Or that if you carefully drain and dry small vegetables, they will cook faster and more uniformly because they won't freeze in a solid block? Well, now you know.

PREPARING FRUITS

As for fruits, most of them are best packed with sugar or sirup to preserve their color and flavor. Prepare them in summer to lighten up a heavy winter diet. Add zest to a December salad or a January compote with a few raspberries, strawberries or melon balls. Leave the berries whole, scoop out perfect melon balls, and do them up in small containers with sirup, each kind separately. Or try a mélange of fruits that ripen together. You can have your pie cherries as tart as you please when you own a freezer. One package, one pie; add sugar to taste. Peaches and apricots, that turn brown before you turn around, can be frozen in all their pristine beauty. Dip them first in boiling water to loosen the skins, then cool and peel and slice into cold citric-acid solution. Pack with a sirup to which you've added ascorbic acid (vitamin C); or use a ready-made mixture. Citric and ascorbic acids are white powders sold at drugstores and wherever freezer supplies are stocked.

READY-PREPARED FOOD

Cooking double is little trouble, and what you don't eat right off can be stashed away in the freezer. For stashing away, however, be sure you don't cook your provender too long. It will be heated again. And the faster you cool it and freeze it, the better it will taste. Bread and rolls can be frozen after they are baked or as raw dough shaped for the pans; but if they're the yeast kind, it's simpler to bake them first, then freeze. Pies frozen in metal-rimmed paper plates keep your regular pie plates in circulation; and don't cut vent holes in their top crusts till you're ready to bake them, if you want them to turn out extra fresh and juicy.

Frozen salads, straight from the refrigerator tray and into the freezer, are among painless party foods. If you've added nuts, though, to their base of cream or cheese or mayonnaise, freeze them extra fast or else the nuts will soften and discolor the salad. Tube-shaped paper containers are fine for these because you can peel them off and cut salads into round slices. Or you can freeze them in small paper cups and then pack them in moisture-tight containers. Unwrap and peel, and you have molded shapes.

Cream puffs filled with ice cream are another prefabricated dessert. Thoroughly chilled before filling and packed right, they'll keep fresh for several weeks. Add a sauce, and there you are. Or why not freeze the makings of a baked Alaska? If you've hung back from attempting this super-de-luxe dessert for fear the ice cream would melt under the browned meringue, just reflect that ice cream out of zero storage will keep its figure even as the topping browns.

Sandwiches, open or shut, freeze like a charm, particularly those made with cheese or ground, chopped or sliced meat, fish or poultry, peanut butter or marmalade. To keep these from going soggy, spread the bread next the filling with butter, margarine or peanut butter. And when it comes to frozen sauces and gravies, make them with as little fat as possible; then they won't be so likely to separate when they're reheated.

Note: Some foods you won't want to freeze, for they aren't good eating afterward. Among these are tomatoes cooked or fresh, potatoes raw or any way but French-fried, cooked egg white, cooked salad dressing, fresh salad vegetables and greens, and sandwich fillings of the same.

Under normal conditions, most food can be kept fresh in a freezer nine to twelve months, excepting pork (six months), highly seasoned mixtures like sausage (three months), and prepared foods (two to three months). In any case, don't hoard your frozen assets. Strawberries will ripen again next June, and there will be fryers running around on two feet.

THAWING AND COOKING

For meat, the main recommendation is to thaw gradually, if possible, to keep it juicy. Allow about two hours a pound at room temperature, and four or five hours a pound in the refrigerator, the best method. But in an emergency, you can use your electric fan for quicker results if you keep the meat in its freezer wrapping to prevent leakage of juices and set it on a rack so that all sides thaw equally.

Meat and fish can be broiled when they're only partly thawed if you place them far enough from the heat to prevent their overbrowning outside while they're still raw inside. But thaw meat or fish completely if it is to be crumbed or floured, else the coating won't stick. Frozen roasts of meat and poultry are naturals for a range with an automatic timer. They can thaw out in the oven before the heat goes on, without danger of spoiling. For all meat and fish and poultry, allow proportionately longer cooking time if they're still partly frozen.

Vegetables don't need thawing, with two exceptions to prove the rule—corn on the cob and asparagus. Thaw these out, or else you'll freeze your teeth on an icy cob and reduce your asparagus to a mush. Small vegetables, frozen in a solid cake, can be rapped smartly on a table to break the block into pieces, and will thus cook more uniformly.

Frozen vegetables cook faster than fresh ones. To keep them from losing their food value, which is high, cook them in covered vessels with only a little water, and let the steam do the work.

Fruits to be eaten raw are most delicious when they're only partly thawed—still frosty. Left in the container, as it should be, a pound of fruit will thaw sufficiently in the refrigerator in six to eight hours, at room temperature in two to three hours, and under cool running water in about half an hour. You'll probably eat it all; but if you don't, cook it briefly in its own sirup and store it in the refrigerator. It won't be good refrozen.

Cooked Foods, like chicken à la king, shrimp Creole, lobster Newburg, stew, casserole dishes and chicken pie, are quickies for reheating. But don't try to rush them too fast, and stir them to heat them evenly.

If frozen bread is to be eaten warm, thaw it and heat it in one fell swoop in the oven.

(Continued on Page 164)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Daisy

By Marion Lineaweaver

He loves me, he loves me not.
The sky is fair
And the sun is hot.
His eyes are blue as forget-me-not.

Pinch the pollen and toss it up
Into the wind above me.
His hair is bright as a buttercup.
How long will he love me?

Count the grains and throw them away,
Spring is adolescence.
His mouth is warm as a summer day,
And time is of the essence.

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This *all*-new Zenith Model is the climax of years of acknowledged leadership in genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM—that hundreds of thousands now know as *true* FM—the FM radio that leading FM stations over the nation rely upon to monitor and test their own broadcasts—*truly the FM of the Experts!*

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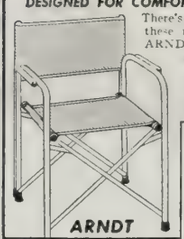
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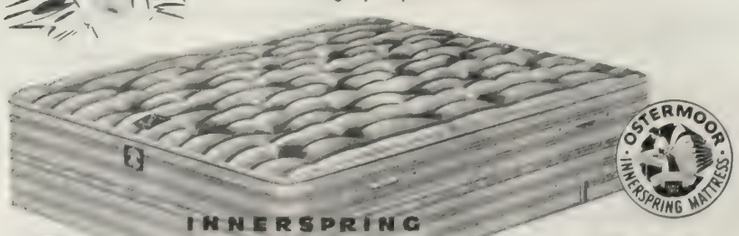
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Dealers in Principal Cities—or write OSTERMOOR & CO., Chicago 16, Ill., or Bridgeport, Conn.

(Continued from Page 162)

But unless you are sure of your wrappings, it's well to remove them, since some leave a telltale flavor, and others melt at oven heat.

Stirring gravies and sauces during reheating usually restores their texture if they separate, but if stirring fails, beat them with a rotary beater or an electric mixer.

WHEN IT'S TIME TO DEFROST

A freezer or freezer compartment of a refrigerator should be defrosted when the inside walls get coated thick enough to interfere with its utility—usually every four to six months. Try to choose a time when your frozen-food supply is low, and put the packages in the refrigerator if you have room. Otherwise wrap them well in paper while you scrape away the frost, using a wooden paddle or spoon or a stiff brush. For regular defrosting, leave the current on and the freezer will be ready for refilling as soon as the scraping chore is finished. Trays or heavy paper in the bottom of the compartment will catch the falling snow; and a final pickup with a damp cloth or sponge is in order.

IN EMERGENCIES

If the power goes off, don't open your freezer whatever you do. Cover it up with a blanket. Well-stocked, unopened and blanketed like an old cab horse, it should keep its contents frozen as long as three days; though naturally, if it's nearly empty, it will warm up faster. In such a crisis, find out from your power company how long the current will be off. If the indications are for long, as after a blizzard or a hurricane, then pack your freezer with dry ice or call your local locker plant to find if it has room for your orphans of the storm. Some freezer manufacturers issue insurance policies to pay for food losses due to mechanical failure. And you can buy alarm systems to warn you when your freezer's temperature is going up.

SALVATION ARMY CARE

(Continued from Page 23)

The case worker, a court employee, had found Marjorie working in a Pittsburgh hospital laundry. Most girls at Booth Memorial home are pitifully young. Of the 100,000 unwed mothers registered annually in this country, nearly 50 per cent are 19 or under.

Earnestly Marjorie said, "I want my baby adopted, so he'll have some kind of a chance. I don't want him in juvenile court when he's six months old. I don't want my baby to be like me." Pressed for thoughts about her own life, she said only, "I'd like to be able to finish high school sometime."

This parade of disillusioned youth is hard on even a social worker like Major Kimball, with 25 years' experience. "It isn't always easy to be objective," she says. She is a tall, slim woman with iron-gray hair and pink-and-white skin. She has doelike eyes. Her rimless glasses are stern, but they are the only thing about her that is.

Besides a decent place to live and a complete, modern medical program, the Booth Memorial home offers teaching and guidance to the girls who come there. Major Kimball, who holds a master's degree in social work, co-operates with social workers assigned to girls by such agencies as the Children's Aid Society, Family Welfare Society and Children's Service Bureau.

Last year 31 of the girls decided to keep their babies; two had relatives who took charge; there were 12 whose children were adopted directly from the home. Thirty-one sent their babies to boarding homes—12 later planning adoption through social agencies.

The same night that Betsy's baby was born, a new girl was brought to the home by her mother. The girl carried a small cardboard suitcase which contained *all* her belongings. The mother's grip on her daughter's arm was strong as she led her across the lawn where roses and daffodils bloom, inside and up the broad oaken staircase to the Major's rooms. There Eva, 16, listened to her mother, telling the story with words she couldn't stop—spewing from a bitter mouth.



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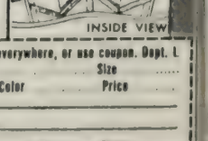
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"The shock was so terrible. I cried and cried and I feel a million years old. That any daughter of mine —— Her baby is due in two months and she didn't tell me until last week. I thought she was getting fat. I always made her go to church and I never let her out at night. How did I know she would start sneaking out? I can't understand how a girl would want anything to do with men anyhow. Believe me, with seven kids and a husband always drinking ——

"The Children's Aid Society said to bring her here and they assigned a case worker. That worker is no good, let me tell you. The very idea—why, that woman said I wasn't maybe a good mother!"

When Eva's mother left she did not kiss her daughter good-by nor ask what care would be given her. Eva sat on the edge of a chair, plainly frightened, as Major Kimball read the case worker's report. The report said Eva probably would be better off if she did not go home after her baby's birth. It added that the girl seemed to want someone to adopt her baby, seemed also to need spiritual guidance such as the Salvation Army offers through chapel services and classes relating the Bible to modern living.

Fortunately not all mothers are like Eva's. A few days later the home had another visitor. She is a poor woman and she lives in a distant part of the state. She had not been able to make the trip to see her daughter, Polly, sooner.

Polly's mother talked for more than an hour with Major Kimball, wept a little. "I know now I wasn't a good mother," she admitted. "Polly ran away when she was fifteen. We were wrong. We said she was wild and bad and we let the court send her to the State

It's a funny thing about being in love, that the moment a man begins to get serious, he begins to get foolish. —HELEN ROWLAND.

Training School and then to a work home. We're moving to the West Coast soon. I'm young. If Polly wants to keep her baby, in a new town I could say it was mine. Or maybe Polly's too much a kid yet. I just don't know."

Polly herself doesn't know yet either.

"All the work I do here," she told her mother, "is in the morning. I dust four rooms."

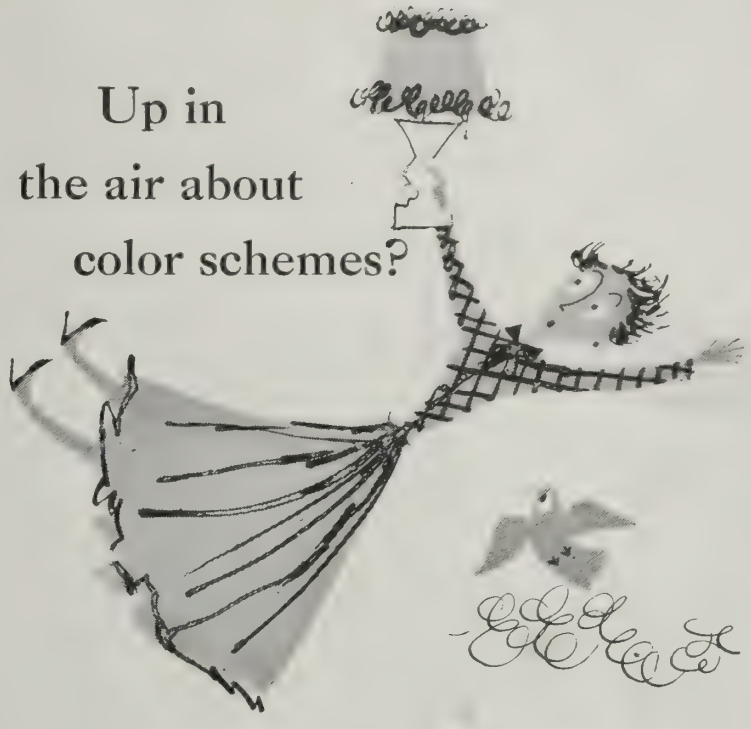
She took her mother into the big kitchen, better equipped than any she had ever seen. The green-tinted dining hall was spick-and-span. The hospital wing impressed her with its two nurseries where there are six bassinets for newborn babies and thirteen cribs where mothers can care for their own children. The ward with seven beds is *antiseptically* clean, the obstetrical equipment new. On the second floor are eight bedrooms to which the girls are assigned, four to the room. In the basement there is a laundry with automatic washing machines, a recreation room, and a well-stocked library with good lights for reading—more comfort and convenience than Polly's mother ever had seen.

The father of Polly's unborn child, a college student and son of the foreman in the steel mill where the girl's father works, had paid the $150 charged for out-of-county residents at the Booth home. Girls from Allegheny County pay $125, though the cost to the home for care and medical service runs to over $500, since most of the girls are there almost three months.

Polly, showing her mother about, also had a Red Cross cooking certificate to display. Every other Thursday she had attended a cooking class taught by a local volunteer. Her baby's layette was complete, too, paid for by the Salvation Army Junior Auxiliary. There is a sewing class each Thursday at the Booth home, taught by four local women, and knitting and crocheting classes on Fridays, taught by a Salvation Army officer, assisted also by local women.

Polly had gifts for her mother. In the Saturday-night ceramics class she had made a brightly tinted ash tray and a pair of match-

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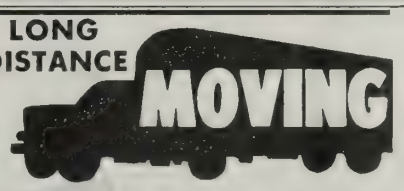
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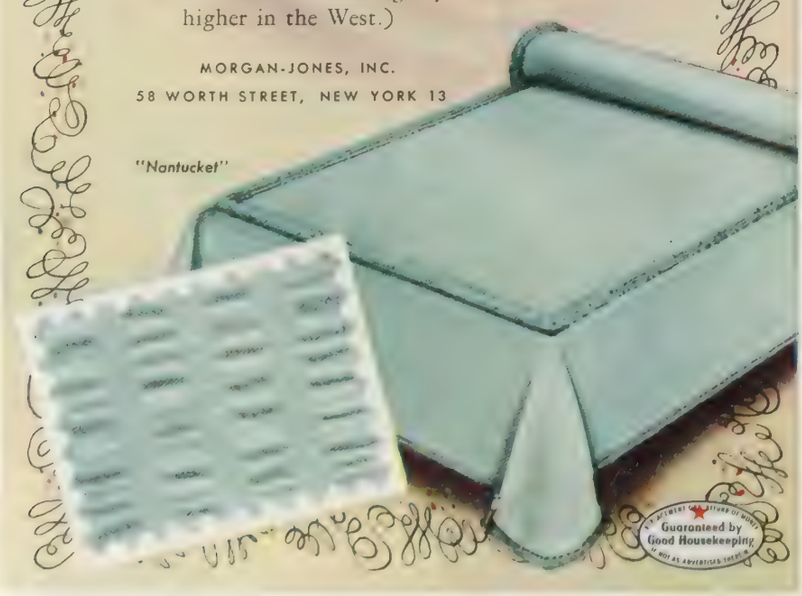
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"Nantucket"



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ing candlesticks. The instructor is ceramics supervisor for the department store from which the home buys the special clay.

Polly's health is better than it has ever been. Once a week there is a clinic at the home, with a volunteer obstetrician on hand. A volunteer general practitioner is available on call. Girls are advised on nutrition and their progress is carefully checked. A volunteer pediatrician will care for Polly's baby after its birth. The girl has two new fillings in her teeth, done in the office of a local dentist, also a volunteer.

Last year the Army's Junior Auxiliary donated a movie projector and now the girls see sound films at least once a week. Interested friends and a radio company gave a television set which stands in the dining room. A lawyer's secretary contributes her Saturday afternoons, sometimes brings refreshments for the girls, often takes two or three to the main section of Pittsburgh to shop or see a show. Every month there is a birthday party with refreshments, and a community group gives a party once a month too.

It is always annoying to discover that other people are quite as superior to you as you are superior to them.
—ELLEN T. FOWLER.

At least one evening a week Major Kimball speaks to a church group or community club. She interprets the work of the home, tells stories of the girls but never their names, for only the major and the bookkeeper ever know these. "Such talks are a good way to inform the public of our work," the major claims. "Afterward people often come to me and offer to give garments or volunteer their services. Some want to give money. But the main thing is to make people understand that a girl needs a chance to readjust and to acquire a feeling of security. This understanding is essential if she is to be a useful member of society."

Last year the operating expenses of Booth Memorial home totaled $39,995.10 and the girls paid only $10,377.21. There were some who could afford nothing at all. The Salvation Army in Pittsburgh provided $30,462.35 from its independent city-wide fund drive. There were trust funds available from regional headquarters in New York for capital expenditures. There were gifts of clothing and food amounting to almost $700.

Major Kimball and four of her staff are Salvation Army officers and, as such, have dedicated their lives to their work. The major receives only $976.50 a year. Altogether, the staff salaries total $4,569.50.

Her biggest job, the major feels, is helping the girls to come to the right decision about their futures. That is why she does not permit a person or an agency to persuade a girl to sign adoption papers until after she has seen her child and decided there is no way for her to keep him properly. At the Booth home when a girl wants to keep her child the major and her staff do everything to make this possible.

Late in the afternoon of the day Polly's mother visited the home, Ann, who is 22, came to say good-by. She was taking her baby, a fine boy, to a boarding home. She would arrange later to keep him with her. Her parents, Mississippi farmers, didn't know she had the baby. Now she was leaving, going back to the home where she had been employed as a maid before her pregnancy.

The major told Ann something all girls hear when they leave. "Come back and see us any time you feel we can help you. I think you know by now we're your friends."

The two women walked down the long corridor as girls gathered at the foot of the big staircase, smiling, wishing Ann luck. At the door she turned, her baby in her arms, bundled up in a blue shawl his mother had knit.

"Major, I'm afraid," she said.

"It's going to be all right." The major's voice was reassuring. "I know it is. You call us if there's anything going wrong."

Ann stepped into a car where a woman friend waited, and waved through the window before she started the ride back down the hill, back into the world again. **THE END**

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 58, 59.

Vogue Design No. 6792. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. Size 16 (34) requires 4⅜ yards of 35-inch material. 60¢.

Vogue Design No. 6778. "Easy-to-Make" suit-dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. Size 16 (34) requires 4⅞ yards of 35-inch material. 75¢.

Junior Vogue Design No. 3286. One-piece dress (slip or camisole included in the pattern); 9 to 15, 29½ to 33. Size 13 (31½) requires 5⅞ yards of 35-inch material, ⅝ yards of 35-inch material for camisole, and ⅞ yards of 35-inch material for collar. 75¢.

Vogue Design No. 6781. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. Size 16 (34) requires 4⅛ yards of 35-inch material, and 1⅛ yards of 35-inch material for collar and cuffs. 60¢.

Vogue Design No. 9334. (To match dress No. 6781) Gloves, mitts and mittens; 6 to 7½. 35¢.

Vogue Design No. S-4988. One-piece dress and jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. Size 16 (34) requires 2⅛ yards of 35-inch material for jacket, 3⅛ yards of 35-inch material for dress. $1.00.

Vogue Design No. 6767. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. Size 16 (34) requires 4⅛ yards of 35-inch material. 60¢.



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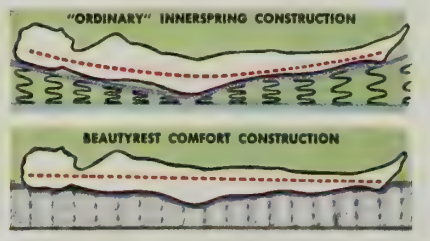
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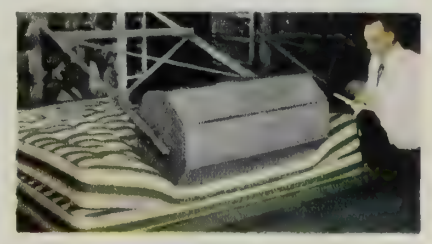
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MRS. YATES: My Beautyrest is still as comfortable as the first day I bought it!

SIMMONS: Did Beautyrest pre-built borders and no-sag edges hold up all these years?

MRS. YATES: Well, just look at my Beautyrest. Not a sag or lump *anywhere!*

SIMMONS: How often do you have to turn your Beautyrest?

MRS. YATES: Only occasionally. Three or four times a year at most!

SIMMONS: Would you recommend Beautyrest to your friends?

MRS. YATES: I *have*—often! In my opinion, Beautyrest is the best mattress you can buy!

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Summer Wardrobe



top is knitted ribbon, $14.95; tie-skirt rayon linen, $8.95. By Toni Owen.



Navy-blue organza, bordered with piqué, for dancing. $49.95.

BY ANN HAGERTY

BARBARA TANNER, twenty-one-year-old JOURNAL Cover Girl from Lansing, Michigan, is the first of our Undiscovered American Beauty series, and is featured on this month's cover. Just out of Michigan State College, she's going to take time off to play and live with her family this summer. Dates with her best beau, Bob, will top her list of social events; they'll go outdoor dancing at Eastwood Gardens, drive to Leamington, Canada, from time to time, to spend the day and swim. As with any pretty girl in any American town or city block, pretty clothes are important in her life. The wardrobe on this page fills her needs, costs around $105. It includes an organza evening dress, cotton skirts and tops for week-end changes, a crisp cotton suit for town and church on Sunday.

Shirred jersey weskit, cotton skirt, $16.00.

BY STEPHANIE KORET





Checked-cotton suit, $14.95; straw bag.



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MEET A QUAKER FAMILY

(Continued from Page 146)

from an inner "conviction" in the person who wishes to join. With the Hunts, this process took time.

"It wasn't a case of 'Bang! Hallelujah! I'm converted,'" says Mary. "It was a very gradual thing." And John explains, "We didn't change all of a sudden and become Friends. But we found in the Friends and their way of life what we had been searching for for a long, long time."

Even after the Hunts were "convinced," the actual joining was not easy. John chuckles a little when he recalls the difficulties they encountered.

"Friends are funny that way," he says. "They are warm and kind, but they don't just say 'Come on in' to anyone. They want to be sure it isn't just a whim, or sudden impulse. The first persons we mentioned our feelings to were Douglas and Dorothy Steere, who were close friends of ours. Douglas made clear what we would have to go through, and we were scared. In fact, it took us two years to get up our courage and ask for admission."

What the Hunts did (and this applies to all convinced Quakers) was to write a letter setting forth their reasons for wishing to join. The letter was read in the Monthly Meeting to which it was addressed, and discussed by everyone present. Then a committee (one man and one woman) was appointed to call on the Hunts, and test their sincerity in a face-to-face talk. They reported back to the Meeting, and the Hunts were then formally admitted. This procedure took about two months. Although they took so long to write it, the Hunts' letter of application was short and simple:

"*Dear Friends:* For many months Mary and I have been sure that we would like to be numbered as one of the family of Friends. We have been hesitant only because we were not sure that we could live up to the expectations of such a membership. Of this we are still not sure, but would like to join you as honest seekers after 'the way.'

"Of these things we are convinced:

"That the worship in silence is far more enriching than the traditional forms of liturgy to which we have been accustomed.

"That the application of practical Christian service in local and world communities through the Friends Service Committee is an indication of a living religion.

"That no Christian organization is fully worthy of the name unless, like the Friends, they apply the teachings of Jesus in a concrete way to the everyday business of living in the home, in business, in education and at play.

"That war, under any circumstances, is an unnecessary blight in the life of the human race and that we will not voluntarily support it in any way.

"Because of these convictions we would like to be admitted to the Society with the hope that we may grow in worthiness of its principles. In sincerity,

"JOHN L. HUNT. MARY LEA HUNT."

Quakers have no formal creed or dogma; they hold, as one authority has said, "that all written records are subordinate to the direct revelation of God to every seeking soul." But they do have a traditional body of beliefs which they call "testimonies." One of these is the well-known "peace testimony," which has led most Quakers to pacifism, and a refusal to bear arms in either peace or war. Even this is not rigidly adhered to: there were individual Quakers who fought in the recent war, and in every American war. The famous Marine Corps general, Smedley Darlington Butler, was a Chester County Quaker who grew up not far from where the Hunts live. This is a problem which is left to each member's conscience, and if a Quaker decides to serve his country by fighting, he is rarely disciplined or expelled from the Society.

THE SUITOR'S VISIT

By TER BORCH

THE easel picture, the kind of picture we are accustomed to hang in our homes, flourished in the seventeenth century, especially in Protestant Holland. Here a new secular style replaced the timeless dramas of Christian art, which had occupied painters in the past; and, for the first time since the end of the Classical world, momentary glimpses of everyday life became the fashion.

Of such genre pieces, *The Suitor's Visit* in the National Gallery of Art by the Dutch painter Gerard Ter Borch (1617–1681) is typical. We watch, as through an open window, the suitor in all his finery forever approaching his pensive fiancée, while her father from behind looks on appraisingly, and her sister or friend with self-conscious concentration strums on a musical instrument known as a theorbo. As sometimes happens in the movies, the film strip seems to have caught, the actors suddenly to have become immobile. Everyone, even the dog, questions the future, which cannot begin while the enchanted stillness lasts. Here is a different kind of timelessness, one described by Goethe when he said to Eckermann, "Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite worth; for it is the representative of a whole eternity."

This new search in painting for the permanent in the ephemeral led to a more realistic transcription of appearance. Consequently the best painters in Holland, with the exception of Rembrandt, were in varying degrees scientific investigators of the image which the eye conveys to the mind. It is significant in this connection that the Dutch are also credited with the practical discovery of both the compound microscope and the telescope, one about 1590 and the other about 1608.

The visual field—a glimpse, for example, of figures in a room—is seen as areas of color which are lit up or darkened according to the source and intensity of the illumination. The achievement of a realistic impression in a painting necessitates, therefore, an infinitely difficult adjustment of tone and value. In the present picture the figures of the suitor, the friend and the father are mutually consistent, but the figure of the fiancée is out of key. The high lights on her white dress and salmon bodice are too bright to be justified by the apparent illumination of the room. This overemphasis on certain passages, especially of white silk, repeatedly upsets the balance of Ter Borch's colors. Yet paradoxically his fame rests on this flaw in the actuality of his scenes, for the popularity of his canvases is due largely to his handling of satin, to his rendering of texture which, skillful as it is, at the same time affects the reality of his paintings.

—JOHN WALKER,
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.

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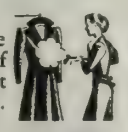
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The Hunts, however, are convinced pacifists, and John came close to going to a conscientious-objectors' camp in the last part of World War II. He was called by his draft board, but was excused on the grounds of dependents and his teaching job.

To any outsider, the "worship in silence" is probably the most striking feature of Quakerism. Quaker meetings such as the Hunts attend have no presiding ministers or elders—the whole congregation sits together in silence until some member feels called upon to speak. No one talks for more than a minute or two, and the silences between are always longer than the speeches. Remarks are never prepared in advance, there is no attempt at discussion or debate, and voices are never raised above a quiet conversational level. Any deliberate efforts at oratory are frowned upon as bad taste, and probably insincere. During an hour-long Sunday meeting the average number of persons who speak is four or five, and ten is considered almost too many.

"Some of our best meetings," says John, "come when no one speaks at all."

For Quakers, the "worship in silence" is a mystical and profoundly inspiring experience.

How the Hunts Spend Their Money

(monthly average)

Payments on mortgage and loans	$148.00
Food	50.00
Taxes and insurance	32.00
Car upkeep	30.00
Feed for animals	20.00
Electricity and gas	10.00
Phone	7.00
Papers	3.12
Rent on frozen-food locker	2.00
Saved for miscellaneous expenses	75.00
	$377.12

John's income from teaching, farming and extra jobs on the side averages about $375 a month. The $75 which they attempt to save must cover all yearly clothing and medical expenses, heating and recreation and tithe to the Birmingham Meeting, which is based on what they can afford to pay.

One Quaker writer has expressed it thus: "In the Quaker practice of group worship on the basis of silence come special times when an electric hush and solemnity and depth of power steals over the worshipers. A blanket of divine covering comes over the room, and a quickening Presence pervades us, breaking down some part of the special privacy and isolation of our individual lives and blending our spirits with a super-individual Life and Power—an objective, dynamic Presence which enfolds us all, nourishes our souls, speaks glad, unutterable comfort within us, and quickens in us depths that had before been slumbering. . . ."

Among the Friends of two and three hundred years ago, other effects were sometimes noted. These early enthusiasts were accustomed to shiver and shake so violently that they were nicknamed "Quakers" in derision. Such things don't happen now.

A few weeks ago I attended a Sunday-morning meeting with the Hunts and their four children: Patricia (Patsy), 14; Tommy, 8; Marjorie (Margy), 4; and John Legus, Jr. (Liggy), 2. About forty other Friends were present. They sat in rows of ancient wooden benches which had been fitted recently with comfortable dark red seat pads. Warm sunlight streamed through the windows of the old meetinghouse, which was used during the Battle of Brandywine in 1777 for a typical Quaker purpose—as a hospital for both British and American soldiers.

At eleven o'clock the meeting began with everyone bowing his head in unspoken prayer. After a moment or two heads were lifted, and



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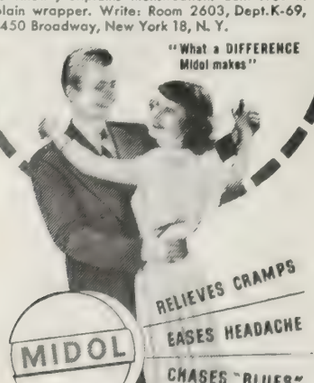
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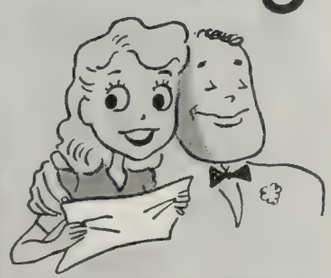
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the "worship in silence" began. At lengthy intervals members rose to speak. One man recalled the Quaker "peace testimony," and suggested that Friends should think about world government as a means to that end. Another told of a luncheon meeting of the Rotary Club in near-by West Chester had held recently in a Negro community center, "An ancient testimony of the Society of Friends is for tolerance and understanding in race relations," he said. "I feel that in this event we have made one little step forward, out of darkness into light."

Then a sunburned young farmer stood up. "Some of us have wondered if there is as much of God's light to lead us as there was in the times of older Friends," he said. "The other day I thought I found an answer to that question in the corner of my barn. Two rays of light were coming through the window and striking against the whitewashed wall. They were reflected back with great brilliance; I stepped over and it seemed to me that I could trace them all the way back to the sun. There were many other rays which came through the window and reached only the dark part of the wall; they disappeared in darkness. Perhaps that is an answer—in too many cases today our surfaces are dull and don't reflect the light. It is up to us to keep our surfaces polished and clear, and reflect God's light as always."

He sat down and rested his chin in his hand; a few minutes later a village doctor rose beside him. "The rays of light which George spoke of are a three-way arrangement," he said. "The light flows from its source, the Creator of heaven and earth, and is reflected by us. But where is it reflected? Into someone else's life? It takes courage to make these steps in better race relations and world federation, that have been spoken of. There are so many ways of spreading God's light—if we are sensitive reflectors."

This concept of "spreading the light" is something that Quakers in general conscientiously try to live up to. Though comparatively few (there are only about 115,000 Quakers in the U. S.), their influence in education, social work, charity and international understanding is great. Through their American Friends Service Committee they carry on world-wide relief and rehabilitation work with strict fairness to all nationalities. The Co-operative for American Remittances to Europe (CARE), which has sent millions of food and clothing parcels abroad since the war, is based on Quaker methods, and is directed by a Quaker, Paul Comly French. Another Quaker, Dr. Philip C. Jessup, is a U. S. delegate to the General Assembly of the United Nations.

Both Feet in the Soil

For many Americans the word "Quaker" instantly brings up the traditional picture of a portly William Penn, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, long gray clothes and a decidedly sober expression. Present-day Quakers do not look or dress like this, and John Hunt is a typical sample. He is an athletic, light-footed man of 42, with a deep vertical dimple in his square-cut chin, ruddy cheeks and sparkling dark eyes. At school, where his pupils call him "Master John," he wears snappy bow ties and sports jackets, with a pipe tucked in one of the pockets; around home he is most often seen in a pair of dilapidated dungarees. He says somewhat shamefacedly that he enjoys the hardest and dirtiest kinds of farm work. "I love to clean the barnyard," he says. "My favorite job is spreading manure on the fields in spring."

Mary Hunt has curly reddish brown hair and Irish-looking features, though her ancestry is mostly English. She was born in Wisconsin, trained as a nurse in a Catholic hospital in St. Louis, and did graduate work in New York City. When she met John she was specializing in physiotherapy and orthopedic work in the Westfield Hospital. Now she runs a tractor, pitches hay and hoes long rows of corn with as much gusto as her husband.

Both the Hunts are passionately devoted to their little farm, for which they have sacrificed many of the ordinary comforts of life. Their household furniture is rickety and mostly secondhand; there is no mirror in

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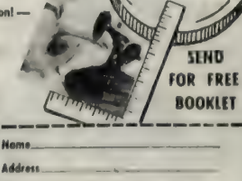
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their low-ceilinged bathroom, so John does his shaving at the kitchen sink while Mary is fixing meals. Mary's "laundry" is in a primitive dirt-and-stone cellar which was dug by the original settlers more than 200 years ago. But these things are more than outweighed, for them, by the sense of security which their own land gives them. "I don't think anyone can ever know how much we love this place," says John.

The Hunts raise all their own food except such store-bought staples as flour, sugar, salt and coffee. Their one Guernsey cow (named Mary Ellen, after one of John's old-time girl friends) produces all the milk they can drink, with enough left over to make butter and cottage cheese. About every two years Mary Ellen also produces a calf, which eventually winds up as 300 pounds of roasts, steaks and hamburger in the Hunts' frozen-food lockers. Their sow produces four to six little pigs every spring, and by winter these are converted into sausage, bacon and other forms of pork. The 25 Brahma white hens seem to work overtime laying eggs—last winter John collected up to 20 a day, and frantically urged the whole family to eat more eggs. He and young Tommy, whose appetite is phenomenal, can do away with four fried eggs apiece at breakfast, but the others stop at two.

Mary bakes her own excellent bread (Tommy likes it so much he calls it "angel bread"), and is lavish with vegetables, either fresh or frozen. In the summer their own garden supplies more than they can eat; last year John and Mary, working as a team, canned and froze large quantities of peas, corn, Lima beans, tomatoes and tomato juice. In their cold cellar they stored away four bags of their own potatoes, along with carrots, turnips and onions.

On top of all this John made a cash profit of $519.99 on his farming operations in 1948, over and above the cost of seed, fertilizer and a very small amount of hired labor. His money crops were sweet corn and green peas—he sold the corn himself to housewives in West Chester and Downingtown at 45 and 50 cents a dozen, and delivered the peas in bulk to a canning company for $85 a ton. In past summers he has usually spent part of each summer vacation directing recreation in camps as far west as Michigan. But this summer he plans to work full time on his farm, and he thinks he can boost his income from that source to at least $1000.

Working his own soil and teaching young children are John's two favorite occupations,

(Continued on Page 175)

Abandoned Girl

WHAT happens to our children when there is no one at home to care for them properly? When mother dies and there are seven children under sixteen—but not one mature enough to run the home while father earns the money?

Joan was seven when her mother died and her family plunged into such chaos that they never emerged from it. Finally, her father gave up. For four years, she and her three younger sisters have been wards of the City of New York—and Joan has been in trouble more than once for fighting for them. Spunky, temperish, sensitive and lovable, she's one of the lost ones, struggling to find herself.

What kind of life does she live in an institution for child care? What kind of chance has she got for happiness? What is going to happen to her—and other children like her? Read

ABANDONED GIRL

By Joan Younger

in How America Lives, in the July Ladies' Home Journal

My Mommy says it's like *White* magic



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Look for the green label that identifies these Avondale Marlin chambrays in Companion Colors.
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Bare sun-browned shoulders in a chambray evening gown . . . Avondale's Marlin stripe for the basque top, lemon yellow for the billowing skirt. Afternoons, wear a shorter skirt in Marlin grey with striped pockets. Daytime or nighttime, don the yellow cutaway for one more costume. Bows or cummerbunds, as you like, in matching stripe, yellow or grey.
All from one Butterick pattern 4872

(Continued from Page 173)

and he is especially happy in his job as principal of the Friends Community School in West Chester. The school is an old gray-stone building on the grounds of the West Chester meetinghouse. Like almost all Quaker buildings, it is surrounded by shade trees and seems to have a distinctive air of serenity and peace. There are 80 pupils, all of elementary-school age, and 10 teachers, including "Master John," who has two daily classes in social studies, takes charge of the daily assembly and also serves as athletic coach. About a third of the children come from Quaker families, but, besides John, there is only one other Quaker on the faculty.

John came to this school in 1947 after teaching for several years at the big Friends Select School in Philadelphia. He feels that he really found himself when he began to teach small children; it gave him a chance to plant his ideas in receptive minds, and watch them develop in a tangible way. He is an unconventional educator in some ways: not long ago he told one of his classes that he might give up textbooks entirely, and teach them through movies and television shows. Needless to say, they clapped and cheered.

His school salary is $3000 a year, which is paid in ten monthly checks of $300 each. (Like most teachers, he has two months of payless vacation in the summer.) There are no deductions from his pay check—his large family exempts him from income tax, and teachers are not covered by Social Security. He also collects about $25 a month from parents for the use of his secondhand Dodge sedan as a "school bus," and another $25 a month (on the average) for speaking and barn-dance engagements. This, with his farm profits, and his other summer work, brings his average income up to about $375 a month the year round.

Of this amount at least $300 a month goes out immediately for fixed charges and living necessities. The biggest bite is $148 a month which the Hunts pay on their mortgage and various other loans. When they "bought" their farm and house in 1942 they did not have enough money to take title, but the old Pennsylvania Dutch farmer who owned it liked their enthusiasm, and let them move in anyway. They paid $600 cash and $100 a month for ten months, barely squeaking through that first year. Then they were able to get a mortgage for $5000 and pay off the rest. Later they increased the mortgage to $7500 to finance such improvements as a new cesspool, oil burner, storm sash, second-floor insulation and outside painting job, but their payments have brought it down to around $5000 again.

John also has three loans outstanding—from a finance company, a credit union and a bank. Most of the borrowed money—$1250—was invested in a tractor, plow, disk harrow and cultivator last spring. His other fixed costs include $14 a month for taxes and fire insurance, $10 for electricity and gas, $6 to $7 for telephone, $10 for life insurance, $8 for automobile insurance, $3.12 for newspapers (the Philadelphia Bulletin and the West Chester Local News), and $2 for their two frozen-food lockers. Feed for the animals and chickens comes to $20 a month; gasoline (John uses at least five gallons a day, but buys it wholesale) is about $30 a month; and Mary's monthly grocery bill is around $50.

This leaves the slender sum of $75 a month for all clothing for a family of six (with a seventh due this month), medical bills, furniture and household appliances, repairs, recreation and savings. The last item does not exist at present, but the Hunts consider the farm their savings account. "We've got a place here that is worth around $20,000, including the machinery and animals," John says. "In fact, we've had people stop here and offer us that much in cash for immediate sale. Our debts are around $7500 now, so we're $12,500 ahead." And Mary says, "The farm is the best security I could have. If anything should happen to John I wouldn't have to look for a job—I could make a go of it right here."

The Hunts have been lucky on doctors' bills; their youngsters so far have escaped the more serious childhood diseases, and for such things as colds, chicken pox and minor cuts, Mary's nursing training is sufficient. Living in the country appears to have kept the family unusually healthy. Tommy, of course, got knocked off his bicycle by an automobile out in front of the houses, but the most serious damage was done to the bike. Now he is earning a new one by raising one of the latest little pigs.

Clothes are a much more serious problem. Tommy wears out a new pair of $3.98 shoes regularly once a month, and his overalls go just as often. The girls aren't so hard on their things, but they are constantly outgrowing them. Mary gets along on almost no new clothes at all, and John often gets his second-hand. Not long ago Mary bid a quarter at a country auction sale and got a "gold mine"—eighteen pairs of serviceable socks (only a few darns) for John, and three more pairs for Patsy. "I never had so many socks in my life before," John says.

The Hunts are tireless bargain hunters at such sales. Among the articles which Mary has bought for a dime are a self-rising bread pail, a pair of grass shears, and a stuffed pheasant whose tail is always falling off. Several pieces of their furniture were picked up in this way; a few other items, such as a handsome comb-backed fireplace bench, and a pine milk cupboard in the kitchen, are real eighteenth-century Pennsylvania antiques. Mary has spent many hours scraping off paint and refinishing these old pieces.

Both the Hunts used to read a lot, but they rarely look at a book any more. The farm and house work just doesn't leave them any time, they say. They read the daily newspapers and the Friends Intelligencer, and Mary gets a couple of women's magazines. A year ago they had a serious talk and decided to set aside one evening a week just for reading worth-while books. But a few days later a big stone truck ran John into a ditch while he was driving home from school, completely demolished his car, and sent him to the hospital with a broken arm and several fractured ribs. In the ensuing excitement they never got started on their reading program.

They would have some difficulty if they did. Their four youngsters are a lively crew, and evenings in the Hunt household are well taken care of, what with Tommy and Margy running trains through John's study, and little Liggy scrambling across the living-room floor.

Patsy, the older girl, is a typical gray-eyed sweater-wearing teen-ager who thinks it would be fun to have a boy carry her books home from school—if only she didn't live five miles out in the country! She would like to go to the movies every week, as her girl friends do, but the Hunts are rather suspicious of the movies generally—"We like to know just what she is going to see," John says. So Patsy gets to the movies once a month. She does a lot of work around the house, minding the baby, washing dishes and waiting on table, and seems to enjoy it. Her hobby right now is taking long, lonesome walks in the wooded hills back of the farm, where she sits on a rock and composes poetry. She thinks she would like to be a poet, but is afraid she couldn't earn her living at it.

Eight-year-old Tommy is a sturdy, aggressive youngster who seems to eat his own weight at every meal, and does almost a man's work on the farm, cutting and pitching fodder to the cow and pigs, driving the tractor and helping his father gather corn. Margy likes to draw pictures and has a quaint turn of phrase—when she first saw her father's chickens, which have big tufts of feathers on their legs, she shrieked, "Oh, look, they've got their pyjammys on!"

The Hunts are a gregarious, sociable family who like nothing better than to have five or six or even a dozen extra people drop in for dinner, or an afternoon of chatter. Sometimes their guests are students from the University of Pennsylvania who became acquainted with John at a Friends' summer camp; sometimes they are the caretaker and his wife from one of the big estates near by, or their Greek-restaurant friends from Downingtown. About once a month the Hunts join a group of their Quaker friends for a combination dinner and discussion session. Everyone helps get the meal, and afterward they talk about a new book, or an article in the Friends Intelligencer—"anything that interests us," says Mary.

John wants it known that he is definitely not an intellectual. "I've had debates with my friends about the way I live," he says. "They think a person in a professional field should always be bending every effort to furthering his profession, writing articles and sending them to magazines, or working on a book. But I would rather live the simple life with my family as a center, meeting and liking all kinds of people, working with the soil and the children at school, planting seeds of understanding where I can. That way I feel I am carrying out the Quaker idea of living a better life, instead of just talking about it, or writing about it.

"Of course we have to wear old clothes, and shovel manure, and do without a mirror in the bathroom. But such things don't worry me, so long as my life is lived in unity and peace. Nobody is perfect—there's dirt and stars in all of us. Our feet are in the dirt, but we can look up and see the stars."

THE END

What America Spends on Charity

American hearts—and pocketbooks—are quick to respond to the cries of the distressed, whether they be victims of famine in India, of floods along the Mississippi, or of earthquakes in divers places. Through such organizations as the Friends Service Committee, CARE and the American Red Cross, American dollars provide relief for disaster-struck people everywhere.

The average American contributes $182 per year to philanthropy*. By income groups, contributions to philanthropy in 1945 (last year for which figures are available) were:

INCOME	CONTRIBUTIONS	AVERAGE GIFT
Under $5,000	$1,705,209,000	$36
5,000–10,000	337,925,000	179
10,000–25,000	238,225,000	402
25,000–50,000	116,819,000	972
50,000–100,000	79,860,000	2,384
100,000–500,000	73,896,000	8,372
500,000–1,000,000	11,673,000	45,244
Over 1,000,000	11,082,000	156,085

*From the Yearbook of Philanthropy

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r long hair: Comb all hair toward center back and draw it through ht rubber band to secure close to head, allowing ends to fall. Make oop with free hair, bringing ends up and through band. Add flowers.



From center part wave hair toward back of head; secure with combs. Remaining hair is in a bun, braided coil or twist.



From either side of part draw three equal sections of hair back to tie with crisp bows. Let ends fall in soft loose curl.

KEEP A COOL HEAD

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

Short or long, your hair can be prettily arranged to look cool and refreshing for hot summer days. News in short cuts—the V-shape, which solves the problem of what to do with back hair that just won't curl in warm weather. We have shown three views below of the most wearable popular short cut, which will make it simple for you to reproduce exactly. There are smooth, cool ideas for long hair, too—a looped chignon, a French twist, a trio of ribbons. Try one of these hair-do's to make you *feel* as pretty as you look this summer.



Front View: The V-shape is cut from 1½" to 2" in length. Here, with a side part, soft wave over the forehead.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

HAIR DESIGNS BY MICHEL



Side View: To set, use two rows of pin curls for front and sides, three rows in back.



Back View: Hair is neatly clipped and straight along neck to form a V-shape.

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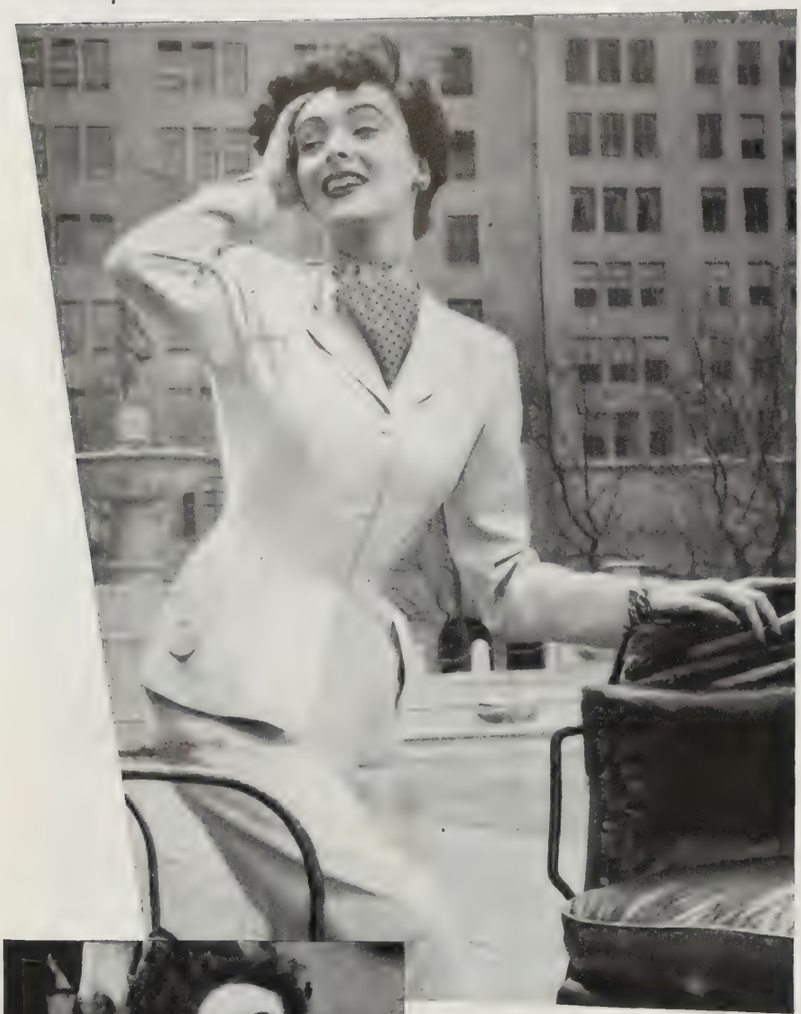
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SILVER WEDDING

(Continued from Page 57)

blond hair—ash-blond, not bright like Ginny's auburn. Her brown eyes were as clear as sherry wine; he remembered them suffused with tears, when he used to fight with her—at her, better said—in the early days of their marriage. *Why did I sometimes want to hurt her?* he asked himself wonderingly. He could not, at the moment, recall. That early romantic love—hurting the other seems part of it—quarreling and making up. *Later love is kinder love,* he thought.

He supposed there were prettier women; some would say Ginny was prettier—more sensational—but Gertrude walked so beautifully, with such free, long-legged grace; the way she carried her head; and her laugh, so spontaneous, yet so low. The way she always looked so *clean.*

His hand gently slapped the white florist's box reposing on his knee. "I love that woman," he said out loud. "I just love that woman." And the mischievous dimple was in his cheek when the driver turned around.

"Did you say something, sir?"

"I said I loved my wife," replied Henry Maynes. "It is my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and I am in love with my wife."

"I've been married ten," replied the driver. "Four kids. But she's still my best girl—unless it's the littlest kid. She sure is daddy's baby."

Funny, thought Henry, *it's sometimes that way. Take my partner, Tim Mathews, and his daughter Helen. Just puts her mother in the shade with Tim: "Henry, I want to introduce you to my daughter!"* Helen coming down to the office to lunch with her father, he tucking her arm under his and asking, "Where will it be today, beautiful?" Mary, Tim's wife, never showed up. Went in for clubwork, he heard, and looked rather drab.

Those psychoanalytic fellows—Henry's thoughts went on—*maybe they have something in the Oedipus-something-or-other, though that was mother and son.*

GINNY chattered about psychoanalysis and he remembered something she had said. That was when she and Jack announced that they were going to leave the house and live in that barracks hut out at the university where Jack was still a G. I. student.

Gertrude had protested, "But darlings! You will be so cramped! You can hardly turn around in the rooms, and here at home you have your own suite, and if you want to entertain you can have the living room any time."

But Ginny and Jack pulled out against Gertrude's protests. What had Ginny said then? "All the marriage counselors say if you want your marriage to fail, just live with the in-laws. Jack and I intend our marriage to *succeed,*" and she had tossed her head as though her father and mother knew nothing of successful marriage. *How wrong she was!* thought Henry Maynes emphatically.

The word "drab," as he had thought it in connection with Mrs. Mathews, came back into his mind. Gertrude never looked drab. She never would. When she was eighty her bones would still be beautiful.

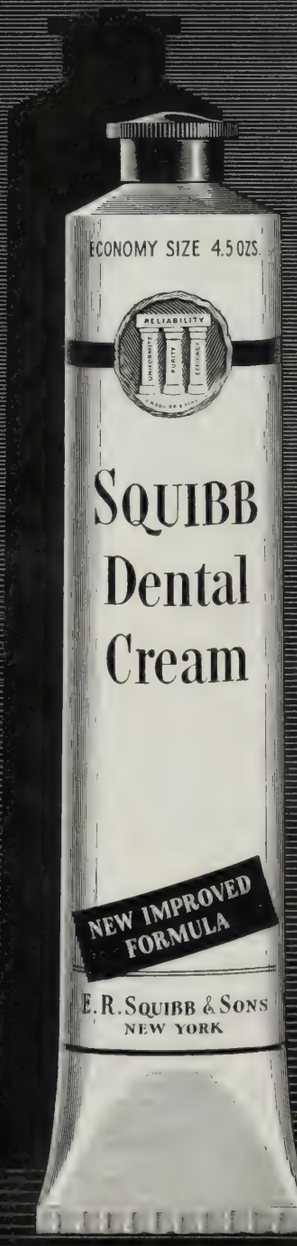
But she looked something else sometimes—plain tired. The fair skin just a little drawn; the lines around her eyes just a little sharper, and sometimes, under them, a faint blue smudge. Gertrude didn't have to do much housework now. Sigrid had been with them five years, and she was exceptional. Gertrude helped, of course. Truth to say, he didn't know exactly what she did; Gertrude had always been like that: when they had no maid at all, and that was the greater part of their lifetime together, things seemed always to be in order, without effort. His mind went over the apartments they had had—so small, the first, and then bigger, until they bought the pleasant North Side house. But they all had that clear, clean atmosphere, and a pleasant smell of wax and Gertrude's scent—sweet, and light, and herby somehow. He wondered what it was. How odd that he could smell it merely by thinking of her—and had never asked its name. But she must

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have worked hard sometimes. During the depression she made all Ginny's clothes and her own, and did the washing; sometimes then she looked tired, but why should she be tired now?

Of course, she was always doing things for Ginny, and he suspected that they were no fewer since Ginny had moved out with her husband. Hadn't he caught her baking a cake for a party Ginny was giving? And that sitting with the baby! On Sunday she had come in at three A.M.; Jack and Ginny had been at a dance. How many times had that happened last week? He had gone over with her himself one night, and Ginny had suggested quite a lot of Jack's socks needed darning, and Gertrude had darned them, and washed the supper dishes Ginny had left. Ginny, of course, was taking courses at the U, with the idea of getting a master's, though what for was beyond Henry Maynes. *She's not really intellectual,* he thought, *just plays at it. Maybe I'm unfair.*

But it was preposterous anyhow! Ginny would never bring the baby over and leave it overnight with them. "The psychologists say babies must have an unconscious feeling of absolute security in their surroundings. Baby must feel that he is in his own home, when he goes to sleep and wakes up." So Gertrude was paddling back and forth, and probably had enough to do at home, at that. Somebody mended his, Henry's, socks, too, and it certainly wasn't Sigrid. The more he thought of Gertrude's sitting with her grandson, the angrier Henry got.

Ginny, when she had first asked her mother to sit with the baby, had said, with that little toss of the head, "Unless, mom, you really don't like playing the role of granny."

How idiotic! Gertrude adored the baby—adored all babies. She had been so disappointed there was only Ginny, but there had been that trouble when the other one got born wrong, and dead, and afterward there couldn't be any others. But why in the world the baby couldn't be put to sleep in Ginny's vacated room he couldn't for the life of him see.

The taxi was passing a candy shop, and he tapped the driver's shoulder. "Just a minute," he said. "I want to buy something."

HE wanted to shower Gertrude with presents. He wanted to buy her the things he had never been able to buy her when they were young. He remembered the frustrated longing with which he had gazed then into florists' windows, and at the displays of jewelers. He thought with satisfaction of the wedding anniversary six years before, when he had pulled off the ring with the pitiful little diamond, hardly more than a chip, and replaced it with another with a big square-cut stone. "With this ring I thee betroth," he had whispered. She had put her arms around his neck. "But, my darling, my best and only, I *love* the other one," she had said. And nothing could stop her from wearing it all the time, even with the big one.

I love that woman, his mind and heart reiterated.

And now he was home. He paid the driver, with an exorbitant tip, and raced up the steps, holding the boxes with their strings all gathered up into one hand, and the strings slipping, turning his key and opening the door with the other.

He called, and his wife came out of the dining room. "You are home early," she said. "Miss Smith phoned that you would be." She saw the parcels and smiled.

He gathered her up into his arms, lifting her off her feet, and nuzzling his nose into her soft hair. Then he set her on her feet and kissed her hand.

"Madame," he said, "it is our wedding day. I congratulate me."

"I thought you had forgotten," she cried. Laughing, and holding his cheeks firm between her slim hands, she kissed him on the mouth.

"I have brought you bridal raiment," he said. "From your aging, gray-haired bridegroom."

She studied him appraisingly. "I like you better with gray hair," she said. "It is like the wings of a dove."

He ruffled her hair. "You do not get gray at all," he said. "Once I thought I discerned some silver, there where your hair sweeps back, but when I looked next day it was gone."

HIS wife smiled at him, her underlip pouting forward a little. *I suppose he knows I get it touched up,* she thought. *But why go into it?*

"It was your underlip that was my doom," he said, giving it a tiny biting kiss. "Tonight," he went on, "we shall celebrate. I have tickets for the Cornell opening. People will whisper, 'Who is that old codger with the perfectly beautiful woman?' And someone will say, 'Why, they are the Mayneses. Haven't you heard about them? He struck a jack pot, twenty-five years ago.' Come, my sweet, look at the clothes, dress up in them, get Sigrid to give us some coffee and sandwiches; we'll sup at leisure after the theater."

Gertrude beamed.

"What I really love most in you," he remarked, "is the way you light up—like a cathedral—when you are happy."

But her face clouded. "Oh, darling, I forgot," she stammered. "I absolutely forgot. Ginny called up this morning, terribly excited. It seems that a classmate of Jack's also had tickets for the Cornell opening and has come down with a terrible cold. He gave Jack the tickets. He and Ginny are going—and there's nobody to sit with the baby. I said I'd go."

An association of men who will not quarrel with one another is a thing which never yet existed, from the greatest confederacy of nations down to a town meeting or a vestry.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Henry Maynes glared. "So you forgot it was our wedding day!" he exclaimed. "You forgot all about it." A stubborn line creased his forehead. "You never gave it a thought."

"I didn't forget, my darling," she said softly. "I thought you had forgotten. I was a little hurt when Miss Smith called, and you didn't come to the phone. Then I thought maybe it was a most appropriate way to spend our silver wedding—taking care of our grandchild. But I was going to ask Ginny, on account of its being our day, to bring the baby over here, just this once, so we could be at home, together. And I've ordered turtle soup, and guinea hen, with that special sauce, and fresh fruits with lemon ice. I didn't forget it, darling. How could I forget!"

The triangle between his eyes dissolved. He held her again, close to him. "My wife," he said, "my wife." He held her off at arms' length and repeated, "How I love that woman! . . . We shall eat the dinner," he said decisively. "Can Sigrid be ready by seven?"

Gertrude nodded.

"But we shall not stay home with our grandson. Ginny will stay with her child. We shall step out, you in your beauty, and I in my overweening pride, and afterward we shall have supper. Do you know, madame, that we have not been out on the town for six months!"

Gertrude demurred unconvincingly. "But I can't bear to disappoint Ginny. You know she *loves* the theater."

"Ginny can love it just as much on another night. I'll make it up to her. I'll buy her tickets. I'll even buy her a baby sitter, a professional one. But tonight it will be the way you and I want it."

"Ginny doesn't approve of strange baby sitters. And I can't bear to tell her," Gertrude murmured. "Young people take things harder."

"You don't have to tell her. The voice of authority will lay down the law. I'll phone her immediately."

But no one answered at Ginny's.

"She's probably airing the baby," he said, turning from the phone. "It's barely four," he added, glancing at his watch. "I'll call

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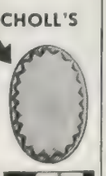
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again in an hour. Now, come upstairs and see what I brought you." He picked up the boxes.

In their bedroom Gertrude unpacked them. The dress came first. "Oh, Henry, oh, darling, you really shouldn't have . . . white—so impractical . . . and when will I ever wear it—I mean after tonight? But it's—I adore it!"

"You will wear it on the Caribbean cruise on which we are embarking the minute my next case is settled," said Henry. "Its price is none of your sweet business beyond the fact that your doting husband can afford it. He can also afford the first vacation in three years." He began lyricizing, like a travel catalogue. "Islands—purple mountains, sloping to an indigo sea—beaches blinding white—palms cutting silver swaths against a sapphire sky. You in white and me in cream-colored suits—cold fish in aspic."

Gertrude laughed merrily. "Darling, your purple rhapsody is either wish-dream, or you have been hiding things from me."

"Things have to be hid from you, woman," he answered. "Otherwise, Ginny would have had six bridesmaids instead of two, and lots of other things besides. I begrudge Ginny nothing, but we've done well by her, and I do begrudge the things you haven't had, and that you—and I—are going to have while we are still young enough to enjoy them."

WHILE he was talking, Gertrude was unpacking the other boxes with oh's and ah's. Now she embraced her husband, laying her cheek against his. "I've been so happy," she murmured, "all my life with you."

"Try the clothes on," he said. "I'm going to have a shower and then get out of your way," and he retired into the dressing room-bath.

Gertrude, in the new gown, stared at herself in the long mirror of her dressing table. "Oh, darling, it is lovely," she called to her husband, a little breathlessly.

"Let me see," he called back, but she warned:

"No, no, please not! Not until I'm made up—hair and everything."

She observed the design and detail of the gown; its studied simplicity, actually achieved by the most expert cutting, draping, shirring. The wide skirt fell long and full, pulled toward the back in a regal drapery. The dress was caught in at the waist with two slim thongs of silver leather, and she buckled them closer. *I'm glad I'm not yet thick in the waist*, she thought.

As she took off her dress, she could hear the shower splashing. She slipped into a foulard dressing gown, and lay down on the chaise to survey the rest of her finery.

Henry emerged, ruddy and smelling of lavender soap. He bowed over the chaise longue, kissed her hand.

Later, lying on his elbow at her side, he whispered, "You are lit up—like a Christmas tree. In twenty-five years there was never any woman but you."

Gertrude smiled. The dear liar! She remembered the summers when she had taken small Ginny to the lakeside cottage where Henry could come only week ends, and people who love to peddle bad news had told her Henry was being seen all over town with that handsome Mrs. Turner. She hadn't wanted to go away with Ginny and leave Henry, in spite of the heat. But they had agreed it was better for the child. She remembered the time, only a few years back, when Henry, for two months, had come home very late at least once a week, with the most incredible stories about the demands of clients.

But now she said comfortably, "I know, darling, I know. 'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.'"

"I have never loved any woman but you. Never," he asserted, and though at times she had in secret shed lakes of tears, she believed him. "I must call Ginny again," he said, and went to the phone. "She's still not in," he said vexedly.

Gertrude dressed, brushing her hair and trying several arrangements while the water was filling the tub, taking off nail polish, and rubbing cream into her face while Henry, in the bedroom, got into his dinner clothes ex-

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peditiously. He was dressed when there was a knock.

"Miss Ginny is downstairs," said Sigrid through the door. "She wants to borrow Mis' Maynes' pearls."

"I'll be down," said Henry, who was humming a tune while brushing his hair vigorously with two military brushes. "I only know I lo-o-ove you," he caroled, and Gertrude heard him through the door. "Love me and the wo-o-orld is mine." She heard his voice disappearing. "I care not for the stars that shine," Ginny heard him from the top of the stairs. "I only something or other that you are mine."

Ginny was standing in the living room, wearing brown moccasins, a long dirndl skirt, a short polo coat, and a colored handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin. From under it her thick, bright hair curled on her shoulders, and her face beamed with healthy energy.

"Look at pop!" she cried. "Home at five and all dressed up. Going somewhere?"

"Don't call me 'pop,'" said Henry energetically, kissing her on the cheek. "Why do you girls all dress like East European peasants?"

"Why not 'pop'?" asked Ginny, taking one thing at a time. "I always called you 'pop.'"

"You did not," corrected Henry Maynes. "When you were small you called me 'daddy.' When you were twelve you called me 'father.' When you went to college you came home calling me 'pop,' and your mother 'mom.' 'Pop' and 'mom.' What words! Quit it—call me anything; call me 'old man,' call me 'Hank'—call me anything but 'pop.'

We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. —EMERSON.

And, yes, I am going somewhere. I am stepping out. To the Cornell opening, to supper, maybe to dance. With your mother. My wife."

"But, darling, you can't," Ginny said ingenuously. "I mean mom—mother—can't. She's promised to stay with baby. Jack and I have tickets to the opening."

"Your mother's promises are nothing—worthless—absolutely worthless," said Henry, grinning. "I am the master in this house, mademoiselle; your mother promised to love, honor and obey me, and is about to do the latter. No go, Ginny. No free baby sitter tonight. How is the young man?" he broke off and walked over to see his grandson, whom Ginny had deposited in a corner of the sofa. "He looks fine," he said, as the small pink face gurgled with pleasure at his approach. "Wonderful eyes—like Gertrude's."

"You don't mean that mother is going to let me down!" exclaimed Ginny, more in perplexity than anger. "I *do* think families should co-operate!"

The word set Henry off again. "Co-operate! Young woman, I don't know what they taught you at Wellesley, but co-operate, of Latin derivation, means work with, operate together. Now we can't all operate together in going to the play, unless you can get another baby sitter. What you are suggesting is that we unoperate our plans so you can operate yours."

"But mother didn't say a thing about such plans," said Ginny.

"She didn't know about them, that's why," replied her father. "They were my plans, see? A surprise for my wife. Do you know what day this is?"

"The twenty-seventh," said Ginny. "Why?"

"It's our wedding anniversary. Twenty-fifth. Silver accepted." He began to chuck the baby under the chin, singing, quite loud, "I *care* not for the stars that *shine*."

"Don't," said Ginny. "You'll upset him. Babies shouldn't be poked at—and all noises frighten them."

"Then they should not live in Chicago," said Henry stubbornly. "He likes my song. He grins."

LITTLE LULU

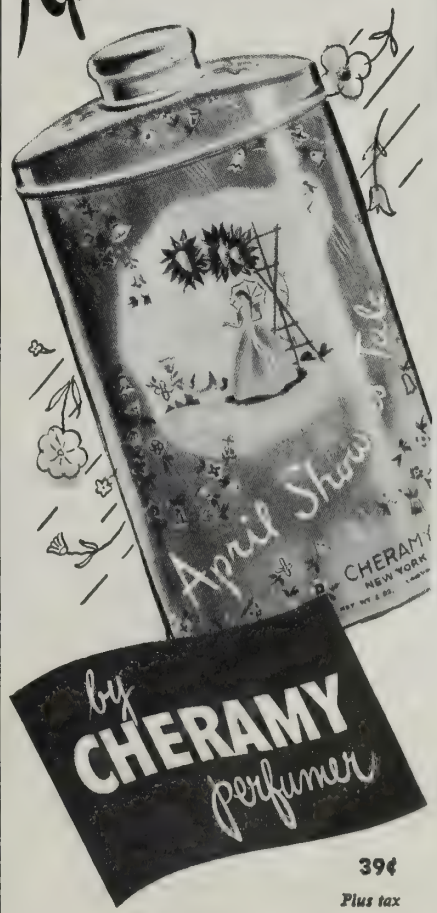


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"But about tonight," pursued Ginny. "Whatever shall I do?"

"I haven't any idea," said her father happily. "Why not stay home? Wash the dishes, darn the socks, be domestic—be married."

Ginny looked so disconsolate that her father's heart softened.

"Listen, precious," he said. "It's too bad it turned out that way. But it had to come sooner or later. You are abusing the kindness of your mother. If you want to bring the baby here for overnight, now and then, and we are going to be home, that's all right. But otherwise—find another baby sitter. Babies are darling, but not stimulating company, and why Gertrude should spend night after night sitting in your apartment, I do not see. I won't have it."

"But pop—father," Ginny moaned. "What's happened? This is all so new! I don't mean about tonight—but—if you don't want mother to be alone, why don't you go and sit with her—I mean, usually?"

Henry sat down and pulled his daughter beside him. "Listen, honey," he said, "you don't understand. Nothing is more pleasing to me than the company of your mother, but I like to be in my own surroundings."

"You can play cards—or listen to phonograph records—or whatever you and mom do together, when you are alone."

Henry stood up impatiently. "When your mother and I are together, maybe we don't do anything at all," he said. "Our spirits commune. We read. We talk. Or we don't talk. We listen to phonograph records. But *our* records. I don't *like* your records. I hate Shostakovich—all that noise. I don't like Prokofiev either. I like Brahms. The only records of yours that I can listen to are Bach, and I know those already by heart."

"You are so old-fashioned," said Ginny with a touch of scorn. "I suppose you can't help not appreciating ——"

"And I don't like that Picasso on your wall—that print," he mentioned stubbornly. "I'm old-fashioned, reactionary, whatever you like, but I've got just as much right to my prejudices as you have to yours. All I ask is that you grant your mother and me our rights. If you like—our right to be reactionary. Does it say in the Constitution that nobody has the right to be anything except what your crowd calls 'liberal'?"

He strode up and down, arguing as though in court.

"You think I have been swallowing everything contentedly all these years? Some of those teen-age friends! I remember when you used to have parties. Gertrude came in one day in a red suit, when you were having your little friends in, and I can still hear you saying, 'Mummy'—then it was mummy—'that suit is so *loud*. You know *we* don't like our mummys to be—well—conspicuous. We like you to look *nice* but not *noticeable*.' That suit wasn't loud. It was the first decent thing your mother had had in years, because in those days you were using up the clothes budget. Your mother looks lovely in light red. You couldn't wear it," he said unkindly. "Your hair's too red, your color is too high—you'd look vulgar—but up marches your mother like a lamb and puts on some shabby black things, just to fade out. And, 'Mummy, it's wonderful of you to prepare the food—but *we* like to be with *ourselves*.' So your mother mustn't intrude in her own living room."

"But all teen-agers are like that," Ginny protested. "When I look back I know I was impossible then. But it's just the age."

"Right," said her father. "But what's wrong with teen-agers' pretending good manners if they haven't got them? 'Assume a virtue, if you have it not,' unquote. Hamlet."

"They'd probably get neuroses," countered Ginny smartly.

"Now the parents get the neuroses," he said gloomily. "I remember when that college friend of yours, what's her name, Ellen—Ellen Waters, that was it—when she came here for Easter vacation. Sneered at your mother, 'I see you go in for gracious living,' as though it were a crime or at least 'undemocratic,' a word they now seem to attach to everything gentle and fastidious. What do they want? Ungracious living?"

Henry, who had uttered this tirade in an unpunctuated stream, paused for breath, and his daughter, who was growing increasingly astonished, got in a word.

"She had a very fine mind, she was Phi Beta Kappa ——"

"And what has that got to do with it?" bellowed her father. "One of the best minds I ever encountered—as pure intellect—was an embezzler; and ——"

"You think everyone who disagrees with your notions of society is a crook," yelled his daughter, now as angry as her father, who, while glaring at her, thought to himself, *She is like Aunt Hat*—and then with horrid realization—*and so am I. Ginny takes after me, and that's what makes me so mad at her.*

This made him quiet down, smile at her, and say, "Pet, what's this fight about?"

"That's what I want to know," cried Ginny, unappeased. "Why are you suddenly dragging up all these old things? And all because there was a mix-up in dates tonight. I know I can't ask mom—ma to sit with the baby tonight, and I'm disappointed, but I appreciate her rights. I think you are simply being cruel to me, very cruel—and it's all because you and mother were angry when Jack and I left this house for one of our own, which we certainly had our right to do." And Ginny's eyes filled with angry tears.

"Ginny, dear child," said her father, "that's just where you are wrong, and perhaps that gets us to the heart of the matter. Your mother was upset because she didn't think the apartment in the barracks was good enough for you; she thought if you kept on looking, you would eventually find something better. That was all. But I disagreed, because I knew exactly why you and Jack wanted to get away. You wanted to have privacy, because you and Jack quarrel sometimes, and you didn't want your father to see how *he* behaves, and take your side—nor your mother to see how *you* behave sometimes, and give you good advice. Isn't that the truth?"

Ginny looked at the floor, and said sulkily, "We don't quarrel—not often, I mean—and how did you know, anyway?"

"I knew, honey, because all young couples quarrel. It's part of learning how to be married. And it's a very private affair. I know, because I used to quarrel with your mother and make her dreadfully unhappy, when we were first married, and even afterward, when you came. And all because I loved her, so very . . . terribly."

"You did, father!" cried Ginny, and a shine came into her eyes. "You did, really? Over what?"

"In the first place, I was insanely jealous," said her father, his face humorous with remembrance. "I suppose I couldn't believe

(Continued on Page 184)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Cat

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

The cat wore a coat
The color of the sun,
The cat had paws
Which he kept white as milk,
His tail was like a train
Surpassed by none,
His nose was raspberry
And his whiskers silk.

The cat had pride
(His own and racial),
He moved with soft disdain,
He sat with grace,
His sharing of a room
Was purely spatial,
He emphasized a code,
Washing his face.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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We know you don't want to simmer this summer. so we dreamed up the lightest, filmiest nylon girdles and bras you've ever worn. They wash in a wink, never need ironing and mmm . . . what they *do* for *you* under your sheers and suntanners. And we didn't forget you want to *feel* as heavenly as you *look*, so we made them fit like a dream. too, the way all Warner's 3-Way-Sized girdles and bras do. Here are just a few of Warner's nylon lovelies. Pick the price to please your purse.



Le Gant girdle #594, $5. Alphabet Bra #2314, $2.50

1 Choose your length

If your girdle's *too long* you have to pull to keep it in place. *Too short*, it pulls at precious nylons. Warner's come in short, medium, long and extra long lengths. Step-in above comes in a matching pantie girdle. Bra is nylon marquisette.



Sta-Up-Top Le Gant #623, $10. Alphabet Bra #2299, $3.50

2 Choose your hip size

A *too-wide* girdle wrinkles at the sides. A *too-narrow* girdle binds your thighs. Warner's fit perfectly because they're hip-sized: straight, average and full. Girdle above has nylon taffeta front and back. Bra is nylon taffeta and exquisitely embroidered marquisette.



Sta-Up-Top Le Gant #844, $7.50. Alphabet Bra #2287, $2.50

3 Choose your control

Warner's do it with the *light* touch, whether you want a little control or a lot. Step-in above comes in a matching pantie girdle and both feature that famous waist-whittling band that won't roll over. Bra is nylon marquisette and nylon taffeta.

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(Continued from Page 182)

that such an angel could really be in love with such an oaf as I felt myself to be. If she talked animatedly with a man at a party, I saw the beginning of a love affair. Once, at a party in a crowded room, she sat down on the arm of a chair in which one of our men friends was sitting, and he put his arm across her back and—you won't believe it—afterward, at home, I made the most dreadful scene. She threw an ash tray at me."

Ginny cried, "Father! *Mother* did? *Mother?*"

Her father said, "Yes. It's incredible, but she did. It didn't hit me, though," he remembered, smiling. "I was even jealous of you, after you were born. She seemed to have no time for me, and I worked it out in my mind that I wasn't necessary any longer to her happiness."

"It's the baby Jack is jealous of," Ginny confessed. "And that's why I try to . . . get out with Jack—and—leave Jerry to mother."

"I understand that; I was like that," said her father tenderly. "But tell me, did Jack ever object to your bringing the baby over here, now and then, and leaving him with us?"

"No. We had a fight about it," Ginny murmured. "He said he'd like to be alone with me sometimes—not even the baby there—and he said it was wonderful you and mother would take him away sometimes; Jack said I cared more for the baby than for him, and I said he didn't love his own child, and so he didn't love me either—and that night it was pretty bad."

Ginny began to cry again, silently, tears running down her cheeks.

Her father put his arm around her. "Sweet," he said, "all this will pass, if you

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.
—THOREAU.

are as good—and as clever—as your mother. Married love, Ginny—when it's right—it's the most wonderful thing in the world. The passion doesn't go, but the ugly passions that are first mixed up in it, they go, and it becomes compounded of tenderness, memories, shared tastes, pride, and the faith that is solider than any material security. I know now that your mother will never, never leave me, and she knows it of me too. Well, it took years to achieve that. Now we don't have to quarrel in order to kiss."

Ginny did not comment. She was thinking, *They seem to me so old*, but then she recalled that they had always seemed old—anyhow, from the time she was thirteen. Her father went on:

"So I was *glad*, when you went away to college, and *glad* when you married—once I saw that Jack is a fine fellow—and *glad* when you set up housekeeping on your own. Do you know why?"

Ginny was making rings in the carpet with her toe. She said nothing.

"I was glad because at last I had my wife back. Glad because now, at last, we could do the things together we hadn't been able to do all those years, either because we were too poor or your mother was too occupied with you. I was glad because we could be alone together, or with old friends, and with the pictures, the books, the music, the household arrangements, the conversations in which we, together, feel at home. I was glad that I could rush into the house and behave like the fool I sometimes am, without having to 'set an example' to you and your friends. Gin, you talk about inhibitions and frustrations, but the inhibitions kids impose on their parents are something never written about! And this baby sitting is part of it all. Darn it, Ginny, you and your family have been breaking up *my* marriage for the last three months! Even tonight, you almost pulled it off. How would *you* like to have to sit with *our* baby on your wedding night!"

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Ginny's voice pealed laughter. "Oh, father," she spluttered. "That's . . . boundless—surrealist—but I understand."

Gertrude's voice sounded clearly from the stairs. "I feared you were quarreling, but I'm glad I was wrong."

She came into sight, tall and white, her fair hair making little tendrils on her brow, her throat rising long and slim out of the V of her dress, the orchid perched near her cheek like an exotic bird, a silver glitter sparkling from her shoulders and her wrist, and the gray-brown softness of the fur nestled over one arm. Her scent entered the room with her.

"Do I look nice, Ginny," she asked, with shy expectancy, "in your extravagant father's presents?"

Ginny, who saw, for the first time in her life, her mother as a man might see her—a man in love with her—saw also, for the first time, her mother's magical, delicate desirability. She stared as at an apparition.

"Mother," she finally said, "you look . . . ravishing."

Henry, regarding his wife through his keen, observant eyes, saw that under the brush of eye shadow her lids were faintly crepey; that where her chin met her neck, there was the shadow of a hollow; and that on the slim arm outstretched toward Ginny the flesh drooped, almost imperceptibly, from the bone. The notice of these suffused his heart with poignant tenderness, enhancing his confirmation of her beauty by the melancholy knowledge of the passing of all loveliness. Ginny—no, not even Gertrude would understand that these autumnal signals moved him far more profoundly than the summer that still bloomed in the shine of her eyes, the sprightliness of her step, the thickness of her hair. His pulse quickened to drink in, utterly to absorb, this fleeting, tender, wonderful moment of her time.

He bowed, and the mockery was gone out of his courtly manner. "You are ravishing," he confirmed, kissing her brow.

Ginny sensed something beyond her comprehension. But suddenly she pulled both her parents to her, in a strong, youthful hug. "I think you are the two most beautiful people in the world," she cried, and a pang of apprehension passed briefly through her, that it might not be like that with her and Jack, twenty-five years from now. The apprehension sent tears into her eyes. Then, with something of her father's serious mockery, she said, "I wish you all possible happiness in your future life together."

"The same to you, my dear," said her father solemnly. The dimple broke in his cheek.

The baby was blowing noisy bubbles and Gertrude picked him up, murmuring warm, womanly responses.

"Don't, mom, don't," Ginny cried, grabbing him away. "Goodness, he's probably wet! He could ruin your dress!" She bundled him into his carriage. "Jack will wonder what's become of me. I must get home before he begins to dress. If he phones, you might break the news, and tell him I'm on my way. When he knows about the silver wedding, he won't mind." At the door she turned. "Good night," she called, "you love-mad pair. I wish I'd brought rice!"

THE PINK OF PERFECTION

(Continued from Page 61)

plans for the house that Jack will build one day. The bride of seasons past may now see her dreams come true.

This kitchen was designed for a one-story house with a combination living-dining room. The eating area is roomy enough to be comfortable for an extra couple, and set off from the work centers by the use of washable but dramatic flowered wall covering. There is just an echo of the paper in the work side of the kitchen to keep the room a harmonious unit. And what glamorous roses bloom fadelessly on that paper! They catch the whole spirit of June for the kitchen—surely it will be June in January here.

The working area is U shaped, with a corner sink set under a big picture window overlooking the garden terrace. The gas range is at the left of the sink, and the gas refrigerator at the right, with the door opening toward the spacious work counter for easy unloading. These units are in the traditional white, but the newest note in this kitchen is the dreamy color of the cabinets.

For now steel cabinets may be had in color with a baked-on enamel finish in clear, soft pastels. I couldn't imagine anything more lovely, for when you step in and look, the whole room has the color and enchantment of a garden in June. Rosy pink are the cabinets in the working area and sea-foam green are the serving-unit cabinets. The pink cabinets have green plastic counter tops and the green cabinets are topped with the rosy pink! And the glass doors of the wall cabinets open on a pink lining, like the inside of a shell.

Now these cabinets are fully as practical as the traditional white steel, but they lift the prose of kitchen work into lyric loveliness. They cost 10 per cent more than the standard white, but for those who respond to color they are worth the difference. They come in four colors, the pink and the green, a soft spring yellow and a misty gray. And they may be combined according to your own ideas if you feel an all-pink kitchen is too much perfection.

A new kind of soft green linoleum covers the floor with a tilelike design, and the ceiling echoes the green in a softer tone. The dark green background of the wallpaper is repeated in the painted surfaces, and the curtains framing the wide window are washable pink cotton.

In daytime this kitchen is a symphony of color and at night it is every bit as attractive. Recessed ceiling lights diffuse a clear glow over the main counters and a lamp which is part of the range gives a special light on the cooking.

Aside from being bemused with the beauty of color in the kitchen, I like especially the glass-fronted wall cabinet, for it gives an accent of depth to the room and shows the pretty china and glass to advantage as well. The rounded corners of the serving counter are a joy, for there will be no bumping into a sharp corner by the housewife en route to the living room.

So many houses have no cleaning closet, but in this kitchen a tall one fits in by the refrigerator and holds all the supplies in an accessible spot for the one-story house.

The cabinets themselves have been built with the user's convenience in mind. They do more than enclose space; they offer planned places to put the many supplies and tools dear to the heart of homemakers. Ventilated drawers for vegetables, sliding shelves for utensils, divided cutlery drawers for small things, small bins for sugar and flour, and bread in convenient drawers—all these add up to making work quick and easy.

Another unusual feature which interested me is the way the storage space under the counter near the back door is managed. Two wall cabinets set back to back are used *under* the counter instead of *above*, give space for garden tools or packages beside the service door, and cupboard room toward the kitchen besides.

This kitchen is planned to be equally satisfying to the woman who cooks like a *cordon bleu* graduate and the bride who furrows her brow over the book wondering what it means to baste the roast. It's an inspiration to the novice and an efficiency center for the adept, and a wonderful place for the man of the house to come home to after his bout in the business world.

There is good food and good fun ahead in this kitchen which is to my notion the pink of perfection. When the dishes and utensils are unpacked and the first market order is delivered the adventure in living will begin. This will be the place where the gang will gather while the coffee bubbles and the summer nights deepen outside. THE END





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At Stillmeadow we do not need to worry about being too modern. Milk glass and cranberry glass and the old handmade sea-green goblets from Maine—these are friends, whether they are in fashion or not.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

NEW peas cooked with a sprig of mint bubble in the pan. Picking peas on a June morning is pleasant; it is a mild form of treasure hunting. For after you go clean down the row, you turn back for a last look, and a hundred more pods are visible, caught in a new slant of light. How cool and smooth the small green pearls come from the secret pods too!

For supper a big bowl of those first peas with plenty of freshly grated pepper and a nugget of gold butter, bread warm from the oven, coffee that means what it says, and for dessert another slice of bread with wild sweet-clover honey: good fare.

The strawberry man has his big sweet ruby berries ready. We gave up raising our own, because Jill says she would rather feed the birds something else than berries. Something she doesn't have to hoe and weed and transplant all the time. The strawberry man lives just a piece down the road anyway; and his berries are perfect. He lives alone in a tiny one-room shack, and his whole world is spread around him in a small sloping acre or two. He is thin and dark, with very bright dark eyes, and he never changes. We have known him for sixteen years and he is as he was the first day we stopped for berries.

We freeze as many berries as we can, and have strawberry shortcake every other day. Fresh strawberry jam for tea is a delight, and a nice change from winter's cinnamon toast.

Mamma used to make sun preserves, but I never get around to it. I can remember running out to look at the trays of big ripe berries that were outside the back door covered with clean muslin.

The smell of the juice was rich and sweet, and almost any little girl would have to eat some around the edges. The plump Wisconsin bees were there, too, making pleasant hums. The sun preserves were dark as old garnets and spicy sweet, but I know they were time-consuming to make. In those days, women made whatever was good and never minded how tedious the process, but now we live in a short-cut age.

But housekeeping is fun, and I think the women who hate it lack imagination. It is one job where you enjoy the results right along as you work. You may work all day washing and ironing, but at night you have the delicious feeling of sunny clean sheets and airy pillows to lie on. If you clean, you sit down at nightfall with the house shining and smelling faintly of wax, all yours to enjoy right then and there.

And if you cook—ah, if you cook—that creation you lift from the oven goes right to the table.

One way to look at it, of course, is that women's work is never ended, and I have heard housekeepers say they hate to make cakes because they get eaten right up anyway. You can make it drudgery if you want to, but it isn't. And it is not monotonous either, for no day is ever really the same. Lucky the woman who has a home and can live in what she is creating!

Thinking about what home means, I really got angry with a hot and violent anger when I read a newspaper headline some time ago. It read: Development Bans

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Outdoor Washline! A subdivision in Chicago, planned for ten thousand people, was being built, it said, and new owners must agree to hang their washing in the basement, summer and winter, so the flapping clothes would not spoil the natural beauty of the area. High-voltage lines, dogs and cats are also barred.

Take those flapping clothes. I wonder what could be lovelier than a line of pink and jonquil rompers, gay little socks, pastel baby blankets. And snowy sheets, bright bath towels, flowered luncheon cloths blowing on a line have as much beauty as a modern painting, for the eye that can see beauty. Basement indeed—who wants clothes dried in the basement when the dazzle of sun and the sweet fragrance of fresh air are wasting outside?

All the cockers have been digging for moles. Linda is also a bird girl, and she runs around and around under the apple tree, in a frenzy of excitement. Maeve, the setter, feels the same way, and the two of them prance on their hind toes, leaping wildly, high in the air. The birds pay no attention. Little Sister runs closer to the ground in her interest. Rabbits or squirrels are fine, but no birds.

Sometimes Maeve is too bouncy for the little folks, and the other day she was jumping on Linda. I ran to the door and shouted, "No, Maeve, no!" She ran hastily behind the big maple by the kennel and hid. I waited in the doorway and Linda went on about her bird chasing. In a moment Maeve poked her head around the trunk of the tree, peeking. She had thought I would be back at my typewriter and she could pounce freely on Linda again. I would forget her if she were hidden. I looked sternly at her, and her head popped out of sight. In a moment she peeked again, and the look of amazement on her face was wonderful to see. I was still there, still looking! We played hide-and-seek for ten minutes, and then she gave up the idea of teasing Linda and started after birds herself.

The young man who has not wept is a savage, and the old man who will not laugh is a fool.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

June is really the perfect month in New England, for the temperature is most equable. It is the month of flowering, with the white picket fences drifted with rambler roses, the purple and gold and ivory iris following hard on the tall and elegant tulips and the sweet narcissus. The white pansies wintered over this year, and in the Quiet Garden they make a border of loveliness.

I like all little flowers; in fact, most little things. The miniature viola and the portulaca and sweet alyssum are old favorites of mine because, perhaps, it is a special mystery to see how things so tiny can be so complete and perfectly formed. Lily of the valley is another, with every tiny pearl-colored bell so carefully wrought. I was brought up to believe the fairies rang them at night, and for all I know, they still do.

THERE is much to do during the days, for all the dogs need grooming and trimming and the garden furniture did *not* all get fixed last autumn when it should have been. The weeds grow with terrible, deadly speed, and the grass needs mowing. It is the time, too, to reorganize and defrost the freezer, and tuck in the first of the new crops.

But there is always time to carry trays for lunch to the garden and eat without too much rush. Because in June one feels the security that summer has just begun, there is time enough for dreaming. Over coffee, we watch the melodic flight of the butterflies, brief lyrics of summer. Decide the iris must be separated, but not for a long time. Wonder if the fence needs painting—it can go until fall. Feel the asparagus bed is a dreadful mess, but August is soon enough to worry about that.

Actually, there is nothing of the lotus eater about anyone native to New England. Idleness is as scarce as maple sirup out of season. You will look hard to find a lazy yard around even the poorest little house in our valley. But in mid-June we may just nibble one lotus petal, and spend a few idle hours.

Housework is at a minimum because we are outdoors all the time anyway. Summer country clothes are easy to do up, thanks to the imagination of the manufacturers and designers of today. I can remember the days of endless starching and ironing of lace trimmings, and how we never went out without polishing those white shoes!

Now a handful of nylon makes a complete costume, or a few ounces of silk, or a wisp of cotton. Half the summer clothes don't need ironing at all. And the slacks and play suits iron as easily as a handkerchief.

WHEN plastics really come into their own, the whole house will be furnished with curtains that can be hosed off and hung back. Upholstery will be wiped off once in a while with a careless rag. Wallpaper will all be washable, woodwork stainproof, furniture finished in such stuff as makes pouring boiling water on table tops a good sport for Junior on rainy days. It is all very wonderful and rather appalling.

It sometimes frightens me when I read of some new wonder material; I get the feeling that it is just too much. When we get ourselves mechanized and modernized to the nth degree, will we put our energies to work on world affairs, on great studies, on the arts? Freed from the ordinary restrictions of daily living, shall we be free and happy? Well, I hope so, but I doubt it. The chances are we shall still be just too busy to use all that gift of time properly.

As far as Stillmeadow is concerned, I don't need to worry about its being too modern. There are limits to what a pre-Revolutionary house will endure from this generation. We shall go on the rest of our days jacking things up here and there, scrubbing the woodwork, painting old handmade clapboards. And waxing the antique furniture.

Many of the modern things are exquisitely beautiful—the glass, the silver, the linens, the plastics—and the colors are used so expertly. But the heritage of the past is lovely too. Milk glass and cranberry glass and the old handmade sea-green goblets from that attic in Maine, and the pair of old French scent bottles with the delicate blue and pink flowers and the gold leaves—these are things to cherish.

The old maple four-poster with the holes where the ropes once tied, the chest with one pull missing, the pine comb-back chair—these are my friends whether they are in fashion or out.

And I feel the same way about other heritages from the past. Such as integrity and honor and faith in God and love. Getting ahead, ambition, intelligence about material gains, these are nice and modern, but the old-fashioned virtues are good foundations to build the new world on.

After the day is over, the cockers lie on the warm stones of the terrace, just enjoying being alive. Even Maeve's wild Irish spirit is calm as she thoughtfully chews a piece of kindling picked from the basket. ("No, Maeve, you'll get splinters.")

The house guests—and in June there are always house guests—drift out to the garden to talk, or sit inside by the applewood fire and read whatever they want to finish today. It may be anything from Winston Churchill's book to the newest murder mystery. Somebody else is always playing records in the front room.

Later on, everyone will gather around the fire for cucumber sandwiches, just to try the last of the frozen-cucumber mix, or cheese and crackers, but in the twilight hours life at Stillmeadow is various and scattered.

Honey and I always walk around the house, trying to take into ourselves the loveliness of June. Little Sister skips out, too, and heels along like a proper Obedience dog.

The valley is silent, the air is sweet. And I think again of Masefield and his own June twilight:

Dusky it grows. The moon!
The dews descend.
Love, can this beauty in our hearts end?

THE END

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